HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY Magazine.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CIII.—DECEMBER, 1858.—Vol. XVIII.



DAY'S WORK IS OVER.

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

Seventh Paper.

THE glimpses obtained by our tourists of the romantic environs of Chattanooga served rather to stimulate than satisfy their curiosity, and it was with longing regret that they resumed their Southern journey, on the day fixed by the programme, without having fully explored that glorious region. Railroading it through northern Georgia, *via* Dalton and Atlanta, and thence westwardly, they arrived at Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, about daylight, after a tedious run of more than twenty hours.



As may be imagined, the sketch-books were not much enriched during this portion of their trip. Although the country is filled with objects of interest, a few tremulous and hurried notes from Larkin's pencil are all the visible evidences of their passage worthy of record. Of the Squire's dreamy observations he remembers nothing along the line of the road but a streak of doggeries, with quaint and hospitable inscriptions on the doors.

He is fully under the impression that there is an unbroken hedge of them from the northern line to Atlanta, and accounts for this unusually prolific growth on the principle, that as wayward moralists and lawgivers have undertaken to repress the seed in Tennessee, nature, in revenge, has produced a double crop in Georgia. Larkin says, however, that Squire Broadacre was asleep generally, and only waked up at the stopping places.

Montgomery is a handsome town of some four or five thou-

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STATE CAPITOL OF ALABAMA.

sand inhabitants, situated on the Alabama River, and a worthy capital of an opulent and prosperous State. A cotton mart of considerable importance, its spacious market-place exhibited numerous interesting and picturesque groups attendant on the sale and transportation of the wondrous vegetable. There were cotton carts and covered wagons, carrying from one to half a dozen bales, with *attelages* of mules, horses, or oxen, governed by a sable conductor with whip or goad, or mayhap the hard-faced, bronzed proprietor (*white* by courtesy), skillful to drive his own team and his own bargains. At the landing lay several steamers of palatial dimensions, taking in cotton and passengers for Mobile.

On one of these, the *Henry J. King*, the Squire took passage, and at four o'clock in the afternoon went on board with his party, bag, baggage, and responsibilities. In the Southern country it is not customary for a boat to start until she is ready; and although they had hastened to embark, our travelers soon ascertained that they would have several hours to spare. With a journey of 330 miles and two days' duration before them, this was a matter of no moment; and with the active and entertaining scenes on the landing they were even disposed to wish it longer.

Yet there were some who grumbled; men of a race smitten with the curse of Salathiel, whose wretched fate it is always to be in a hurry, who hasten from a restless boyhood to a premature age, without ever having had time to taste the food they swallow; trampling down both flowers and fruit by the wayside, in their hot pursuit of some fantastic future, unreal as a jack-o'-lantern. The Squire settled himself in a cozy seat on the promenade deck, and with a sigh of contentment pursued his discourse:

"I used to hate these people that are always in haste. It made my bones ache to see them. Now I only pity them. Poor, joyless wretches, whipped and tantalized through life—the past a disappointment, the present a vexatious hinderance, the future a phantasmagoria. Poor souls! if men only knew— Yet perhaps it is wisely ordered that we should not know, and among the gems of ancient wisdom I have somewhere read the following:

"'Life's ills, could man by knowing
Be spared from undergoing,

There would be sense in knowing.
But since, with all our knowing,
We must still be undergoing,
Why, what's the use of knowing?'"

"Carry out the idea," replied Larkin, "and it would lead to fatalism, and suit a stupid Turk rather than a self-relying Anglo-Saxon. For my motto I would prefer the saying of Pittacus of Mitylene:

"'The wise, with prudent thought, provide
Against misfortune's coming tide;
The valiant, when the surge beats high,
Undaunted brave its tyranny.'"

"The wise!—Who are the wise? Young man, the day will come when you will begin to ask yourself that question, and seek in vain for an answer. Yet it all reminds me of a childish fancy derived from the old nurse that dandled me on her knee."

So the Squire told his story, and presently thereafter Leonore wove it into verse, which may please some better than the prose.

THE RAINBOW.

When but a child, 'twas long ago,
My nurse this story told:
She said, Whoe'er might chance to know
The spot whereon the bright rainbow
Touched the green earth, would find below
A pot of shining gold.

Therefor, on many a summer even,
When rains were pass'd away,
And the fair arch spanned all the heaven,
Have I from hill to hill-top striven,
Until the cloud-born colors seven
Faded to misty gray.

And with a boy's simplicity
I marveled, half in fear,
That ever as I ran with glee
Toward the spot where I could see
The rainbow touch, it seemed to me
To vanish in the air.

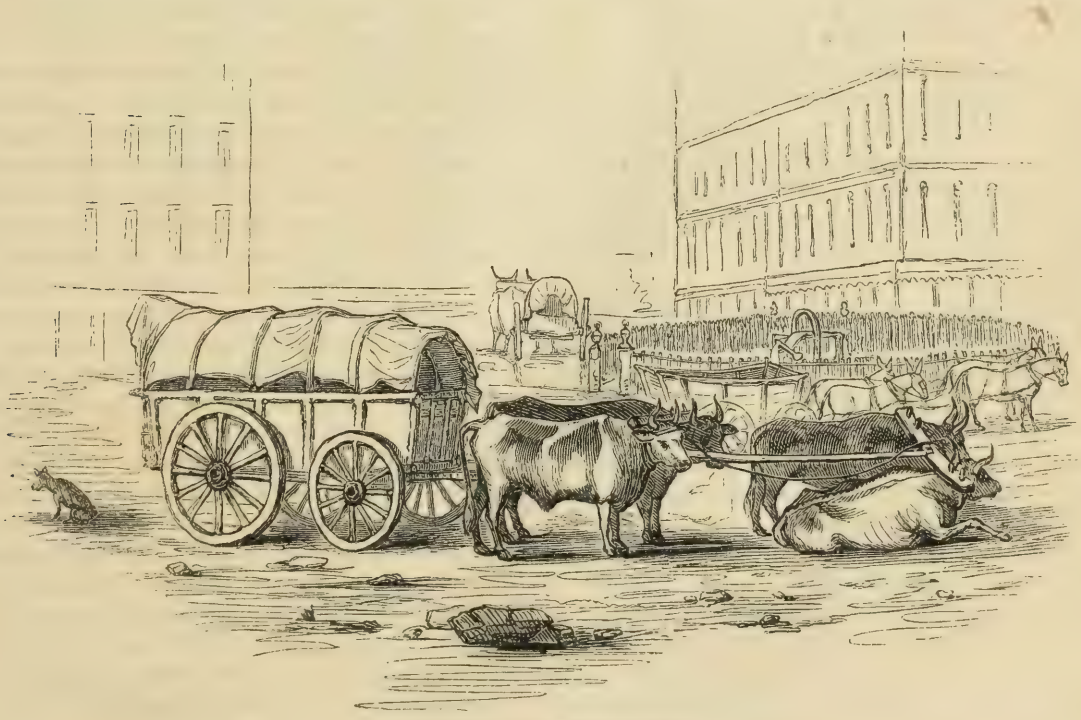
When grown a youth I often smiled—
Remembering this gold—
To think how, when a silly child,
I was so easily beguiled,
And credited the legend wild
The doting dame had told.

But with maturity of years,
Gray hair and bearded chin,
The legend now a type appears
Of human life: how worn with cares
We follow where Hope's rainbow cheers
Some visioned prize to win.

Pausing at length on the last hill,
Whose foot Death's waters lave,
From that dark river deep and chill
We shuddering shrink with awe, until
We see the rainbow, arching still
The lands beyond the grave.

Looking plump and unctuous as fruit matured in its proper clime and season, negro waiters and maids bustled about the boat—skillful, through long practice, in making a great racket with a little work. On shore, a party of athletic young blacks, with shouts of merriment, were tumbling cotton bales from the low warehouses on the brink of the bluff down the steep bank, and by dint of hook and shoulder tugging them to their place on the lower deck. Stout porters, as they deposited their ox-loads of baggage, would testify their sense of relief by executing a double shuffle on the deck before departing for another load. The sooty firemen were poking up their fiery furnaces, drowning the iron clatter with a grand Mandingo chorus. Carriages were rattling to and fro, delivering their freights of well-dressed passengers—gentlemen and ladies, maids and children, all playing their part in the noisy and animated scene.

On the left was a picture of a graver cast. A planter, with his people, is emigrating to some new land; to Texas, perhaps; but what matters it? You may easily recognize the proprietor, a tall, portly man, bronzed and careworn, as he sits on horseback overlooking his dependant family. Grouped around *en bivouac* are some



MARKET-PLACE, MONTGOMERY.



PLANTER EMIGRATING.

two hundred negroes of both sexes and all ages, from the gray-haired grandsire to the puling infant in its mother's arms. Some are lolling on chests and baled blankets; others stretched on the bare ground, sleeping. Some are quietly whiffing their corn-cob pipes; while others are kindling fires to cook their evening ration of bacon and corn-meal.

Below, the boat which was to convey them was pouring out volumes of black smoke from her kindling furnaces.

But neither the note of imminent preparation sounded from time to time by the hoarse steam-pipe, nor the exciting hilarity that surrounded them, seemed to disturb in the least the impassiveness of the dusky group.

At length the ropes were cast loose, the gangways drawn aboard, and the *Henry J. King* went steaming down the river. The clatter of the landing is exchanged for the rush of paddle-wheels and the jar of machinery. The last gleam of the setting sun illuminates the fading domes of Montgomery, and a fat waiter with a brazen bell proclaims supper.

The tender ones were sleeping in their state-rooms; a balmy breeze played over the steamer's deck; a glorious moon, near to her full, sailed in the azure firmament, her soft light lending the enchantment of mystery to shore and river. In such times as this it is sweet to sit and philosophize. A silly opinion prevails in the world that Philosophy is intended to sustain us in misfortune, to shield us from the sharp arrows of sorrow. No idea can be more fallacious. Ask any practical man, and he will tell you how worthless are the maxims of sages, ancient or modern, to soothe the cares and sufferings incident to human existence. But when we have sound stomachs, and success crowns our undertakings, Philosophy is indeed a jewel. How wise she makes us feel; how profoundly grateful to Divine goodness for the blessing—no, not for that, but for the *gift* of superior foresight, and sounder sense than other people have! How liberally we dispense advice and encouragement for the benefit of our less lucky neighbors; with what complaisant meekness we pour out, as a libation to Fortune, the froth that floats on the overflowing cup of our self-conceit!

"What a lucky idea was this of mine," said Mr. Broadacre to his young kinsman, "this idea of traveling for health. That I should have been credulous enough to have consulted doctors and chewed dried gizzards! Bah! How soon a little movement dispels the spleen engendered by too long a residence in one locality; and a little hardship knocks off the rust that gathers from habitual ease and luxury. The great difficulty is in the starting; but once upon the wing, I feel as much at home in this stirring life as any young vagabond among you. Ay, and can rough it too with the best of you!"

"Certainly, uncle; no frontier man could have stood the mountains better."

"Never fear me, Bob. I've been a campaigner in my time. But I don't care to boast of that—a mere matter of nerve and muscle. But when I used to be out in the world I was a great physiognomist. My intuitions in that way were wonderful; I seldom wanted more than one glance at a man to enable me to tell his character and social position with considerable accuracy. Now I have observed a young man on board the boat who evidently is in some distress, and whose countenance interests me. I saw him a short time since playing cards in the Social Hall. An altercation occurring, he

left the table, and has since been wandering uneasily about the boat. I suspect he has fallen among sharpers."

"I have no faith whatever in physiognomy," replied Larkin; "and it is difficult nowadays to draw any reliable inferences from dress, where ready made clothing stores so universally prevail. And since the spirit of Democracy, not satisfied with political equality, is fast leveling all distinctions in morals and manners, it is hard to distinguish between a gentleman and a billiard-marker; to know the difference between a rich banker and a swindler; or tell an M. C. from a black-leg."

"Too true, Robert; too true. But the art of the physiognomist is more an instinct than an effort of reason; or if of reason, its method is too subtle to be appreciated or understood. I have been interested in a young man's face without knowing why."

"Why? The simple fact that there is seeming distress is sufficient to interest you, Uncle Broadacre. But as trouble is the common lot of all, it proves nothing in regard to character."

"Now we are getting tangled up in metaphysics," replied the Squire, as he strayed off toward the Social Hall. When he got there, it happened by some accident that he was slightly jostled by the young man to whom he had taken such a fancy. The stranger made a polite apology, which the Squire received so agreeably that they fell into conversation.

"Pardon the liberty, Sir," said the youth, with a bow of unctuous deference, "but I perceive you are a Virginian."

"You are right," replied the Squire, with a smile. "But pray tell me how did you know that?"

"The air, Sir, the bearing—excuse the impertinence in an entire stranger. But the Virginia gentleman is unmistakable. I was myself educated at the University of Virginia, one of the noblest institutions in the world."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Squire Broadacre, warming up; "then you must have been acquainted with my nephew, Bob Berkeley."

The young stranger was dumbfoundered with respectful astonishment. "Have I, then, the honor of addressing the kinsman of my dearest friend Bob Berkeley—a friend that I am proud to own—always at the head of his class—a terrible student—graduated with hon—"

"Come now," interrupted Squire B., "you are too partial. My nephew was a great whelp, and didn't graduate at all. I wanted to ask you what he was dismissed for."

"Ah," cried the youth with a knowing wink, "that was an unfortunate affair—entirely the fault of the Faculty—a base, tyrannical action on their part. For Bob was a whole-souled fellow—spent his money free. He and I used to lend each other money on all occasions."

"Hum," said Squire B.; "he managed to get through a good deal in a short time."

"The very soul of liberality and honor, Sir," responded the stranger.

"I suspected him of gaming," said the Squire.

The youth's countenance fell as he answered. "He certainly had a weakness for a game, Sir, like many others that have suffered by it."

The speaker turned hastily to brush away a tear, while the Squire took him kindly and familiarly by the arm.

"It's a bad habit," said he—"a bad habit—one that should be avoided or gotten rid of. I observed that those fellows were too hard for you to-day. Did you lose much?"

The young man sighed. "It was but a trifle, Sir; and but for the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed I wouldn't mind it. I am hurrying home to see my mother, who is ill. I have lost every thing I had about me, and in consequence of my criminal folly I shall be detained for several days at Mobile. In the mean time I know not what may happen."

Squire Broadacre winked two or three times to get rid of the moisture that was gathering in the corners of his eyes. "Come, youngster, don't make a serious matter of a trifle"—pulling out his wallet—"how much will you need to take you home?"

At the sight of the wallet the youth looked surprised and hurt; so much so that the Squire apologized, but persisted in his kindly offer until the stranger reluctantly named twenty or twenty-five dollars.

"Nonsense!" said the Squire, in an under tone, offering a fifty-dollar bill.—"Get out, you rascal!" (to Jim Bug, who had pulled his sleeve.)

The youth refused; and a friendly altercation ensued, which ended in the Squire's forcing the note upon him. The outpouring of the young stranger's thanks was interrupted by the stoppage of the boat at a landing.

"There's my card and address," said he. "And yours?"

"A. Broadacre, St. Louis Hotel, New Orleans."

"All right, you will hear from me within four days."

"Master," said Jim, in a grieved and indignant voice, "you're done fooled—tuck in scandalous."

"You impudent dog, get to bed! How dare you address me in that style? How dare you interrupt me when I am conversing with gentlemen? You pulled my sleeve twice."

"Master," persisted Jim, "you'se fooled. I see dat man playin' chuck-a-luck down on deck, all fur to make a raise to git into dis game up stars. Den they cotch him cheatin', and saunt him."

After sundry impatient and menacing gestures with his cane the Squire relapsed into thoughtfulness.

"Who was that young man I was talking with a short time since?" he asked of the clerk.

"That was Jedediah Suggs, Sir, a son of the celebrated Colonel Simon Suggs, of Montgomery."

"Is he still on board the boat?" asked the Squire, hastily.

"Think he left when we landed just now. Had you any business transaction with him?" inquired the clerk, with a smile.

"None," replied Squire B., reddening—"that is, none of any importance;" and he walked off toward his state-room.

The excitements of the evening were not yet over. As he was about going to bed the Squire missed his wallet, which contained several hundreds in bank-notes, besides important papers. After hurriedly visiting his pockets one after another, he returned to the forward part of the boat in great perturbation, and commenced a search, in which he was assisted by several employés of the steamer and a number of officious by-standers. The appearance and eagerness of some of these latter seemed rather calculated to make the loser nervous, but the Squire was beyond either hope or suspicion. His mind was made up on the subject. "The infernal scoundrel," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "to have picked my pocket under such circumstances!" This the Squire said, and a great deal more scarcely proper to be recorded. But with the appearance of Larkin and Jim Bug on the scene both philosophy and dignity were for a moment forgotten. "The misbegotten scoundrel!" he repeated, stamping furiously on the floor. As he did so something dropped out from the leg of his breeches, and Jim nimbly grabbed up the identical wallet. The rejoicing was general, while drinks and congratulations went round. "I am sincerely glad of one thing, at least," the Squire whispered to Larkin, as they again retired to their respective rooms, "the young rascal's mother is not sick, after all."

The day following their departure from Montgomery our tourists passed most agreeably on board their boat; and certainly no public conveyances in the world can compare, either in substantial comfort or luxurious elegance, with those of our Southwestern waters. The weary may repose on spring mattresses or cut velvet sofas; the hungry are fed with the richest viands, served with a quiet elegance nowhere equaled but in the first-class restaurants of Paris; the ivory key-board of a superb piano tempts the itching fingers of the musical; books there are for the studious; and the artist, when he gets accustomed to the jar of the machinery, may sketch almost as well as on *terra firma*. To those whose perceptive faculties are too active to permit the enjoyment of parlor amusements, the moving panorama of the river shores offers a varied and attractive feast; while the mixed and changing population of their floating world furnishes endless entertainment to the observer of character. As the events of the preceding evening have unfortunately deprived us of further observations from Squire B. on the subject of physiognomy, with Larkin's sketch-book before us, we feel constrained to hazard a few straggling comments of our own.



GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.

Apropos of negroes: Some time ago a raw Hibernian, on landing in one of our Southern cities, lost his trunk. When he applied at the baggage-office for redress he was asked how he happened to lose it.

Pat naïvely replied, "Shure, a big black nagur took it away on his shoulder."

"And would you know him again if you were to see him?"

"Faix, is yer honor makin' game of me? There was a hundred of thim; and how can ye tell one nagur from another any more than ye can tell one sheep from another?"

Those unacquainted with the *personnel* of the peculiar institution are apt to think like the innocent Paddy; yet we are not sure but the African face presents as strong and remarkable varieties of character as that of the Caucasian.

Observe the gentleman's gentleman, as with waiter and napkin in hand he stands behind the rich man's chair—at once proud and obsequious—swelling with his master's importance and his



STEAMBOAT COOK.

own — scrupulously neat in his dress—punctiliously polite in his deportment; yet scarcely polite enough to conceal his scorn of a common nigger, or his somewhat pitying contempt of poor white folks. Then cast a glance into that steaming pandemonium the steamboat kitchen, and mark the ruler of the realm.

Compare old Aunt Sally, who, in the capacity of family nurse, has waged an amiable war with consecutive generations of fair-haired rebellious Anglo-Saxons; with Julia, my lady's pert and petted maid, who has been heard to wonder whether it is possible that real ladies at the North sometimes wear calico—as is reported. But the book furnishes more examples than we have space to exhibit.

Whom have we here? A coarse, common face, which our artist deftly purloined while its owner sat smoking his corn-cob pipe upon the guards of the boat. We meet with many such faces in our travels through a new country, the impassive countenance indicating nothing more than vulgar energy and endurance—evidently a man of deeds rather than of words. Sometimes, perhaps, an overseer; an emigrant bound for New Mexico; a filibuster *en route* to join



QUIEN SABE?

Walker. He would manage an estate, kill bears and Indians, yoke oxen, and grub new land, with the same resolute, emotionless face; regarding the business in hand only in a speculative light; asking but one question before going into battle—"How will it pay?" The story of his life may be a wild romance, but he knows it not.

Here, lolling gracefully in his cushioned chair, we have the proprietor of a thousand bales, reading from the leading Montgomery journal politics, poetry, and prices current. And here, again, the man of ten bales; awkward, uneasy in this fine company; half afraid to sit on these fine seats, and not altogether sure of the propriety of squirting tobacco juice on these rich carpets. He feels more at home in the Social Hall, and will be vastly communicative if you give him a chance. He is hazarding himself (possibly for the first time) so far from home on his way to the great cotton mart, Mobile. Perhaps this may be the veritable Willey Harbucket, our old friend who wrote that droll letter, so characteristic of his class, that although it has been published before, we can not resist the temptation of stealing, for which we hope to be pardoned here and hereafter.

CLARK COUNTY *Alabama* —— ——

Mr Brown Smith and Johnson Mobile

DEAR SIR—After what is due to friendship I rite you these few lines to inform you of the deth of my wife she departed this life on wensday mornin the fourteen of this month in great Pece of congestive chills Her funeral is to be preeched at Salem church brother Fog of fishiating



A THOUSAND BALES.

which is the okashin of my writin these fue lines to order you to send me a soot of close and 1 Barle of Whiskey as I want to make a respectibil apearns on that solim okashin I am five feet 10 and way 155 pound wait you must select me good article you self close that fits your wayer Mr Jim Gooden will about fit if anything a leetle chunkier I want Dexter's best at a far price for my nabers to keep off the chills which is prevailin in this sexshun of country make a strong pot of coffy well biled and strong put in a handful of peppers and a pint of whisky give every hand a cupful in proportion going to the field of a mornin before the Jews is off and give your niggers warm close and wool socks knit and chills is no whar, let them try this reseet that likes My wife paternized the steam practize and took these medicine the reglar Fackilty mought have saved her life then agin they mought not God he knows His will be done Sarah Jane Harbucket was 27 year nine months and 3 days old when she departed this life a good wife a pius christian woman likewise a consistent member of the Baptist persuashin Let us all be likewise prepared, she was also a gradyowate of Marion collidge and her Dyploma sertifying to the same hangs before me sad relict of the past an advantage your humbil servent never injoyed bein raised hard and pore so you must excuse riting and spelling whar amiss likewise excuse my feelings on this ockashun out of the fullness of the hart the mouth speaketh so says the book but gents bizness is bizness craps has not turned out what I expected and looked for and I allers thought they would not there has been no sezins to make truck grow my crop is 19 Bags with nine groan hands with children that helps on considerable in pickin however a crop of corn and no meet to by Willey Harbucket his crap 19 Bails number 1 to 19 Dan Butin his crap 11 Bails John T Shadrack his crap and two Bails he tuck in trade the two Bails marked with a cross make them county Sales to itself in all 15 Bags for John T Shadrack David Pipkins 9 Bags—My Niggers has one Bag marked Willey Harbucket with Boys below on the head which I want the county sales seprat to itself the proseeds sent to me acordin to the bill inclosed—Boy Joe one shar—Bob one shar—Elijah one shar —Nancy one shar and a caliker dress to cost not more than a dollar and a half extra to be charged to my county sales—and balluns of the niggers bag they want sent in cotton stockins for women and a pece of crape not to cost too much for the funeral which I am willing to gratify them especially Nancy which is a faithful servant and waited on my deceased wife faithful so you will please fill the bill in the shars accordin to the best of yore judgement accordin to the Bill In regardin the Cotton to yore best care and attention the lint is extra nise and all put up neetly at my gin and all Dean seed cotton and a nise artickle and neetly put up to averidge 450 to 500 pound and the niggers Bail nigh on to 600 pound not bein enuff for another Bail—now gents we ships all to yore house and gives yore house our paternidge and we wants the biggest dollar our cotton will fetch which is much needid money bein skase and a short crop and expenses heavy at this ritin and not sakrifice our produce on the first offer and let no man way our cotton but Jim Gooden which will be satisfactory to all conserned and does us justice in the waits—My Nabers has trusted this bizness to me and leave all to yore best judgement when to sell and dont set no limmit but think produce will go up when folks comes to know how short a crop is made in this sexhun not half crop and send every man his county sales accordin to



TEN BALES.



THE NIGGERS' BALE.

name at Mott's Post office Clark County Alabama and county sales of the 2 Bails for John T Shadrack seprat and one Bag of My Niggers seprat to itself I will send to the Peach tree for the close and things ordered by Friday comin providence permitten I wanted to go down myself but it has been ordered different Yore letter in regardin the Wor and money market is received also the papers for which you have my best respects I have not been abill to consider the subjeck bein under all the deep waters but the lord be praised I am supported under this afflicshun and will write you my idees

No more at pressent yours to command

WILLEY HARBUCKET.



THE FAMILY NURSE.

Meanwhile Squire Broadacre made acquaintance with a gentleman whose courtly manners and commanding presence attracted, while they inspired respect. His evident familiarity with the scenes around them soon led into an interesting and long-continued conversation, in the progress of which the following historic reminiscences were elicited.

"It was my fortune to have served through the whole war of 1812, with the renowned chief of the Southwest, and I was an eye-witness of the scene which I am about to describe. On the morning of the 7th of November, 1813 (I remember it now as if it were but yesterday), the army of General Jackson arrived at the Coosa River, just where this beautiful stream, concentrating its volume, breaks through the southern spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. Our march led down the west bank, and, although nerved for the sterner realities of war, we could not but be impressed with the grandeur and loveliness of the scenes around us. For a distance of more than two miles the waters rushed between beetling crags and lofty precipices, foaming and boiling over their narrow and rocky bed. The cliffs were then covered with innumerable wild fowl, which, disturbed for the first time, probably, by the approach of the white man, flew over us in clouds; the beating of their wings and discordant screams mingling with the roar of the river. At the foot of this rapid are the Ten Islands of the Coosa—at that day prominent landmarks in this unfrequented wilderness; and there we halted and built Fort Strother, as a rallying point and basis for future operations against the wily and savage enemy with whom we were warring. From this point we marched to the bloody fields of Tallashal, Talladega, and Emuckfaw, and hither returned with the trophies of our victories.

"But amidst the scenes associated with the name of Fort Strother, neither the awful array of armies marching to battle, nor the proud return of conquering legions, have left so profound an impression on my memory as the events of December, 1814. Braver troops or more patriotic men never entered the field than the first brigade of Volunteer Infantry, the chivalry of Tennessee, the right arm of Jackson's military power; yet, owing to a misunderstanding between these men and their chief, a serious discontent arose, which progressed until the whole brigade stood in an attitude of defiant and open mutiny, threatening more fatal consequences than could have resulted from the triumph of our savage foe, blighting every prospect of future honor and usefulness.

"It is due to the living and the dead that the facts which gave rise to the difficulty should be clearly stated. They were briefly these: The Tennesseeans had been mustered into service on the 12th of December, 1813, for one year, and therefore maintained that they would be entitled to their discharge on the 12th of December, 1814. But it had happened that after their enlistment they had been dismissed for a time, and had remained at home unemployed for more than five months. The General, construing the articles more strictly, refused to discharge them at the end of the year, but required five months' additional service to make up for the time which had been unemployed. The subject had been long discussed around the camp-fires. The men wanted to return home; and, although hardy campaigners and prompt for battle, were equally stiff and sturdy in the maintenance of what they believed to be their right. The commander had been formally appealed to; but to have lost these troops, with a beaten but still unsubdued enemy in the field, would have subjected his weakened army to certain disaster and possible destruction. There was fair ground to question their right to a discharge at that time; and with his zeal for the public service and the fruits of a glorious campaign weighing in the same balance, he did not hesitate in his decision—an absolute refusal to grant it.

"As the 12th of December approached the lowering clouds of discontent seemed to presage

an inevitable storm. Around the glimmering camp-fires the soldiers' wonted jest and song were heard no more. Gloom and anxiety shaded every face. The Tennesseeans made no secret of their determination to return home on the day appointed, and General Jackson as resolutely determined to prevent it. Thus was issue joined between a thousand brave and warlike men on the one hand, and the commanding General on the other; and it was evident to all that the tenacity of opinion and purpose for which Jackson was most remarkable was about to be put to the severest test. The 11th of December at length arrived. The dawn was overcast, and the damp, drizzling clouds seemed in unison with the sullen temper of the camp. About nine o'clock the officers of the brigade assembled to take counsel for their action on the 'imminent to-morrow.' Before their deliberations had been reduced to formal resolves the council was interrupted by an authoritative order from the commander to form the brigade in front of the gate of the fort.

"The order was obeyed in silence. Without the sound of drum or trumpet the sullen veterans stood marshaled on the appointed ground. To such an extent had the disaffection spread through the camp that Jackson had not over a hundred men on whom he could rely. With these (his life-guard), and one piece of artillery, he posted himself in front of the mutineers. While the gunner waved his blazing linstock beside the loaded gun, the commander rode to the front, and, rolling his eye along the line, met the lowering and defiant glances with a look of stony firmness. Not a shout, not a whisper, greeted his appearance. The suspense of the moment was awful,

"'And the boldest held his breath
For a time.'

"In a voice in which reproach and kindness mingled he at length broke the silence. He reminded them of their deeds in arms, of the laurels they had won, and the glory that yet lay before them in the path of duty. He told how the enemy lay embodied within sixty miles, waiting for battle, and any road that did not lead to them could only lead to infamy and disgrace. Then, rising in his stirrups, he shouted, in trumpet tones, 'Now where is the man who dares tell me that he will desert his country's standard in the hour of darkness and danger? For, by the God that made us, that man shall only pass on his way over my dead body! Are you ready for the fight? Come on!'

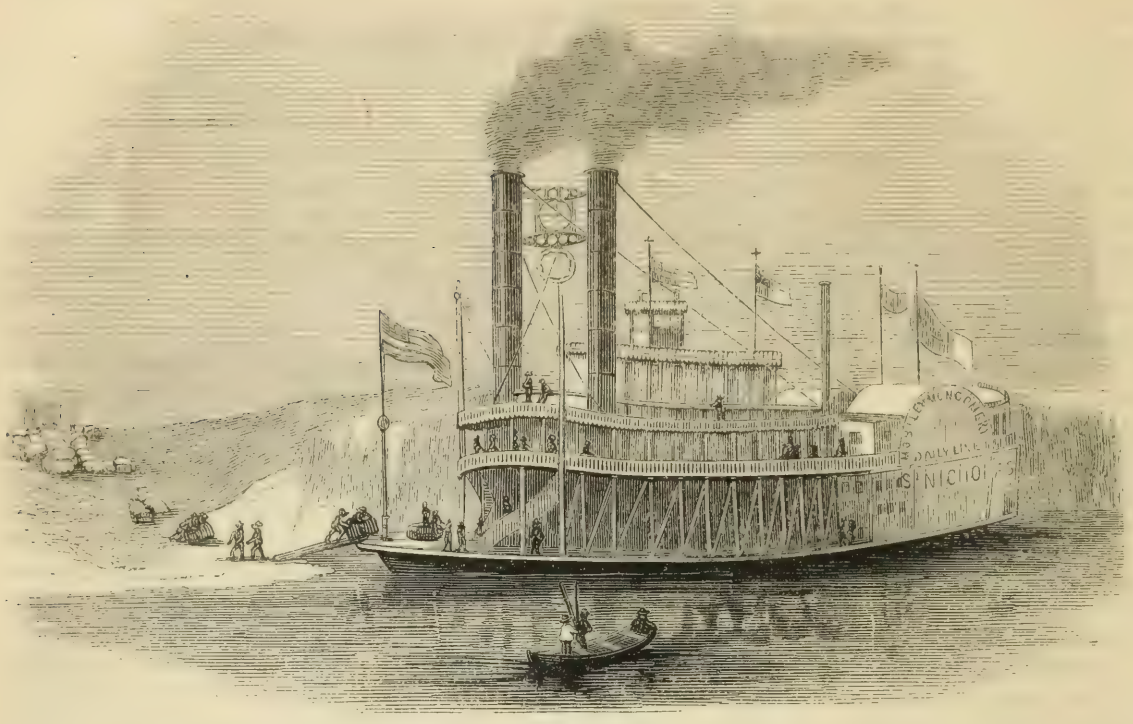
"Along that line of grim and war-worn faces was a movement of confusion and irresolution. Men looked hurriedly into each other's eyes to ask counsel. There was a momentary pause. Then rung out the quick peremptory command, 'Shoulder arms!' The line shook, but made no responsive movement.

"Again he spoke, in a calm, confident voice: 'The General expects prompt obedience from every soldier. Shoulder arms!' Like an electric chain that feels the lightning's shock the arms of the whole line rung with the simultaneous movement. The brigade stood at a shoulder — silent, submissive, quelled like a child under the eye of an awful yet honored parent—ready to do his bidding without a murmur, though it led, through fatigue and privation, to danger and death."



THE CAMP-FIRE.

For a considerable distance below Montgomery the Alabama River flows between banks sufficiently steep and high to shut out from the navigator all view of the adjacent country. An occasional plantation-house peering over the brink, or a group of warehouses indicating a town, are the only sights that break the monotony of the walled up stream. We must not forget to add to these items the hourly detentions of the boat to take on cotton. The bales are sometimes rolled down a steep bank, as at Montgomery; sometimes dropped or craned down from a precipice twenty or thirty feet high. But on all the best improved estates there is a long covered building, reaching from the brink of the bluff to the river, reminding



LOADING COTTON.

one, for all the world, of a ten-pin alley or a rope-walk set on end. This building is divided longitudinally into two compartments, one containing a stairway and the other a smooth-floored slide, or "shoot," by which the cotton is delivered.

On the morning of the second day these high banks had disappeared, and the widening stream pursued its course through a low, flat country, covered with forests in which the gum and cypress seemed to predominate. The river was swollen considerably beyond its ordinary volume, and here and there a forlorn plantation appeared half submerged in the turbid waters. In places that the water had not reached the houses appeared built upon piles, and the great house with its attendant cottages reminded one of a sow and pigs traveling through the mud. As the boat approached the shore cotton fields could be seen, waving with the last year's plants, whose dried pods, fluttering with the tags and remnants of the snowy crop, presented a singular appearance to eyes accustomed only to wheat-stubble and corn-fodder shocks. The forests, too, were beginning some signs of tropical luxuriance. The tender green of the budding cypress contrasted strikingly with the gray-beard moss that hung from every bough. The broad-ribbed and pointed leaves of the ground palm were reflected in pools of brown swamp water, while the shade of the wooded aisles was deepened by the dark foliage of the magnolia.

At length domes and spires were seen, rising above the level horizon of land and water, and about mid-day the steamer tied up at the cotton loaded wharves of the fair city of Mobile. The



COTTON PLANTATION ON THE ALABAMA



SOUTHERN SCENERY.

travelers were transferred from their floating hotel to the Battle House; and as their journey had left no sense of fatigue or discomfort, they were soon strolling about the city to see what could be seen. Mrs. B. saw a number of things that she wanted to buy, and Tiny was highly excited with the golden heaps of tropical fruit that shone on every corner. The artist's eye was charmed with an old Spanish tower that reminded him of the old world, and the marble streets of the populous cemeteries, that reminded him possibly of another world, of common interest both to the old and new.

There was a broad street lined with handsome private residences, each situated in its ornamented inclosure, luxuriant with rare and beautiful tropical plants. On the landward side the town was shaded by dark pine forests; and toward the water the business quarter was composed, as in all other cities, of brick, dirt, and dullness. The only distinctive features here were the cotton dépôts—squares of low brick-walled sheds, filled with the great staple that controls the commerce of Christendom.

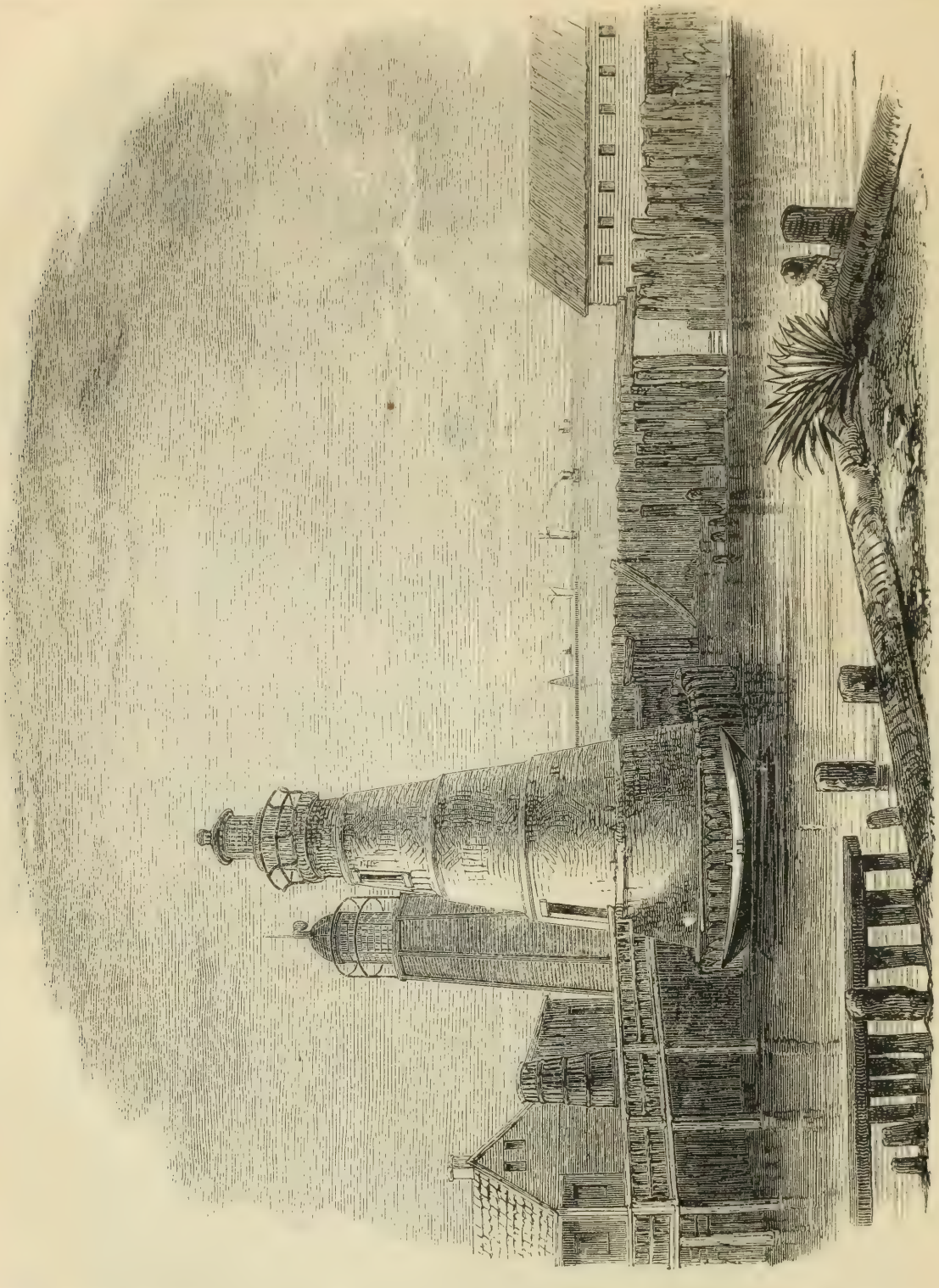
While our friends were seated at a sumptuous dinner in the Battle House, amidst a numerous company composed of planters with their families, merchants, ship-masters, speculators, and travelers generally, they were startled by the rapid ringing of alarm-bells, and the cry of fire. City folks preserved their equanimity, and went on with their dinner as usual; but the country people, of course, got into commotion. A tall gentleman opposite our friends laid down his knife and fork to listen; his next neighbor smiled, and passed the wine. The tall man attempted to pour it out, but spilled it on the cloth. "My dear," said his wife on the other hand, "don't be agitated." "Ding-dong—ding-dong. Fire! fire! fire!" "Change your plate, Sir?" said the waiter. The tall gentleman rose hastily and left the room. Then another and another. "Fire! fire! fire!" People began to get more restive and curious. "Where is it?" asked one of another. Presently one, with hurried step, stalked into the room, and approaching a group discussing the flavor of some rare wine, announced, in a stage whisper, "The cotton sheds of Brown, Smith, and Johnson!"

There was a general stampede. "It seems," quoth the Squire, "as if the sword of Damocles had fallen and cut short the feast."

From their chamber windows our friends



ENTERING THE GULF.

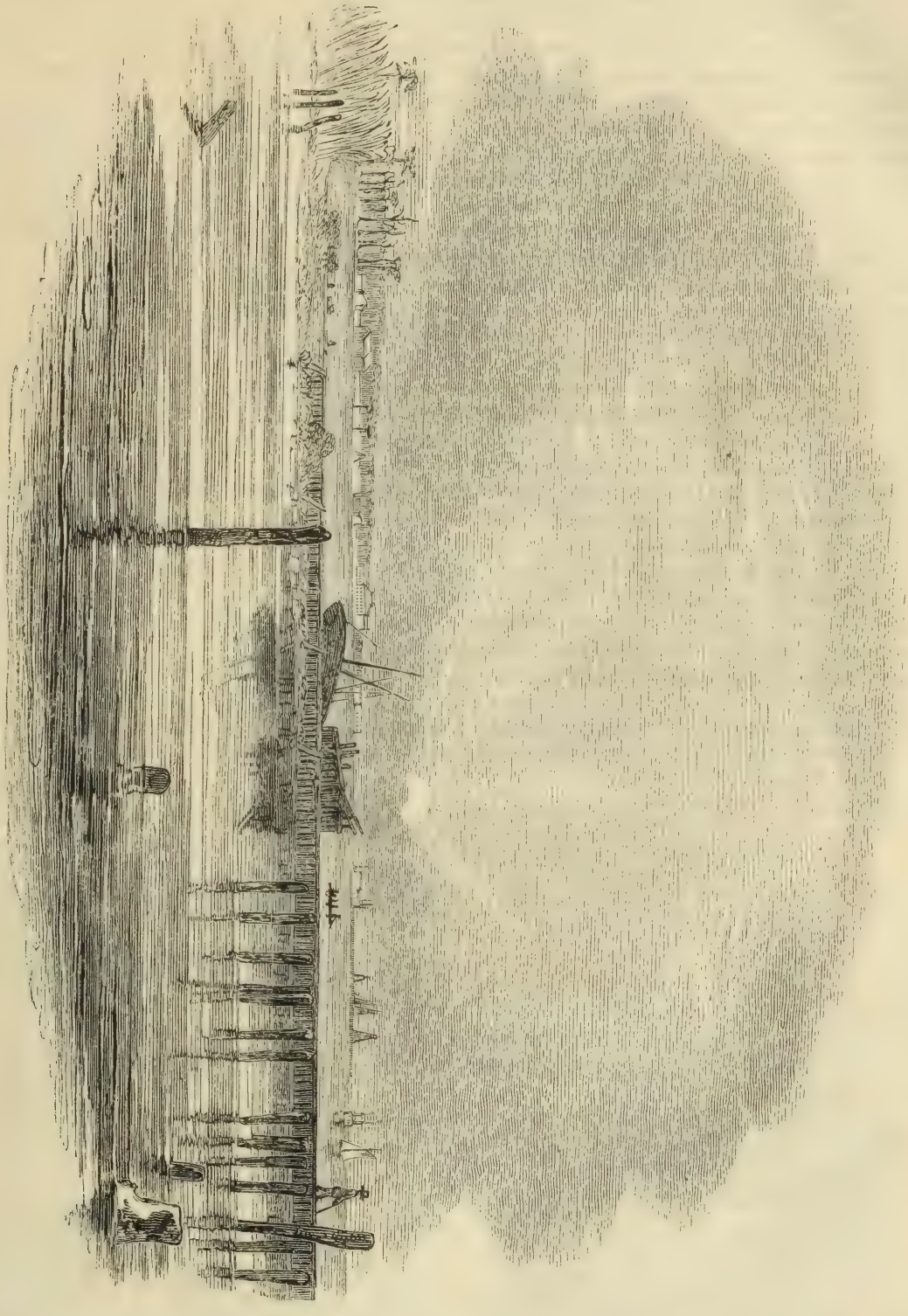


THE LIGHT-HOUSE.—LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

could see vast clouds of black smoke rising between them and the river; and far into the night the volumed flame continued to ascend, illuminating with its fierce light the city streets, the line of steamers moored along the wharves, and the calm water of the bay, spread far in the distance.

Larkin went out to get a nearer view of the picturesque and animated scene. The city firemen were striving with unavailing efforts to quench the devouring flame. Bands of wild-looking negroes were rushing into the smoke and dragging out the smouldering, half-burned bales from the blazing mass. Instead of the usual vulgar crowd attendant on fires elsewhere, here were groups of well-dressed gentlemen, quietly looking on at the piteous spectacle. Here were elegant carriages, driven by liveried footmen, more than one containing high-spirited dames and bright-eyed daughters of the planters, come to sympathize with husbands and fathers. Thus it was that in a few hours a million of dollars evaporated in smoke.

When next morning's sun arose upon the scene there were a few crumbling lines of brick wall, a few smouldering heaps of ashes, a few half-burned bales, bedraggled and defiled, with two or three negroes asleep upon each; some tag ends of ropes and scraps of bagging scattered here and there—all the visible remains



VIEW ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

of that vast wealth which on yesterday sustained the golden hopes of hundreds. Who can tell what fairy castles vanished with those rolling clouds? what milk-pails were overthrown? what broad lands remained unpaid for till another season? what dresses deferred? The lord of a thousand, with corrugated brow, begins to cipher on the back of his last business-letter, then pays a visit to his banker. Willey Harbucket wipes a tear or so from the end of his nose, takes a stiff horn, "withouten sugar," and the first boat for the upper country. Far in the interior David Pipkins hears the fatal news, and curses the day he intrusted his "crap" to the keeping of his unlucky neighbor. Dan Butin swears there's something wrong somewhar, and threatens to sue somebody. Even the humble hearth-stone of the negro is reached by the great sorrow, and tears trickle down cheeks of ebony. The big bale went with the rest. Boy Joe, and Bob, and Elijah, and Nancy look at each other with mournful countenances, and the voice of the banjo is mute. But long before Time, the consoler, smooths the care-drawn puckers from the master's brow, the banjo reawakened sounds merrily from the cabin, and Elijah quotes this comfortable text from the Good Book (Elijah quotes from memory), "Blessed am dem what 'spects nuffin, for they ain't a gwine to be disapp'inted!"

On the day after the fire our tourists took passage on the steamer *Cuba* for New Orleans, and that evening, for the first time, saw the sun quench his burning disc in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Although the season was mid-winter, the air was soft and balmy as if a May breeze were rippling the surface of the sea. The deep, blue dome of night glittered with stars, and anon the full moon rose, lending her crowning splendor to a scene such as is seldom witnessed out of Southern latitudes. It is hard that folks will get sleepy in spite of stars and moonlight, but so it was. Our tourists left all this magnificence and went early to bed. The voyage was calm and prosperous, and their sleep sound and refreshing. When they awoke their vessel was cleaving the placid waters of Lake Pontchartrain, whose broad, mirror-like surface was rosy with the reflected blushes of the approaching dawn; and half an hour after they went ashore at Lake Landing, between the old and new light-houses.

Here they found that peculiarly French institution—a cup of good coffee—and a train of cars to convey them to New Orleans, about eight miles distant. Their route lay through extensive swamps, shaded with cypress and magnolia trees, with a thick undergrowth of cane and ground palm. The first appearance of the city reminds one of what Hood says of Holland. To see the domes, steeples, and chimney-tops peering over the tufts of grass and shrubbery that decked the open country, it seemed as if "a city had been sowed and was just coming up."

They entered the city by the French quarter, which is built up of low wooden houses, generally without much architectural pretension, but, as is usual in the Southern country, quite surrounded with shrubbery and ornamental trees.

At the railway dépôt Jim Bug was much disgusted at hearing the negro porters and hack drivers speaking French. "The idea," said he, "of them black rascals undertakin' to talk larned, like ladies and gent'men." But on being assured that most of them were totally ignorant of English, his indignation gave place to astonishment.

"Why, Mass Robert, I thought all black people talked like we does at home. I thought they larned to talk from white people, and not outen of books like these does."

"Well, Jim, we've not time to explain that to you now. The coach is waiting to convey us to the St. Louis."

Once installed within the massive walls of their hotel, our travelers indulged in the pleasant consciousness that their wanderings were at an end, at least for a season. They could



VIEW IN THE FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS.

hear around them the hum of a great city, the commercial, social, and dramatic centre of the Southwest. Near at hand, but as yet unseen by them, the great river was rolling—the river whose very name is synonymous with sublimity; yet there was no occasion for haste, and before withdrawing the curtain from such a scene, one likes to sit down quietly and in imagination con over the little part that he or she expects to play in the forthcoming drama.

Tiny was reveling in dreams of dolls and ribbons, and the fancy of Madame B. was, doubtless, busy with French silks and laces. The Squire, I think, from his puckered brows, was doing a sum in arithmetic. A large gilded 20 which filled his mind's eye stood for dollars; a 30 placed under it signified the days of the month. Multiplied, the result was 600—double the same to cover extras. The Squire ejaculated the English title of his Satanic Majesty, and wound up with a locomotive whistle. At the moment his eye fell upon Leonore, who was sitting apart, apparently lost in reverie. His face was suffused with kindly feeling, and approaching her, he took her hand affectionately, when they had a long and animated conversation in an under tone.

Up stairs Annette was seated on the trunk which Jim Bug had carried to her room. Jim had just concluded some important revelations with these words,

"True as Gospel, young mistress—just as I tell you. I see him do dat—I always makes a mark of these things."

"Well, never mind, Jim, it's not a matter of any consequence—not in the least. It was very natural and very kind in him. But now go 'way, don't tell me any thing more."

Bob Larkin was engaged, we believe, in writing a letter to a friend, some extracts from which we will give, as they will throw a glimmering of light upon some subjects of which as yet we know but little:

"DEAR P——: I write from the St. Louis Hotel, in great haste, to advise you of our safe arrival, etc.

"Our progress since we left East Tennessee has been too rapid to have been very satisfactory. Some wag has characterized Southern scenery 'by a line and a pine,' and there is both wit and truth in the idea at first view; yet the hasty glimpses I have had of the country have excited my fancy, and I am anxious to see more. . . . .

"Leonore is a strange girl, and she grows more and more mysterious every day. She and Uncle Broadacre have long confidential conversations, which often, on her part, end in tears. Then I have observed she has grown sadder and more abstracted as we approached this place—New Orleans. She no longer takes interest in art, and often, during my most elaborate discourses, she starts and acknowledges she has not heard a word of what I have been saying. It occurred to me she might be in love, and I attempted some gallant speeches, which at first were received with a cold smile; and on being repeated brought me such an unanswerable rebuke that I am convinced she is not in love with me.

"I do not believe I could ever fancy her; that is, that I could ever experience any sentiment beyond pure admiration. The human mind is so constituted as to dislike perfection. We may admire, but can not love that which is faultless. The Greek ideal—what infernal nonsense I am writing.... Good-by.

"Your friend, BOB LARKIN."

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

A BALLAD.

BENEATH the hill you may see the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But JERRY, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye;"
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy, and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was Little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest—

"When will you grind my corn, I say?"
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needn't scold;
Just leave your grist for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be *tolled!*"

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came—
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered mournfully
The leech had come, and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see:—
"Poor Little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
"Dust to dust" the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.



LUSSAN BARGAINING WITH THE CAPTAIN.

AN OLD FILIBUSTER.

SIEUR REVENAU DE LUSSAN was a native of Paris, and when a mere boy only seven years of age, gave evidence of his roving disposition by often stealing away from home and making long excursions in the city. This adventurous spirit led him, as soon as he was capable of bearing arms, to attach himself to an officer in the army just before the siege of Condé. He served through the campaign, and then became a cadet in a marine regiment. His captain managing to drain him of all the cash with which his father supplied him, the latter, at a heavy expense, procured his discharge. He again enlisted, and fought gallantly at the siege of Guislane. The camp, the drum, the bugle, and the perils of the conflict had a charm for him that no exposure or hardship could break. The war being over he returned to Paris; but the dull routine of daily life wearied him, and he resolved to see something of the world outside of his native France. The marvelous stories of the New World, which were then in every body's mouth, enchained his roving fancy, and, despite his father's persuasions and his mother's tears, he embarked in March, 1679, for St. Domingo. The sea, with its storms and billows, enchanted him. St. Domingo opened a new world to his vision; but his fresh-born delight soon received a check in the tyranny and cruelty of a Frenchman to whom he engaged himself as a laborer. He passed three years in little better than servitude; and when his bondage finally became intolerable he laid his case before the Governor, who ordered his release. Hearing nothing from his parents, and being heavily in debt, he began to cast about for an opening suitable to a man of his desperate fortunes. After turning various projects in his mind he finally resolved to join a gang of freebooters. The next thing was to select a commander; for he knew that the service of a vigorous young man, bred to arms, would be gladly accepted by the leader of any expedition. After mature deliberation he offered himself to Captain de Graff, who bore a roving commission from the Count of Toulouse, the Lord High Admiral of France, and was accepted. With this commander he set sail on the 22d of November, 1684, and began to cruise for Spanish vessels in the waters surrounding the West India Islands. Although the men composing such expeditions were called at the time buccaneers, freebooters, etc., yet many of the vessels in which they sailed were, in fact, privateers of the present day. Lussan, it is seen, sailed under a regular commission, and was no more a freebooter than the American privateers in the war of 1812.

From the 22d of November, 1684, to the 1st of March, 1685, they kept cruising in the Caribbean Sea, meeting with various adventures, yet taking few prizes of any value. They, however, by chance, encountered two other vessels and four boats manned by buccaneers, which proved a great accession to their strength. Of their little fleet, the two largest vessels—one carrying fifty guns and the other forty guns—were commanded by Captains Landresson and de Graff.

In the latter part of February the vessel in which Lussan sailed came to anchor at Golden

Island, near Caledonia Bay, where, a few years ago, Strain commenced his terrible march across the Isthmus. Here they learned from some Indians that a band of buccaneers had started a short time before to seek their fortunes in the South Seas, and that two captains, Grognier and Lesenier, dissatisfied with the leaders, had remained behind as guests of the Indians. Letters were immediately dispatched to these commanders informing them of their arrival.

The next day two of the four boats with which they had been in company turned into the same port. They immediately sent persons on board of the new-comers, telling them of the advance expedition of the buccaneers of which the Indians had informed them, and of their own determination to follow after. Captain Rose, who commanded one of the boats, having had a fruitless cruise, resolved at once to try his fortunes with them; and his whole crew, excited by the dazzling accounts given of the pearls and jewels and gold found on the Pacific shore, gladly consented to accompany him. Setting fire to their vessel, they, to the number of sixty-four, joined the new expedition. A hundred and eighteen out of the other vessel followed their example; and when they assembled on the main land the whole band numbered two hundred and sixty-four men. Captains Rose, Picard, and Desmeraise were chosen leaders, and on the 1st of March drew up their respective forces and harangued them on the danger and uncertainty of the expedition before them—of the necessity of maintaining thorough discipline; while, at the same time, they painted in glowing colors the rich booty that lay beyond the mountains which they were now about to cross. Then, as it was their invariable custom, a priest (for one always accompanied them) offered up solemn prayers to Almighty God that he would watch over and guard them, and give them safe deliverance from all their enemies.

With some forty Indians, to act as guides and assist in carrying the baggage, they turned their faces toward the mountain and boldly entered the almost impenetrable forest. The notes of the bugle that at first cheered their march soon grew silent, and the straggling column panted silently up the steep acclivities or struggled through the deep ravines and tangled undergrowth. Marching order was wholly lost, for each one had as much as he could do to pull himself up the rocks and force his way through the vines and thick bushes. This first day's march confounded the men, most of whom had passed their lives on the sea. Unaccustomed to the woods and mountains they could make but little progress, and here, at the outset, murmurings and curses were heard on every side. Hanging along the cliffs, tumbling down the torrents, and falling amidst the tangled meshes of the forest, they soon gave out, and after making in all but nine miles, halted on the bank of a stream for the night. The sentinels being posted and the camp fires lighted, the weary adventurers threw themselves on the ground and were soon wrapped in deep slumber.

The next morning, while dispatching their scanty breakfast, the heavens suddenly became overcast, and they had scarcely commenced their march when the rain began to fall in torrents. All day long the tropical flood poured down



THE PRIEST'S BLESSING.

upon the straggling line, swelling the streams and rendering still more slippery the steep acclivities. Burdened with their ammunition and arms they staggered and fell against each other, and long before evening were so completely worn-out that they threw themselves on a hill-side, and, soaked to the skin, lay all night under the dripping trees. The third day they reached a plain and the head-waters of that most tortuous of rivers the Chucunaque, along the banks of which toiled so long and wearily Strain's gallant little band. The stream turned back on itself so constantly that the buccaneers were compelled to wade it forty-two times in six miles. The bed of the torrent was filled with slippery rocks, over which some of the more clumsy tumbled into the stream, to the no small merriment of their companions. At night they encamped on its banks. The next day they reached a large barn-like building, used by the Indians when they assembled in council. Into this comfortable shelter the whole two hundred and sixty-four stowed themselves and rested after their severe labors.

On the following morning the commanders informed their half-starved followers they were to remain there over night, and that those who chose might go hunting. The woods were full of game, deer, birds, monkeys, wild hogs, etc. The monkeys they found very large and difficult to kill, and if one did receive a mortal wound he would twist his tail so dexterously around a limb, that, when he could hold on no longer with his claws, he still hung suspended in the air and out of the reach of the hunter. Lussan shot one in the belly, the ball letting out a part of his entrails. The animal immediately put them back again with one paw while with the other he held to a limb. He hit another on the nose, and the blood flying in the creature's eyes and dimming his vision, he snatched off a handful of leaves and deliberately wiped his face. All day long the woods rang with the report of fire-arms, and when at evening all were assembled the amount of game secured astonished every one. The carcasses made a huge pile, and amidst great mirth and noise fires were kindled, and soon fowls and deer and animals of all kinds were roasting under the trees. The hungry adventurers snuffed the savory smell that went steaming up through the forest with delight. It was the first meal they had enjoyed in four days, and they gorged themselves with the abundant supply.

The Indian guides, aware of the tortuous course of the Chucunaque River, did not attempt to follow it, but struck across the country to another stream, called Bocca del Chica, which ran in a more direct line to the Pacific. Refreshed and elated, the column struck cheerfully into the forest, but had not proceeded far before the undergrowth became so matted, and the swamps so thick, that it was almost impossible to make any progress. The trees shaded them from the burning rays of the tropical sun, but not a breath of air could reach them, and the stifling heat of the woods became almost insupportable to them, accustomed as they were to the free air of the ocean. Thus, for six weary days, they toiled on their monotonous way, until at length they reached the long-sought river. At the sight of it they gave a shout, for the Indian guides had promised that on its banks they could construct canoes to carry them to the ocean. The prospect of exchanging the forest and the mountain for water, and the toilsome tramp for sailing, quelled at once the murmurings and complaints that had well-nigh reached the point of mutiny. Resting here the remainder of the day, they early next morning went out to see the trees designated by the Indians as proper for canoes. Before commencing operations they entered into a formal contract with their swarthy companions, by which the latter were to furnish them, while building boats, corn, potatoes, and bananas, and receive in payment knives, hatchets, needles, pins, combs, etc. Having thus secured the commissary department, they set to work on the boats.

They were now in the heart of a well-populated Indian country, and would have found it impossible to proceed quietly with their work had not the savages understood that they were enemies of the Spaniards, who were also their deadly foes. Their gold had been seized, their wives and daughters violated, and their homes laid waste by Spaniards; and though jealous of showing any stranger across the country, their desire for revenge overcame all other considerations, and they were ready to aid, in any way in their power, those who were at war with their persecutors and oppressors. Still the buccaneers, knowing their inherent treachery, always kept a portion of the band well armed and on guard while the rest worked. The camp was constantly thronged by visitors of both sexes—the men entirely naked, the women clothed with a native cloth from the waist downward.

For several days the woods resounded with the stroke of the axe and crash of falling trees. The bustle and noise of the numerous workmen made the bank of that lonely river in those deep solitudes seem, for a fortnight, like a modern ship-yard. Boat after boat was completed, launched, and moored to the shore, until fourteen, capable of carrying over twenty men apiece, together with all their provisions, arms, ammunition, etc., were afloat. On the day they were finished (the 23d of March) the camp was thrown into a state of excitement by the arrival of an Indian, who had just returned from conducting the party of the hundred and fifteen English freebooters across the Isthmus, and who brought the joyful news that they had captured two vessels from Lima laden with provisions.

The work of breaking up camp, making the oars, and collecting provisions, etc., now went merrily on; for the prospect of standing once more on the deck of a vessel—and that, too, in a sea which, in their imaginations, seemed to have golden shores—elated every one. Five days after, as they were almost ready to start,



BUILDING CANOES.

another Indian came in, bringing with him one of Captain Grognier's men, who got lost in hunting while his party were building canoes on this same river. He also brought a letter from the buccaneers who were afloat in the Pacific, saying they would wait at King's Island, and urging them to hurry on and share with them in the spoils of the rich fleet which was on its way from Peru to Panama. Joy and animation now reigned throughout the camp; every man worked with a will, and the wild songs of the rover made the forests of Darien ring. Past toils and hardships were all forgotten. Those who had murmured most now sang loudest; and in three days every thing was ready, and, with a loud cheer, they loosened their little fleet and floated down the stream. With a parting salute to their deserted encampment they bent to their oars, and soon the forest shut them in.

But their troubles were not ended. The river was so shallow in some places that the heavy boats had to be lifted over; in others, so rapid and filled with rocks, that many suffered shipwreck. The hot climate acting on the men, who were half of the time knee-deep in water, brought on dysentery, and every day some one or more of the company was carried on shore, and, with rude ceremony, buried on the lonely banks. After four days of hard toil and constant exposure the advance-boats halted for the others, which were damaged and hence far behind, to arrive. During the day they all came up, and the half-starved, fatigued band rested till morning, when they again set sail. They had now reached deeper water; but the stream was so choked with huge trees which the floods had brought down that it required the utmost care and exertion to escape shipwreck. While floating along, the news passed through the little fleet that two soldiers had just died, accompanied with the order to pull up to the shore and bury them. It was raining heavily; and the gloomy day and pelting rain made still more dismal that wild burial of their companions in those far-off solitudes. In their piratical uniform, with the storm beating on their upturned faces, the two rovers were laid side by side and a volley fired over their solitary graves. The next day they got clear of the flood-wood into deep water, and, the sun having come out, they hauled up to the banks to rest and dry their clothes, which had been soaked by the rain of the night and day previous. Another sick man, who for a day and a night had lain drenched to the skin, was borne ashore only to die and be buried like his comrades—never to be heard from by his friends and relatives more.

The following morning they pushed off, and by constant rowing (there being twenty oars to each boat), in five days reached the mouth of the river.

While moving along over this broad sheet of water they saw a small vessel approaching, and on hailing her, found an Indian aboard, who had been sent by the buccaneers below to inform them that they had concealed some provisions for them in a certain designated place. This was acceptable news; for during the last

week the rations of each man of the party had consisted of a single handful of corn per day. Their sufferings, of course, had been great; and the near prospect of something to eat was, for the time, more exhilarating than booty.

A little later in the day, however, came equally exciting news that the Spaniards, informed of their arrival, had mustered a thousand men, who lay in ambush along the river bank awaiting their approach. A consultation was immediately called, and it was resolved not to advance till night should cover their movements. So the moment the short tropical twilight was ended they shoved off, but had not proceeded far before they met the incoming tide, and, ignorant of the fact that the Pacific tides rolled in with a strength and to a height unknown on the Atlantic coast, were astonished to find their boats swept far up the river, and one totally wrecked in the struggle to stem the current. Though no one was drowned, all those on board lost their muskets and ammunition, which was equivalent, practically, to the loss of the same number of men, or rather would have been but for the deaths that occurred in their tedious passage down the river.

With the turn of the tide the fleet of boats again drifted seaward. When they came abreast of the Spaniards on shore awaiting them, the Indians (the river being broad there) made a long, straggling line of the boats, keeping them close in under the farther bank. Some few were challenged, but the Indians replying that it was only a few of their own boats on their way to the ocean after salt for their tribe, they were allowed to pass. Having experienced the tremendous force of the tide, they next morning, the moment they felt the strength of the flood, cast anchor. About ten o'clock the tide began to turn, and every anchor was raised, but the little fleet had scarcely got under way when the mid-day became midnight. A sudden darkness settled on forest and river, so dense and impenetrable that men sitting at the bow could not distinguish those in the stern. To make this unlooked-for change still more appalling, no sound had heralded its approach or accompanied its advent. A strange, mysterious hush was on every thing. The bold rovers became subdued under this unnatural aspect of nature, and spoke only in half whispers, not knowing of what terrific outbreak this was a precursor. Suddenly there came a roar like the sound of a distant cataract. Nearer and nearer it swelled on their astonished ears, until at last the heavens opened and there descended a real cataract on the quivering earth. The boats were half full in a few moments, and although two men in each one were kept bailing vigorously, they all expected to go to the bottom under the descending weight of water. One sick pirate, who had borne up bravely till now, succumbed under this new trial, and in the midst of the overwhelming deluge breathed out his spirit; his dreams of gold and pleasure all vanished, and he was left to swell the number of those who slept their last sleep in the wilds of Darien.

The storm subsiding with the day, the free-



WRECK OF THE BOAT

booters took the ebb-tide and swept rapidly toward the sea. Arriving at midnight, they descried two barks at anchor waiting for them. Setting sail in these, they steered for an island four miles distant, where provisions had been left for them. Feasting on these for two days, they departed toward Panama in search of the fleet of their companions. The whole having finally rendezvoused at King's Island, they found that altogether they had a fleet of ten vessels.

Making a successful expedition in canoes against a small place called La Leppa, the entire fleet proceeded to a beautiful island lying at the mouth of Panama harbor. The pirates were enraptured with the loveliness of this and the adjacent islands. They were in a state of high cultivation, covered with the country seats of the wealthy residents of Panama. Orchards, interlaced with running streams, bloomed beside the almost endless variety of flowers that in gay parterres surrounded the picturesque dwellings, while arbors of jessamine stretched up and down on every side, within which hung in tempting clusters the finest fruit of the tropics. The people of the city had christened them the "Gardens of Panama." The delighted buccaneers remained here three days, enjoying with keener relish this profusion and repose from the recent toils and privations they had encountered in crossing the Isthmus. Sailing from thence past the city of Panama, they proceeded to the Isle of Taboga to caulk their ships. This island had been converted into a landscape garden by the wealthy Spaniards, who had lavished every thing that taste could suggest or money purchase on their beautiful retreat. Even to these bold, reckless buccaneers it appeared an enchanted island.

Having finished calking they set sail to waylay the Spanish fleet from Peru. They cruised around or lay at anchor at King's Island nearly a month, when at last, from Captain Grognier's vessel, was descried the signal announcing that the long-expected fleet was in sight. In an instant all was in commotion. The anchors were swung to the cat-heads, the sails unfurled, and the whole fleet moved away, amidst the deafening hurrahs of the crews, who had begun to fear that the rich prize had slipped by them into Panama.

The Spanish vessels moved steadily forward; but before the buccaneers, who manœuvred to get the weather-gage, could succeed in their attempt, night came on and parted the combatants. The former came to anchor, and putting out all their lights, sent a small vessel with a bright lantern in her rigging to anchor far to leeward. The buccaneers, supposing this to be the fleet, managed to get to the windward of it, when they also came to anchor. To their utter amazement, when morning broke, they found that their whole fleet, with the exception of Captain Grognier's ships and Townsley's, although to windward of the light, was to leeward of the Spaniards. The latter having the weather-gage, used their guns, which were of larger calibre, with scourging effect. A tremendous cannonading was kept up all day, and the guns were so well served that Lussan's ship alone received a hundred and twenty-three shots. Night again separated the vessels, and in the darkness the Spanish weighed anchor and steered for Panama. Instead of securing the rich prize they had watched for so long the buccaneers had received a terrible pelting, and lost several of their men.

From this time on, for three years, these bold marauders continued to infest the surrounding seas, capturing small vessels, surprising towns along the coast, and seizing the inhabitants, for whom a heavy ransom was always demanded. The English and French, however, soon quarreled, and, separating, each cruised on their own responsibility. Small parties would sometimes be sent miles inland to attack a flourishing village. There were many desperate encounters and hand-to-hand fights, but the courage and resolution of the buccaneers were always an overmatch for the Spaniards, and the whole coast was kept in a state of constant alarm. At the first appearance of the fleet the inhabitants would secrete their treasures, so that the assailants got more hard knocks than gold, and often suffered for want of provisions; indeed, they were sometimes on the verge of famine.

The richest harbor they entered was Panama, where, with their guns bearing upon the city, they demanded and obtained a heavy ransom. The town of Queaquilla was a maritime port, and next to Panama, on that coast, in importance. It was well fortified, and the garrison felt themselves strong enough to defend it against any force the buccaneers had in those seas. The latter, however, landing, stormed it sword in hand, and, after a short but desperate conflict, took it. This place proved to be a rich prize both in treasures and prisoners. Being perfectly confident that the pirates would be repulsed, they had not provided for their own defeat. Still, in the retreat, they contrived to carry off the largest portion of their property.

This town was a very pretty one, and distinguished for its beautiful women and loose morals—the monks and priests taking the lead in open and unblushing illicit intercourse with the other sex. Five hundred prisoners, $70,000, and a large quantity of silver-plate, jewels, etc., were the fruits of this successful foray.

The people had been told frightful stories about the pirates—that they were monsters in form, and ate their prisoners. Lussan captured a handsome young woman—a maid of the Governor's wife—and, to prevent her escape, made her walk before him to the place where the other prisoners were assembled. As she moved on in obedience to his commands, she turned her head toward him, and, with her dark eyes swimming in tears, exclaimed, "*Señor, por l'amor de Dios no mi como!*"—"For the love of God, Sir, pray do not eat me!"

With their spoils and their captives, the freebooters repaired to the Isle of Puna, to wait



LUSSAN'S PRISONER.

there the ransom that had been promised for the latter. Here, under the green trees on the greener sward, with the ocean all around them, they enjoyed for a whole month the freebooter's paradise. Laden with spoils, with abundance to eat and drink, nothing to do, and crowds of beautiful women to minister to their pleasures, they passed the time in a round of gayety and dissipation. The women soon found many of the handsome, well-formed pirates far preferable to the fat monks of Queaquilla, and, passionate and romantic like their race, became enamored of their captors and the wild life they led. With the women, the buccaneers had brought also the lutes, harps, guitars, and other instruments of music that they found in the luxurious apartments of the place. On these the prisoners of both sexes played in concert, to pass away the time, while others danced upon the green sward. It was a strange, wild scene they formed there on that lonely island in the Pacific—one that the imagination could hardly conceive. Hundreds would sit, of an evening, scattered in groups among the trees, the dark-eyed Spanish beauty reclining fondly in the arms of her new-found lover; a hundred more would be whirling round in the open space in the exciting, voluptuous Spanish dances; while over all arose the sound of lute, harp, and guitar, till the air itself seemed an instrument of music pouring forth sweet sounds. And on these strangely-picturesque groups the soft sunset would fall, mantling green sward and dancers in the mellow beams. And there, too, later still, they would sit until the broad round moon rose slowly over the main land and flooded the gentle sea with golden light; while, to impart still greater romance to the scene, the rich voices of a score of singers would pour forth some romantic Spanish ballad. A stranger suddenly dropped on that green island, in that far-off lonely sea, would have been bewildered at the spectacle presented to him, and fancied he had fallen on one of those fairy isles inhabited by beings of another sphere, as described by Greek and Latin bards. These bold rovers abandoned themselves wholly to the pleasures and excitement of this new life, and, forgetting all their past miseries, "thought no more of danger from the Spaniards than if they had been in the middle of Paris."

The treasurer of the town was killed while fighting gallantly in its defense, and his young widow, a beautiful Spanish lady, was taken prisoner. In a few days she forgot her slain husband and became desperately enamored of Lussan. So strong was her passion that she at last proposed that they should hide together in some corner of the island till the freebooters were gone, and then return to Queaquilla and be married. She promised to get for him the office of her deceased husband, and make over to him her whole estate, which was very large. Lussan thanked her for her kind offer; but said he was afraid that her interest was not powerful enough to overcome the hatred of the inhabitants, who could not easily forget nor readily forgive the injuries he and his friends had inflicted on them. Determined to retain her lover, she, with the ingenuity and perseverance of woman, went secretly to

work, and finally got papers signed by the Governor and chief officers of the place, promising Lussan all forgetfulness of the past and the kindest usage in the future. This rather staggered our hero, and in his own quaint language he says:

"I confess that I was not a little perplexed herewith; and such pressing testimonies of good-will and friendship toward me brought me, after a little consultation with myself, into such a quandary, that I did not know which side to close with, nay, I found myself much inclined to close with the offers made me; and I had two powerful reasons to induce me thereunto, one of which was the miserable and languishing life we led in those places where we were in perpetual hazard to lose it, which I should be freed from by an advantageous offer of a pretty woman and a considerable settlement; the other proceeded from the despair I was in of ever being able to return into my own country for want of ships fit for that purpose. But when I began to reflect upon these things with a little more leisure and consideration, and that I revolved with myself how little trust was to be given to the promises and faith of so perfidious as well as vindictive a nation as the Spaniards, and more especially toward men in our circumstances, by whom they had been so ill-used—this second reflection carried it against the first, and even all the advantages offered me by this lady. But however the matter was, I was resolved, in spite of the grief and tears of this pretty woman, to prefer the continuance of my troubles (with a ray of hope I had of seeing France again) before the perpetual suspicion I should have had of some treachery designed against me. Thus I rejected her proposals, but so as to assure her I should retain even long as I lived a lively resentment of her affections and good inclinations toward me."

The freebooter was still a Frenchman and a French philosopher, and disposed of this love affair in the most approved French style.

At length these bold, adventurous men became tired of this inactive life and longed for the freedom of the open sea. They ascertained also, that, instead of sending the promised ransom, the Spaniards were making preparations to attack them. They resolved, therefore, to move to a point of the island not so retired and snug as their present quarters, but which commanded the sea to a great distance. The Spaniards, however, were before them, and as they moved out of the deep bay they saw two Spanish war-vessels awaiting their approach. At noon they came within long cannon-shot, and the Spanish vessels having the weather-gage kept at that safe distance, and fired away till dark, pommeling the ships of the buccaneers badly, but killing only one man. At dark both cast anchor, but soon as daylight broke over the ocean they were at it again. The little land breeze, that for a while barely filled the sails, soon died entirely away, and the sea lay unruffled as glass. The buccaneers then got out their canoes and began to tow to windward, and when the breeze again freshened found they had the weather-gage. But the superiority of the enemy's vessels enabled them in half an hour to regain this advantage. Toward evening the cannonading became very heavy, and the vessels of the buccaneers suffered severely; but at dark it ceased as before, and both came to anchor. The next day both remained stationary till three o'clock in the afternoon, when they came to close quarters, fighting within musket-shot. The buccaneers then showed their superior markmanship; for, while they had but one man wounded, they made such havoc on board the Spanish vessels that they could see the blood run out of the scuppers. At dark the Spaniards bore away, shouting as they went, "*To-morrow at it again!*"

The next day they still held the weather-gage, and remembering the deadly work made by the small-arms of the buccaneers the afternoon previous, kept within half cannon-shot, and bent all their efforts to dismast their enemies, so they might finish them at their leisure, and finally succeeded in striking the foremast of the largest ship five times with round shot, and the mainmast three, but not deep enough to bring them down. The following morning the Spaniards, for the first time, hung out their Burgundian colors and closed gallantly; but finding, after severe handling, that the pirates were determined to board, bore away to refit. In an hour they returned, but kept at long cannon-shot. The following morning at day dawn, there being a fresh breeze, the Spaniards swept down apparently with the determination to finish the long conflict, for they kept steadily on till within close musket-shot, when both fleets opened with a terrific uproar. For a long time the struggle was fierce, the vessels frequently coming so near that the muzzles of the guns almost touched; but the buccaneers fired with such precision into the port-holes of the Spaniards that they were finally compelled to close them and bear away. The largest of the pirate ships received this day sixty-three cannon-shots between wind and water.

The next morning they again got ready for action, but on looking seaward no trace of their enemies was visible. Satisfied with the sound beating they had received, they took advantage of the darkness and sailed away. During the progress of this strange protracted combat, the buccaneers kept the Governor and chief men of Queaquilla on deck, to witness the cowardice of their countrymen, who again and again refused to board; while the remaining five hundred men and women—in canoes moored near the shore, in shoal water, where the Spanish vessels could not come—sat astonished and trembling spectators of the scene. There being now no motive to go to Point Helena, the buccaneers, after lying at anchor two days to refit, steered for the main land, followed by their crowd of prisoners in canoes.

The listless and dissipated life of the past month had exerted an enervating influence on

many of the freebooters, while their intercourse with the women had weakened their ferocity of disposition, and made them pine for their companions and friends on the other side of the Isthmus. As soon as they reached the main land, therefore, they began to make preparations to retrace their steps. They did not even wait for the promised ransom, but set all their prisoners at liberty. Some of these beautiful women had become so attached to their captors that they wept bitterly at parting. As the canoes returned from landing them on the deserted shore, the buccaneers gave them a parting salutation and bore away.

The next day they divided their booty, and as the pearls and uncoined gold could not be equitably distributed, they were put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds apportioned. After all their toil and danger for three years, the sum total to each man, in money, was but three hundred dollars.

The next day, the 12th of June, Captain David, in command of the large vessel, sailed away to refit, and then return home by way of the Straits of Magellan. The other vessels were too small to attempt this long and hazardous voyage. They therefore cruised about, hoping to take a ship of sufficient size, occasionally making a descent on a place, until January, when they resolved to abandon their vessels and cross on foot to the North Sea. After much consultation they concluded to go by way of Segovia, which, as near as I can make out, took them across the widest part of Honduras, the passage occupying more than two months.

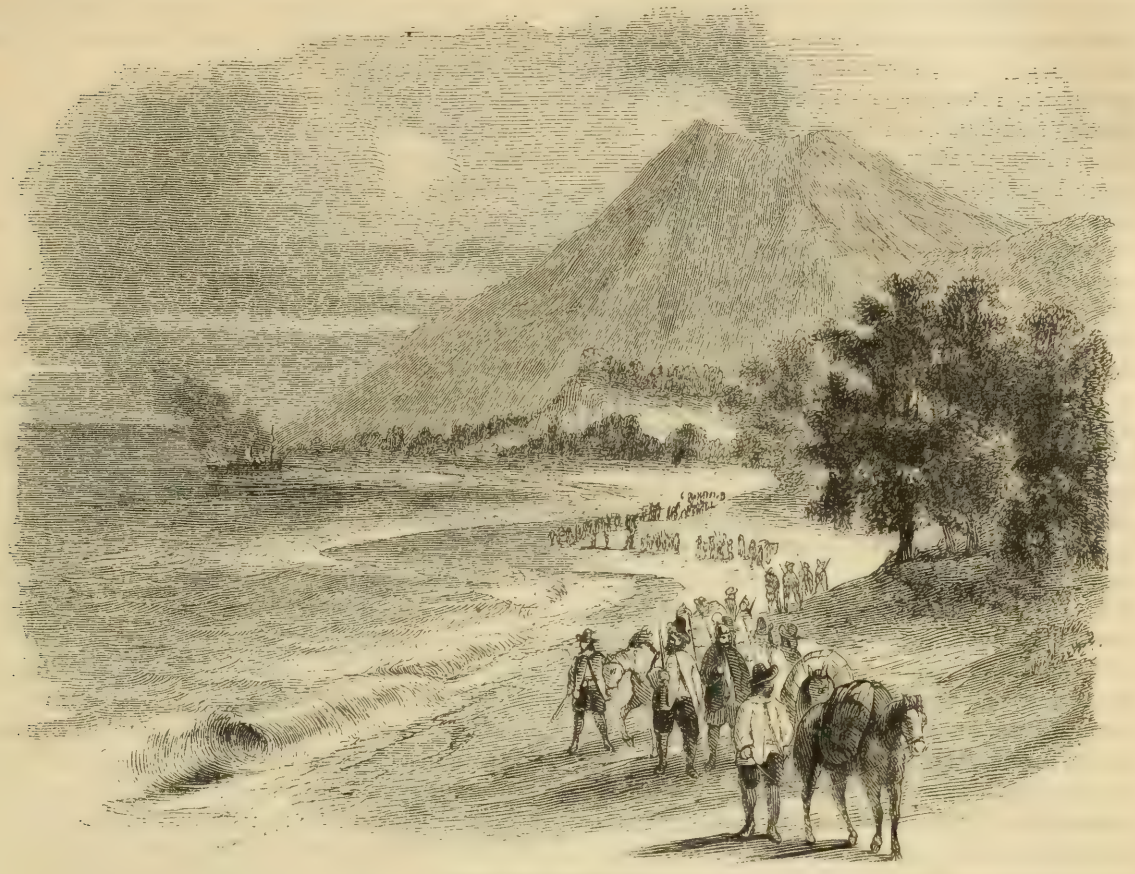
Many of the men had lost their share of the booty in play on board the ships, and as Lussan had been a great winner, he was afraid some of the desperadoes might make way with him in order to recover their money; and so he took the precaution, in presence of all, to divide his wealth among several of his friends to carry for him, they to have a certain portion at the end of the journey. This foresight saved his life.

On the 2d day of January, having burned their ships and said their prayers, this band of buccaneers, to the number of two hundred and eighty, set out on their perilous journey, taking with them sixty-eight horses, which they had captured, to carry their plunder. The first day they loitered along the sea-shore, reluctant to turn their faces inland, where so many perils and sufferings awaited them. The next day, however, they struck boldly into the interior, and although the hostile Spaniards constantly hovered on their flanks and rear, no serious demonstration was made. They contented themselves with destroying the provisions on the way, and setting fire to the dry grass in the savannas they crossed, which caused the smoke to blow in their faces, which annoyed them so much that they were often compelled to stop in the deserted houses till the fire burned itself out.

Thus, day after day, they kept on, marching in close order, until the eighth, when they took a prisoner, who informed them that in a large village a little distance ahead, three hundred mounted soldiers awaited their arrival. This body of troops, however, filed away as



PARTING WITH THE PRISONERS.



THE JOURNEY BACK.

soon as the head of the little column of buccaneers appeared in view. After leaving the village they entered an extensive tract of country covered with a dense pine-forest. As they slowly passed through this, they heard martial strains on either side of them, and afterward, all day long, keeping pace with their march, arose the stirring notes of the bugle. These three hundred horsemen had divided into two bodies, and, concealed by the thick pines, moved in parallel lines with the advancing column. This invisible music keeping pace with their march, echoing away among the thick evergreens, and rising and falling with the wave-like gusts of wind that swept through their tops, produced a strange sensation. It was like walking through an enchanted palace, with music all around and the performers nowhere to be seen. At night they encamped opposite the encampment of the buccaneers, and at morning roused them with their bugles sounding the reveille. For five days this invisible serenade was kept up.

As they approached the town of Segovia they came upon an ambuscade, and at the first discharge of the enemy two of the buccaneers were killed. The Spaniards, not waiting to reload, fled precipitately. This place lay in a deep valley, surrounded on every side by mountains that completely overlooked the place and walled it in like a prison. As the buccaneers descended into it they found it wholly deserted, and the provisions it contained consumed. They rested here until the next day, seeing no enemy, although they were occasionally saluted by a musket-shot sent from the thick pines that grew along the slopes which hemmed in the place. Here they were so fortunate as to secure a prisoner who knew the way to the river beyond the mountains, whose course they were to follow to the sea.

Twenty leagues of the worst mountain-travel lay before them. As they ascended the heights the cold became intense, while impenetrable fogs would wrap them for hours, drenching them to the skin and chilling their frames, which were exhausted with toil, weakened by hunger, and rendered sensitive by their long stay in a tropical climate.

On the thirteenth, as they were picking their way by early daylight along the crest of a high mountain, they espied on the opposite height, from which they were separated only by a deep, narrow valley, what they took to be some twelve or fifteen beeves, which filled the starving adventurers with extravagant joy. A halt was immediately called, and twenty men sent forward to reconnoitre and bring away the cattle. On their return they reported that what they took for beeves were horses saddled and bridled, and, moreover, that on the crest of the mountain was an intrenchment, and still farther down another, and lower yet a third, completely commanding the narrow path that skirted the little stream below, and which at that point was so contracted that two horsemen could not ride abreast. More than a thousand muskets covered this exposed spot, over which the buccaneers, less than

three hundred strong, would be compelled, one by one, slowly to defile. A thousand men could not have forced it, and yet there was no other way to go. All around was a matted forest, windfalls, morasses, and precipices, over and through which, even if they had been able to pass themselves, they could not have carried their baggage. The enemy had evidently selected this spot, from its great natural advantages, on which to make their final stand. The mystery of the long attendance of those invisible horsemen was now solved. They were to fall on the rear when the attack was made in front.

The prospect looked gloomy enough. They must fight—that was clear—but without any possibility of success. In the council of war that was called, Lussan said that the attempt to force those intrenchments was downright madness—they must be turned, and no matter what obstacles intervened, a flanking party *must* get to the rear, and all their efforts should be directed to that object. To effect this he said the baggage should be left behind under a guard of eighty men to protect it from those three hundred invisible troopers, while the remaining two hundred, encumbered only with their muskets and cutlasses, must make the forlorn attempt. A careful reconnoissance was made, and from a more elevated mountain than the one on which they were encamped a road, beyond the highest intrenchment, was discovered, through some breaks in the forest, turning short to the right around it, and winding along the steep ascent. Convinced that this was a continuation of the same road that crept along by the stream under the enemy's guns, they determined to approach by that side, knowing that if it was so they could easily, when once in it, find the rear of the highest intrenchment.

Every thing being arranged, the commander of the eighty, who were to be left to guard the baggage and prisoners, was ordered to set the sentinels, and have them relieved as usual by the firing of a musket, and the drum to be beat at the regular hour, so that the three hundred in rear might suppose that the whole band had encamped for the night. Moreover, if within an hour after he heard the battle cease in the morning he received no tidings from them, he was to know they were defeated, and he and his men must then shift for themselves.

The sun went down, flooding the mountains in light; and as its last rays disappeared from their summits the Spaniards made a simultaneous discharge of six hundred muskets to show the buccaneers their strength. As soon as it was dark those two hundred desperate men solemnly said their prayers, but muttered them in a low tone, so that the Spaniards on the other side might not hear them, and set forth.

An hour after, the tropical moon rose over the heights, casting weird lights and shadows upon summit and abyss. Cautiously and silently that bold band crept forward, and had proceeded about an hour when they heard the Spaniards at their evening prayers. They paused a moment, and listened, and there arose on the night air the Litany of the Saints, and as the responses were sung in the clear mountain air by those strong men's voices, they had a



CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS.

strangely-solemn sound. At every response there was a discharge of musketry, the echoes of which were sent back from every surrounding height. The route taken by the buccaneers would, to ordinary men, have been considered impassable, and was rendered still worse by the dim light of the moon which, though it bathed the mountain tops in splendor, sent only fragmentary beams through the dense foliage of the tropical forest. They had more use for their hands than feet, and now pulling themselves up one precipice only to slide down another, they made such slow progress that, though the whole distance they had to go was less than a quarter of a mile, it took the whole night to accomplish it. Sometimes the entire two hundred had to be pulled up a ledge of rocks, one by one, and let down in the same way.

At daylight next morning, as they were stretching along the mountain, they came upon the Spanish patrol making its morning rounds. Dreaming, however, of no danger in that quarter, the latter were not on the look-out, and passed carelessly on. A thick fog, too, lay on the mountain, which rendered objects very indistinct a few paces off. The buccaneers, advised of their proximity by the sound of the horses' feet, were enabled to make them out while they themselves remained unseen. They knew at once that this patrol was in the road they were seeking, and immediately pushed forward, and, to their great relief, found they were not mistaken. Here they halted for half an hour to take breath and examine their muskets. While standing silently in the road they heard the voices of the Spaniards at their morning prayers. Directed by the sound which way to go, they immediately started forward; but had marched but a short distance when they, unexpectedly, came upon two sentinels, whom they were compelled to shoot, to prevent them from giving information of the point of attack. Roused by the sudden firing, they shouted, "To arms!" Bugles, sounding the rally, rang through the intrenchments, and the soldiers, seizing their muskets, rushed in front, supposing, of course, the single volley was to apprise them of the advance of the buccaneers. Five hundred men defended this first intrenchment; but, standing behind their breast-works, they were entirely uncovered in rear. On these the buccaneers rushed, with a shout and a volley. The Spaniards, terrified at the sudden apparition, fled over their works on every side, into the surrounding forest. The victors drew up behind the deserted defenses, and began to pour their volleys into the exposed intrenchment below them. Those within immediately retired to the lowest of all, where a steady fire was kept up. The fog, however, was so thick the buccaneers were unable to see it, and could fire only at the spot from whence the volleys of the enemy proceeded. Finding this produced no effect, they left the barricade, and, with a loud shout, dashed down the mountain, into and over the next intrenchment, upon the third and last. The Spaniards bravely held their ground until they saw the gleam of the advancing bayonets through the fog, when they broke and fled. The fallen trees, and various obstructions which they had placed to impede the buccaneers in the assault, as well as the open spaces in the trees they had made to uncover every approach, now turned to their disadvantage, and the volleys of the victors mowed them down at every step. None asked for quarter; nor, for some time, was any offered. At length, weary with the slaughter, and moved by the rivulets of blood that flowed down the mountain, the pirates refused to slay any more, and made them prisoners in spite of their obstinacy.

Returning to the first intrenchment, they found the five hundred they had driven out fighting the guard they had left behind. These they quickly dispersed; and then, gathering together, chanted "*Te Deum*," in honor of their great victory. "*Te Deum Laudamus*" swelled up there in the mountain solitudes, and over the mangled corpses of the slain that lay in heaps along the crimson slopes.

Sixty men were then mounted on horses and sent back to those in charge of the baggage to announce the victory. They found there an officer, sent from the three hundred Spaniards, who had just told the buccaneers that the battle had gone against them—that their friends had been cut off—and, if they would surrender themselves prisoners of war, their lives should be spared, and they have a free passage to their own country. The sudden arrival of the sixty buccaneers, on Spanish horses, and shouting as they came, changed his tone, and he hastily took his departure. The buccaneers, however, followed so close upon his heels that the troopers had no time to form before they were upon them with their cutlasses and pistols, knocking them over right and left. They also took a great many prisoners. Most of these, however, after being relieved of their baggage and horses, were suffered to go free. This leniency they soon regretted; for, on questioning those whom they kept, they ascertained that a few leagues ahead was another intrenchment, and they were afraid the fugitives would rally there: and this apprehension was increased when, soon after, they saw a huge beacon-fire blaze up from one of the highest mountain-tops. They immediately set a strong guard in the road to stop any passing that way; and, as they could take but nine hundred horses with them, they hamstrung the remaining nine hundred, to prevent their being used by the Spaniards. Hastily burying the only two of their men who were killed, and dressing the four wounded, they pushed rapidly on. Before night they came up with the intrenchment of which they had been forewarned, but found it deserted. The next day they passed another; and, on the third day after the battle, reached the long-sought-for river.

They set their camp, and commenced building rafts on which to float down the stream. Four or five trees, after being cut down, were peeled,



SHOOTING THE FALLS.

and then lashed together with vines that grew in abundance there. This constituted a raft; but, in the unseasoned state of the timber, it would hold only two men; with this slight load it sank so deep, even in smooth sailing, that the almost helpless navigators stood up to the knees in water, while in the rapids they went to their waists. The horses were killed and salted, and strapped upon these crazy structures, and the whole ninety rafts pushed off. This river plunges with frightful rapidity down the mountains, sometimes leaping in lofty cataracts. The navigation, therefore, was extremely dangerous, for the rafts were at the mercy of the current, especially in the rapids. Often two or three would strike on a rock, and the rest come tumbling after, making a complete wreck, from which some of the poor wretches would be hurled and carried over the cataracts below to be seen no more. They fortunately found at the top and bottom of all the high falls a still, deep pool, enabling them to steer their rafts ashore. One would then go below, while his companion loosened the raft and sent it over. As it came up from its mad plunge and floated away on the quiet basin, the former would swim in and bring it ashore, when the two would again get aboard and drift downward through the thick forest. If he failed to reach it, it was soon whirled away out of sight, and they were compelled to build another. After three days of this perilous and exhausting navigation, Lussan proposed, as they were out of the reach of the Spaniards, that they should no longer keep together, but move along singly, so that if one was cast away on a rock, those upon it might have time to get off before the others drifted down against them; thus swelling the wreck and increasing the danger. This would also enable those in advance to set up poles or flags to show where the best channel was in the frightful rapids through which they passed. They wanted no beacons to indicate the cataracts, for their heavy monotonous roar could be heard for miles echoing along the gorges.

This arrangement proved to be a wise one, for although they lost some men, they got along much more rapidly and safely.

These nearly three hundred bearded men presented a strange spectacle on their frail rafts drifting down through the mountain gorges and primeval solitudes. Scattered along for more than three miles in length the flotilla of nearly a hundred rude structures was subject to every variety of fortune. Here a raft would be drifting quietly along over a level space; another, all alone, plunging from some high cataract, the strong swimmer below eagerly watching its descent; a third, high and dry on a rock in the middle of the stream; a fourth, utterly without control, whirled, like the bubbles of the distracted waters, past jutting precipices, while another lay broken in pieces, the two occupants of it each astride of a single log shooting downward, anxiously looking for some quiet stretch of water where they could paddle ashore and build another raft. Of course their pro-

visions were all destroyed, and their powder being wet so they could not hunt, they were obliged to subsist on plantain that grew along the banks. At length they came to some Indian huts, and chased the occupants to get their food, but the latter were too nimble for them.

Here Lussan was reminded of the prudent course he took in getting rid of his treasures; for to his horror he came upon the bodies of seven Englishmen who were known to have a good deal of money. The murderers hid themselves, and were not seen again by the party.

It would be impossible to describe a fraction of the perils and difficulties the hardy adventurers encountered, or the fatigues they suffered. At length, a month after they struck this stream, they drifted out of the mountain gorges into a broad river impeded by no falls or rapids. The current, however, was strong, and filled with flood-wood of every description, which the torrents had brought down from the mountains. Against these their crazy rafts would drift, and being sucked under by the current, turn upon their edges, pitching those upon them into the water. Several were drowned in this way. A few leagues farther on the stream became clear and placid, and they concluded to go ashore and build canoes, in which to make the rest of the journey. In nine days they were finished and launched, and in nine days more they reached the mouth of the river which empties into the sea at Cape Gracias a Dios.

Here they heard that an English ship from the West Indies was a few leagues away at the Isle of Pearls, and would soon be there. It was ascertained that she could carry but forty men, and they agreed to cast lots who should go in her; but she had scarcely anchored in port before fifty crowded aboard of her, and among the number Lussan. Unwilling to risk their chances in leaving that inhospitable region by casting lots with those on shore, they compelled the captain to hoist anchor and sail away. They arrived in the West Indies in safety, and Lussan finally reached Paris, to the no small surprise of his friends. Of the companions he left on the Mosquito Coast he gives no account; but probably some passing vessel at length took them off.

Thus, in those early times, was the Isthmus of Darien, in almost every part of the northern section of it, probed by adventurers; and we find none of those facilities for a ship canal which Gibson reported, and which set on foot the various exploring expeditions, among which was the one Strain commanded. The recent reports contradicting his statements will, we venture to say, prove as groundless as those that misled him, and well-nigh caused the destruction of his entire command.



BUCCANEERS EMBARKING.

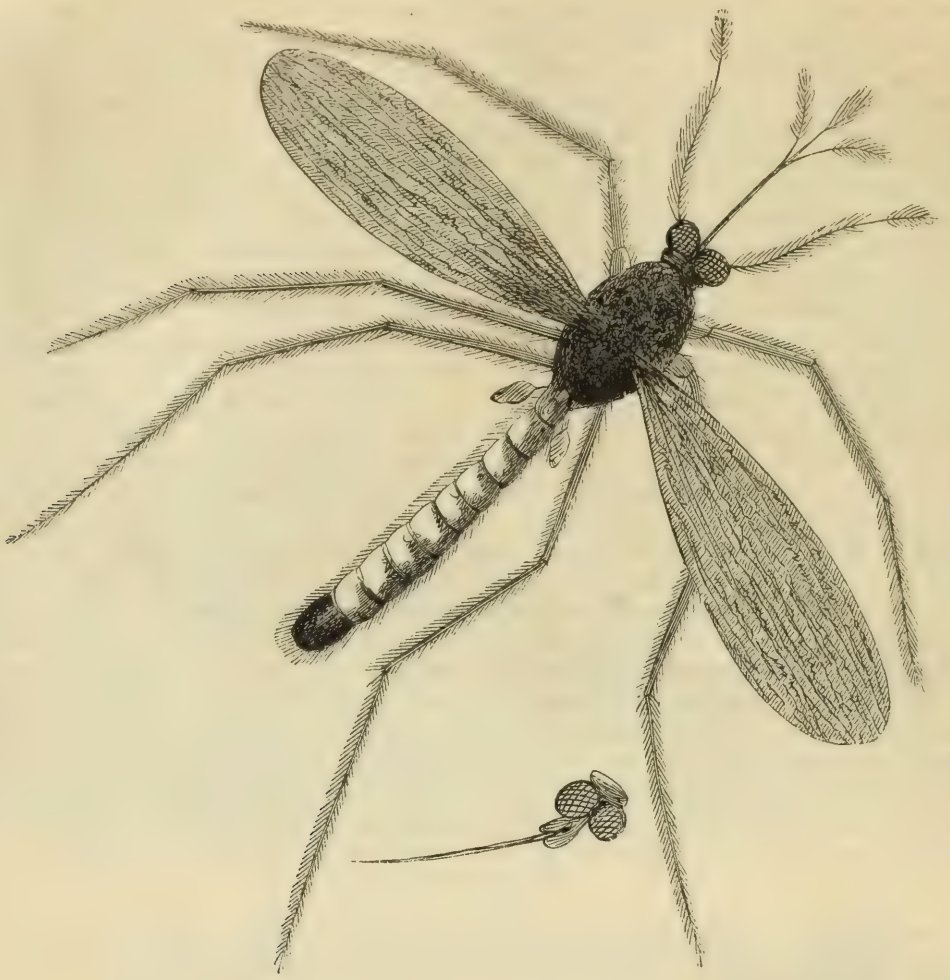


FIGURE 1.—THE MALE MUSQUITO.

THE MUSQUITO FAMILY.

"EN avant, Monseigneur Maringouin!" is a phrase you will frequently hear among the French population of our Southern States. It is generally applied to a persistent, obstinate, peevish, whining person, always returning to the charge in spite of *No!* emphasized as the growling thunder or the coo of the sucking dove. So they say, in a peculiar tone, "*En avant, Monseigneur Maringouin!*"—"Proceed—or never give up—My Lord Musquito!" When does the insect give up? Obstinacy is the stamina of its life. You have said "No! *no!*" but there they are, after every rebuff, buzzing their solicitations, sometimes louder, sometimes more softly, until you at last exclaim—"*En avant, Monseigneur Maringouin!*"

Permit me to introduce to your especial consideration our very interesting and distinguished *Monseigneur* and *Madame, sa femme.* Behold this illustrious couple!

You perceive that Monseigneur is tufted and plumed, while Madame is more simple in her toilet. He plays all his life, while she has work to do; besides, she is a Xantippe, and scolds and stings on every side. He simply salutes us with his plumes as he passes, his mouth organs being too weak and too few in number to give us any annoyance.

They are called in England "Gnats;" on the Continent, "Cousins," "Moucherons," etc. By our foreign population they are styled "Maringouin"—evidently a corruption of the subgenera *Megarrhina.* I once asked a Florida Indian the name of this insect. He replied "De white man call 'em *Must-quit-oh!* He come—he see our fine land—he set him down. Den come de fly—how he bite—Whoop! whoop!" (striking himself). "He say, *must-quit-oh!* He shout gin, whoop! t'oder side—*must-quit-oh!* whoop! —dis side, den behin', den before, all de time, *must-quit-oh!* whoop! whoop! *must-quit-oh!* whoop! But *he* neber quit, neber, neber, for all dat. He hold fast de land. No, de poor Indian, he must go." For the want of a better derivation, this may serve for the present. It certainly suggests an origin for the word Musquito. All these Southern Indians call them "Must-quits," and never pronounce the "*q*" as a "*k*," as we do.

The type of the very large family of Culicides, of which our subject is an eminent member, is the *Culex pipiens* (Humming Gnat).

It is a native of Great Britain, and all the north of Europe and Asia, and must be considered the type of this family here. It is common with us only in the extreme Northeastern States, and in high situations in our Middle and Southern States; while the genus *Megarrhina* of Linnæus, with innumerable subgenera,

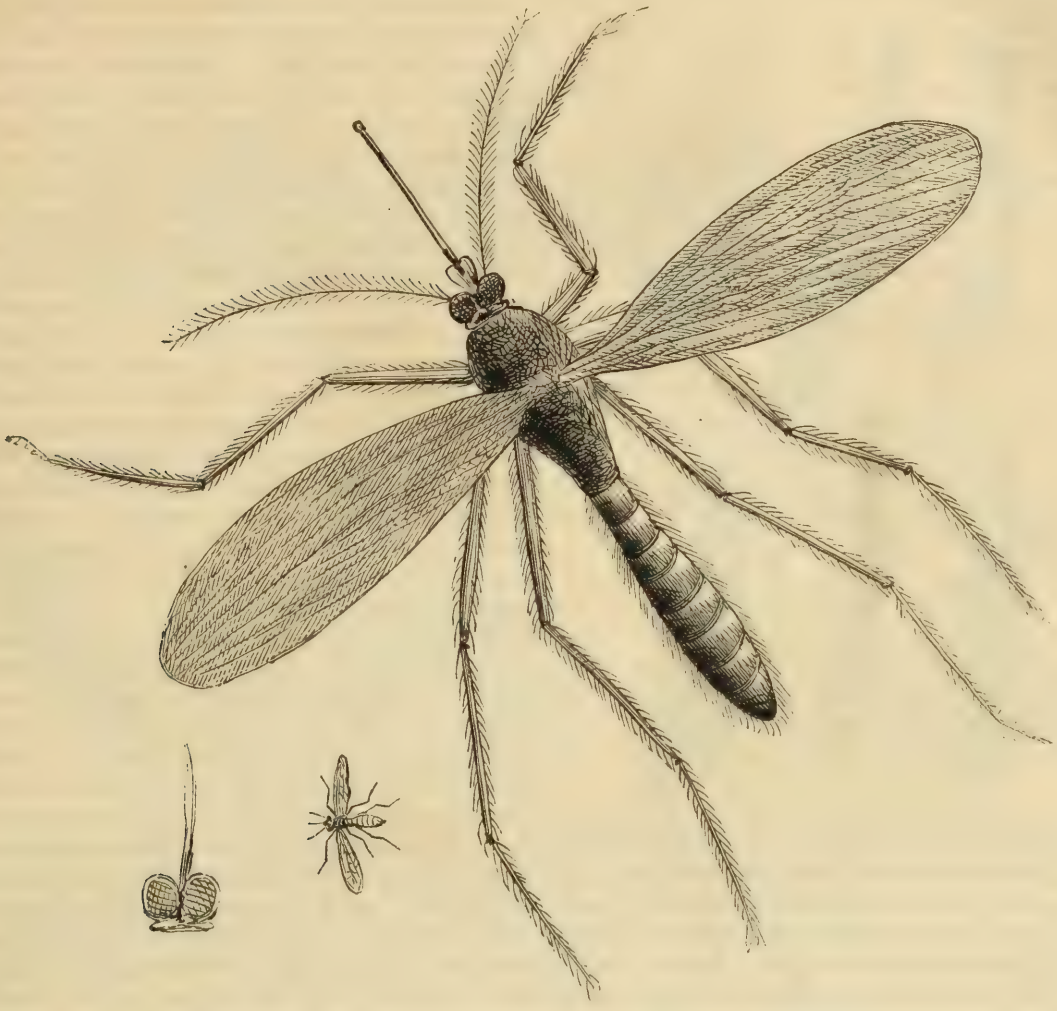


FIGURE 2.—FEMALE MUSQUITO.—NATURAL SIZE AND MAGNIFIED.

again compose our largest portion of the family. By comparing the two you will perceive Monseigneur's body is not so thick, but longer; the proboscis is slightly recurved, that is, thrown back; she carries it straight forward; as shown in the illustrations. The palpæ in both are shorter; the wings distinctly differ in their nervures, the latter resembling gray crinkled silk. The prismatic colors are deepest on the edges, fading softly away the lower they fall. This is the easiest way to class these insects (by the wings); but who is to do this mighty deed? whose eyes or whose life could hold out long enough to count and class this legion? No two years bring back the same subgenera. They are always alike in general appearance; but when the student transfixes the specimen, he rises in despair, exclaiming, "Still they come!" He alone who holds them in the hollow of His hand can do this; therefore let us finite creatures be thankful for the very little we are able to arrange satisfactorily and scientifically. I shall give no catalogue, but individualize a few for your present entertainment.



FIGURE 3.—CULEX PIPIENS.—HEAD OF MALE.

I give the wings of several members of this family who paid me calls on the night of the 1st of August last, from ten o'clock until half past one. I wish I could give them with the prismatic hues of life upon them. They look here dull and dingy, but as I looked down upon them through the glass, no Iris was ever more beautifully shaded than they. To paint an insect dead, and the same creature alive, is about the same as to paint a newly blown or a wilted flower.

Now while I have pen in hand, let me offer



FIGURE 4.—WINGS.—NATURAL SIZE AND MAGNIFIED.

my earnest protest against the cruelty of men to insects. Who dares say they feel no pain? If they have the joy and bliss of life, why should you argue that they are exempt from a counter influence? Gros, the artist, on seeing a favorite pupil enter his study with a beautiful butterfly pinned to his hat, flew into a violent passion, exclaiming, "Wretch, you find a beautiful thing, and you know no better than to crucify it and kill it! Go out, and never come back! Never appear in my presence again!" What would he say to see the rows of pins transfixing these poor sufferers exhibited in various collections? Let me suggest to the amateur entomologist a small vial of chloroform and a hair pencil. If you wish to *kill* the insect, touch it quickly between the eyes on the sucker or mouth, and across the thorax, with the pencil wet with this liquid. A few tremors, and it is stilled forever; bright and brilliant, without a fleck; with no hideous pin disfiguring its body. If you merely want to examine or paint it, touch it slightly on the points of the antennæ. The chloroform will keep it tranquil. It will repose, as they do for me hour after hour, while I transfer their hues to paper with the light of life still within, but dormant for a while. A few drops of cold water on it when you are satisfied, a short rest on a leaf to awake from its dream, and away on its beautiful wings it goes, with only an additional experience of life.

The last wing of the group belongs to a very large *Culex* which I found poised on a bunch of flowers upon the window-seat, just as day was dawning. With a glass I confined her upon my hand; and I assure you she had quite an appetite for an early breakfast.

Entomology is a homogeneous study. The insect answers to the call of Providence and Nature without hesitancy. Where her duties and mission call, you will find her. To say each country has its own independent entomology is preposterous. Every part of the globe has its own types, upon which others must form their genera and subgenera, if we are to have harmony and order in the study. A type is an original insect found, for the first time, in a certain country. For instance, the silk-worm in China; the tsetse in Africa; the bee in Greece; the *Ægeria exitiosa* of Say among the phalœnidæ; the peach-tree destroyer of America (which will, in time, be elevated into a type; I have made it one for some years, and have founded seven subgenera from the plum, apricot, etc.); the *Scarabæus sacer* of the Egyptians; the walking leaf-insect of Java; and the *Vespa Britannica*, the tree-wasp of the northern part of England.

Whenever, by cultivation, the soil of a country is changed, its vegetation, of course, becomes altered; new plants spring up, and somehow—the mystery is yet unsolved—presently appear the insects in all the varieties belonging to each plant. When some of the varieties of firs of the Continent were introduced into Scotland they were soon followed by the sphinx and phalœnidæ belonging to them. Since the planting of these firs has become the fashion in England the *Sphinx pinastre* and *Geometra piniaria* have been found in abundance over England—insects only known before to France and Scotland.* Therefore we perceive the inseparable connection between the plant and the insect; that the law is analogous for every country, and incontrovertible; and though it may be objected to by the readers of catalogues, it is as positive a law of nature as the evolutions of the seasons, the evaporation of the ocean, or the evocation of light by the sun.

But Monseigneur is waiting for us: There is little to be said about him. He takes the world easy. He sups and dines upon the dew and nectar which he finds in the cups of flowers. The tall and beautiful white lily is his favorite resting-place. You may, at early dawn, count dozens of these seigneurs who have passed the night in a revel in this charming bower. Some, again, have a coarser taste, and dip into the flowers of the squash, pumpkin, and more humble plants. The males of all insects require little or no food; the dew of flowers generally sufficing for them. He pays his addresses to the ladies, and after he has flirted and passed away the noontide hours, he grows old rapidly, and soon disappears from the insect world.

With Madame it is otherwise. She has her mark to make upon her age, and proceeds thus: Selecting some quiet, cool eddy in a murmuring brook, she crosses her hind legs and commences building her boat. When finished, it contains three hundred eggs—sometimes more,

* Haworth's *Lepidoptera*.

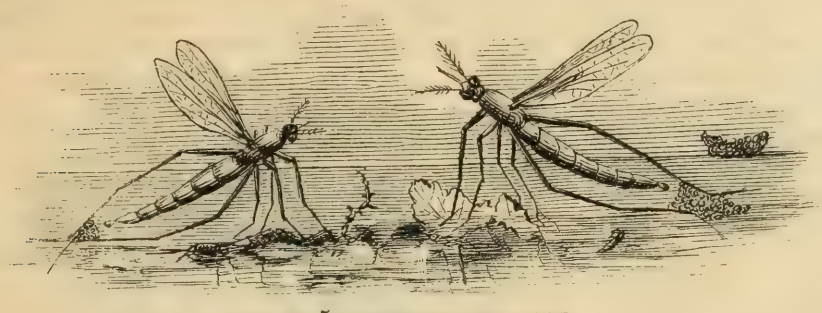


FIGURE 5.—BUILDING THE BOAT.

sometimes less. But it is always of one form. The eggs near the ends contain males; the middle, females. This boat can not be upset or filled with any effort you may make. Pour gallon upon gallon over it, still it will float.

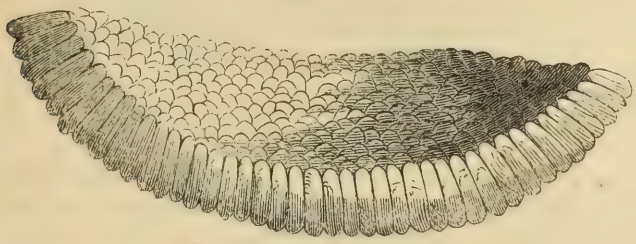


FIGURE 6.—THE BOAT.

Nor can any weather affect it. Freeze it until you can see it like a speck through the solid ice; thaw it out, and expose it to a June sun, and in time you will find larvæ from these eggs. But they do not all build this boat. The females of several families have their eggs strung.

I can not refrain from mentioning an experiment made last year. Seeing a spot of this indissoluble mucus, full of eggs, floating on a rain-water tank, I dipped it up carefully, transferring it, and some of the water, to my breeding-glass. In five days, exposed to the warmth of the sun, but not to its rays, the larvæ began to come forth, thus:



FIGURE 7.—EGGS.

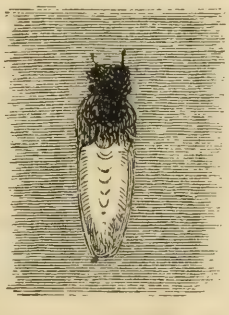
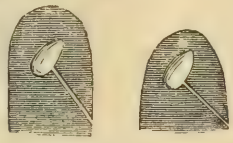


FIGURE 8.—LARVA.

They grow rapidly. When six days old, I saw them floating about — some with two egg-shells, some with three, and one lazy fellow with four attached to the extreme hairs of his body. See him opposite.

Why were they so slow, lazy, and lifeless in their movements? I did not wish to change the water, for the third part of the eggs were not hatched. At last I determined to sacrifice the eggs to the living larvæ. I emptied the whole into a basin; washed and filled the glass with fresh rain-water; and then dipped up these forlorn ones, and placed them in the fresh water. Down to the bottom they went; then all ascended again as quick as light, leaving the egg-shells at the bottom of the glass. No doubt these egg-shells served as life-preservers in the heavy, stagnant water; but in the fresh, buoyant element they were no longer needed. Pray what do you call this? Instinct, forethought, reason? How loudly this little gelatinous particle of matter proclaims, "There is One who careth for the worm!"

The large musquito of the Southern swamps sinks a hole in the soft mud with the end of her body, and hangs the eggs upon a foot-stalk, thus:



You may see this arrangement on the banks of any of the rivers of the South, where the water is untouched by the salt of the ocean. If you do not mind yielding perhaps an ounce of blood in the cause of science, you may watch them, day by day, performing this instinctive manœuvre in these locations. When the larva comes out there is always water at the bottom of the hole, ample for its sustenance until it sinks into the mud to undergo its transformation, when it comes out the perfect insect.

The large musquito of the dry, arid, sandy pine barrens of the Carolinas and Georgia selects a spot exposed to the fury of the sun, and drops her eggs among the grains of sand. The larvæ, when hatched, must penetrate very deep to obtain moisture. Its proceedings and habits are yet to be tested. All you can see is the mother fly dropping her eggs. Twelve or fif-

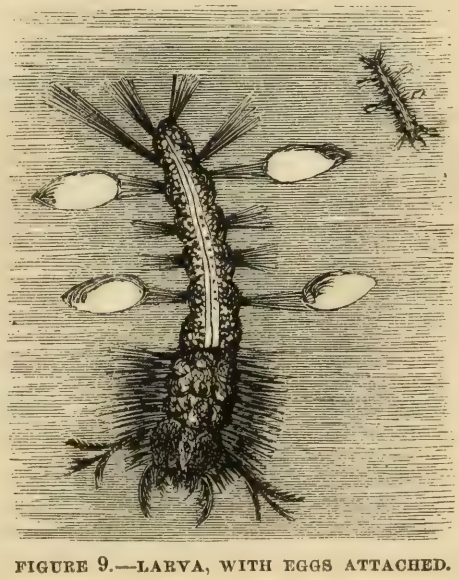


FIGURE 9.—LARVA, WITH EGGS ATTACHED.

teen days from this time the metamorphosis is complete. Place the hillock between you and the sun, as he is setting; they ascend in such numbers that you would think it must be smoke from a boiling spring. These are the genuine "stingers," and contain more venom than ten other tribes amalgamated.

Here is the larva from the egg of the boat:

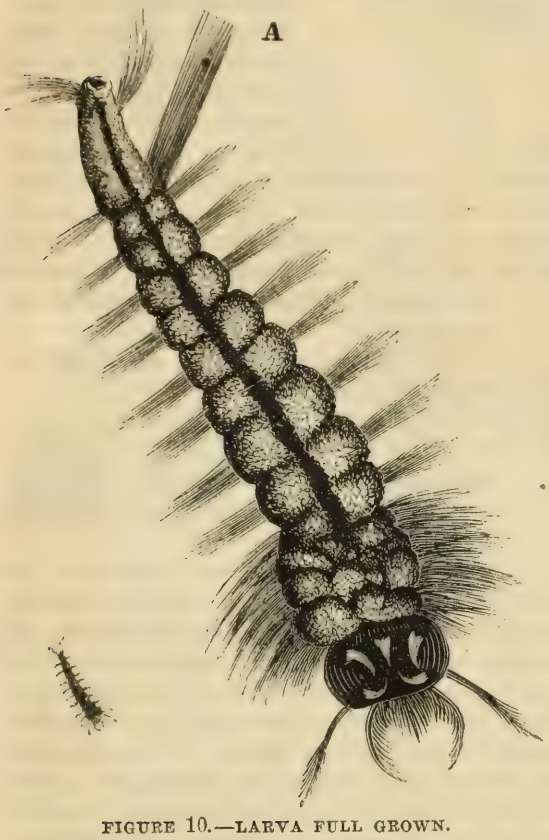


FIGURE 10.—LARVA FULL GROWN.
(A, Respiratory Tube of Hairs.)

There appears to be very little, if any, difference between the larva of the subgenera and that of the *Culex pipiens*. They are thus described by Latrielle: "They have a distinct, rounded head, furnished with a pair of antennæ and of ciliated organs, which serve, by their continual motion, to form a kind of current which brings their food to their mouth; a thorax, with bundles of hairs; an elongated, nearly cylindric, abdomen, much narrower than the anterior part of the body; ten-jointed; the antepenultimate joint being furnished with a respiratory organ; on its back the terminal joint is also terminated by setæ and radiating pieces."

I have some larvæ before me now. They are all arranged, heads downward, in a circle around the mouth of the glass, where the air meets the water. Let the shadow of a feather pass over, and down they go, closing the hairs of this funnel, and carrying air enough down to serve them until they come up again for a fresh supply. Swammerdam says: "The larvæ grease this funnel, to prevent it from being saturated, by passing it through their mouths." Fancy must here, I think, have had some influence. There is an attitude some species of pupa take, doubling the tail up under the thorax, causing them to resemble very minute balls; but this is done in the *pupa state*, and is adopted by them to sustain the weighty head and breathing tubes steady at water and air demarkation.

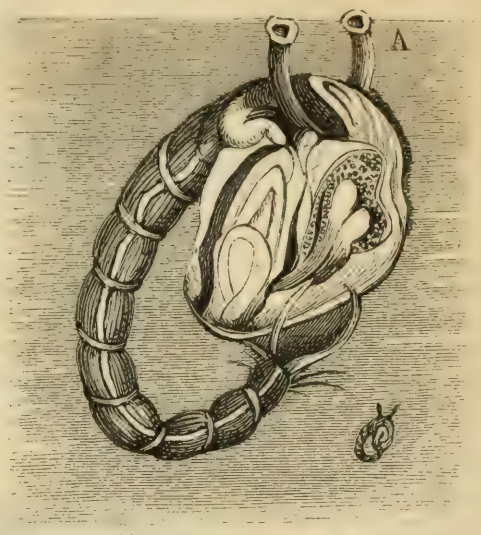


FIGURE 11.—PUPA OF SWAMP MUSQUITO.
(A, Breathing Tubes.)

To doubt is the part of the honest investigator. It gave science Bonnet as a naturalist. When told of the proceedings of the ant-lion, he doubted them, and made merry at the credulity of others. He went to work, at last, to examine for himself; made discovery of new facts; and from that time he became the enthusiastic disciple and friend of Reaumur. What boldness, you will exclaim, to doubt the great Swammerdam! Still, I affirm that I have watched long and patiently, and I have never seen any act approaching this performance. Nay, I have even taken out this larva many times—the last, not ten minutes ago—with an extremely fine camel's-hair pencil; stretched it on a piece of fine letter-paper, and brushed the hairs of this tube with a dry pencil, so that if any substance of any kind was there it must have come off. With scarcely any life in him, I have laid him gently on the water. Presto! he was as nimble and saucy as ever; sinking to the bottom as if he had not just been handled in the roughest manner possible.

The larvæ of some of our species are very naked of hairs, having only a few round their mouths, and the long ones of the respiratory tubes. They remain in the larvæ state from five to fifteen days, according to the weather. They cast their skins thrice—sometimes oftener—and then go into the pupa state. The position is now changed; the head—or, at least, the breathing tubes—is kept up in the water. You can see the change in Figures 11 and 12.

The pupa is not quite so active now, and seems to skull along with the paddles at the end of the tail. Five or ten days, according to the weather, and the pupa bursts on the back; and, like the ghost of Monseigneur, behold him, in Figure 13, rising from his watery couch!

Slowly, but not over-surely, is this feat accomplished. Out of five, at one time before me, making this effort, without a breath of air

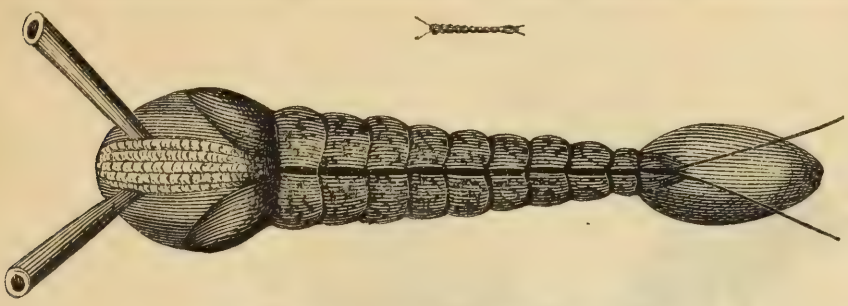


FIGURE 12.—PUPA, SHOWING BREATHING TUBES.

stirring, three keeled over, and no power of mine could right them again. One I held up until he drew himself forcibly out "by the skin of his teeth." Meanwhile the other two expired. Not a thousandth part of all that burst the pupa case escape. And lucky for us it is so. You can see them, any summer day, floating, like half-shrouded ghosts, at the mercy of wind and water; but not long. They are a *bonne bouche* for every species of fish, newts, water-spiders, beetles, and frogs.

The successful couple I confined in the same glass, covering it with a piece of paper; and here they lived forty-five days, without food or air. Whereas if the glass had been thus covered when they were in the larvæ state, they would have all died in less than ten minutes.

The question may be asked, How the insect can possibly raise its shoulders out of the water, and sustain itself there, when it is specifically heavier than the water? Kirby answers thus: "Because the middle of the back of the thorax has the property of repelling water, apparently from being covered with some oily secretion. Hence, as soon as the pupa has once forced this part of its body above the surface the water is seen to retreat from it on all sides, leaving an oval space in the disk which is quite dry. Now, though the specific gravity of the pupa is greater than that of water, it is but so very slightly greater that the mere attraction of the air to the dry part of the thorax, when once exposed to it, is sufficient to retain it at the surface; just as a small, dry needle swims under similar circumstances." He is convinced by the following experiment: "If, when the pupa is suspended at the surface, a drop of water be let fall upon the dry portion of the thorax, it instantly sinks to the bottom — the thorax, which belongs to the heaviest half, being the lowest; and if the pupa be again brought to the surface, so that the fluid be repelled from its disk, it remains there without effort as before."

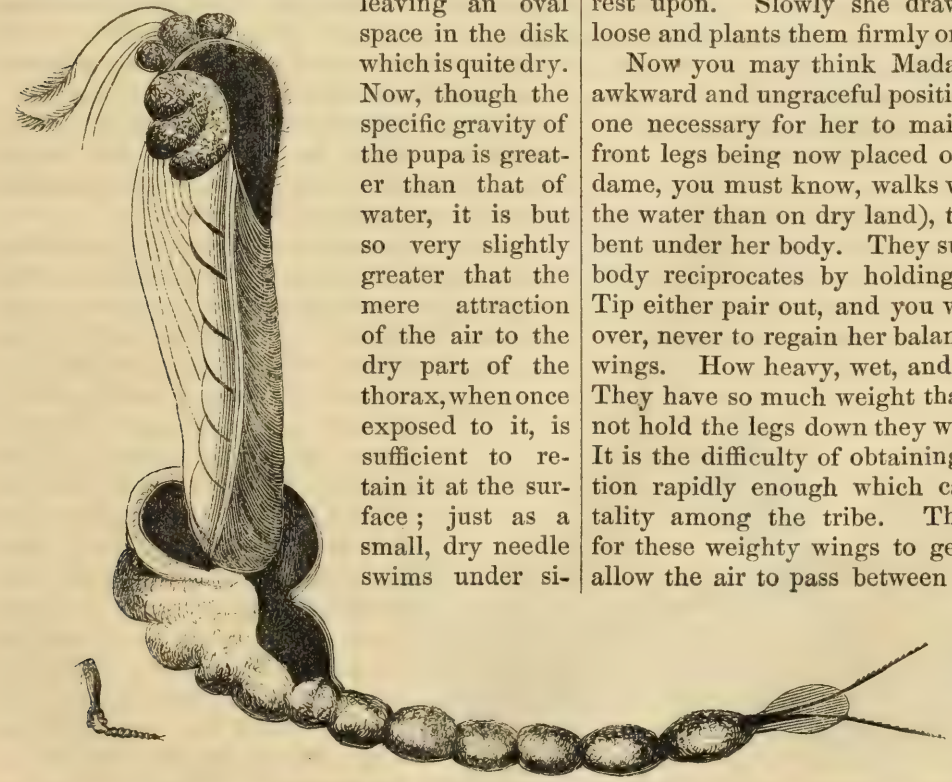


FIGURE 13.—MONSEIGNEUR EMERGING.

This is not the cause of the pupa being able to sustain itself on the water. Besides, the drop of water would cause the insect to delay emerging to an indefinite period. Even if it is a dull day they will not come forth, but linger on. They have instinct enough to know that the sun's light is very necessary for them to emerge successfully; and they will not come out unless he is present. The proof is this. I have made the experiment often. Before they are ready to emerge, force them to the surface and sink the breathing tubes. Sustain them here for a while, and as soon as the air is exhausted in the tubes the insect dies. But when it feels itself ready to emerge, the insect comes up of its own accord. As it floats, it must have its breathing tubes under water; and it is the pressure of the water upon the air in these tubes that forces the insect to the surface and keeps it there, until the bulky part of the insect being excluded the rest floats by its own lightness.

The pupa case serves as a raft for the fly to rest upon. Slowly she draws two long legs loose and plants them firmly on the water.

Now you may think Madame is in a most awkward and ungraceful position. But it is the one necessary for her to maintain. Her two front legs being now placed on the water (Madame, you must know, walks with more ease on the water than on dry land), the other four are bent under her body. They support it, and the body reciprocates by holding the legs down. Tip either pair out, and you would see her fall over, never to regain her balance. Observe the wings. How heavy, wet, and lumpy they are! They have so much weight that if the body did not hold the legs down they would capsize her. It is the difficulty of obtaining this same position rapidly enough which causes such mortality among the tribe. The next move is for these weighty wings to get separated, and allow the air to pass between them. As soon as this is done they serve her as the balance pole does the rope-dancer, and she is safe. The next pair is now



FIGURE 14.—MADAME TRIES HER WINGS.

drawn forth, and placed on the lip of the pupa case. The long body now elongates itself; the gauzy wings begin to unfold, expanding gently. At last they commence to dry. The antennæ shake out; the beautiful plumes, in the male, float on the air; the long proboscis is elevated, to see if all its parts be complete. Finally, the last long pair of legs are drawn forth; the body poised; the strength is tried; the wings are elevated, and waved to and fro; every nervure filled with the balmy summer air. She pauses, and like another Eve, gazes down in astonishment at the beautiful image in the water.

In this position she will stand for several seconds—sometimes minutes. Then, with a gentle wave of the wings, she bids adieu to the home of her childhood, the pretty cradle in which she had been rocked, and the murmuring, placid water, soothing and cherishing her like a mother. All this is now forgotten. She is in the world.

We will not follow her proceedings. You know them well: her unwearying solicitations; her ill manners and ill temper; her peevish, crying requests. You know them all; and clapping your hands impatiently exclaim, "*En avant, Madame Maringouin!*"



FIG 15.—MADAME ADMIRES HERSELF.

But let us take a closer view of her. She belongs to the night, gray and sombre. Very little light falls around her. Her wings are strong and coarse; the nervures well developed; the fine lines you see on the tip of the wings are strong black hairs; the edges are turned up, giving an angularity which naturally does not belong to them. I have taken the liberty of calling her the *Culex Americanus, par excellence*, although in reality I know she belongs to a subgenus of a European genus. She is no type; but she is found from the extreme north down to the Capes of Florida. Let whatever genus or subgenus be missing, every season finds her on hand, blood-thirsty and vituperative, as if she had just arrived from the banks of the classic Po—the paradise of her race. My specimen had taken such a hearty meal out of somebody that, while subjecting her to the glass to sketch her, she burst open. She seeks dark nooks in our houses, and retires among sombre shrubbery during daylight, coming forth only after nightfall.

She has a congener of the day, resembling her closely, except that the wings are more delicate; the nervures being connected with a kind of tissue. (See Fig. 4; the wing in the upper right-hand corner.) This insect never flies after sundown; but is active all day in low marshy places. On the lakes, on the St. Lawrence, and at Niagara, you will find them in perfection, and not behind our lady of the night in bloody anticipations and querulousness. Her body, when empty, is of an apple green color, turning to a dark amethyst hue after a meal. This is a mark of all the day *Culicidæ*. I have dissected her body that you may see some of the interior arrangements. There are many



FIGURE 16.—CULEX AMERICANUS.

small tubes and chords for the admission of air to purify the fluids acting as the blood of the insect, too complicated to be represented in so small a space. A knotty chord runs up the back, which doubtless represents the pulsating motion or heart. It is necessary here to remark that the families differ exceedingly in intestinal arrangement; the chief part having only a large coarse vein or muscle running from one extremity of the body to the other. This canal can be seen often with the naked eye convoluting through the body; but when full of blood, the parts can not be minutely distinguished.

Here is the upper side. On a very close examination I was quite at a loss to determine what the fine scales were which are seen on the upper part of the body. A closer inspection proved them to be *Acari*. Letter A represents a specimen which I found walking over the paper, coming from her body. What a wonderful exhibition is this—a parasite upon so minute a creature! Dare we hazard the suggestion that they are bred from the food which she imbibes from human blood? They were clustered thickly above and below, of every size, which proves that they were generated on the body. What a world of mystery for the eye to penetrate, causing the mind to exhaust itself in conjecture, and ponder in awe for a solution!

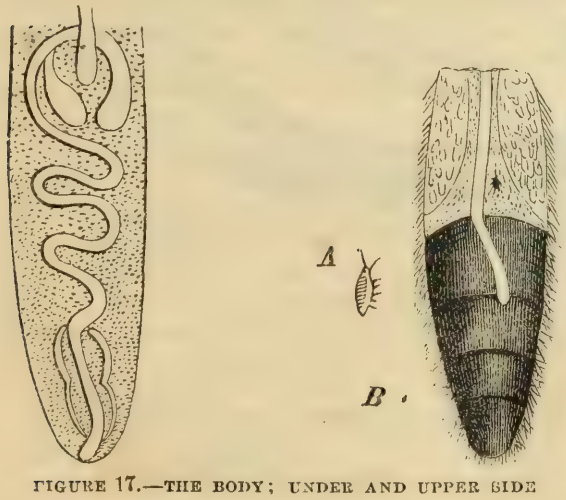


FIGURE 17.—THE BODY; UNDER AND UPPER SIDE

The eye of the insect is most brilliant. The uvea is of a rich ruby red; the facets are more thickly placed than those of the bee. From each facet springs a small sharp cornea, which catches every ray of light, causing the eye, as you turn it, to scintillate with every shade of red and amethyst. The black lid falling over it seems to shield it from very intense light. At the back, looking down on the neck, you will find that the lids are hollow, standing up like two small hoods, and trimmed with a deep white silvery fringe. From this beautiful eye spring the coarse bristly antennæ in the female.

The head of the male is plumed in the same manner, if not more thickly, than that of the *Culex pipiens*. These plumes falling over such a pair of brilliant eyes make a right royal regalia, which, when once seen, can never be forgotten. Years have elapsed, the sorrows and vicissitudes of life have swept over me; but never do I see a royal diadem mentioned but

memory presents to the mind's eye this splendid and regal tiara. It is a favor in a lifetime to see it, the male is so excessively shy, never leaving the sedgy banks and meadows, where he seeks the female. The eye of the night musquito, at least of the specimens I have thus far seen, is black with gray facets, and smaller, without lids of any kind. The ridge running down the back of the day musquito looks like solid gold. It is no plumage or hair, but appears to be a fine ligament inseparable from the back.

Now let us examine the instrument with which she annoys us so perseveringly. Authors are by no means agreed whether this instrument is composed of many or few pieces. Leuwenhoeck says it has four pieces; Swammerdam affirms that he found six, including the lip; while Reaumur says there are only five. I have long since convinced myself that these pieces are increased in number according to the genus to which the insect belongs; and that we can no more compare the proboscis of the genuine gallinipper of the Southern swamps and Florida everglades with that of the musquito of Maine and New York, than we can compare the sting of the scorpion with that of the bee. Can it be the same instrument which you feel pricking your brow in Broadway that pierced through the military boots of the Father of his Country in the Jersey marshes; and, according to contemporaries, made this exemplary man "swear like a trooper?" or that attacked the army of Julian the Apostate, and drove him back? or that compelled Sapor, King of Persia, to raise the siege of Nisibis, stinging his elephants and camels to such a degree as to cause the route of his army? which render the banks of the River Po almost uninhabitable? or that compel the Laplander to coat himself with grease, to prevent them from getting foothold? Humboldt tells us of the poor people living at the mouth of the Rio Unare, who accustom themselves to pass the night buried four inches

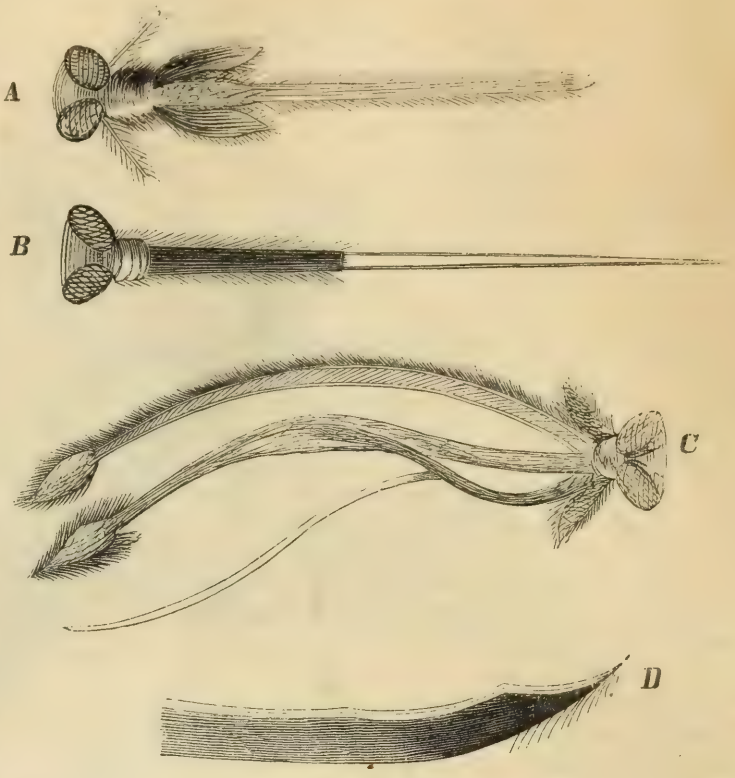
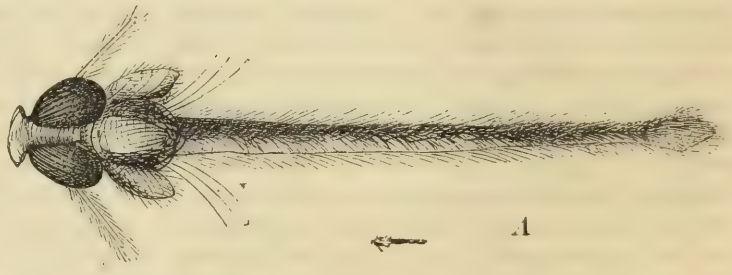


FIGURE 18.—THE STING.

A. In its sheath.
B. Half torn off, to show the sheath.
C. Sucker developed, to show its various parts.
D. Barbed point of one blade of the sucker.



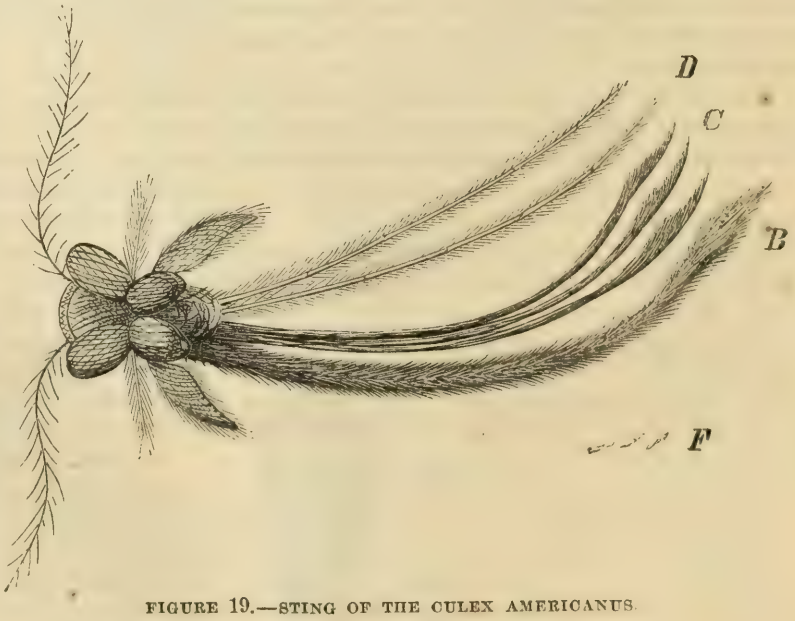


FIGURE 19.—STING OF THE CULEX AMERICANUS.

A. Sheath closed.
B. Sheath case.
C. Three lancets.
D. Protectors and supporters.
F. Natural size.

deep in sand, with a handkerchief over their heads to preserve them from the attacks of these insects. Surely it would be preposterous to suppose theirs was the same simple instrument as that of our musquito. In that of the large musquito of northern latitudes, you can feel several prickers by pressing it against the skin; and certainly the points of at least a dozen lancets can be felt in that of the southern musquito. I have seen one proboscis with eight points. I found three prickers in one species; five in another; and had got as far as eight in the third specimen, when a puff of wind carried him away. These were Georgians. Let us take for the present the sting of the *Culex pipiens*, according to Reaumur and Roffrede's dissection. It will illustrate the performance of the instrument as well as if it had a dozen needles. On the opposite page I have subjoined the portions of the sting of our own musquito, the *Culex Americanus*.

I have always found three lancets in this subgenus of the night musquito; but could never detect more than two in the congener of the day; and I am inclined to believe, from the specimens of the *Culex pipiens* I have seen in Europe, that if Reaumur had had the lenses then we have now, he would have discovered three lancets at least. When once you can get the tubes separated from the sheath (it is exceeding nice work), you can, with a suitable instrument, separate all the lancets without much difficulty. I am convinced that the two side tubes serve, when the insect is sucking, as suction tubes to assist in drawing up the blood if it is thick and heavy. They act likewise as supporters to the head while the insect is in the act of imbibing; but they are evidently meant eventually to protect the lancet case on the outside. Examine the sheath. You perceive quite a hollow into which the blades of the lancets fit; then these join over them, and the sheath is complete. You perceive how complicated it is. The next musquito that stings you you must respect the more when you recall the wonderful construction of this little instrument. Figs. 21 and 22 show how it is applied.

I must note here that all our Culicidæ have not the hairy sheath. I have seen several species with the proboscis as smooth and polished as a piece of ebony. Swammerdam says: "I should think that the acute and hollow extremity of the sheath is certainly introduced into the wound,



FIGURE 21.—HEAD AND STING.

and by means thereof the gnat afterward sucks the blood which, running or ascending by suction between these parts, is at length conveyed into the stomach of the insect. Hence there appears almost the same use of this sheath as

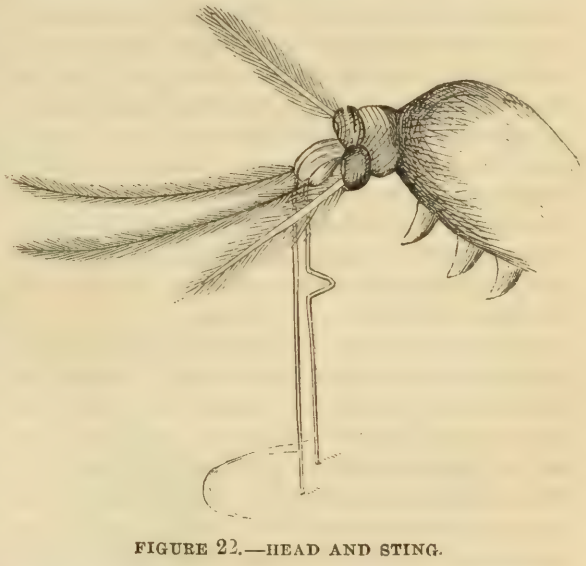


FIGURE 22.—HEAD AND STING.

there is of the silver pipes used by the surgeons, through which they pass their lancets into parts deep seated; in a word, to prevent their wounding any other part than that which they intend to cut." To convince yourself of this, let a musquito settle firmly on your hand; feel assured that the proboscis is well inserted; then, with a fine camel's-hair pencil, dipped in chloroform, touch the insect on the head and antennæ. It will fall off in the act; and by subjecting it to the microscope you will perceive that the sheath is a sort of forcing-pump, the needles keeping the wound open, while the suction of the pipe carries the blood into the stomach. The musquito has not always a thirst for blood, and can often be seen sucking up sugar and water, tea—and especially any liquid with

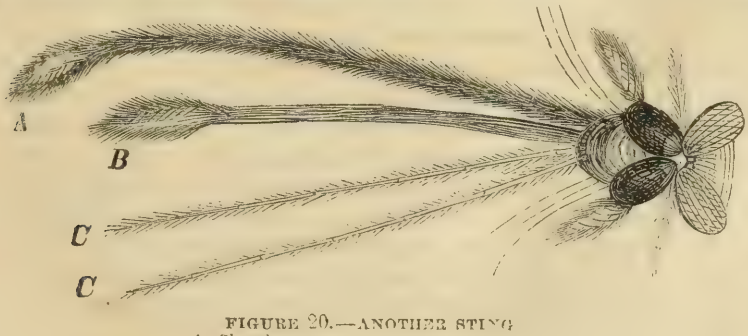


FIGURE 20.—ANOTHER STING.
A. Sheath.
B. Lancet-case, closed.
C. Outside protection to lancet.

spirits in it. Of gin they are very fond. When sucking up fluid from a tumbler, they have the power of elongating the tube beyond the lancets, which they do not use at all.

Reaumur supposed the pain of the wound to be caused by a poison which they eject for the purpose of thinning the blood and rendering it easier to suck. This suggestion of Reaumur's can not be correct. It would require an apparatus for a descending fluid, as well as for an ascending one, which evidently does not exist. So, after the first application of the instrument, there can be no more until the repast is finished, and the instrument returned to its original position. It is evident that this is simply a fluid kept in the sheath to preserve all its complicated parts in order and ready for action. It is not poisonous to all persons alike. On some people—myself for instance—a thousand stings would not make a red spot the size of a mustard seed; while my neighbor over the way has to keep her room, because she is so disfigured from a visit to a friend "where they do congregate."

But what are a dozen stings to the murmuring whine of the insect? If she would only fill herself and go quietly, it might be bearable. But to weary one, first here, then there, coming closer, then receding, going right into your ear like the blast of a trumpet, disappearing only to renew the attack more from some unexpected quarter! Verily, Madame Maringouin, your trumpet has blown on many a brain with the strength of the trumpets against the walls of Jericho, in certain states of the nervous system, when a thousand stings would have been unheeded.

It is a disputed point how this noise is made. Aristophanes makes Chærophon banteringly ask Socrates, "whether gnats buzz with the mouth or the tail?" Many hundred years ago as this question was asked, it is still with many persons open for discussion. Kirby says, "The friction of the base of the wings against the chest (thorax) seems to be the sole cause of the alarming buzz of the gnat." He continues: "I have observed that early in the spring, before their thirst for blood seizes them, gnats when flying emit no sounds." These two paragraphs look oddly in juxtaposition. Does not a gnat fly in the same manner in the fall as in the spring? If the noise proceeded from the friction of the wings on the chest, it must be always made when the insect is in the act of flying; but every observer knows that there are only particular portions of time during the summer season when musquitoes hum. It would consume too much space to repeat the suggestions of numerous authors. Some, that it proceeds from the winglets; others, that it comes from the poisers; others again, that it is the beating of the air with the wings, and so on. There seems no agreement on the subject. Why should I not have my say as well as another? I consider that I deserve it for the patience given to the investigation for years. So I pronounce my conviction, from experiment, that the humming proceeds from the proboscis. I have just called your notice to its very numerous parts. When the thirst for blood comes upon the insect, this tube, and all its other tubes and air-holes, are kept open for instant action. The motion of the wings forces the air through them, causing the vibratory humming noise we hear; and very probably the insect keeps them all in play herself so as to have them open and ready for use. We have all listened often to the loud noise of the wind sounding through a keyhole or a crack. Why may it not have the same power when passing through such a number of small tubes, subject to the control and movement of one instinct? Make the experiment yourself. Hold the insect by the legs, and cut the proboscis off in small pieces. As you reduce it in length, you reduce the sound; and when cut close all sounds cease. The insect may be held before you by the legs and vibrate its wings for a minute at a time; but you will have no more music. Therefore to tweak Madame's proboscis is the only way she can be silenced.

Some genera of the Culicidæ make their appearance very early. I have seen the *Culex Americanus*, in sheltered spots, when the sun was shining warm and bright on the Connecticut hills, as early as the 20th of April, and as late as the 10th of November. But more delicate species do not appear until the summer. The worst siege I ever experienced, beyond any Southern swamp attack, was in New York, at the corner of Greenwich Street, facing the Battery, on the 15th of January. The snow lay more than five feet deep on the Battery. The room had had no fire in it during the season. It was far out of the way, but commanded a view of the Bay, the wild, tempestuous river, and the grand wintry landscape. No room would do but this. So the kind landlord indulged me, had a glorious fire made, and rendered me comfortable. As soon as the room was warmed the invasion commenced. Where the insects came from was beyond all conjecture; but they swarmed. No quarter was given. Like Norway wolves they settled upon me. I was forced to show the white feather, and beat a retreat after two hours' battle, leaving the field to the enemy. I brought away three prisoners, and found them, when put under the microscope, to be the undefatigable ubiquitous *Culex Americanus*. So you perceive they survive very severe cold weather in the adult state, and do not lose their appetite.

From the time the egg is deposited generally averages five to ten days. When the larvæ come out they feed upon the invisible animalculæ in the water. In ten or fifteen days they go into the pupa state. In five or ten days more they come out the perfect insect. Three weeks is about the time allowed from the egg state to the imago; so that there are many broods during the summer.

I am constantly asked, verbally and by letter.

where, when, and how, I obtain my specimens for examination; and will answer the question here. To obtain specimens I carry my box, vial, and glass wherever I move, whether for a long walk or from room to room. Your objects fly against you; they come to you when you least expect them. You will find specimens of this particular insect in the meadows, by the banks of the rivers, in rain-water, in little brooks, on flowers, on blades of grass, on fruit, in cisterns. Two fine specimens I caught a week ago; one sipping from my tumbler; the other, attracted no doubt by the gaslight, regaling himself on sugar at the supper-table. The choice places—where you are certain of obtaining many varieties—are in rail-cars, and on board of the River and Sound steamers. Some species I have never found any where else. Driven by the winds across the waters from numerous localities, as the boats pass or stop to land passengers, they take refuge on board. Nay, you need only fill a tumbler with rain-water, and place it in a warm nook on your window-sill, when it will presently be used by some straggler as a receptacle for her eggs. Watch well; you will soon see the larvæ, then the pupa. Now comes a most interesting sight. The insect rises from the pupa case. You may officiate three hours at the birth, if you like, as I did a few days ago. Launch the cunning thing into the new world of air and light, and for your trouble and anxiety have the tiny trumpet blown in your ear all night, besides a sly depletion of a vein every now and then.

While making an illustration for this paper a little dot fell upon the sheet before me. Behold the most beautiful and fairy-like of creatures! It is nearly a line in length; its wings are of the brightest amber; its legs and thorax a shade darker; its body a pale apple green; its eyes as black and shining as beads; its proboscis straight, polished, and black as ebony. My finest pencil, with the slightest touch, was too harsh to convey the delicate soft pencilings of this insect. I placed it on my hand and covered it with a glass. I was not sensible of the proboscis being inserted; but the green body soon changed to a darker hue, and I perceived that she had partaken of my life-blood.

It is a study requiring years, patience, perseverance, unremitting observation, and watchfulness; but, with your glass in your hand, you will see wonders which will amaze and startle you; mysteries which will soothe a weary heart, console and cheer the broken spirit. The closer you cling to kind Nature's bosom, the warmer and more genial will be her welcome. You may learn from her, in time, some of her secrets, her mysteries, and her marvelous doings. With these she will touch in your heart that electric chord leading

"From Nature up to Nature's God;"

and you will learn, which is of more importance still, how to adore and praise the Maker through His works.

The question is constantly asked, "Of what use are these troublesome musquitoes?" Many uses might be assigned; but we will be satisfied with one or two. They are the food of the large family of the Libelludæ or dragon-fly. On the rivers of the South, particularly the Altamaha and Ogeechee in Georgia, the Cooper and the Santee in South Carolina, you will find the dragon-fly in thousands, and of varieties many of which have never yet been mentioned by naturalists. These subsist almost entirely upon this insect. When their season is over, they, in their turn, fall dead on the waters and float gently down to the ocean, feeding the varieties of those delicious fish over which epicures gloat, after having spent a winter and spring at the South. Then, again, there are numbers of night birds whose principal food consists of this insect. The whip-poor-will lives chiefly upon them.

How beautiful and harmonious is this grand chain, linking together every living thing, so that each falls to the share of the other, as spring falls into the lap of maturer summer! And how overwhelming is the thought that He who pointed the needles of the insect's sting, made with the same ease that magnificent and eternal mystery—the brain of man; and that with the slightest breath of His power all could be made to pass away, from the buzzing insect to the worlds that gem the heavens, leaving space as blank as if they never had existed! When the music of the sweet singer of Israel ceased, the refrain of his song was the same as when he commenced, and thus must it be with every student of Nature, no matter how cursorily these marvelous works are beheld. The eye of faith contemplates the Maker's touch, and the heart must echo the strain of the Psalmist: "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."



FIGURE 23.—EYE OF THE DAY CULEX.
A. The Eye. B. Eyelid. D. Antennæ.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

"*Honor* is the subject of my story."

FOR five-and-forty years I have borne the name of Peter Smith. Though you have never heard of me I flatter myself that my family name will be familiar to you. I am quiet in my habits, and, I believe, not disposed to interfere with the rights of other men; yet even this did not avail to save me some ten years since from becoming involved in an affair of honor. Let me tell you how it happened.

At the time of which I speak I was an inmate of Mrs. Jones's family. I use the word *inmate* advisedly, since it was well known that Mrs.

Jones never took boarders. In fact she expressly gave me to understand that her only inducement in taking me was the pleasure she expected to derive from my society—that she was far above mercenary considerations. Of course I felt flattered by the compliment thus insinuated, though I confess I was somewhat surprised, since all mercenary considerations were disclaimed, to be charged a higher rate for board than I had ever before paid. Still I did not demur, feeling certain that I had at length found a home.

Let me describe Mrs. Jones, my hostess. Physically speaking, I should say that she came of a great family, her proportions being most aristocratic. In her demeanor toward me she was always very gracious and condescending, for which I felt properly grateful. She always came to the table arrayed in a stiff satin, the very rustle of which betrayed her consequence, and impressed me with a sense of my comparative insignificance.

Mrs. Jones had a daughter, by name Sophronia. In external appearance she was quite unlike her parent, being exceedingly tall and slender, while the latter was short and dumpy. In a copy of verses which she was kind enough to show me some enthusiastic young man had the temerity to call her a sylph. I do not know much about sylphs, never having seen one to my knowledge; but I question very much whether sylphs have red hair or noses with an upward tendency. I have my doubts also as to whether sylphs squint. Still I am far from denying that Miss Sophronia Jones was a sylph, since that belief evidently afforded her satisfaction.

Mrs. Jones's table was admirably adapted for a valetudinarian. There he would find no dishes of unwholesome richness—nothing, indeed, that was calculated to induce excess in eating. If, as some physicians have declared, health is best preserved by always rising from the table with an appetite, I was never in a fairer way to secure its blessings than when enjoying the genteel insufficiency of Mrs. Jones's hospitality.

About a month after my arrival, conversation turned, at the dinner-table, upon a concert which was to be given the same evening by Signora Falfalini. I have a poor memory for Italian names, but that is the name to the best of my recollection.

"I wish I could go, ma," said the fair Sophronia.

"So you could, my dear," replied Mrs. Jones, "if you had a gentleman protector."

Thereupon she began to declaim against the customs of society which preclude a lady's attending a place of amusement without a gentleman, lamenting that Sophronia had, on this account, been more than once debarred from gratifying her exquisite taste in music.

Of course I could not, in politeness, refrain from offering my escort, although I should thereby be prevented from attending the weekly meeting of the club of which I am a member.

Sophronia, in great confusion, said she could not think of troubling me.

I began to hope that she would not; but her mother quietly silenced her scruples by saying that she was a silly girl (thirty-five if she's a day), and that she must not think of refusing.

Sophronia made no further objections, and I had the pleasure of paying a high price for a couple of tickets.

Nature not having bestowed on me a musical ear, I could enter but indifferently into the raptures of my companion, who pronounced Signora Falfalini's singing divine, although she considered her quite devoid of personal attractions. The Signora being built after the same model as Sophronia, I quite agreed with her in this last bit of criticism.

"Do you know," simpered my companion, confidingly, "I have myself thought at times that I was designed by Nature for a prima donna or an opera singer like Signora Falfalini?"

"Then why did you not become one?" I inquired.

"Because ma had such an objection to any thing of a public character. She felt that I should be demeaned by so doing, and advised me to content myself with contributing to the gratification of my friends at home. You have never heard me sing, I think?"

I had at times heard a shrill voice in a very high key, as I sat in my room, which had struck me as far from agreeable. I thought it best, however, without mentioning this, to utter a simple negative.

"You must not expect much," continued Sophronia, "my voice is wild and uncultivated. Ma is always telling me that I ought to devote more attention to it; but I can never sing except when the inspiration seizes me. If you will come in to-morrow evening I will sing for you if you would like."

I expressed my thanks for this disinterested kindness, and, as the concert was now finished, proceeded to escort the lady home.

As we were making our way through the crowd, it chanced that some one, accidentally or otherwise, jostled my companion.

She immediately seized my arm convulsively and informed me that she had been insulted.

"Who did it?" stammered I, for I confess my courage is not of the highest order.

In reply Sophronia pointed out a tall gentleman with a very fierce mustache, who was standing at a little distance.

Mentally deciding that it might not be prudent to have an altercation with such a person, I hastened to assure my companion that it must have been an accident.

"No," said she, very decidedly. "It was not an accident. It was intentional. I wish you to demand an apology in my name."

"Don't you think it would be better," said I, in great embarrassment, "to treat him with silent contempt?"

Sophronia was by no means of this opinion.

Accordingly I approached the gentleman, who

appeared still more formidable on a nearer view, and asked—in what was intended to be a resolute tone—"what he meant by insulting the lady under my charge."

"Sir-r-r," he ejaculated, wheeling sharply around.

I repeated my request in a fainter tone, and suggested that I trusted it was accidental on his part.

Stroking his mustache very fiercely he informed me that he had no explanations to make—that if I wished to hear from him at any time I should have an opportunity, and forthwith presented me his card.

Without stopping to look at it I slunk away in the crowd and soon reached home.

My companion intimated that she supposed I should seek satisfaction in the usual way.

I said something indistinctly—I am not sure exactly what—and very thankfully took leave of the fair Sophronia in the entry.

Reaching my chamber, I examined the card which had been placed in my hand, and found inscribed thereon the name of Captain Achilles Brown, Astor House. Very probably he was distinguished by the same qualities which characterized his great namesake, and it made me shiver even to think of a conflict with him. Resolving that I would at least take every possible means to avoid it, I went to bed and sank into a slumber disturbed by frightful dreams, in which I fancied myself shot through the heart by that terrible Achilles Brown.

Early next morning, while in the momentary expectation of hearing the breakfast-bell, I was startled by a knock at the door. Immediately afterward entered a tall man, "bearded like a pard." He introduced himself to me as a cousin of Sophronia, and intimated that, having heard of my difficulty of the previous evening, he had come to offer his services as my second.

Thanking him for his kindness, I said that I had not, as yet, decided to call out the gentleman in question.

"Not yet decided!" repeated my visitor, springing to his feet, causing me thereby to recede two paces, in some personal apprehension; "not yet decided! But perhaps I do not understand you."

I intimated, rather uncomfortably, that I had conscientious scruples against the practice of the duello.

"Conscientious fiddlesticks!" interrupted my visitor. "Sir, you *must* fight. There is no alternative. A lady has been insulted while under your protection. That lady is my cousin. Unless you take notice of it, *I* must."

"I shall be very glad to have you," said I, eagerly, thinking to shift the duel upon him.

"You misunderstand me," said he, gravely. "Unless you challenge Captain Brown, I shall understand it as a personal disrespect to my cousin, and shall challenge you. Choose which of us you will fight."

This was said so resolutely that I succumbed at once. I reflected that, while there was equal danger to be incurred in a duel with my visitor, there would be less credit.

"Shall I write the missive?" inquired my companion, who called himself Lieutenant Eustace.

"Yes," said I, faintly.

He sat down at my desk, and in a few minutes produced the following:

"SIR,—You grossly insulted a young lady, while under my protection, last evening. As a man of honor, I call upon you either for an ample apology, or for the usual satisfaction accorded in such cases. I send this by Lieutenant Eustace, who is authorized to act as my *friend*. Yours, etc., PETER SMITH.

"CAPTAIN ACHILLES BROWN."

Having signed this, with some misgivings, I inquired as to the character of this Captain Brown.

"I don't know much about him," said my *friend;* "but I presume he is a regular fire-eater."

This was satisfactory—very.

"Suppose," said I, in a tremulous voice, "you erase the word 'ample' before 'apology.' I shall consider any apology sufficient."

"But *I* shall not," was the Lieutenant's emphatic reply.

There was no more to be said. He departed with his missive; and I was left in no very enviable frame of mind.

Two hours after, the Lieutenant returned in high spirits.

"Has he apologized?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "He vows that he will shed the last drop of his blood first."

"What a sanguinary monster he must be!" was my internal reflection.

"The meeting is appointed for to-morrow morning, an hour before sunrise," resumed the Lieutenant. "It is to take place at Hoboken: weapons, pistols; distance, fifteen paces."

"Isn't that *rather* near?" I ventured to remark.

"Near? Of course, you want it near. You will be more likely to hit your man."

"And he will be more likely to hit me," I rejoined.

"Of course," was the careless reply. "You must take your chance of that."

I could not help wondering whether he would be so cool about it if he were the principal, and I the second. In fact, I have always observed that seconds are much more scrupulous about the honor of their principals than they are disposed to be about their own. I suppose it is human nature. I think it altogether likely that *I* should make a very fierce second.

"I suppose you are used to pistols?" remarked my friend.

Used to pistols! I remembered once having fired one as a boy to the imminent danger of my little sister's life. Since then I had not had one in my hands.

As I strolled out into the streets in an unhappy frame of mind, a newsboy thrust into

my hand a daily paper which I mechanically bought. Glancing over the columns I observed that a boat was advertised as about to start that day for Havana. The hour of departure was four in the afternoon. A sudden thought struck me. Would it not be much better to embark for Cuba than remain behind to be shot—a result which the state of my nerves and my want of practice with the pistol rendered altogether probable.

With new-born alacrity I immediately repaired to the boat and demanded to see the agent. He informed me that the boat would positively start at the hour indicated.

I asked to see the list of passengers.

Running my eyes casually down the list my heart beat quickly as they fell upon the last name. Could it be possible that my dreaded opponent Captain Achilles Brown had secured passage! What could be his motive?

"When did this gentleman book his name as a passenger?" I inquired.

"Not half an hour since."

"Did he understand that the boat started to-day?"

"Yes; he made particular inquiries on that point."

"Will you describe him to me? Is he tall?"

"Yes, quite so."

"And has a black mustache?"

"Yes."

"A dark complexion, and wears a large cloak?"

"Precisely. You know him, then?"

"Very slightly," said I, carelessly. "By-the-way, I don't think I shall be able to get away for a week. I won't engage to-day."

"We would give you good accommodations."

"No doubt of that. On the whole, you needn't mention to Captain Brown that any body inquired for him."

My heart bounded with exultation as with some difficulty I realized that my opponent, whom I had dreaded so much, was about to leave the country from fear of encountering me.

What a joke that was! I laughed all the way home, though I endeavored to preserve my gravity. On the way I purchased a brace of pistols, which I ostentatiously displayed on reaching my boarding-place.

"To think you should risk your life for me," simpered the fair Sophronia.

"Miss Sophronia," said I, with suitable fierceness, "no one shall with impunity insult a lady while under my protection."

During a portion of the afternoon I practiced shooting at a mark, and was never more lively than at the tea-table. Lieutenant Eustace, who was present, seemed considerably surprised at the change in my demeanor, and was evidently puzzled to account for it.

After tea I invited the company to witness my will, which I had drawn up for the sake of producing an impression. It proved quite a master-stroke. I noticed that Lieutenant Eustace treated me with increasing respect, while Sophronia repeated several times under her breath, but loud enough for me to hear, "Brave man!"

All this I enjoyed, and took the opportunity to discourse severely upon the sacredness of honor, in defense of which I asserted that any man ought to be willing to lay down his life.

In the course of the afternoon I had had the pleasure of witnessing the sailing of the *Ariel*, with Captain Brown on board. Whether this circumstance had any thing to do with inspiring in me these elevated sentiments, I leave the reader to judge.

The next morning at an early hour I proceeded to the field with my second.

Captain Achilles Brown was nowhere to be seen!

I professed a great deal of disappointment, and insisted on waiting three hours to allow him ample time to appear. Of course it was in vain. All, however, testified to the remarkable courage which I displayed under the circumstances, and tendered their congratulations. The affair even found its way into the papers, and I found myself all at once elevated into a hero. I could not walk Broadway without being furtively pointed out as the celebrated duelist. Among the ladies, particularly, I became an object of great attention—a circumstance that may well excite surprise when it is considered that my only claims to their regard lay in my having been implicated in an affair which the moral sense of the community professes to condemn.

Soon afterward I left my boarding-place to the great regret of the fair Sophronia. I afterward learned that, had I shown the white feather, it was arranged that Lieutenant Eustace should force me into a marriage with his cousin on pain of a duel with himself. The extraordinary show of courage which I exhibited imposed upon him to such an extent that he did not think it advisable to offer the alternative, lest I should accept the duel.

I have heard nothing of Captain Achilles Brown since the memorable day on which he did me the service to sail for Cuba. Had he possessed a little more courage, I shudder to think what might have been the result.

THE LOAN OF A LYRE.

I.

"A PRETTY piece of business, Mrs. Barcarole — a very pretty piece of business, upon my soul—and I a husband and father of a family!"

"What are you talking about, my dear?"

"If you want to know, please to fix your naked eye upon this little bijou of a communication, just received per this morning's post."

Mrs. Barcarole stopped washing the breakfast silver, dried her fingers, and taking the letter from my hand, read aloud:

"*Meliboeus Barcarole, Esq.*

"IMMORTAL BARD,—Pardon the *unlaureled* incense-burner before your lyric altar of *undying* fame, who thus

informally, and (but for her uncontrollable enthusiasm) *inexcusably* addresses you. Though the liberty I take has, perhaps, *no parallel* in that circle where *frigid ceremony* wields her glacial sceptre, in your *habitual benignity* remember, I pray you, that you sit on that *celestial pinnacle* of fame where you are less *your own* than *all mankind's;* and even a *humble* heart like my own, whose slender strings have been thrilled by your songful breath, may claim a part in you.

"I need not say that, with *outwelling* eyes and *palpitating* bosom, I have read *every line* which your *wondrous* pen has contributed to the age's symphony. Still more, oh divinest of living bards! I know each *word* of *rapture* by heart—and sleep with Ticknor's blue and gold edition of you pressed close to that heart, nightly. In the name of *all Time*, let me thank you, Sir, for those pulses of *ecstasy* with which you have stirred its *eternally resounding* corridors.

"With what *speechless sympathy* do I enter into your sorrows! As I write, my tears stain this sheet, confessing my maiden weakness; for I have just come from the perusal of that *bottomless* utterance of lonely grief and passion recorded at page 310 of the second volume of your 'Antiphonal Antistrophics.' Need I say that I mean 'The Wail of the World-weary Wanderer?' It is no vain compliment when I say that *Homer*, *Dante*, and *Tupper* will not survive one verse of the many which bathed me in tears. 'Tis this:

"'Headlong out of heavenly blisses
Hurled to fathomless abysses,
Dream I still of feeling kisses
Kissing me forever more;
Like the moonbeam's sparry shiver,
Quenched upon a midnight river,
Slides away the airy giver,
And in the darkness horrid
I dash my burning forehead
On the adamantine floor.'

"But I trespass on your time. I will only say a word more. You end that poem with this aspiration: 'Oh for one fountain-heart, whereof my own might drink!' I believe it is *my* mission to be *that* heart—to comfort your wretchedness—to bind up your wounded spirit.

"*All* I wish is, to gaze into your *deep blue eyes*—to walk the same *violet-scented* turf—to breathe the same air with you. I will, therefore, be with you in that 'pastoral solitude beyond the rules of earth' (described so affectingly on your 17th page) on Monday next, by the 5 o'clock, P.M., express from New York (having to wait till then for my new mantilla from Bulpin's). With eternal ardor, your respondent dual soul,

"LILLIE TAYLOR."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Barcarole, opening those large brown eyes of hers, out of which I had so often drawn my inspiration, until they equaled in size of aperture that other vessel wherein I dipped my quills. "And what do you mean to do about it?"

"Rum-tum-tum-tum-tiddy, rumtumtiddyi-do—"

"What do you mean to do, I say, dear?"

"Rum-tum-tiddy—oh, beg your pardon, love—I mean to—well, that is—really I haven't the least idea."

"Well, I must say, *I* should know what to do under such circumstances if *I* were a man. I'd have a policeman ready at the cars, and have her arrested for bigamy, or whatever it is that they call running away with another lady's husband."

I intimated to Mrs. Barcarole that bigamy might be a somewhat difficult charge to sustain against my correspondent on the existing evidence; moreover, that I was not run away with yet, and, in all human probability, should not be—so long, I added, with a glance of amorous sweetness, as I possessed a niche in the heart of such a charming woman already.

Which mollified Mrs. Barcarole considerably.

"What sort of a creature do you think she is, this scandalous person?" asked my wife.

"I suppose her to be," I answered, "a tall, thin, yet sympathetic young woman, whose tendrils were, some forty years ago, more or less, torn from a robust male support, with a tendency to spectacles, short sleeves, low neck, and singing 'Go, forget me!' to a pleuritic piano. I fancy, also, that she is fond of Poe, Shelley, and—I would not be so vain before any body but you—Barcarole. Add to this description, an appetite for young clergymen who need sisterly sympathy and slippers, and I guess you have her."

"She must be very ugly, too," said my wife.

"Eminently so, of course," I assented.

"And she may stay a fortnight."

"Oh, six months, at the least; there will be no getting rid of her. It always was agony for women to tear themselves away from me."

"Impudence! Something prompt must be done, then."

"I agree with you, my love. I will try to settle on the exact thing, and let you know by dinner-time. Till then I must weed my strawberries. By-by, dear."

II.

I was the poet Barcarole—laying claim, I fancy, to something like a transatlantic reputation, having been reviewed in the *Athenæum* as the author of "Another mass of American stuff." Daily was I solicited for my autograph. I am extravagant enough to believe that I could have made a good thing out of my hair, if I had cut it up, like the submarine cable, into lengths to suit purchasers, and advertised it to my admiring public.

It is pleasant to be famous. I like to have men poke one another in the ribs, when they see me on a railroad car, and say, "There he is—that's *Barcarole!*" I am fond of being called on to write sonnets for great occasions. I love to see pretty girls absorbed in my last edition, at watering-places and on steamboats.

But in some respects I sit on "a painful peak." It is not pleasant to think that the world is interested in the set of one's night-cap, or would listen breathlessly to a lecture on your peculiar method of cutting up a water-melon. There is a possibility of conceiving some things which a respectable citizen, however famous, might wish to keep private—to do, with the candle of publicity blown out, and society at large *not* looking through the key-hole. I have never been able to do that class of things in a frame of any calmness. There is a jealousy of observation—a nervous sense of being noteworthy—that makes a great poet go to bed, rise, put on his cravat, as if the parquet of Burton's were just the other side of the wash-stand.

Then—probably because my poems were so wondrously life-like and graphic—it never could

be understood by the general reader how I was not *in earnest* in every thing I wrote. I am not "A Deserted Soul;" yet, if I choose, can not I write "The Battle-cry" of that unfortunate being, without disagreeably identifying myself with him? No, I can't. Can I consistently weave into lyric symphony "The Plea of the Plaster-cast Man?" No; for if I do, the next review notice of my life asserts, upon abundant authority, that I "rose out of the greatest obscurity, having originally been a vendor of gypsum praying Samuels and poll-parrots, whose talents were first discovered under the following circumstances," etc. And there is not a dyspeptic young person who does not cherish me as the representative of sublimely-gifted wretchedness, on account of those love-lorn breathings which I, the happy husband and father, have uttered histrionically in my songs and plays.

Meliboeus Barcarole—immortal bard! I do not know whether to call you an unfortunate dog or not, in this fame which you have won. But certainly, of all inflictions that follow glory, sure never was one severer than the present. A woman for whose craze your genius was responsible coming to stay an indefinite time with you, in an attitude of adoration!

My wife might not have a spare room convenient. Oh, no matter! had I not written,

> 'Tis sweet to sleep beneath the stars,
> With moonbeams for your curtain bars?

The young woman would therefore come prepared to find me eschewing the conventional horse-hair and feathers, and boarding out-doors altogether. We might not have any cake in the house—a mortification which to the mind of Mrs. Barcarole has no parallel among the woes of life. No matter, again.

> The forest berries our food shall be,
> Our dishes the bark of the white birch-tree.

Had I not written it? Evidently there would be no way of discouraging the young woman.

This train of meditations was revolving in my brain as I weeded the strawberries. It got to be near mid-day. I had cleaned two beds, and was half-way through a third, but without settling on any course of prompt action.

I stopped working, and leaned to rest on my hoe-handle, when, whom should I see strolling into the garden but my nephew, Meliboeus Barcarole, Jun., a youth of parts, who was spending a month with me for the benefit of his health. The history of that young man was a sad one. He was the oldest child of rich but honest parents, and had risen from the most extreme opulence to a very honorable position among the intellectual men of society. By indomitable energy he had conquered the disadvantages of wealth, and was a hard-working, studious, and useful fellow. Though the circumstances of his family were such that I have known them compelled to subsist on turtle soup and meringues for nearly a week at a time, and their only way of keeping off the rigors of a severe winter consisted of a few black, poisonous holes in the floor, my nephew had grown into a vigorous, healthy, and handsome lad. A striking instance of what manly resolution may do against all the obstacles of fortune.

But of late a sad affliction had overshadowed him. He was evidently passing through that trying disorder—that teething complaint of the grown-up infant just weaned from tops and paper-kites—the first love. And he had it very hard. To such a degree did it affect his appetite and sleep that his parents thought my country fare would be a good change for him, and so expressed him to me, with orders to amuse him till the season opened at the Springs.

Now, as Meliboeus strolled into the garden, as aforesaid, a thought struck me. Might not the study of this interesting woman run bard-mad prove a diversion to him? Might he not at the same time rid me of my difficulty, and occupy himself healthfully in the analysis of the phenomenon?

Wandering with clasped hands, and a face full of the gentlest Idyllic melancholy, the youth approached me. Until he had stepped right upon my most fruitful clusters he did not see I was there. Then he noticed me, and started back.

"Meliboeus," said I, "you are bored in this rural quiet—confess it, boy!"

"Shall I tell you the truth? I believe I am—immensely."

"So I thought. Well, it's perfectly natural. You meet a very pretty girl at the Philharmonics—she returns your dazzled gaze with a half-venturous glance followed by a blush—your soul bathes in her till the last echo of Tannhauser dies away—you and she depart your several ways—you never see her again—her image remains ineffaceable—you arrive at the conclusion that you are necessary to one another's existence. Now, country air, fresh vegetables, my society, and nowhere to go in the evening, do not seem to be what you want for your complaint. Have I hit it?

"Exactly, my uncle."

"I therefore proceed to prescribe a new remedy. I have discovered the very thing that you want, until every body comes into town again, and you can resume your search for *l'Incognita*. You need a sensation, and I've got it for you."

"Let us hear what it is."

Upon this, I pulled out of my pocket that little packet of incense, the letter of Lillie Taylor, and handed it to my nephew to read. With an amused look of puzzle he finished it, and I continued:

"Of course it isn't possible for *me* to meet those overtures appropriately. I am a married man—settled in life—every thing steady and quiet of that sort. I am romantic, and write about moonlight; but being rheumatic, do not walk in it. In fact, I have given up all kinds of sky-larking.

"But, supposing I had a nephew—a tolerably well-looking young rascal—with a great fund of woman-talk and a boundless talent for every

variety of diablery. Supposing he bore the same name as his uncle, had some approach to the same intellectual forehead, and by circumstances which we will not here dwell upon, had contracted the same look of classic sadness. And, to wind up, supposing he took it into his head to make believe he was his own uncle—to borrow the lyre of that gifted man and play the poet for a few days to a charming female adorer—Heh? what do you think of the hypothesis?"

"By Jehoshaphat! wouldn't that be rich! I declare I've the greatest mind in the world—"

"Say you will!"

"Well, I *will*, then. Here's my hand on it. When is she coming?"

"Didn't you read? Five o'clock train, day after to-morrow. Your aunt and I will go down with you to see her come in. Play your game well, and if we don't have some fun I'm mistaken."

The young man went away with a lighter step, and, putting up my hoe, I returned to let Mrs. B. into the plan. She was enough of a wag to assent to it heartily, and promised to get the best room ready for our romantic visitor.

III.

Meliboeus was certainly a lad of genius. He went to work rehearsing for our little comedy with a zeal and a facility worthy of any old stager on the New York boards. He had never, even in his most unhappy moments, written so much as a sonnet; so, to prepare for being a poet, he "crammed" on the large edition of my works, until he could repeat the finest passages without a single balk. He accustomed himself to part his hair in the middle, adopted rolling collars, and affected being distrait when his tea-cup was passed. Oh! he did it admirably! And by the time that we had to start for the station, on Monday afternoon, I was one universal chuckle at the prospect of his success.

According to my promise, Mrs. Barcarole and I accompanied him to the cars. Leaving the horses around the corner with black Jimmy, we planted ourselves on the platform and waited for the whistle.

We were not allowed the pleasure of long anticipation. Up came the train, stopped, and began to disgorge its motley contents of men, women, babies, bandboxes, and parcels, which were to stop at Middletown Centre. In vain did I search the crowd for my idea of my admirer. There were spectacles there, but they beamed with no look of inquiry for a poet; ancient maiden ladies, with a pensiveness in their tones; but it was entirely laid out upon questions as to the welfare of their trunks—they asked no one the way to Mr. Barcarole's.

I was just turning to my wife and Meliboeus, with the words, "What if it should be a sell!" when a fresh, childish voice asked, close at my back, "Can you tell me how to get to the house of the poet Barcarole?"

"Whist!" said I, in a hurry, "now's your time!" and touched Meliboeus with my elbow.

"I am Mr. Barcarole, Madam," said that young gentleman courageously, turning to the petite vailed figure whence the inquiry proceeded. "May I dare to hope that this is my fair correspondent?"

The young woman lifted her vail with a tiny hand that trembled with surprise; and lo, no Gorgon, no Sphinx was there, but a very, very pretty girl of eighteen or thereabout, blushing and downcast in a state of the most winsome trepidation.

But what is the matter with Meliboeus Jun.? What is there in that little modest sylphide to startle a young man in society, to make him swerve as from the cannon's mouth?

The youth caught my arm convulsively and just whispered brokenly in my ear, "It is *she*—it is *she*—the lady I saw at the Philharmonics!"

For a moment my astonishment was mixed with the fear that this sudden discovery would unnerve the boy from the execution of his plan—that he would let this magnificent chance slip through his fingers. But no! he did better than my utmost hope. Seeming in an instant to recognize the unsurpassed advantage of making love on a poetical basis, he regained all his self-possession and took Lillie Taylor by the hand.

"Let me lead you to my carriage, fair maiden—'tis but the rude wain of a simple bard—yet it is ennobled by waiting for *you*."

The two led the way, Mrs. Barcarole and myself following close behind. And as we walked we looked at one another queerly without speaking. At last I broke the silence.

"She is '*very ugly*,' heh, Mrs. Barcarole?"

"'Tall maiden lady, torn from robust male support,' heh, *Mr.* Barcarole?"

We both of us certainly had to confess our ideals of the young lady somewhat at fault. She was a girl, as I have said, of eighteen, with great dreamy brown eyes that melted in their own softness—a sweet little sympathetic face that daguerreotyped your own thought when you talked earnestly to her—and to such a woman one felt ashamed to talk in any other way. And her airy figure was just such a one as you would not be in the least surprised to come upon in wood-solitudes, lying on the tops of the lilies and violets without bending them, drinking dew and listening to fairy stories from the bees.

Meliboeus handed the young girl into our carryall, jumped in beside her on the front seat, and when his aunt and I had mounted behind actually turned around toward us with the most unblushing coolness, and said, blandly,

"Miss Taylor, permit me to make you acquainted with an uncle and aunt of mine, who had the misfortune to be born deaf and dumb. They were for a long time in the school of Mr. Weld, at Hartford, where they first knew each other. I am happy to say, however, that they have so far overcome that sad calamity that they understand your meaning by watching the motion of your lips. Though they are still unable to—"

The miserable sinner! I knew what he was

going to say. "Speak!" that was the word; and Mrs. Barcarole and I stared at one another frantically, knowing that a fearful embargo was hanging over our tongues for Heaven knew how long. Thought of agony! I grasped the young villain by the arm, signed to him to wait, and wrote on the back of a letter with my pencil,

"For Heaven's sake say we talk incoherently, at least!"

That wretch looked at us with a sweet smile, and scribbled under my sentence,

"Suppose she'd been old and ugly—who'd have had to stand it *then?* I *guess* you can put up with paying for *that* risk?"

Mrs. Barcarole and I sat, in all senses, literally dumb. Meliboeus whipped up the horses, finished his sentence with, "Utterly unable to articulate," and the young girl shook hands with us over the back of the seat, her face full of childish pity.

"Poor, poor people!" she said, sadly, to the wicked humbug. "Yet they look so kind, so intelligent indeed. The lady is quite good-looking, and the gentleman has a very healthy, animated countenance, though I should never have taken him for a poet's relative."

"Why, sweet little maiden?"

Lillie blushed, but answered, "I oughtn't to say it when the poor man is your uncle; but his look seems unappreciative—matter-of-fact. Did he ever read any of your beautiful poetry?"

"I'll ask him. Uncle, did you ever read any of *my* beautiful poetry?"

I was enraged enough at the young man already, and this last was said with such a provoking ostentation of distinctness to conform to the assumed necessities of my case, that I became conscious of being very red in the face, and made an insulting gesture of abhorrence, pointing to the mud under the carriage-wheels.

"He says, Miss Taylor, that he never did, and thinks it vile stuff."

"Oh, the monster! I'm sure it's very kind of you to let him stay with you."

"He feels it to be so; don't you, uncle?"

The conversation happily now took a turn.

"Do you know, Mr. Barcarole," said the young girl to my nephew, "that in some respects you are—I hardly know what to call it—perhaps 'surprise' is the word—somewhat of a surprise to me?"

"A disagreeable one, is it?"

"No—oh no! not that. But as I was riding in the cars to-day I began thinking what a strange thing I was doing. You must never tell; but my guardian thinks I have gone into the country to spend the summer with an old aunt. I don't like guardians; but then, you know, one has to have such a thing—a young lady, especially, just out of Madame Gaie-Cherie's, and all finished up, with what they call large expectations, I believe, and no near relations in this country. Well, as I said, I was thinking, and I began to wonder what every body would say if they knew I had run away. Then, said I, supposing the poet Barcarole should be like other people after all—even such a person as that poor fellow on the back seat, for instance—and should have some terrible wife who would think me impudent, and all that sort of thing, for coming to see how a poet looked, without being invited. And supposing he should be very stern and cold, and she should be unkind, and not even ask me to take off my things and sit down, and all of them should say I was crazy, perhaps. I hadn't looked at the matter in this light at all before, and when I did I was one tremble all over. I came near not asking where you lived at all, but half made up my mind to stay at the station till the next train down, and go right back. And now it is so delightful to find you are not angry with me, but, in every thing, just like your poetry—just as I thought you would be, except—"

"Except what, Miss Taylor?"

The little creature looked down, with half-shut eyes, and grew all damask-rosy as she whispered—

"Younger and better looking. You aren't at all like your portrait."

Pleasant for the deaf-and-dumb man on the back seat! Oh! decidedly. Mrs. Barcarole and I looked at one another with indignation that could hardly be kept speechless. The picture referred to was taken some twenty years ago, just after I was married. Exactly as I looked when the beloved woman struck her colors to my fascination. Peale did it, and considered it a privilege. It had been the work of months. There were six fresh blush roses in my button-hole at each sitting. And every curl was conscientiously educated into symmetry with the best adipose secretion of Canada bears. Yet Meliboeus Barcarole—having lived to an age when there was no opportunity of going back and getting it done better—hears a graceless scamp, who plasters his short hair on his temples, and wears whiskers, shaped like a breakfast-roll, inclined toward his shoulders, called "younger, better looking" than that exquisite *chef-d'œuvre.*

Oh, times and manners, you are going to the devil!

Necessarily both Mrs. Barcarole and I were in the sweetest of humors when our carryall reached the piazza of Eclogue Cottage. To the manifest wonder of my little rhyme-struck devotee, or more properly, now, my nephew's, she found that rural solitude not altogether one of nature's wilds, but a country residence, with its parallel in common life—gravel walks, box around the front flower beds, a shorn lawn, and glimpses in the rear of something very like the vegetable garden and picket fence of an unnatural state of society. She was dispatched, immediately on arriving, into a very civilized and pretty little bedroom, and, while she attended to the details of her after-travel toilet, Mrs. Barcarole and myself embraced the opportunity, in the other end of the house, to unburden ourselves of our opinion of Mr. M. Barcarole, Jun.,

in a very un-deaf-and-dumb manner, and to that young gentleman personally.

"Well, Sir! I suppose you consider what you've been doing a very delicate and graceful joke?"

"I confess it wears a little of that aspect, my dear aunt."

"To set your uncle and me in such a ridiculous light before a total stranger!—a young woman in New York society too, who probably knows the Summergoods, and the Fallstocks, and all the first families of our circle (I've often heard them speak of a very rich Miss Taylor), and who will go back and let it all out, and then we'll be in a pretty fix, won't we? I sha'n't dare to lift up my head next winter!"

"My precious aunt, I intend this whole affair to be an entire secret between me and—my wife."

"What are you talking about?"

"Simply that the young lady who is now arranging the hair of Miss Lillie Taylor will return to New York Mrs. Meliboeus Barcarole, Jun. I know that it seems hard to deprive you of the noble gift of speech. I myself shall suffer more severely than you can imagine by the deprivation of your kindly tones and my uncle's inspired utterances; but recollect what you gain to balance the loss. You may both be present at the best scenes of all our piquant courtship—you can assist me, oh, indescribably, if you will! and then think, my beloved lyric kinsman, what an opportunity *you* will have for the gradual development of a drama, upon the basis of this joke, which will eclipse all your past fame on both continents. Just fancy it! Already, how the titles for the surpassing work crowd on me! 'The Delicious Deception, a Dithyrambic of the Deaf-and-Dumb!' Or, 'Love Lassoed by a Lute-String!!' Or, 'Pseudo-Meliboeus, and his Marriage with a Muse-Mad Maiden!!!'"

"Meliboeus, you hair-brained rogue!—"

"Put it in any shape you please. Drama—five acts. Romance—ten cantos—Maud style—I., II., III., IV., big Roman numerals. Oh, delicious! And *won't* it take? Dear me!"

"Wife, I don't know but the young scamp's right! Shall we forgive him?"

"Oh, it's all very well for you, Mr. Barcarole, you get paid for keeping your mouth shut *now*, by being able to sing poems with it by-and-by; but I'm only a poor little woman, and no poet—my mouth goes unrewarded—unused utterly—"

Both the Meliboei jumped up at once and falsified the statement by occupying opposite sides of that pretty little wronged aperture with a sonorous, long kiss.

"Forgive me, deary, deary aunt! Be good and help me! Oh, *do* help me! I have been joking; but I tell you seriously now, that all my happiness for the rest of my days depends on this thing's turning out well—and I know you will be as good to me as you always have been—*do*, dear Aunt Barcarole!"

So it ended with our both being merciful to the rogue.

IV.

Things went on delightfully. Mrs. Barcarole and I lived, day after day, in a delicious atmosphere of courtship, all fragrant and full of sunny sparkles as the one wherein we first kissed and cooed twenty years ago. Seeing those young people together, hearing their long, sweet, silly talks, watching their innocent dalliance, knowing that every hour they grew deeper, and still deeper enamored—all this lifted us quite out again from the sober, settled marriage twilight into which we, like even the warmest of lovers, had passed with the course of years.

And Lillie Taylor was so beautiful, so original, so good—an emigrant from Arcadia, just "come over"—a citizen of the unfallen virgin world. In her life there was none of that stiltedness which had appeared in her letter, or, if there was the same pure enthusiasm and rhapsody, now that we knew her it did not seem stilted. She was a most impassioned creature—but her fire burned without smoke or soot—there was no taint of bad self-consciousness in her emotion. She never was ashamed of herself, as most impulsive people happen to be fifty times a day—there was nothing to be ashamed of. Yet I blessed Heaven, over and over again, that it had cast her, fresh-risen, like the yet pure Venus, above the waters of this world, upon our poetic shores. There were few places where she could possibly have been understood but Eclogue Cottage—elsewhere she would have been the horror of appropriate beings, or, if tolerated at all, only under the shadow of that insulting protection known as "making allowances" for one. As for us, though we had been startled at first by the pureness of a pearl which was so unusual as to challenge suspicion lest it were mock, we soon came to make the only allowance that was made for our own worldliness—not her unworldliness.

I do not suppose that she ever once gave a name to the feeling she was cherishing for Meliboeus. She was perfectly satisfied; she drank in happiness to the full, and that was all she knew, as she walked lingeringly through the woody lanes with that naughty make-believe poet's arm folding her waist, her hand on his shoulder, and their tongues alternately, or in duet, running on to the music of his borrowed verses, quoted at all times and in all places with an admiration on her part great enough to have flattered the rogue into an inspiration of his own.

Meanwhile the deaf-and-dumb man and his wife sat by, looking on, seeing and hearing many sweet, and a number of funny things, with an exhilaration that almost boiled over.

As yet the pastoral affection of the pair had not reached that tender spot on the stair-case of love, the landing-place of the first kiss. Mrs. Barcarole and I were favored enough to be close by when they did come to it. And the manner thereof was droll exceedingly.

The whole of one dreamy, lotus-eating afternoon, the two had been sitting together on the

turf between the great roots of my favorite lawn elm, talking poetry and romance as usual, while my wife and I amused ourselves with the pretended occupations of knitting and reading, upon a rustic seat within easy ear-shot. By-and-by we heard Lillie say,

"Mr. Barcarole, there is one favor I want you to do me, that I have never asked yet. Make me an impromptu."

My eye caught Meliboeus's just then, and a more comical look of agony I never saw in the world. The struggle going on between Humbug, whose existence depended on asserting its indefinite capacity for all things poetic, and Truth, groaning to say "Never did such a thing in my life!" showed on his face like a very bad fit of toothache. I gave a maliciously good-humored chuckle in spite of myself, and pretended it was something very rich in the volume of Bibb's Discourses I was reading that did it. Meliboeus threw a pleading glance at me, and answered with a desperate sprightliness,

"Oh! do you like impromptus? Now really, for my part, I think they are the very shallowest pools in the stream of song. I don't recollect when I have made one."

"But just try it, please, for once. I know you can improvise. I saw a notice of you in the *Lady's Magazine* as long ago as I can remember, that said you were only equaled in that way, though not surpassed, by the Italian improvisatori. Come, that's a dear man. I shall keep it forever to remember you by."

And the little creature took out a note-book of visiting-card dimensions, and a pencil like a button-needle, to be ready.

For a moment Meliboeus caught his breath, and then, with the sudden determination of getting as much as possible for the terrific risk to his laurels, he said,

"Yes, I do it on one condition. You grant me a favor in return, and pay it beforehand Sooner or later I must have taken it without asking, for I'm wanting it more and more every minute. Give me one of your very sweetest kisses, Lillie Taylor!"

The young girl hesitated for a moment and blushed, glanced askance at Mrs. Barcarole and me, saw us very busy, and remembered we were deaf and dumb, then made up one of the most witching little mouths, and looked "Well, if you must" at Meliboeus.

The young man did not expect this promptness, evidently. He had flirted in town, among the window-curtains at parties, out of town, on watering-place piazzas, but I doubt exceedingly if he ever asked for a kiss in so matter-of-fact and direct a style before, and had it granted so pure-heartedly and quickly.

But he adapted himself to this new phase of woman's character very creditably. And when his lips settled, with all the chivalric gentleness of a humming-bird dipping into a fuschia, upon those of Lillie Taylor, I wondered, peeping over my spectacles, whether he was thinking of the impromptu. He assured me afterward that that consideration for the moment was entirely banished from his mind. If so, and it be true that the verse he made was as entirely without immediate forethought as mine would have been likely to be at that age, just after the absorption of my first kiss from the girl I loved, then I must say I consider the effort a clear case of Cupid's own inspiration, for I never imagined before that that boy could realize the coincidence in termination of "frog" and "log."

"And now for the impromptu," said Lillie Taylor. "It ought to be a very good one, naughty poet, for you have broken the bouquet in my belt all to pieces."

With a desperate enthusiasm Meliboeus began:

"Sweet girl, those damaged roses speak
More—hold on a minute—oh, yes—than my lips could in a week;
My heart just touched them, they were — were — well, say—shattered;
It must be contagious—to be—battered."

Lillie Taylor clapped her hands.

"Is that the way they improvise?" said she. "It's very funny. I like it, though. Is that one of your best?"

"Better than any thing I ever said. Better than any thing in my published poems." And Meliboeus looked over at me with a triumphant relief which silenced sarcasm. I did not chuckle; but Mrs. Barcarole did, very quietly, in a gentle, approving way, as women do when they see a thing of that sort going all right. Lillie Taylor put down the impromptu on her note-book. So did Meliboeus on his. And he has written for the journals ever since—a striking instance of the revelation of slumbering powers which may be effected by a pretty woman, who moreover is good and loving.

It was proposed that same afternoon, when the sun had reached a comfortable nearness to his bedtime, that we should ride to the village of Middletown Centre behind the bays. That idea seemed acceptable, and after a very pleasant hour, we all stood on the platform of the station enjoying, what to us simple country folk was a pleasant exhilaration, seeing the evening train come in. Among the passengers there stepped from the cars a small boy, with a bundle of placards under his arm, and a very mussy paste-pot hanging from his hand. Lillie and Meliboeus were now separated by the crowd from my wife and me, and did not notice him. We did, and saw him plaster up in a very conspicuous position on the outer wall of the station-house one of the bills from his package.

"Perhaps it is a circus coming," said Mrs. Barcarole. "The children will like to see the monkeys. They come back from school next week, you know."

No. It was no circus—monkeys were not even indirectly mentioned—and with faces of mingled perplexity and horror we read and saw it was—something else.

I left my wife standing by the bill for a moment, and sought out my nephew. Signing

my excuse to Lillie, I drew him aside, and whispered to him to go to his aunt; then took the young lady under my protection, while he hurried off to the spot.

When he reached there he read as follows, with what emotions I leave to be imagined:

"$500 REWARD!

"The above sum will be paid to any one who will give information leading to the discovery of Miss Lillie Taylor, a young lady who left the house of her guardian, the subscriber, on the 8th ult., and has not since been seen or heard from."

Here followed her description. Then the placard continued:

"At the time of her departure her intention was the paying a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Sears of Chelmsford; but as that lady has not the slightest knowledge of her whereabouts, it is feared she has been forcibly abducted, or that other foul play has been instrumental in her disappearance. Persons able to give the slightest clew to her present situation will receive the reward above stated, and the sincere thanks of her very anxious relatives. COTTIN BAYLES,

"No. — Broad St."

"Now what have you got to say?" asked Mrs. Barcarole.

The only opinion Meliboeus vouchsafed was, that it was a very pretty kettle of fish. To which his aunt acceded cordially.

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"Discover her whereabouts to her guardian, and claim the $500. That amount I shall invest, one half in a saddle horse for my uncle, the other in furs for you, to pay you for being such good dummies."

"So you will back out after all?"

"Wait till to-morrow morning, and see if I do."

The whistle was just blowing for the departure of the train when Meliboeus tapped the placard boy on the shoulder.

"You needn't go any farther up the road. Take the next train back to town, and tell Mr. Bayles to meet me—no matter what my name is—at this station to-morrow at twelve o'clock. I will give him the information he wants."

The boy stared for a minute, not knowing whether he was being victimized. But Meliboeus quietly drew the placards from under his arm, thus leaving him no option, paid him for them at the rate of a cent a piece, and said, "Mind me," in a voice which reassured him. He then scratched down the still wet bill from the wall, and returned with his aunt to me.

That night we were all sitting after tea in the library by one of the windows which opened upon the veranda. Meliboeus and Lillie had taken their places upon the sill—it was their favorite seat, for it had no back, and that gave the young man a pretext for supporting the waist of the little girl with his arm. She was now leaning with her elbow on his knee, and looking up rapturously into his face as he recited one of my poems:

"To be great, yet not for glory—
To be famed, yet not for pride—
Sung in songs, rehearsed in story,
Lifted up, yea, deified—
Only to feel that you
Were given your queenly due
In being honored by my side."

Finishing the poem, his voice grew yet more earnest.

"Lillie Taylor, when you came to Eclogue Cottage, or rather when you started for it, what was your feeling for that person known as Meliboeus Barcarole—the exact nature and extent of it, I mean, if you can define it?"

She thought for a few seconds, and then answered considerately:

"It was intense admiration—reverence for your great mind."

"You are sure you would have come just as soon if you had known me to be the father of a family—an old man already married?"

I could see that Lillie Taylor caught the hint contained in these words, for even in the moonlight her face suddenly flushed scarlet, and with a manner of wounded pride, or as if she would withdraw misplaced confidence, she removed her elbow from the young man's knee and said, spiritedly,

"I came to enjoy seeing and hearing the *poet*—I do not have to leave New York to *find* a *man*."

"Do not be offended. I meant nothing unpleasant. You will understand why I ask the question in a moment. You have been here now a month. When your letter came I expected to receive you as a devotee. Lillie Taylor!—every day you have been here has made me yours—you have grown dearer to me than all the fame I could win if I were a Homer! And tell me—sincerely, from your deep, true woman's heart—has any such change happened in your feeling for me? Do you *love* me, dearest?"

Probably she awoke to know it for the first time. For she became pale again as the moon that was silvering them both, and trembled from head to foot as she faltered out,

"It has all been like some long, beautiful dream—yet I know now that I do—yes, I do love you with all my heart."

I checked myself just in time not to say "Hurrah." But they would not have heard me, or any thing but their own hearts, which were now throbbing close together in the strange gladness of their first love embrace. Meliboeus spoke first.

"And you are sure, dearest love, perfectly sure that it is not admiration for my talents in the least degree that makes you love me?"

"If you had never written a line—if you hated poetry—if you were as unknown and untalented as your poor uncle—I would love you just as much."

"Then I will dare to make a confession to you. Forgive me, if you can; but what you just supposed, for the mere question's sake, is true—a fact. I am *not* the Meliboeus Barcarole who is a poet—I am not famous—I am nothing but a man who loves you with his whole soul! Lillie, can you love me yet?"

"Why, what in the world do you mean?"

"This, sweet one—that I have worn a mask ever since you have been here—I have made believe that I was the poet, only because I feared that without that you would never, never think of me, care for me, love me. For, absorbed in the famous uncle, how could you ever have looked even at the unheard-of nephew? Oh! it was very wrong to be such a cheat; but think what a temptation beset me when I knew that I might thus be deciding a whole life's happiness."

"You amaze me! Who is the poet? Is there one at all?"

"It is my uncle, Barcarole, who sits right behind us on the divan. Bless his dear soul for giving you to me!"

"And is he really deaf and dumb?"

"Not a bit of it, nor my aunt either. Can you—can you forgive me?"

"Oh, you shameful, wicked sham! You bad man! You imitation pearl—you paste diamond! I am so angry with you I hardly know how to speak!"

"Well, Lillie! It is all as I feared—I have sinned too much to be forgiven. I am not worthy of you—the rest of my life must be spent in repentance for the folly that has lost you. I will go to-morrow."

He rose to leave her, with a face that was full of intense pain; but just then the conflicting feelings in Lillie Taylor's bosom grew too much to keep in, and woman's ready relief came, as she threw herself upon the breast of the penitent young humbug, sobbing, and saying in a choked voice, "Oh, don't—don't—I *do* love you—I *do!*"

Mrs. Barcarole and I had borne it as long as possible. We threw ourselves into the affecting scene, and mixed up our arms and lips inextricably with those of the two lovers, kissing and hugging, crying and laughing, hurrahing and soothing. And when we had all exhausted ourselves we sat down.

"It has all ended so happily now," said I, feeling called on to address the meeting, "that I am hardly sorry that we were all such rascals. Lillie Taylor, forgive me as well as Melly. Wife, I am a humbug, thou art a humbug, he is a humbug—we, ye, they are humbugs; but, future, indicative, and negative, we will never do it again. I am the poet you admired, Lillie. If you've

> "'The slightest particle
> Of that pleasant article—'

left for me, do me the favor to let me ring for the waiter, send after our minister and give you to the man that loves you. And thank your aunt, Meliboeus, for having fallen in love with me and carried me off twenty years syne—or, you may be sure, you'd never have been my proxy in the entertainment of this visitor!"

And the two were married that very night.

As I came up into our cozy little bedroom I saw the last review, with a flattering notice of me on the table, and then I looked at my good, smiling, happy wife. As a symbolic act, I threw the magazine on the floor, kicked it across the room, and kissed Mrs. Barcarole with a fervent enthusiasm, crying,

"Oh, ye gods! how much better to be loved than to be admired!"

V.

The next morning broke on us as clear and smiling as it ought, to honor worthily those dear young people's first married day. And all our faces were as clear—the masks gone forever—the tongues untied—and the naughtiness of the past weeks forgiven by Lillie, and forgotten in the dove-like, before-breakfast kisses which she gave us all.

"And now, my dear wife," said Meliboeus, in the serene and lovely dignity of being married, which fitted him *so* much better than laurels—"how would you like to go with me this morning and give somebody a delightful surprise? Your guardian, as I learned indirectly yesterday, is a little worried at your absence, and to put his mind at ease I have invited him to come up in the twelve o'clock train and hear all about you. Will you go down with me to meet him?"

Lillie looked a little confused. Then said she, "Dear deaf-and-dumb-ies, will you promise to be really dumb if I'll tell you something? You too, Melly—I never said a word about it before, for I wouldn't have it get out for the world—but now, as it's all in the family, I'll speak it. Just the day before I ran away, I got a little note from my guardian, Mr. Bayles, and it actually asked me to be his wife, just like any matter of business, and ended with promising to build a green-house if I would. I haven't any doubt it was written in the very same style that his letters about coffee, and tea, and molasses are, down in Broad Street. I never answered it—it frightened me out of my wits—and then I came up here. Oh my! won't he be angry when he sees me! But then, the idea of my being step-mother to young Cottin Bayles, who's older than I am, and does nothing but dress and cultivate horrid habits. Nobody'd like to be it, I'm sure. It's too ridiculous. But never mind—I'll go with you—only don't let him make you angry or say any thing rude, dear."

We had been so long practicing ruses that we couldn't quite yet consent to abjure them utterly, and so contrived one which was carried out as follows:

Lillie, Meliboeus, Mrs. B., and myself, made up our usual *partie carrée* and drove down to the station. When we heard the train coming the two ladies and I hid in the baggage room, leaving the door just enough ajar to let us watch the operations of my nephew.

Among the very first passengers that leaped to the ground, was the Dr. Bartolo of our dear little Rosina. Meliboeus knew him instantly—who does not know Cottin Bayles, Senior, that has ever been in New York, operated on 'Change, and attended Leviathan Anniversary Meetings of Brobdignagian Societies? And, in spite of his intense anxiety, he seemed to stand exist-

ence remarkably well, and to be as beaming with intense well-to-doishness as ever. Before he could look around or make inquiries of any body Meliboeus had taken him pathetically by the immaculate olive right glove, and observed to him, in a tone of profound sympathy,

"I am the person, Mr. Bayles, who sent to confer with you upon the painful subject of the unfortunate young lady."

"My dear Sir, you will oblige me by instantly relieving the deep solicitude under which I labor. For days past I have neglected all the fluctuations of the market—sugars have risen and fallen—I pay no attention to them whatever—to speak vulgarly, my business is by the ears—I am preoccupied, abstracted. I hope she isn't dead!"

"No—she still lives."

"And can you tell me where I may find her? It is of the utmost importance to her prospects that she returns with me. In strict confidence, I will tell you that one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in New York has made overtures for her hand. I feel as if I should like to aid him. Let us come to business—what do you know of her?"

"Yes—just as you say—*business*—and that includes the $500 reward. You may notice, in looking at me, that *I* do not suffer from the want of it; but I wish to aid a literary man not over-rich, who has been prominent in acts of the greatest kindness to your ward. Give me your check, then, and I produce her."

I rushed out of my concealment.

"No no, Meliboeus, that is carrying the joke a little too far. I am authorized by that literary man to say he will receive no money—being satisfied with the consciousness of a noble action."

Mr. Bayles stared at us both—not knowing in the least what to make of it.

"Perhaps you are right, uncle—more especially as Mr. Bayles might think his money thrown away, when he discovered how little we are able to assist his prominent wealthy friend. Aunt, Lillie darling! will you favor us with your presence?"

The two ladies emerged from their hiding-place, and with mingled condescension, and a proper guardianly displeasure at the conduct of his ward, Mr. Bayles took Lillie by the hand, saying,

"In spite of the past, I am glad to see you again, Miss Taylor."

"Thank you, Mr. Bayles, you are very kind."

"Oh dear me!" cried Meliboeus. "You needn't be so fearfully reserved, Mr. Bayles. I shall always consider you as a venerable friend of the family. You may kiss *my wife*."

"Sir, this is no joking matter!"

"I never was more cheerfully serious in my life."

"Are you *his* wife, Mistress Lillie?"

"I am so happy as to be that person."

"Then I consider you all a precious set of scamps, and bid you a correspondingly respectful good-morning. You may suffer for this yet, Sir!"

But he never has. On the contrary, he is rejoicing to this day in the results of that month at Eclogue Cottage, when his uncle's verses were the prelude to that sweet music which thus far fills his heart and Lillie's in their happy married life—when the gift of a wife, better than all laurels, crowned the loan of a Lyre!

ENJOYABLENESS.

THE other day I chanced to get, from my little boy, a lesson in the minor ethics of life that I shall be slow to forget. It came upon me unexpectedly; but all the better for that, I verily believe, as I often notice that my best blessings reach me from unlooked-for quarters. Trouble and sorrow, so far as we can prepare for them, ought not to come unawares. With happiness, and especially with instruction, it is different. The back-door is their entrance. But to the lesson.

In my eagerness to contribute to the happiness of the lovely boy I had expended a few dollars in purchases at the toy-shop. When I took them home and presented them to him, he seemed very glad, and forthwith went to amusing himself with them. I thought they were just the things—the very things for him; and as I had exercised some ingenuity in selecting them, I confess to a little vanity in watching the experiment of making him happy. A few days passed off, and I began to find him rather indifferent to what his mother, wiser than myself, called his shop-happiness. And it grew upon the little fellow; and not long after I was somewhat mortified, despite of wife's sager philosophy, to see that he had cast them altogether aside, and was very busy manufacturing his own amusements.

I was rather chagrined, as already stated; not that I was weak enough to suppose that nature in the boy ought to yield her ancient ways of thinking and acting to my quarter of a century wisdom, but slightly touched in my vanity that I really knew so little of the genuine instincts of the heart. When I saw the boy turning so independently from his painted toys, and taking to sand-houses built on his feet, to paper-kites with broom-straws, and miniature mills of his own making, I did not think the less of him, but of myself for trying to dictate how he should be happy. And this was the lesson I learned: that Nature is always aiming to awaken within us a free and spontaneous enjoyability, and that if left to ourselves, to natural and healthy instincts, to our own simple tastes and pursuits, we shall have much more pleasure than when we torture her to adopt our poor methods of being happy. The boy could do without artificial excitements. Costliness was not essential to his easy-flowing joy. Hoops, sticks to play horses with, were worth more than shop-happiness. And I am sure this is Nature's way with all of us, until we quite overmaster

her kind authority. I was late in finding it out; but, thanks to the boy, I did learn that Nature is very bountiful if we do not scorn and crush her, and that she has a most heavenly way of giving us pleasure ere we know what she is intent on doing.

I prize the lesson—I prize it highly. And since that day of instruction I have been somewhat of another man, breathing pleasure in the air, inhaling it from fields and flowers fresh every morning with the odorous charms of a purified world, drinking it in water, receiving it from sunny faces met on the street, and imbibing it in countless forms from the myriad sources of gratification opened around me. All of us have some such experiences. That is, every body has occasional glimpses of the inherent fullness of life, of the well of happiness within. Few, however, are wise toward themselves. Few learn any thing out of the depths of their own souls. Nature keeps the best school ever taught; but I fear that only a small number ever go to her for truth and knowledge.

Of one thing I am well assured: that human Nature has far more resources of happiness than are generally used. There is more provided for us than we know. It is either a poor Nature or a rich Nature, as we use it. Learn its laws, obey its guidance, penetrate its depths, and it is a far nobler thing than we can exhaust. Ten thousand calls on it for strength, impulse, endurance, blessedness, are all promptly, freely answered, and ten thousand greater responses are still left ready for new summonings. Appeal to its imperial grandeur, and it will not dishonor the demand; but treat it distrustingly, scornfully, and it will refuse you every request. At once it is poverty-blasted. Nor will it stop at your limits, but go lower and lower down, sounding fathoms of degradation. A nature belied is awfully revengeful. The demons feast and fatten at its table, and leave you to starve. But a nature prized according to God's estimate, loved as self but not selfishly, served in the sense for spirit's sake—such a nature makes good the assurances of instinct, and draws the plenitude of the universe into its faculties. Hoping in the right way, men can not hope for too much from themselves. If separated from God's truth and love, they are separated from every thing great and good. Men imagine that they can live in the world and dismiss God as an inconvenient, or expletive, or obsolete idea. Such a falsehood instantly converts the world into an alien sphere. Its very gravitation to such a being becomes a lie. Things cease to be realities, and sink into hollow forms without substance. It is a painted universe of shows and phantasmagoria. The song of the bird is not its native-born melody, and the flow of streams, otherwise so musical, has a gurgling, choked sound, as of men struggling in agony.

Therefore, the first attribute of true enjoyability is this recognition of the soul as a divinely-created substance that can not be divorced from goodness and fulfill the laws of its being. This sense of divineness enthroned in the conscience must not be a mere sense of duty. Glorious as that is, it can not answer all the wants of nature. To its authority, supreme among the functions of the mind, we owe all that is solid and substantial in the foundations of character and life. It is the abutment on which we build, or the honor of a "wise master-builder" is not ours. Notwithstanding, there is something more to do. No great character is the simple product of a sense of duty. A conviction of law is essential; but the love that fulfills the law rejoices at last in goodness for its own sake, and carries the Ten Commandments in its spirit and not on tables of stone. It is a free, glad, exultant spirit, enjoying the liberality of the world as a cordial, affectionate companionship, working without the consciousness of work, and serving because of the innate blessedness of service. Its growth is more tree-like than architectural, foliage and flower springing from instinctive vigor, a creature of sunshine and moisture. Abroad it never goes, but holds fast by its roots, and stands in its own predestined spot. That spot is its own place, safe from intrusion. It is no restless seeker, asking for better situations, as if sunshine and dew were more genial on the mountain than in the valley. The truly enjoyable soul is never enslaved to times, seasons, circumstances. Triumphant over these, it lives by the simplicity and openness of receiving just what is given; and abundance is always given to a heart that has no unreasonable desires, and is content to exist on unmerited bounty. You can not impoverish its substance. Fictions and fortunes pass away, but its genuine self and genuine connections are fixed and imperishable. More is left than is taken. It never has outside losses to repair. For its fullness is of itself as derived from the divine Fount of Life, and the certainties that sustain it, abiding in the order of the universe, come as a portion of day and night, seed-time and harvest.

Enjoyability has a large sense of adaptation. Objects fit into it as if they were made for that purpose; or rather, what is far better, it suits itself to objects. We say far better, for in adapting ourselves to circumstances we exercise our will and discipline our tastes in such a manner as to improve the tone of character; but where we strain and struggle to make circumstances suit us, there is all the difference between working outwardly and inwardly. The former is a spiritual thing; the latter material. The one forms real excellence; the other cultivates the skill and ingenuity of mechanical art. In the one the soul is an artist; in the other an artisan. Our success, too, is so much more marked in adapting ourselves to circumstances than in the opposite method. Circumstances are not for our private gratification. No man ever found them, in any great degree, his willing and devoted friends. They often show a spice of hostility. But in harmonizing ourselves with them, we can effectually carry the day; for

the soul can always manage itself, if it will, and every man can be as contented and as happy as he chooses to be.

I have two friends, A and B, who are, in this particular, very unlike. A is an excellent sort of a man, but with an aristocratic personality about him that would do very well if things in this world had not such provoking ways, and did not delight in crossing us. At one time he taught school with eminent success, but after a while ascertained that it did not agree with his health; so it was abandoned. Then he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but he had to wait too long for practice. Medicine followed, but it did not pay well enough. He then undertook a vineyard, but the vexatious Dutchmen were more than he could stand. The last time I heard from him he was cultivating literature, assuring me that he had now fallen upon a mode of life that suited him exactly. It is so pleasant, says he, writing in one's own room when you feel what he calls the afflatus, escaping the drudgery of hours, putting things in general to rights by the stroke of your pen, and floating down to a great immortality on a thin stream of Harrison's Columbian Black Ink. I had a thought of writing to him that literature was an agreeable relaxation, but a wretched profession, and that a man who used but a thumb and two fingers, and held a seven-inch pen-handle, was fighting the battle of life on short rations and with a very doubtful weapon.

B takes things better. Although a man of taste, select taste, and with exquisite sensibilities, yet he knows that human life has some hard conditions, and that one of them is in the shape of a legislative enactment, made and provided for such cases as his, and significantly entitled "*An Act against Agreeable Circumstances.*" B is a very law-abiding man, and, of course, submits. You always find him cheerful, and often buoyant. If any thing go amiss he quietly repairs the damage. If he meet with a loss in business, you only know it by observing that he works a little harder and with a more sunny face. In company he is the soul of fellowship. Without pet opinions and poodle-dog dogmas, he never gets insulted in argument, nor thinks you have a private grudge against him because you happen to differ from him. He is a kind of host and hostess in every society. People who are with him are always in keeping with the occasion. Indeed, a transcendentalist would say that he is an occasion in himself.

The difference between these two men is simply in the fact that A is bent on making life suit him, while B is satisfied if he can adjust himself to the circumstances around him. A is hard to please, and B is easily gratified. A thinks that the art of life is an external accomplishment, but B believes that it is an inward acquirement. A is the veriest of slaves, although he vaunts himself on his high independence. His stomach depends on his cook; his sleep on the servant who attends to his bed; and even his religion on good preaching. He despises such maxims as "Half a loaf is better than no bread." But B is not made of such stiff and unbending materials. A lithe blade is he, always winning the victory. If life is a battle, says he, you can fight it any where, and with any weapon that comes to hand. And his work corresponds with his creed. Wherever you find him his position seems to have been born with him. The world is a part of himself; and, indeed, I have sometimes thought that outward life and he were in wedlock, so well do they agree. B has been a living Sermon on the Mount to me. And from his serene tempers, cordial acquiescence in all the destinies—the thousand destinies—of every day, and from his heartiness in word and deed, I have often felt that it was quite possible to make the world as a bride, young and lovely, to one's spirit, and to find beauty and joy almost immeasurable in its companionship.

Enjoyability has quick, large sympathies. And I suppose that this is one great secret of its strength and happiness. People differ widely in this matter of sympathy. Here is a man whose sympathies are the offspring of his thoughts only. There is another who has none except what his taste creates. With those who are better constituted sympathy ordains the law to intellect and taste. Heart rules every where, in every thing. Not that blind and reckless impulse sways them, for impulse and heart are not identical. Heart is soul itself—the substance of our being—the proprietor of past, present, and future—the genuine personality with which heaven and earth negotiate in all great transactions. Impulse is but one of its modes of action. Men sometimes need it as an escape-pipe for their steam-works, and on a vast scale; impulse performs the office of a volcano, in affording vent for the dangerous gases that might rend the earth if not allowed to liberate their fury in the open air. Heart is God's power; impulse is man's imitation of heroic vigor. Wherever heart asserts its rule, as it always does in the best-endowed natures, sympathy is broad and energetic, brimful of outgoing activity, sweeping in circles like the eagle's, and, with an eagle's eye, quick to detect its object. Intellectually it is a vast power. Genius may exist without its presence, but it is the Temple without the Shekinah. A man of mere intellect, of massive faculties, of comprehensive scope, of ox-like laboriousness, may build the pyramids of literature, but they are pyramids of the desert. The far-seeing and all-interpreting eye, the mighty imagination, that combines the compass of the telescope and the minute inspectiveness of the microscope; the grandeur of mind that encircles a system of worlds, and the spiritual subtleness that wanders through the labyrinths of an atom, and greets it as a storehouse of wonders; and, above all, the perception introspective, looking far down into the depths of the absolute soul, and listening to its low-murmured prophecies of the ages to come,

as those ages shall be when they wear the resplendent glory of a restored and perfected universe; such genius as this can only spring from the great sympathies of a still greater heart. In His reckoning with manhood, both here and hereafter, God honors with the higher distinctions nothing else. For it is the law of the universe—of all objects in earth and heaven, as well as of God's government—"*Give me thy heart!*" The humblest shrub, the tiny dew-drop, the fragile flower, the majestic trees, the magnificent firmament, speak to us, and each says, "*Give me thy heart!*" But they thus speak as of God, and not for Him, in so far as they are his proclamations of royalty in wisdom, power, and love, and not for themselves.

Our more recent poetry and criticism have acknowledged this power of sympathy as essential to all truthful and profound insight. Love is seen as the highest inspiration of intellect, no less than the sublimest joy of the affections. Cowper and Burns were full of its cordial, exhilarating fire; Charles Lamb and Christopher North, Chalmers and Channing, although widely different in temperament and gifts, have all yielded to its potent sway. Intellect is not a self-developing power, for it leans on the heart, and draws its best life from hope and trust. But sympathy has a greater work than this. As an ennobling influence for everyday life, as a secret but authoritative interpreter of other hearts, as a source of strength and joy, it is as a seraph among the other faculties. For it is the office of this sympathy to give us a sense of property in all things beautiful and pure, to enrich our poverty with the wealth of the universe, and thus to supplement our life with the fullness of being around us. A sympathetic man is a recipient of vast favors, but he finds it "more blessed to give than to receive." Christ's words have an hourly fulfillment within him. The outgoings of his soul expand and exalt him, and whenever a good thought or feeling issues forth from him, how something better hastens to fill the vacancy! It is the old rule —*Give and Get.* How mysterious this outgoing and this incoming! We love childhood, and it brings back our own childhood and adds its beauty to our present being. We enter into our neighbor's gladness, and it suddenly becomes ours. Even inanimate objects contribute to his spirituality. Deeper than his senses penetrates the fragrance of flowers, the grace of forms, the musical movement of planetary orbs. Far off in the East the tall palm lifts for him its broad leaves, and the cedars of Lebanon shade a landscape nearer and closer than the mountains and vales around his dwelling.

These three elements, then, are essential to an enjoyable nature, viz.: the sense of divineness in the soul; personal adaptation to the disciplinary laws of life; and broad, diffusive, earnest sympathies. On these conditions we may enter into the blessedness of being. The three are in firm concord, and hold strongly together. If we will live in the universe on God's prescribed terms it will not be a dull, monotonous, cheerless habitation. It will not be a prison. It will not be a purgatory. But for us every day will be a new birth out of heaven, and every night a fresh firmament not before seen. Trials and sorrows—called such on earth —will come, but known on high by other names, they will, ere long, tell us what they are in the serene light of God's presence. Vailed as these angels now are, and wearing dark robes as they lead us on toward the City of the Great King, we shall soon see them grow luminous in the light of an unshaded glory, and hail them as the messengers of Infinite Love to conduct us into the realms of perfect peace.

LOVE AT A LATTICE.

June 10, 1858.

THERE'S a little maid in blue
(Who she is, is naught to you!)
Sits at a window all day long
Chirping like a gladsome linnet,
And her simple little song
Has a wondrous magic in it.
Her hair is of a golden brown,
And her white neck rises up
From a modest muslin gown,
Like a lily from its cup.
Then her eyes are—what are they?
Black or blue, or brown or gray?
On my soul I can not say—
On my life I never knew;
Sometimes they do seem as blue
As the sunny skies of May,
But skies grow dark—and so do they.
This I know, whate'er their hue—
Gray or black or brown or azure—
That to gaze on them is pleasure;
And to me—across the way—
They make bright the livelong day!

June 13.

'Tis the cruelest little maid,
She that in the window sits!
What d'ye think she does? She knits
From early morn till evening shade.
And what d'ye think she knits? A stocking?
Ah! my friend, 'tis far more shocking.
Perhaps the mystery is a mitten?
Alas! I would it were so written.
A sofa-cover, then? Far worse!
The little traitor knits—a purse!
Yes! a purse of pea-green silk,
Thickly sown with silver beads;
And my heart instinctive reads
That this red-lipped cockatrice,
With those hands as white as milk,
Works some conynge, quaint device;
Probably the odious cipher
Of some lover! Ah! I'd die for
Just one peep to satisfy
My innocent curiosity;
Not that I care one pin. Not I!
But then the cool atrocity
Of knitting a purse that I am sure
Is only a shameless *gage d'amour!*

If there's aught I can't endure
'Tis to see hands white as milk
Knitting purses of pea-green silk!
Still, it is the prettiest sight
To watch those fingers, slender and white,
Twisting out, and twisting in,
Through the meshes of silver and green,
Like white birds that play in the month of May
At hide and seek, through a leafy screen.
Ten white birds so busily making
A nest for Love in a silken lattice.
Ah! what pains are the little ones taking!
Labor like this is not given gratis.
In and out, and over and under,
Here and there with a snowy flutter—
Am I to blame if I often mutter,
"What are the love-bird's initials, I wonder?"

June 14.

Yes! I have bought me an opera-glass;
Now, my little Lachesis, tremble!
Twist your threads as you like, fair lass!
Bit by bit as the beads assemble
I shall read unfelt, unseen,
The secret that glimmers in silver and green.
Nay, even now I fancy I spy
A half-grown letter—I think an I;
But I'm not quite sure, for it may be a Y;
And, on looking longer, perhaps a B,
Or—Pshaw! I'm altogether at sea!

June 16.

What right have I to overlook
This poor, unconscious little girl?
To scan her through tubes of mother of pearl,
And ransack the shade of her modest nook?
Heaven ne'er published so dainty a book
To be pawed and pried in for pastime merely—
I know that I love light reading dearly;
But the novel is easily bought for a dollar,
While the rare edition belongs to the Scholar.
I feel like a thief every time I stand
Behind my curtains, *lorgnette* in hand;
A cowardly thief who sends his eyes
(Or his pupils) out as proxies to steal
A maiden's privacy—splendid prize!
When I think how unmanly all this, I feel
A blush suffuse me from head to heel.
Never again, on my solemn honor,
Shall opera-glass be bent upon her!
At least—Hallo! what's that in her hand?
As I live, a villainous three-cornered note!
Now a round, or a square, or a rhomboid, I'd stand—
But three-cornered *billets* from ages remote
Have been very well known to be dangerous epistles,
And, like conical bullets, most fatal of missiles.
Oh! for one good glance at the writing,
To tell if 'tis male or female inditing!
Confound it! opticians were made to provoke us!
I can't for my life get this glass to a focus.

June 18.

The pea-green purse progresses finely;
Day by day the initials grow.
What they are at last I know—
A flourishing C and a great fat O.
The little maiden smiles benignly
While her fingers to and fro
Weave the emblems of my woe.

June 19.

What kind of fellow is he,
This lucky C O of the purse pea-green?
Tall and black, and martial of mien;
Gigantic shoulders, the ruddiest hue,
And teeth as white as white can be.
This, I'll vouch, is like as one pea
Is to another. I never knew
A tidy maiden, like ours in blue,
Who did not invariably make her nest
On some colossal husband's breast.
Perhaps because maids feel 'tis as well
To marry a conjugal citadel—
A massy rampart of flesh and bone
Between them and attack up-thrown.
I, alas! have the mortification
Of not being a human fortification.
My legs are not towers of strength, I fear;
My chest to a rampart comes no way near.
I can't lift hundreds of weight on my palm,
Nor is my head like a battering-ram.
I am a scholar without much muscle;
The Astor's alcoves are my gymnasium;
There with mighty folios I tussle,
But in Euclid only I know the Trapezium.
What chance have I, I should like to know,
Against our athletic friend, C O?
I've seen in my time a good deal of society,
And studied men in every variety,
And watched the way the women are won;
And found as a general rule (though none
Are without exceptions) that in the fray
Of Head against Shoulders, I grieve to say
Shoulders will always carry the day.
And whether at opera, concert, or ball,
The Scholar invariably goes to the wall.

June 20.

Ah! how beautiful is she to-day
As she sits at her casement over the way!
The trained thorn-apple, with its flowers of flame,
Clusters all over the window-frame,
While she like a picture, sun-lighted, sits—
A picture, however, that sings and knits.
No! what am I saying? She knits no more.
The huge C O stands quite confessed;
The ten white birds have built their nest;
And now, their labor completely o'er,
With rings on their necks, are taking their rest.
Not so the maid. Her bright face shows
No tokens of a calm repose;
Her cheek is flushed, and I think I spy—
Not, I fear, with the naked eye—
The heave of a hot, impatient sigh
Moving the folds of that wicked blue gown,
Sometimes up and sometimes down;

And I see her drum with her little feet,
And follow her glance adown the street,
And watch her playing, with anguish keen,
With that odious purse of silver and green.
'Tis plain as a pike-staff, I say,
C O is coming to see her to-day.
Yes! He returns in triumph at last,
Countless perils and dangers passed,
With a sun-burned face and a wreath of laurel,
And his pockets stuffed with diamonds and coral;
For he most probably is a sailor,
Sent to look after the steamer *Styx*,
Who, boarding all, from smack to whaler,
Nearly got herself into a fix;
Or he may be a soldier, just from Utah,
Where each has six wives and a six-shooter,
And where, though in constant relations with Brigham, he
Has not been yet seduced to polygamy.
Yes, I am sure he's a martial fellow,
With lots of adventures to tell, like Othello,
Who crammed Desdemona with all sorts of fibs
About the numbers he stuck in the ribs.

3 o'clock p.m., same day.

A carriage drives up to the door,
And I see a male figure within,
Muffled and cloaked to the chin.
Alas! welladay! All is o'er!
'Tis C O. There can not be a doubt,
For the maiden her head stretches out
Of the window, and beckons with glee;
And he that sweet signal has caught
(He isn't as big as I thought),
And so rushes up stairs. It *is* he!

I watch her room with eyes of lynx—
I watch the forward little minx
Fluttering ever to and fro,
Like a pet dog that doth know
The step of its master on the stair.
Ah! *her* master is C O!
Now her door opens—there's a glare
Of light—HE enters—there's a flight
Of something blue across the chamber.
I know they're kissing—'tisn't right,
With the window open! She tears away
His cloak, and he stands in the broad, full day,
While she dances round him with joyous rackety—
Oh Heavens! he's dressed in a school-boy's jacket!

(Five minutes allowed for recovery
After this strange discovery.)

Yes, after all, he's her brother!
The purse, after all, was for him!
It seems like a wonderful dream
That follows the struggle and smother
One feels in a nightmare. Hurrah!
I feel like a new-born star,
Or something as lofty and light!
I'll go over and see her to-night—
No, I can't—I don't know her. Oh horror!
There's Jenkins, he knows her, I'm bound;
I'll make him take me around,
And I'll make her acquaintance to-morrow!

My Wedding-day, August 2.

The ten white birds are mine! I've caught them—
To complete subjection brought them.
In my bosom they have their nest,
And I to-day will duly invest
The eldest born with a thin gold ring,
So they will be my slaves forever,
And I their lofty but loving king!
In short, I am to be married to—who?
Why, who but the little maid in blue!

THE WIFE OF OUR NEW MINISTER.

THERE had been a pastoral change in our congregation. The people, after a ten years' trial of good old Mr. Wharton, and his amiable, compliant wife, came to the conclusion that a different kind of preacher, with a different kind of wife, would vastly improve their spiritual condition. There was a lack of strength about Mr. Wharton (so it was alleged), and certain prominent ladies in the church had wished (aloud) so often that Mrs. Wharton were less old-fashioned in her ways, that change, sooner or later, had come to be a settled thing in the minds of a majority. It was simply a question of time; and time settled the question. The change was made. Old Mr. Wharton and his wife retired, and Rev. Mr. Newton and his wife took their places in the pastorate of the congregation—I say "Mr. Newton and his wife," for our people think, or used to think, that, when they "hired a minister," they hired his wife also, and regarded her duties among them in quite as high a light as they did the duties of her husband.

I happened to be away from the village at the time this change was made, and did not return until after Mr. Newton and his wife had been doing duty for something over three months.

"How do you like the new minister?" was among the first of my inquiries.

"He's a charming preacher," was the reply I received on every hand. Yet I saw, by the manner of my friends, that some drawback existed.

"How do you like his wife?"

Ah! The little mystery was explained. Mr. Newton was well enough. But his wife!

"What kind of a woman is she?" I asked.

"Don't know. Can't make her out," was the vague answer received.

"Is she any thing like Mrs. Wharton?"

"Oh dear, no! I only wish she was. Why, she doesn't take a particle of interest in the church. Hasn't been to one of the monthly concerts for prayer; nor to the weekly sewing-circle; nor even to the Sabbath-school. We calculated entirely on her taking the senior girls' class which Mrs. Wharton taught for so many

years; and a committee of ladies waited on her with an invitation to do so: but she actually declined, saying that she had neither *taste* nor *aptitude* for teaching! Now, what do you think of that for a minister's wife! Did you ever hear the beat of it?"

I saw, at a glance, that there was trouble ahead; for Miss Phœbe Lane, who made me this communication, was an active "circulating medium" in the congregation. She knew every body's business, talked to every body, and acted as opinion-maker to a large majority of ladies who had too much to do in their families to have time for independent thinking in church matters.

I must confess that I felt a sort of liking for Mrs. Newton on this representation of Miss Lane. Mrs. Wharton had been such a pliant subject in the hands of my spinster friend, and a few like her, that an involuntary respect was created for a minister's wife, who, in coming among us, could from the beginning show that she had an individuality of her own, and meant to hold on by it.

Two or three days' intercourse with the members of the congregation satisfied me that Mrs. Newton would not do for the Church of St. Charity. When and where this lady was sainted I have never learned. I have my suspicion that Miss Phœbe Lane, who rechristened the parish on the occasion of building our new church, was not particularly well read in the Saintish Calendar. But let that pass. Ours was the Church of St. Charity. Mr. Newton was a delightful man! Such a preacher! So active in all the interests of the society! So pious! So humble-minded! But his wife! No woman could be less suited to her condition. It was even doubted whether she were a professor! Phœbe Lane was positive about it; and averred that she didn't believe there was a spark of piety in her soul. How a man like Mr. Newton could ever have mated himself with such a wife was regarded by Miss Lane as one of the inexplicable mysteries. "A man like Mr. Newton, who might have had his choice among women!"

I went to church with no ordinary feeling of interest on the Sabbath following my return. Whether my leading impulses were of the earth, earthy, or of heaven, heavenly, I will not stop to question. Five minutes before the time for service to begin a lady, just above the medium height, beautifully formed, and with a step of blended grace and dignity, passed along the aisle leading a child by the hand, and took her seat in the minister's pew. Though not in any sense gayly dressed, there was a style and air about her that by no means indicated a pious disregard of worldly things. Taste had evidently presided at her toilet. I noticed a slight flutter running through the congregation, and the turning of many heads toward the minister's pew, which occupied the most prominent place in the church. The lady did not look around her, nor show the slightest sign of interest in the people. How different, in all things, was her appearance and bearing from that of good, kind, compliant Mrs. Wharton, whose pleasant, almost smiling face I had seen for so many years in that pew—a face turning, as by instinct, its mild sunlight ever and anon upon the congregation, while her husband broke for them the Bread of Life!

The contrast was hardly agreeable.

"She'll never do!" whispered a lady-shadow of Miss Lane's, bending to my ear from the pew just behind the one I occupied. "Proud as Lucifer, any one can see! Such airs won't do for St. Charity."

I made no reply. Though annoyed, I was yet sensibly influenced by the remark.

Very still, almost like a statue, sat Mrs. Newton, the minister's wife, and I could see that the child, a little girl six or seven years old, leaned very close to her. How I wished that she would turn toward the congregation! How I longed to see her face! But I was not granted this desire until after the morning's services were closed.

I was particularly pleased with Mr. Newton. His sermon, in contrast with the usual discourses I had listened to from the lips of Mr. Wharton, was a master-piece of eloquence. No one seemed to listen to him with more rapt attention than Mrs. Newton.

At last the services closed, and the time came when my restless curiosity was to be satisfied. The minister's wife turned her face to the congregation, and I had a view of every feature. It was a face, once seen, to be remembered. Classic almost to severity in its outline, the full lips and soft hazel eyes gave to it a gentle expression. You saw at a glance that she was a woman of thought as well as feeling.

A few ladies gathered around her as she stepped from the pew, and I noticed that her countenance lit up very pleasantly as she spoke to them. But there was nothing obsequious; no undue familiarity, no wordy affability. A certain air of dignity and self-respect marked every attitude of her person and every expression of her countenance. All vulgar familiarity toward her was out of the question—I saw that at a glance.

But only a few ladies in the congregation ventured to approach her. In the eyes of many she was proud, and they were not "going to force themselves upon her notice." The prejudice admitted into their minds by others made them shun rather than court her acquaintance. Of the few who did notice her some were attracted by affinity, and some by a desire to gain a little reflected importance. Others thought it but hospitable to show her attentions, as a stranger among them, and acted accordingly; though the force-work was apparent. Desiring to meet her and make her acquaintance, I asked to be introduced, and was presented by a friend. I thought her reception rather cold; and after passing a formal word or two, moved

past her to speak to an old acquaintance whom I had not met for some time.

"How do you like our new minister's wife?" was almost the first question.

"Can't say. Must know something about her first," I answered.

"She'll not do for *us!*" said my friend, warmly. "She's not the woman for St. Charity!"

"What's the defect?" I inquired.

"It's all defect!" was the sweeping reply. "Just look at her! A pretty thing for a minister's wife, indeed! Why, she carries herself with the air of a queen!"

"Mr. Newton," said I, "is a charming speaker. I never heard a more beautiful sermon."

"Oh, Mr. Newton is splendid!" replied my acquaintance, warmly. "But his wife! Oh, dear! it's dreadful! What could have possessed him to marry such a woman! She'll never suit us in the world—never, never! Why, I don't believe she's even a professor. She didn't stay to the communion on last Sunday! Just think of that—and she the minister's wife! It's been the talk of the congregation ever since! We fully expected her to take a class in the Sunday-school — but no! We invited her to be present at our sewing-circle—but no; she couldn't leave her children! A mere excuse, of course! Then we elected her President of our Indian Missionary Society; but she declined the honor, saying that she had neither time nor taste for such public duties; that with her, charity, for the present, must begin at home. Now, isn't that a Christian spirit for you! Our minister's wife to talk of charity beginning at home! Why, she's a heathen!"

My church acquaintance waxed warm.

"Some of our people were eager enough to get rid of dear, good Mrs. Wharton," she added. "She wasn't bright and fashionable enough for them; but I rather think they've got their dose now!"

I met, here and there, a lady of our church, who belonged to the home-duty mind-your-own-business class, who did not join in this hue and cry against Mrs. Newton; who thought that, if she had neither taste nor inclination for Sabbath-school teaching, sewing-circles, or missionary societies, the congregation should not interfere with these peculiarities. She had three little children, to whom she gave all a mother's care; and as the slender income which her husband derived from the parish of St. Charity (four hundred a year and the parsonage) would warrant her to keep only a single domestic, a large part of her time had, necessarily, to be given to household duties. "Nobody can say," remarked one of these ladies, in my hearing, "that she neglects her children, or wastes her husband's income. The little parsonage has never looked so attractive inside or out as now. Mrs. Wharton was not tidy, as we all know, and things around her were generally at sixes and sevens. And as for her children, they were always neglected. Many times have I seen them playing in the dirt while their mother was at the sewing-circle, or somewhere else that she had no business to be."

But the ladies who talked in this way belonged to the "queer" ones of the congregation. They were not of the pious kind. So all they said went for nothing with the many.

Without "variableness or shadow of turning," as St. Paul says, did Mrs. Newton keep on her way. Home was her parish, and she was content to do her duty there. Occasionally she accepted an invitation to take tea and spend an evening abroad; but in most cases declined these pleasant entertainments, and though over three months had passed there had yet been no tea-drinking at the parsonage. Mr. Newton, on the other hand, mingled very freely with his congregation—sat with them at their tables, and joined them in their social gatherings. Of course the absence of Mrs. Newton on these occasions always formed a subject of remark; and it was generally voted that her failure to accompany her husband seriously marred the pleasures of the evening.

"Ah, if his wife were only like him!"

This was invariably the sighing ejaculation of Miss Phœbe Lane, or some one of her party.

At last the matter assumed so serious a shape in the minds of certain leading ladies in the parish that it was determined to wait upon Mrs. Newton and remonstrate with her on the course of conduct she was pursuing—"a course of conduct," urged Miss Lane, "that is working untold injury in our church. Ever since she came here a change for the worse has been going on in the congregation. Members are growing cold or indifferent. Our sewing-circles are losing their interest, the monthly concerts of prayer are badly attended, and the Sabbath-school is dwindling away. The social sphere, always so warm and attractive under the genial influence of good Mrs. Wharton, is fast losing its power—and all from this strange conduct on the part of our minister's wife. She must be talked to on the subject! If she doesn't know her duty, she must be taught it. If she won't hear her husband, she must hear the congregation."

A committee of ladies—Miss Lane at the head of them, and voluntary spokeswoman—finally undertook to set Mrs. Newton right in regard to her duties to the parish of St. Charity, and formally waited upon her for that purpose. Curiosity prompted me to accept an offered membership in that committee. Let me picture the interview with Mrs. Newton.

We found her sitting in her orderly-arranged little parlor, her person as neat as every thing around her, and her three children as sweet and pure as May blossoms. Two were playing on the floor, and the babe slept in the cradle, that was drawn so close to the mother that she could touch the rocker, if needed, with her foot. She was sewing on a shirt for her husband. Four ladies made up the committee—a formidable number. Mr. Newton was away, attending the

funeral of a poor laborer's child—so the coast was clear, and the culprit in our power.

With an easy grace the minister's wife received us, and after we were all seated she stepped to the door and spoke to her girl, who was in the kitchen. A smart, tidy-looking domestic came forward, and Mrs. Newton said to her, with a kindness of manner that I could not help noticing,

"Take Aggy and George into the garden, Jane, and keep them till I call you."

"Yes, ma'am." The girl spoke very cheerfully. The two children sprung up instantly from the floor, and bounding from the room left us alone with Mrs. Newton and her sleeping baby.

A grave silence followed. The committee was embarrassed, but the minister's wife was entirely at her ease.

"We have come," said Miss Lane, after sundry preliminary throat-clearings and bridling motions of the head peculiar to herself, "to have a little conversation with you about our church matters."

"Hadn't you better talk on that subject with my husband?" was answered, with the utmost self-composure. "It is his particular province."

"No, ma'am," said Miss Lane, her voice gaining emphasis; "we have no fault to find with Mr. Newton. He does his part entirely to our satisfaction."

"Oh! I understand." Mrs. Newton spoke as if light were breaking into her mind.

"Yes, ma'am," Miss Lane went on, "it is your duty in the church that we have come to talk about, not your husband's; and I hope you will not take it ill of us if we speak out plainly."

"Not by any means," replied Mrs. Newton. I noticed a slight quiver in her voice, a slight flushing of her cheeks, and a brightening of her soft hazel eyes. But it was plain that she was fully self-possessed, and in no way intimidated by this unexpected citation to answer for delinquencies.

"Not by any means," she repeated. "Speak out plainly, and if in any thing I have been derelict, I will confess my fault, and do all I can to lead a better life."

"Plain speaking is always best," said our mouth-piece, oracularly. "So we will speak plainly. The fact is, Mrs. Newton, you have failed almost entirely to meet the expectations of our people."

"Indeed! I am grieved to learn this." Mrs. Newton spoke seriously, but with no sign of disturbance. "I was not before aware that the people had any special claims upon me."

"No special claims upon you!" Miss Lane uttered the words in undisguised astonishment. "No special claims!" she repeated, "and you the wife of our minister!"

"What do you expect of me?" calmly inquired Mrs. Newton.

"We have already intimated our expectations in various ways. There is the girl's senior class in Sunday-school; that, of course, we expected you to take. And you are wanted on the Visiting Committee and in our Missionary Society. Unless our minister's wife takes the lead in the temporalities of the church nothing will prosper."

"Then," said Mrs. Newton, "it is understood that while my husband's duties relate mainly to the spiritualities of the church mine have special regard to its temporalities."

"Certainly, ma'am! You have expressed the difference of relation exactly," replied Miss Lane, led on by the peculiar way in which Mrs. Newton put the question to admit the existence of a very wide range of duties as required of that lady by the congregation of St. Charity.

"This is all new to me, ladies," said the minister's wife. "I was not aware before that any one in the congregation regarded me as having failed in duty."

"Every one so regards you." Our spokeswoman was a personage who used great plainness of speech.

"This should have been stated in the beginning," said Mrs. Newton. "How was I to know your views in the matter? I saw all of my husband's correspondence, but not a word was said about his wife or the parish requirements in her case. Now it appears that her range of duties is almost as wide as his. I ought to have known this before I came here, ladies; and I really think the complaint of failure in duty is against you instead of me. Let me ask, so as to reach a clear understanding of this matter, what salary you pay your minister's wife?"

"Salary!" gasped Miss Lane, her under jaw falling, and her eyes projecting at least a quarter of an inch beyond their ordinary position. "Salary!" she repeated, in a bewildered, half-confounded way.

"Yes," quietly replied Mrs. Newton. "The salary. You do not, of course, require the services of your minister's wife in the way you propose without compensation."

"Preposterous!" Miss Lane had recovered herself, and gained a little blind indignation with her partial self-possession. "Did any one ever hear of a thing so absurd! In hiring your husband for our minister—"

"You did not hire me!" interrupted Mrs. Newton, with calm dignity. "Bear that in mind, if you please."

"Thank you for the remark, Mrs. Newton," said I, coming almost involuntarily to her aid. "It throws a flood of light upon the whole subject. True as Gospel! We did not hire you, and have no claim upon a single hour of your time. All that the Church of St. Charity has a right to ask of you is, that you do your duty as a wife and mother."

Mrs. Newton turned to me with a grateful look, and grasping my hand, said,

"Thank you!" in return.

A little while she paused; but no one spoke

in the deep silence. I think some wholesome convictions of truth were finding their way even into the mind of Miss Lane, who, somehow, reminded me of a wilted leaf, or a piece of stiffly starched muslin suddenly drenched with water.

"My husband's duties are clear," very evenly spoke Mrs. Newton — very kindly, yet very firmly and very lucidly. "My husband's duties are clear. He has come to you as a spiritual guide and instructor. His office is to point to Heaven and lead the way. It is a high and holy office. I honor him in it, and sustain him to the best of my ability. My duties are also clear. I am simply a wife and mother; and, God being my helper, I will faithfully discharge a wife and mother's sacred obligations. At present these duties take up all my time; and conscience will not permit me to neglect real duties for the performance of imaginary ones. In doing such duties I best serve the Church. This is my religion, and I have learned it from the Bible."

She paused for a few moments. No one replying to her remarks, she went on:

"It has been alleged that I am not pious enough for the people here. Perhaps not. But of one thing you may all be certain: I am no hypocrite. I shall never put on a pious exterior to hide the want of charity in my heart. As I am you will always see me."

Mrs. Newton paused again; but as none of her visitors showed any inclination to speak, she continued:

"My religion is somewhat peculiar, I believe. I do not keep it as a showy Sunday suit, but wear it every day. My essential worship consists in a daily discharge of my duty as a wife and mother; my formal worship, in the pious prostration of body and spirit before my Heavenly Father at set times, either in my closet or in the public assembly. The Sabbath, to me, is the golden clasp that binds together the circle of weekly duties. It is a blessing and a consolation, just in the degree that the worship of my six days has been essential worship."

"And are we to expect nothing of our minister's wife?" said Miss Lane, in a very subdued voice. She was evidently conscious of having made a great mistake in her estimate of Mrs. Newton's character.

"Nothing more than her duty as a woman. If she have qualities that will give her a leading social influence, and have time to spare from home duties—which are always first—she ought to let these qualities become active for good. But no more can, with justice, be required of her than from any other woman in the congregation. Your contract for service is with her husband, and not with her; and you have no more just claim upon her time, nor right to control her freedom, than you have over the wife of your lawyer, doctor, or schoolmaster. It is this mistaken idea of the people in regard to ministers' wives that is producing so much trouble in societies, and making wretched the lives of hundreds of poor women, who hardly dare say that their souls are their own. It is not enough that the minister's wife is expected to keep her house and clothe her children upon the lowest range of income, that will not allow her competent help, but she must spend half of her time in gossiping around among the idle or well-to-do ladies of the congregation—take part in their sewing circles, and attend all their various meetings for good or doubtful purposes. Now all this is wrong; and if you are not satisfied with my husband, because I will not imitate so bad an example, you must give him notice accordingly; or if you think my services absolutely essential to the prosperity of the church, just state the amount of salary you can afford to give, and if, for the sum, I can procure a person in every way as competent as myself to assume the charge of my children and household, I will take into serious consideration your proposition. Beyond this, ladies, I can promise nothing."

"Thank you again, my dear madam," said I, with a warmth that expressed my real feelings, "for giving this matter its right solution! You have spoken out like a true, independent woman, as you are, and I will see that your views are correctly reported. Consider me as your friend."

She turned upon me a grateful look, and, as she did so, I could see that my earnest words had brought a dimming moisture to her eyes.

"I could wish," she answered, in a lower voice, "to number you all as my friends. I have come among you as a stranger, seeking no pre-eminence, but only desiring to do my duty as a woman, side by side with other women. The fact that my husband is your minister gives me of right no position among you, and gives you no right to demand of me any public service. If my husband fails in his duty, admonish him; but, in the name of justice and humanity, do not establish any supervision over me. Let my private life be as sacred from intrusion as that of any other woman. This I have a right to demand, and I will be satisfied with nothing less."

Silenced, if not convinced, was Miss Phœbe Lane, and she retired in due time with her committee of remonstrance and accusation, their colors trailing upon the ground. I lost no time in giving my history of the interview; repeating almost word for word the clear, strong language of Mrs. Newton, that she might have the full benefit of her own statement of the case. And I am happy to say that there was common sense enough and right feeling enough in the parish of St. Charity to do her ample justice. Her husband is still our minister, active, useful, and beloved; but as no salary has yet been set apart for his wife, she has not assumed any duties in the congregation, and from present appearances, I think, has no intention of doing so. But as a wife and mother her life is beautiful; and her example of far more benefit to the people under her husband's care than all her more public acts could be, had she entered upon every duty that was so generously assigned to her.

DINING, CONSIDERED AS A FINE ART.

A CERTAIN philosopher has divided mankind into two great classes: those who cheat, and those who are cheated. Another has partitioned the animated world into those who eat, and those who are eaten. A third—and, to the mind of the present writer, better—classification of mankind, suggests itself, viz., those (who have leisure, money, and taste) who live to eat, and those (who have a good appetite, little money, and no leisure) who eat to live. Now, considering *Dining* strictly as one of the Fine Arts, it appears evident that both these classes are, more or less, artists; for the members of the first make of dining an art, while those of the second—among whom the writer of this is to be counted—have frequently to use every art to get a dinner.

Every Fine Art has its especial literature. If Ruskin has discussed Modern Paintings and Painters, the lamented Soyer—as great an artist in his way, and a more practical man—has done the same office for Modern Dinners and Cooks. If we have histories of painting, sculpture, and poetry, in various times and nations, so we have a "*History* of *Cookery*, from the earliest period to the present time." And if various of our great men have devoted themselves to the consideration of particular epochs of other arts, have we not been favored with an essay, by an eminent Parisian, "On the Gastronomic Effects of the First French Revolution?" Is there not an energetic remonstrance on the British catalogue, entitled "Thoughts on Roast Pig;" and a critical dissertation on "The Comparative Merits of Male and Female Cooks?" not to speak of various other and more extended works, such as the "Physiologie du Goût," by that great art-critic Brillât-Savarin, who may be called the Ruskin of this department of fine art.

Of 565 Chinese books on Behavior, catalogued by an eminent Chinese scholar, 361 refer directly to the ceremonial of the Celestial dinner-table. The Japanese, Hindoos, and Persians are both luminous and voluminous upon the same point; and to turn to what we are pleased to consider more civilized nations, a French writer assures us that France possesses no less than one hundred and fifty-six works upon Manners—all referring more or less circumstantially to prandial ceremonials, while American, English, Italian, Spanish, German, and even Russian and Dutch writers swell the list of devotees to this the most delightful of the fine arts; which, by-the-way, is dignified by the classical title of "Aristology," the derivation of which the reader may hunt up for himself.

Let us then consider, for a little, some of the peculiarities of Aristology, and the Aristologist, or artistic diner out. First, as to the means necessary for the successful prosecution of the art. Mr. Wellesly Pole used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman, in England, under forty thousand pounds a year; and Beau Brummell, when asked by a lady how much she ought to allow her son for *dress*, said that, with *strict economy*, it might be done for eight hundred a year. The art is yet in its infancy in America, and data upon which to form an accurate estimate of the income necessary for an accomplished aristologist are scarce. But we have no doubt that much might be done by a prudent and skillful man with twenty thousand dollars per annum. Of course, the aristologist should, if possible, devote himself entirely to his art. "Generally speaking," says a writer of eminence and authority upon this subject, "a calling of any sort is against a man; for we incline to think that the gentleman *par excellence* [think of this enviable title being monopolized by the Professor of Aristology] should resemble Voltaire's trees, who, when a visitor was complimenting him on their looking so fine, replied, 'They ought, for they have nothing else to do.'"

Good looks are not necessary—happily. Wilkes, a noted and successful diner out, who justly declared that, give him but half an hour's start and he would make a better impression than the handsomest man in the room, was so excessively ugly, that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window while the tickets were drawing, for fear he would bring ill luck upon the house.

"The finest linen, plenty of it, and country washing," were Brummell's directions to a youthful aspirant to aristological honors. This matter, however, according to a French writer, a member of the Academy, may be carried too far; and he adds that "those who delight in cleanliness change their linen *twice* a week, and their pocket-handkerchief still oftener if they are obliged to blow their noses frequently—especially those who take snuff." This seems a very moderate estimate, even for a Frenchman, who must be either a cleaner or a dirtier man than his neighbors, as you may choose to interpret the above directions. It reminds one of a remark of Sir Henry Ellis. Johnson confessed to Mr. Langton that he experienced an unusual feeling of elation when (on the occasion of "Irene" being brought upon the stage) he first put on a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat. Sir Henry Ellis declared that he never saw a Frenchman in a clean shirt who did not exhibit symptoms of a similar feeling of elation at the circumstance. In fact, a Parisian exquisite reverses Brummell's maxim, and holds that you are not well dressed if people do *not* stop to stare at you.

As for gloves, the student of aristology will bear in mind that they are strictly for ornament—not use. Let him never fall into the error of the navy captain at a ball, when his partner, a distinguished lady, suggested the propriety of his putting on his gloves before they led off the dance. "Oh, never mind me, madame," said the gallant hero, "I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing!"

"But," the patient or impatient reader will

ask, "What has all this matter of clean linen, gloves, etc., to do with the art of dining?"

A great deal, most excellent neophyte! as any proficient in the art will tell you. The sculptor has to carve his image out of marble with a dusty chisel; the painter must daub his on coarse canvas with vulgar oil and filthy paints; the poet is obliged to use ink and paper —and his finger-ends but too often bear witness, in close-bit nails and badly-washed ink-stains, to the partly mechanical nature of his high art. It is reserved for the aristologist—the gentleman *par excellence*, to recur to the words of our before-quoted author—to perfect himself in his art without any of these vulgar adjuncts. He alone combines in his own figure artist, model, and product; he alone develops on his own cherished person all those forms of beauty which vaguely flit through his brain; he alone may be truly said to enjoy what himself creates.

Being prepared to honor the duly received invitation, the artistic diner out proceeds on his way. Among the Sybarites, by-the-way, it was customary to invite ladies to dinner a year beforehand, ostensibly to give them time for beautifying themselves. Those old fellows did not realize how evanescent is true beauty—perhaps they had advanced farther than we in "the mysteries of the toilet." Being arrived at his destination, he is announced. And here is a point: let him be careful to give his name distinctly to the attendant servant. Else may he share the fate of one Mr. Delaflete, of London, who, perhaps supposing that name more generally known than was actually the case, neglected the precaution of distinctness in its utterance, and to his disgust heard himself announced to a crowded drawing-room as Mr. *Hellafloat*.

Being entered, he salutes his host and hostess. Except it be, indeed, that his dinner is in China; where strict etiquette demands that the host leave his house when he has a dinner party.

All writers on aristology agree in terming the salute the touchstone by which any given person's breeding may be instantly and unerringly determined; and the aspirant to prandial benefits and distinctions will, therefore, perfect himself in this important part of his profession. There are, of course, various modes of salutation in different countries. Among the Sandwich Island Kanakas they rub noses; in Timor they pull one another's ears; the Franks plucked out a hair and presented it—an evidence that baldness was, to say the least, unusual among them; the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet. The only salutation permitted to the Carthusian monks of Spain was a slight nod and the lively remark, "We must die;" to which the exhilarating reply was, "We know it." In some of the South Sea Islands they spit in their hands and then rub your face for you; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In America, as in England and France, we nod, bow, courtesy, shake hands, and take off our hats. In Germany the men kiss each other. The science consists in knowing on what occasions, and with what persons, these respective modes of salutation are to be used; the art, in attaining perfection in the various genuflexions which, gracefully performed, stamp you an accomplished diner out. Space forbids our going into particulars; but we may mention what an eminent Philadelphian* says of bowing: "If you have remarkably fine teeth, you may smile affectionately upon the bowee, without speaking." Also, he says: "If you meet a rich parvenu whose consequence you wish to reprove, you may salute him in a very patronizing manner, or else, in acknowledging his bow, look somewhat surprised, and say, 'Mister—eh—eh?'" The Philadelphia "Gentleman" informs us farther—and this is a point worth noting—that, "The ordinary custom among well-bred persons is as follows: soup is taken with a spoon. Some foolish fashionables," he adds, "employ a fork! They might as well make use of a broomstick!"—and better, too, we should say.

And oh, neophyte in aristology! you are to eat deliberately. Don't cram, as you would avoid dyspepsia, that greatest bane of the diner out. On which point Sam Slick has a lesson from Abernethy, which is not to be omitted here: "The Honorable Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness after eating; so he goes to Abernethy for advice. 'What's the matter with you?' said the Doctor —jist that way, without even passing the time o' day with him—'What's the matter with you?' said he. 'Why,' says Alden, 'I presume I have the dyspepsy.' 'Ah!' said he, 'I see—a Yankee—swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest.' 'I am an American citizen,' says Alden, with great dignity; 'I am Secretary to our Legation at the Court of St. James's.' 'The devil you are,' said Abernethy; 'then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy.' 'I don't see that are inference,' said Alden; 'it don't follow from what you predicate, at all; it ain't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office.' [The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself; he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.] 'But I tell you it does follow,' said the Doctor; 'for in the company you'll have to keep you'll have to eat like a Christian.'

"It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one moon-distracted mad. 'I'll be d—d,' said he, 'if I ever saw a Yankee that don't bolt his food whole, like a boa constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food that you neither take the

* *The Laws of Etiquette; or, Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society.* By A GENTLEMAN. Philadelphia.

trouble to dissect nor the time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of on your food. It's disgusting; its beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it in with a dung fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh? Infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month."*

With another hint, and this to ladies, we will drop our Philadelphia "Gentleman," who has, after all, no very refined notion of dining out. He says that "Ladies should be neat in their persons, and keep their nails short [!]; and when at dinner they must not laugh or talk too loud, nor daub their fingers with their food. *They may* wipe their lips on the table-cloth, but *not blow their noses with it.*" Evidently, the Philadelphia treatise is intended merely for nursery aristologists.

And now, before entering in earnest upon the DINNER, let us say a good word for the Diner. Not the glutton. Your true diner out may be an epicure, but never a glutton. Cambles, an ancient Greek, ate up his wife; and in the morning, awakening, found her hands in his throat! Let the glutton take warning! A narrow-minded Scotchman confuses the two terms, and says of the epicure: "He is unmade, and eventually dished by made dishes. Champagne is no longer sham when it begins to affect his system; his stomach is so deranged in its punctuation that his colon makes a point of coming to a full stop; keeping it up late ends in his being laid up early; and the *bon-vivant* who has been always hunting pleasure, finds at last that he has been only whipping and spurring that he might the sooner be in at his own death." This plainly describes the glutton; and applied to the aristologist—the "gentleman *par excellence*"—the statement is as libelous as the puns are bad.

Dr. Johnson wisely observed that a man who is careless about his table will generally be found careless in other matters. The greatest men in all countries have always been the most perfect aristologists. Louis XVI. is said to have been neglectful of his table; and this was, probably, one among the many causes of his fall. Cambaceres, Napoleon's grand chamberlain, was famous for his dinners, regarding dining as *the* business of life; and when his master was especially pleased at the result of a diplomatic conference, he was accustomed to take leave of the plenipotentiaries with, "Go and dine with Cambaceres." Napoleon was himself famous for the nicety of his taste, but, from the hurried manner of his life, he acquired a pernicious habit of eating fast; and this, debilitating his stomach, paralyzed him on two of the most critical occasions of his life — the battles of Borodino and Leipsic. When M. de Suffrein was commanding the French in the East Indies, he was one day waited upon by a deputation of natives, who requested an audience just as he was sitting down to dinner. He desired an aid-de-camp to inform them that it was a precept of the Christian religion, from which no earthly consideration would induce him to depart, never to attend to business of any sort at dinner-time. The deputation departed, lost in admiration at the piety of the commandant, and returned at the proper time, so predisposed in his favor that he was enabled to conclude an advantageous treaty with them. One of Bolivar's first cares, on becoming President of freed Peru, was to intrust to M. Armand de Bremont the delicate mission of sending him from Paris the best cook he could find. A friend of Mr. Thackeray relates that he was once dining with him in Paris, when a *matelotte* (a fish ragout) of surpassing excellence was served up. "My dear fellow," exclaimed the delighted author of "The Virginians," "don't let us speak a word till we have finished this dish!"

Dr. Johnson, though unfortunately extremely coarse in his mode of eating, and not at all orthodox in his tastes, fully realized the importance of the subject. "Women," once observed the sage, "can spin very well, but they can not write a good book of cookery. I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on *philosophical principles.*" What a loss to the world that the great lion of literature forbore! According to Mrs. Piozzi, Johnson's "favorite dainties were, a leg of pork, boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pie, with plums and sugar, and the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef." He has been known to call for the butter-boat containing the lobster-sauce during the second course, and pour the whole of its contents over his plum-pudding.

The cardinals have always been noted for their gastronomic skill. Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon the Great, takes especial rank in the annals of aristology; and there is related of him a story which shows how ingenuity and taste, properly combined, can please the guests, and, at the same time, gain credit for the host. He had invited a select party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve them both would have appeared ridiculous; but the Cardinal was most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef.* "Be of good cheer, your Eminence," was the reply; "both shall appear; both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served; one of the turbots relieved the soup. Delight was in every face. The *maître-d'hôtel* advances; two attendants raise the turbot, and carry him off to cut him up. One of them loses his equilibri-

* The Clockmaker. Chapter IX.

um: the attendants and the turbot roll together upon the floor. At this sad sight the assembled cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the conclave. Intense disappointment was expressed on every priestly face. "Bring another turbot," says the *maître-d'hôtel* to the attendant, with the utmost coolness. And now intense delight took the place of disappointment on each cardinal's face; and the host was conscious of another laurel added to his gastronomic crown.

To return from Diners to Dinners. It matters little at what time dinner and diner meet, if only the appetite is prepared and the business of the day over. Henry IV. of France ate his at half past eleven; Charlemagne, earlier yet—at half past ten. At present the greatest aristologists dine at half past seven — shrewdly enjoying as long as possible the pleasures of anticipation. Punctuality, however, whatever the hour, is indispensable. Lord Dudley used to say that the most unpunctual persons he ever knew were two distinguished brothers—the elder of whom is now a peer of England, and, it is to be hoped, more regular in his habits—"for," said his lordship, "if you asked Robert for Wednesday at seven, you were sure to get Charles on Thursday at eight." Lord Dudley himself was regular as clock-work—not only in his hours, but also in his habits. He could not dine comfortably without apple-pie, which, properly made, is a proper and excellent dish. Dining, when Foreign Secretary, at Prince Esterhazy's—a grand dinner—he was terribly put out on finding that his favorite delicacy was wanting, and kept on murmuring, pretty audibly, in his absent way, "God bless my soul, no apple-pie!"

The true aristologist wisely considers Dinner as *the* event of the day, toward the proper enjoyment of which all other things are subsidiary or accessory. He regards his cook with veneration, and does not think extravagant the language M. Henrion de Pensey addressed to Messieurs Laplace, Chaptal, and Berthollet, three of the most distinguished men of science of their day. "I regard the discovery of a new dish," said this worthy and ingenuous gentleman, "as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star; for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honored or adequately represented among us until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute." Genius is to be drawn out only by judicious praise and discriminating criticism. In the days when Paris was most famous for its cooks—days now past—it was the fashion for each guest at a banquet to place a piece of gold in every dish of more than ordinary merit. To facilitate criticism and individualize responsibility, it is even now the custom, at some Russian and German tables—especially at the royal table of Hanover — to print in the *carte*, a copy of which is placed beside the plate of each guest, the name of the cook by whom each dish has been dressed, like the programme of a concert with the names of the performers. In this way only can the highest inspirations of genius be called forth. Is it too much for the enthusiastic aristologist to hope that, at the distinguished tables of even our democratic land, this wise custom may, by-and-by, be introduced? Then may we see reproduced here those now faded glories of the art which once gave renown to the restaurants and private tables of Paris, and inspired master-cooks with that sense of personal ambition and responsibility which made the great Vatel, *maître-d'hôtel* to the Prince de Condé, throw himself upon his sword, because at a royal supper an insignificant dish was wanting at one of the tables—even as a Parisian notary's clerk killed himself, because, having duly calculated and considered the chances, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon.

And that the great cook is really a genius every philosophic mind will readily perceive. Dugald Stewart—admirable philosopher!—was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the other fine arts. He says, in one of his Philosophical Essays, "*Sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be *relatively* pleasing; while both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects which, in the *art of cookery*, correspond to that *composite beauty* which it is the object of the poet and the painter to create!" So Robert, the inventor of the sauce, Rechaud, and Merillion, have been characterized as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery; while Beauvillier was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school—so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carême used to be considered the chief. And although as of the poet it is said, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, so it is true of the cook that he is born, not made: yet both poet and cook must go through a long course of training for the proper development of their genius. Thus Carême tells us of himself that he began his studies by attending a regular course of roasting, under some of the leading roasters of the day (how many blockheads have gone through a course of scholastic roasting, without becoming either poets or cooks!); next placed himself under M. Richaut, the famous "*saucier de la maison de Condé*," to learn the mystery of sauces; then under M. Asne, with a peculiar view to the preparation of cold dishes; and took his finishing degree under Robert l'Aine, a professor of *l'elegance moderne*. How thorough this course! and how did industry and perseverance here come to the aid of genius!

Your true cook, like your poet, is an erratic being. Restless and inconstant, he wanders from place to place and depends upon the lucky moment for the grand inspirations of his life. His comfort is one of the chief cares of an appreciative master. The late Marquis of Hertford had a cook who, in his master's opinion, was inimitable in a *suprème*. Dining one day with

an intimate friend, a distinguished privy councilor of England, who had frequently contested the point, his lordship declared the *suprème*, which he was with difficulty persuaded to taste, detestable.

"Now I have you!" exclaimed the Right Honorable. "That dish was dressed by your own *chef*, who is at this moment in my house."

"Then all I can say," replied the Marquis, "is, that you must have spoiled his palate by drinking beer with him."

Colonel Damer, happening to enter Crockford's one evening to dine early, found Ude—Louis Eustache Ude, one of the great cooks of the day—walking up and down in a towering passion, and naturally inquired what was the matter.

"The matter, Monsieur le Colonel! Did you see that man who has just gone out? Well, he ordered a red mullet for his dinner! I made him a delicious little sauce with my own hands. The price of the mullet, marked on the *carte*, was two shillings; I added sixpence for the sauce. That *imbécille* apparently believes that the red mullets come out of the sea with *my* sauce in their pockets!"

Ude's sauce was no better appreciated than some canvas-back ducks once sent by our historian, Prescott, to an English friend. It is related that they were forwarded accidentally to Melton, and eaten by a select party as common ducks—to their intense disappointment when made aware of the facts. And ducks bring to mind a rule to be observed of birds in general: no bird worth eating should be inundated with gravy. The peculiar flavor is washed away. Sydney Smith, who knew a thing or two in the aristological way, on once hearing a lady at table exclaim, "No gravy, if you please!" turned to her and proposed to swear eternal friendship on the instant, saying that he had been looking all his life for a person who on principle rejected gravy.

But enough of the cook. Let us say that with him, as with the poet, simplicity is the acme of perfection. His labors are not to be valued by their cost, but by their intrinsic excellence. We think with disgust of those barbarous Roman banquets, or medieval feasts, which were certainly more remarkable for profusion and costliness than for taste. The sole merit of a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five hundred nightingales, must have been its dearness. The Prime Minister of England's first James kept no less than five hundred servants in his town-house; and yet his royal master owned but a single pair of silk stockings, which he was sufficiently generous to lend his noble minister upon occasion when that worthy had to grant audience to a French Embassador. The Duke of Medina-Coeli, contemporary with the famous and cruel Duke of Alba, paid no less than twenty thousand pounds per month as servants' hire alone, yet had not in his spacious palace a room fit to dine in. It somewhat diminishes our admiration of Anne Boleyn's fabled beauty to know that that lady breakfasted each morning on boiled pork and beer. If a mode of swallowing most money in a given time be thought a desideratum, surely Cleopatra, with her pearl, will take the prize; although even she was fairly beaten, in originality and neatness of conception, by a frail fair one, the famous Mrs. Sawbridge, who, to show her contempt for an elderly adorer, sandwiched the hundred pound note which he had laid upon her dressing table between two slices of bread and butter, and ate it in his presence.

And now, having discussed the *Diner* and the *Cook*, let us come—at last, the impatient reader will say—to the *Dinner;* about which we have been hovering for some pages. Unfortunately—or the reverse—the editor of this Magazine is inexorable in the matter of space, and we are compelled by the sternest of fates to cut short the delightful thoughts which crowd to every right-minded man's heart when he contemplates that greatest object of life—a well-served dinner. M. Anthelme Brillât-Savarin, Judge of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honor, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of France, from whose famous before-mentioned treatise on the "Physiology of Taste" we are about to quote reverently a few rules for the dinner-table, was—to the mind of a true aristologist—one of the most notable men France ever produced. Like all true epicures he was of a sober, moderate, and easily-satisfied disposition; like all men of genius, he was an enthusiast. It is related of him, in confirmation of the latter trait, that during his residence in America (he was compelled to emigrate by the Reign of Terror) he was one day shooting in the Virginia woods. Having had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, he was returning, when he fell in with Jefferson, who knew him, and who presently began relating some interesting anecdotes of Washington and the war then but just over. Observing the distracted air of M. Savarin he stopped, and was about to take offense at the lack of attention.

"My dear Sir," said the gastronomer, recovering himself with a strong effort, "I beg a thousand pardons—but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey."

It is this gentleman—whom, as Democritus was called the Laughing Philosopher, we may call the Dining Philosopher—to whom we are indebted for a short and comprehensive set of aphorisms on dining, by following which he proposes to unite "all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table." A good cook is, of course, premised. Without him your table enjoyments will be as the apples of Sodom, fair without, in anticipation—but ashes within, in the realization. As was proven by Byron, who, being compelled to celebrate his birthday in Italy, determined on nothing less than a plum-pudding, by aid of which to eat himself a happy return of the day. Plum-puddings are, or were, not so familiar to Italian gastronomes as mac-

aroni, and the noble poet busied himself a whole morning in giving directions for the proper compounding of the British luxury. One can fancy his disgust when, after all his pains and anxious cares, the pudding appeared in a tureen, and about the consistency of soup.

A capable cook being then presupposed, M. Savarin recommends:

That the number of the party do not exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general;

That the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the cloth remarkably white, and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees Reaumur;

That the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, the order of progression, in fluids as in solids, being from the most substantial to the lightest;

That the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and that the guests consider themselves as travelers who are to arrive *together* at the same place of destination;

That the party be detained by the charms of society;

That the retreat be not begun before eleven, but

That every body be in bed by twelve.

These recommendations seem to us unexceptionable. We will only add to them three dinner rules given by John Bulwer, a quaint but sensible writer of the seventeenth century: "*Stridor dentium — Altum silentium — Rumor gentium;*" which, being rendered into the vernacular, signifies; Work for the jaws—A silent pause—Frequent ha-has.

DRESS AND DRINK.

SEE that painted spectre,
The vampyre of the streets!
What foul demon wrecked her
Hoard of youthful sweets?
Made a crime of loveliness?
Oh! 'twas Dress—'twas Dress!

Look upon that reeling
Haggard man of care,
Down the back streets stealing,
Roaming any where!
What hath done this? Pause and think!
'Twas Drink!—'twas Drink!

See that fair wife flying
From her husband's wrath,
Her guilty lover lying
Dying in her path!
What hath done this? Can you guess?
'Twas Dress—'twas Dress!

Bloody knife still reeking
In his desperate hand,
Hurried voices speaking
Round him in a band!
What makes thus his comrades shrink?
'Tis the deed—the deed of Drink!

Lying on the pavement,
Dead in her despair,
What 'neath Sin's enslavement
Brought a thing so fair?
Scarcely than a demon less?
What hath wrought this? It was Dress.

In his stony prison,
Waiting for his doom,
When the sun has risen,
Gallows first—then tomb!
Stupored thus on Nature's brink?
What hath wrought this? It was Drink!

Dress and Drink—ye demons twin
Parents of all woe and sin!
Bane of body and of soul!
Shame your path—and death your goal!

THE TEST.

SHE stands in the shadow of the great elm upon the lawn, and flakes of sunshine, sifting through the pendant branches, fall like tremulous gleaming gems upon her fair head with its masses of braided hair. She is *petite*, delicate as a fairy, with smiling lips, and blue eyes that laugh when her lips are still, and a quickly-changing, expressive face, that reflects every phase of feeling, every turn of thought, and restless hands that flutter like white butterflies over each object of desire, and feet that, even in her sleep, move unconsciously with the dancing happiness of her young life.

From the spot where she stands the lawn slopes downward, bordered by a thicket of acacia trees, and lilacs, and wild roses, which guard the little villa from the intrusive gaze of boatmen and pleasure-seekers upon the river. Yes, nearly opposite the elm-tree two large willows, leaning outward, dip their pendant branches in the stream when the ocean tides come, lifting it up to the level of the greensward; and through the space between them the eye ranges outward over the smooth water that throws back the sunshine like a mirror, and keeps all its secret depths unlighted—past the sails of yacht and wherry gliding to and fro—past the gay steamboats with their floating world of travelers—past the forest of masts gathered around the piers—up to the great city with its acres of stone and brick piled upward, and its spires that lift themselves into the sky.

From this distance, these houses and towers which wall the horizon look not unlovely; for the sunshine touches every thing with a tender, golden light, and the few fleecy clouds visible in the fathomless blue air seem like white doves of peace floating with wings outspread in benediction alike over the calm fields and the unreposing city, with its seething, struggling human life.

But the intent gaze of the young girl beneath the elm-tree brings to her mind little thought of field or city, or of the flashing waters flowing in from the sea. She is looking between the willows for a little boat which her eyes alone

could certainly distinguish in the distance, and though she knows he will surely come that way, she watches none the less with a vague idea that her watching brings him more rapidly; and with intervals of dreamy reverie, wherein her eyes, half-vailed by their drooping lids, shine with a softened light, and her lips glow like wet coral as they part in a musing smile. For Alice Girdler is seventeen to-day, and in two more days she will be a bride.

Of what is she thinking as she stands there, her white arms half embracing the marble Fawn she leans upon? Is there any thought in her mind of woman's duty and destiny? Does she revolve the great problem of life as she speculates concerning the future, and, pondering those solemn words of the marriage-service, stand reverently before the great gate she is about to enter, and ask herself if she is fitted to take charge of another's welfare, and to meet the change and trial which is not withheld from the happiest life?

No. Alice Girdler is yet a child, and she lives in the present only, and plays with the delicious happiness of love as a child with a new toy. Never a wish of hers can she remember to have lost ungratified; never a trouble has come to her, but some quick hand relieved her from its pressure, and gave her a new joy instead. Wealth, and love, and pleasure have ministered to her since first her blue eyes opened in this world of ours, and no solemn angels of affliction have even for a little space closed the doors upon gayety and worldliness, and bade her learn the true meaning of this life or the mysteries of the life beyond.

But now through the trees which hide the house behind her come a troop of maidens, sisters, cousins, friends, who have gathered here to make merry over the bridal. They move with elegance and grace, and their jest and laugh at finding her watching her lover's approach are low-toned and restrained, not to transgress the proprieties in which they have been educated. She replies gayly, and a blush mantles her cheek. The little boat is near the willow gateway, and two gentlemen, resting upon their oars, look up the vista with a smile of admiration at the picturesque effect of those airy, graceful forms grouped upon the green, beneath the elm-tree shadows, around the marble Fawn.

"Stay—let us watch them a moment. See Alice! She has such vivacity and such refinement of manner when she is talking, that looking at her is only less delightful than listening to her."

"Ah, Laurance! what it is to be twenty-five, and in love!" replied the elderly gentleman to whom this enthusiastic address had been made; and a half sigh breathed through the smile with which he looked at his companion.

Laurance Grey turned to his friend, his fine face flushed with exercise, and all aglow with happiness which his frank nature had no inclination to deny.

"Ah! you may well envy me," he said. "Is she not charming?"

"She is indeed—very charming."

The words would have satisfied any but a lover's sensitive ear; but that detected an inflection of the voice implying a reservation or a doubt.

"What is it I hear you keeping back?" he said, laughing. "Speak it out, mine ancient friend and Mentor; for the time for giving me advice on this subject will soon be past."

"I fear it is past already."

"Yet speak! Your advice is almost always worth hearing, though one may not want to take it to heart."

"If you will know, I was thinking what a shame it is to make that child love and marry. She should have a little more time to play with her dolls."

"Indeed, getting married shall make no difference. She shall be my doll, and I will turn the whole world into a play-house for her."

"That may do for a while; but life is before you two, and life is something more serious than a play, and the time comes when a man needs that his wife should be something more than a doll. Alice is wholly undeveloped and undisciplined. Have you wisdom, have you strength to guide her?"

"She will not need any guidance. She is full of good impulses and generous instincts."

"But that is not enough in a character so impressible as hers. What she will be in the future only time can show. Will her kindly impulses harden into fixed principles of right? Will her generous instincts become informed and moulded by the spirit of Christian self-denial? Will her sunny good-nature crystallize into a cheerful serenity that smiles beneath the darkest skies? Or is there weakness, frivolity, selfishness, in that untried heart? and will she fail in the hour of trial, and be swayed by the despotism of fashion to accept a false standard of right, a false rule of duty? Pardon these questions; for the husband is the head of the wife, and your character will influence hers—"

"Weakness! selfishness!" interrupted Laurance Grey, indignantly. "Who dares couple those words with the name of my bride? Morton, if you were not my best friend I'd throw you overboard. I won't listen to you another minute."

So saying he seized the oars, and with a few swift strokes brought the boat under the willows, where he leaped on shore. The girls were coming down the lawn to meet them, and reflection was instantly banished by the mirth of the gay party; and as Mr. Morton followed them to the house he half repented of the words he had spoken. Why should he project over their bright thoughtlessness the shadow of his own mature experience? What if they were too carelessly approaching the holy sacrament of marriage, whereof whoso partakes with a heart unpurged from selfishness and vanity perils his own soul! They loved each other, and in that love he hoped as the agent which should

purify and exalt them amidst the discipline of life.

Alice was married, and, as Laurance Grey had said, there was little change in her mode of living. The days flew by velvet-footed; her house was unexceptionable in its appointments; her wardrobe excited the envy of her companions; experienced servants relieved her of every shade of care; petted and flattered, she was for three years the spoiled child of fortune. Then a reverse came suddenly; her husband was a bankrupt, and her beautiful home passed into the hands of strangers.

Mr. Morton, who resided in a distant city, heard that Laurance Grey had failed in business, his liabilities far exceeding his assets, and that his failure had caused considerable pecuniary loss to the father of his wife. It happened that, soon after the intelligence reached him, he had occasion to leave home; and while traveling, at one of the way-stations where connections are made between different trains of cars, he unexpectedly met his young friend. A cordial greeting followed; but Mr. Morton noticed, with pain, the weary, harassed, and anxious expression which immediately returned to the face he remembered so full of hope and courage.

"You heard of my misfortunes," said he, as they walked, arm in arm, down the long platform.

"I did," replied Mr. Morton; "and I wrote you the day before I left home."

"I received your letter, and thank you for your offered aid; but my late experience makes me forever forswear the use of another man's name. Hereafter I will carve out my own fortune, and stand or fall thereby."

"Spoken nobly, like yourself," said Mr. Morton, warmly. "Now tell me your plans."

"I am going to C——, where I have secured a situation as clerk. The salary is but $500 for the first two years; afterward I have a prospect of being admitted as a partner in the firm. There was nothing better for me, and I must be doing something."

"And Alice?"

An expression of deeper pain crossed the pale face of the speaker as he answered, "She remains with her father's family. Of course I could not expect her to go into exile with me."

"Did she prefer to remain behind?"

"Every body advised that she should do so, and she acquiesced. Of course it was best she should stay."

Mr. Morton spoke somewhat savagely. "Yes—of course. What God has joined let no man put asunder until the money is gone!"

"You are too severe," replied Mr. Grey. "Alice has never known care or trouble, and has not the least idea of the labor, the privation, the mortification incident to poverty. Why should she leave the home her father offered her to incur all this? I could not ask such a sacrifice."

"Laurance, I must use my old privilege, and say what I think about this. You are about to make a great mistake," said Mr. Morton, earnestly. "You leave your wife at the time when you most need the comfort of her society. You refrain from taking her into the school which Providence has plainly appointed as a means of discipline for her as well as for yourself, and thereby she will miss the nobleness and strength this lesson was intended to give. You love her with an unwise tenderness, or she loves you too little, and you both err in consenting to this arrangement. A man and his wife should never live apart when it is possible for them to be together. It is either a prolonged pain borne needlessly, or, what is worse, the death of that love which should make no sacrifice so great as that which separates them from each other. For the reason you urge—for more or less of luxury and ease—to divorce yourselves! Oh, miserable infatuation!"

"We only do what is often done," replied Mr. Grey, after a pause. "All our friends said it would be arrant selfishness in me to take Alice away from the society and the luxuries to which she has been accustomed, and subject her to such hardships simply for my own comfort in her."

"And what did Alice say?"

"Poor little thing! she was too much bewildered and overwhelmed to know what she thought. It was terribly mortifying to her—my failure—but she bore it sweetly. She never uttered an unkind word."

"I don't know why she should. You were the greatest sufferer."

"You are unjust to her," said Laurance, coldly.

"*You* are unjust. You do discredit to the nobleness of a true woman's nature!" exclaimed his friend. "No wonder our ears are filled with the clamor of women for their rights, when a good man, with a loving heart, denies to a woman such a right as this. You said your wife should be a doll, and truly you put her away from you, now that play-time is over and the real business of life begins. Except in rare cases, I believe the idea of equality between man and woman has never yet been accepted by this enlightened age. Either the woman is the victim of tyranny, or she is cheated, cajoled, blinded; her judgment never brought to maturity, because never exercised upon important matters; her intellect never stimulated by finding herself an acknowledged aid in moments of perplexity. Men assume that women are weak, and then Heaven knows how much they do to make the assumption just."

"The cars are coming, and we must part here," said Laurance. "Think what you please of the wisdom of our arrangement, but exonerate Alice from all blame. She only did what was thought best."

"It is not for the best," persisted Mr. Morton. "She is young, beautiful; and with her mercurial temperament, will soon again be gay. Will she be in no danger? And with your social tastes, are you quite safe away from

her? Can you support your loneliness unharmed?"

"I believe so. I shall practice the strictest economy, that I may the sooner make a home to which I can invite Alice; and the thought of her will keep me from evil."

The cars came up, and they parted.

Lights, music, the soft crush of silks, the flutter of airy gauze and lace, the low murmur of voices, fashion-toned to monotonous sweetness, and now and then the sound of rippling laughter breaking the silver stream of talk—what was there in all this to cause the heavy frown that gloomed over Mr. Morton's face as he stood apart in the shadow of a bay window and looked upon the gliding throng? Again he was a visitor in the city, and had been compelled by courtesy to attend this scene of gayety. As he stood retired from observation, surveying these busy idlers with a smile half kindly half cynical, his attention was arrested by a conversation going on near him. He knew the speakers were aware of his presence, and therefore had no reason to avoid listening. To his dismay he heard Alice Grey's name, coupled with allusions he could hardly understand, and words that implied more than met the ear. Her conduct and her character were very freely discussed, and a bet was laid regarding the issue of a flirtation then progressing.

Startled and sorrowful, he left his retreat when the pressure of the crowd allowed, and made his way slowly to the room appropriated to dancing. Pausing at the door, he saw that the floor was occupied only by a few waltzers, and as the swift, graceful forms floated by, he recognized Alice and the gentleman whose name he had just heard associated with hers. Excited by the voluptuous music and the rapid motion, she was alive only to the pleasure of the dance. Her sylph-like figure was enveloped in a cloud of lace.

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out."

Her beautiful neck and bosom, and her rounded arms, were suffused with a color delicate and warm as that which blushes in the heart of a white rose, and her face, half up-turned, with glowing lips parted and sparkling eyes, was so bewitchingly lovely that Mr. Morton groaned inwardly to think so fair an offering should have been recklessly laid upon the altar of worldliness.

As he looked on some one touched his arm, and, turning, he saw an old and familiar friend. When the first greeting had passed his friend said,

"I suppose you know yonder little lady is the wife of your old friend Laurance Grey?"

"Yes. For a sensible man he did a most foolish thing in leaving that little beauty to be petted and flirted with and spoiled. She seemed warm-hearted, she seemed to love him, and yet she leaves him to bear his dark hours alone."

"Evidently she prefers the sunshine. Well, a butterfly must be a butterfly!"

"You speak in all charity," said Mr. Morton, sadly; "but just now I can not look at the matter through the medium of cool philosophy. Laurance Grey is a man of large, unselfish heart and high sense of honor. If his wife takes advantage of the one to pursue her pleasures, she should at least keep the other unharmed."

"If you have influence with your friend's wife, use it for her good. I believe she is the victim of foolish advice, and of her own gentle temper. A young creature like her can not but be gay. Others are to be blamed for placing her where gayety may lead to folly."

The crowd moving outward separated the two gentlemen, but these last words lingered in Mr. Morton's ear, and confirmed his previous resolution. Since there was no one else to do it, he determined to make one appeal to her love as a wife—to her honor as a woman. He would test her character and save her from the trouble her thoughtlessness might bring. An hour or two passed, and as late in the evening he sought an opportunity to execute this purpose, he chanced to find a small room, unobserved before, charmingly cool and quiet, with its dark green curtains and carpet relieved only by two magnificent myrtle-trees in full bloom, which stood on either side of the window. These attracted him, and as he stood a moment admiring them, he heard a low murmur of voices in the recess of the window. Then there was a rustling, as of some one rising suddenly, and a young voice, sharp and tremulous with emotion, said,

"You must not talk so to me—I will not hear it!"

"Nay—but Alice—sweet Alice!" said the other voice.

Mr. Morton was retreating, but the name arrested him. He turned, and Alice Grey seized his arm as she came out of the recess.

"Take me away," she said, in a whisper, and he felt the little hand that rested on his arm quivering with suppressed excitement, and noticed the proud, indignant glance she cast upon her late companion as they left the room. He led her to the conservatory, and when she sank into a seat sheltered from observation by a group of azalias, she burst into a momentary fit of weeping.

Mr. Morton stood looking down upon her with a grave, sad face. To his nice sense of honor it was not enough that she had repelled evil; she should not have placed herself where temptation could reach her. But when, conscious at length of his strange silence, she looked up, he felt the witchery of her youth and beauty, and in a tone kinder than his thoughts were, he said,

"May I tell you a story?"

"A story? Yes indeed; I delight in stories."

"You need not think that it relates to any one now living," he continued, after a pause. "You may consider that it belonged to the time

when my hair was not gray, and my heart was more hopeful than it now is. I had a friend once who married with the highest anticipations of prosperity, the most flattering prospect of happiness. His wedded life had not numbered many years when sudden reverses swept away all his property, and the lowering aspect of commercial affairs made it necessary for him to remove to a distant city and live in painful economy. His wife was young and had never known a care, and when the crash came each member of her family spoke of her as a victim to her husband's fate, and sought, first of all things, to keep her from being incommoded. In her inexperience she naturally accepted their view of the case: her first generous impulses were stifled, and thinking of the matter chiefly as it affected her own comfort, she acquiesced in the arrangement by which her husband went alone to his new home. A while she wept and was sad; but youth is elastic, and soon she smiled again, and, with every temptation to gayety, she was borne along in the whirl of fashionable amusement unprotected by her husband's presence. Accustomed to admiration and flattery from him, it was natural her young life should miss such sweetnesses when he was gone, and she submitted to receive them from other men. Her heart, deprived of its legitimate sphere, the sanctuary of home-joys and cares, grew restless and sought peace in the external pleasures where it is never found."

A vivid blush flashed over Alice Grey's white shoulders and ran up to her brow, and her eyes were like two wells of tears. "How kindly he speaks of me!" she thought; "and yet I know he thinks I am very foolish and naughty."

Mr. Morton continued: "Meantime her husband lived alone. He was a good man, but he had overrated his strength. Slowly I perceived that his hungry heart was feeding upon itself; his frank nature was becoming cynical; he was losing faith in the existence of a pure friendship in man, or an unselfish love in woman. And as his soul thus darkened his life became less pure. He fled from his lonely chambers, uncheered by woman's presence, unadorned by her graceful skill, to take pleasure and find stimulus in society which otherwise he would never have known."

Alice blushed no more; the tears dried in her eyes; she looked up defiantly, indignantly, and interrupted the speaker.

"Say what you will of me, but not one word against Laurance. He is good; he is true. I will not hear you speak one word against him."

Mr. Morton smiled. "If my story displeases you I will pursue it no longer. But tell me—were my friends wise in living thus apart?"

"No; it is not right, it is not wise," replied Alice, passionately; "but I never realized it until this evening. It is natural for me to do as I am told, and they all said I must stay here; and now I am here I *must* laugh, and dance, and be gay. I *can't* be miserable all the time—I can't bear it. It would be selfish and mean in me to mope and pine when every body tries to make me happy; and because I seem to forget Laurance is away, they think I have forgotten, and men presume upon it—as if I could ever really care for any thing more than for him! I would go to him this minute if he would allow me."

"Would you really go? Could you be happy in a tame and quiet life? Think twice before you answer; for your husband is a poor man, and could give you few pleasures. I think you have never seen so poor a room as he occupies. I was there last week, and looking around on its homeliness and bareness, he said, with a curve of his handsome lips, "Do you think I will ask her to come *here?*"

"Ah—does he think I should mind it! Does he really think I should care so much when I had him there with me! I thought, perhaps, I should be a burden and a trouble to him, and for that reason he did not ask me. Take me to him, Mr. Morton. Papa thinks Laurance and I are two young things who do not know what is best, but he will hear your arguments. Take me to my husband, and you shall see what will make me happiest." Tears were in her beautiful eyes, but her face was all aglow with eagerness and excitement. Mr. Morton forgot that she had ever displeased him, forgot that he had ever thought Laurance Grey foolish in loving her. Her manner was childlike, her expressions ardent: now as much as ever before was she moved by impulse; yet he did not stop to think how evanescent was feeling, and how unstable was impulse. She had won his friendship, and therefore he trusted her.

Mr. Morton had the gift of persuasion. Three days after this conversation Alice had received from her father the consent so long withheld, and under Mr. Morton's care had gone to join her husband. All her early love for Laurance was roused into new life by the thought of again seeing him. She had little dread of the change of life before her. Her fancy amused itself in picturing the happiness she might enjoy in "a cottage;" and while she laughed at her own ignorance of domestic details, she took courage from Mr. Morton's assertion that it was possible to apply chemistry to cooking, and common sense to common life, in a way to obviate all difficulties.

It was a dark, chilly evening in April when they stood on the steps of the house which Laurance Grey had made his temporary home. He had not been informed of their coming, and, to make the surprise more complete, Alice insisted that she should accompany Mr. Morton to her husband's room and there await his return should he be absent. Mr. Morton had prepared her to find no elegance there; yet when the wondering landlady, with many apologies, opened to her the door of her husband's chamber she could hardly suppress an exclamation of dismay. Never had she seen an apartment so forlorn. The rusty grate contained no fire, and the untidy hearth was covered with cinders

and ashes. Scanty curtains hung in the windows, the bed was made up in the uninviting manner noticeable occasionally in cheap boarding-houses, around the table the faded carpet was strewn with bits of torn letters, while on the table books and papers were piled in confusion. Alice felt like crying, but she only allowed herself to laugh. The hostess looked into her face with a suspicious glance, and said something about "poor servants," "a large family," and "Mr. Grey's way of throwing every thing on the floor."

Alice hastened to interrupt her. One glance at Mr. Morton's face as he stood regarding her had restored her courage. He should see that Laurance had a wife, a helper, and not a burden in possessing her. She turned to their irritated companion with a smile so sunny that vexation fled before it. The feminine instinct of housekeeping awoke within her. A few coaxing words to the landlady, and compliments liberally dispensed, a plan rapidly formed and as rapidly sketched to Mr. Morton, who gave it efficient aid, an hour of bustle and activity, and the chamber they had found so repelling in appearance was transformed as by the touch of a magic wand. The carpet and hearth were neatly swept, a bright fire glowed in the grate, the bed had been removed to a corner where it obtruded itself less into notice, and for lack of better curtains Alice had pinned her two large shawls over the windows, where their deep colors and heavy folds, gracefully draped, gave the room an air of comfort. The arm-chair was placed in the corner of the fire-place, and over it Mr. Grey's dressing-gown was thrown in a most enticing manner. The books and papers had been arranged upon the bureau, leaving the table at liberty to display a bright colored cloth, a dish of fruit, and a blooming rose-tree in a china pot. These Alice had supplied. The cost was trifling, but they were grouped artistically, and shed the glamour of their beauty over the meaner articles around.

"Truly you have to some purpose used your power to charm," said Mr. Morton, smiling as he surveyed the change.

Her face glowed as she answered the smile. Success in little things is often more gratifying than in matters which seem vastly important, and Alice possessed the rare gift of being able to seize all the pleasure the present offers and to turn away from its pain. Reared as she had been in luxury, an intuition told her how to avail herself of the most ordinary means to create around her an atmosphere of beauty and grace. There is in some youthful natures a power to live in the ideal which puts to shame the stoical endurance gained in later years from experience, and the novelty of her situation neither depressed nor discouraged her. She was a young wife, awaiting her husband, for whom she had prepared an agreeable surprise. Who will doubt that she said truly, in reply to the commendation of her friend, "I think I never was so happy in all my life as I am now. I only want to see how Laurance will look when he sees what we have done! You may go now and find him; but do be careful what you say, for I wish the surprise to be complete."

Mr. Morton's eyes rested upon her with pleasure. "Ah," he thought, "if I could charm your life so that you would always be as happy and as light of heart as now!"

Vain wish! He had arisen to prepare to go out, and as she talked gayly, he detected an unusual sound in the entry below, and heard an exclamation of surprise or fear. Without saying a word to alarm Alice he went out quickly. Four men were carrying an inanimate form slowly up stairs, and behind them the landlady stood, wringing her hands.

"What is it?" he asked, in a low voice.

It was Laurance Grey. He had been shot, and was scarcely alive.

"How did it happen?" exclaimed Mr. Morton, forgetting his caution.

In a hotel not far from his boarding-house, where he passed an hour or two each evening, he had overheard a young man reading a letter just received from New York, wherein, amidst much gossip, there was repeated the slanderous insinuations against Alice which had moved Mr. Morton to take her away from the city. The friend could not hear them unmoved. They roused the husband to fury. He sprang upon the unconscious reader. There were loud insulting words, rapid blows, shots were fired, and before any one interfered Laurance Grey had received a deadly wound. All this was told in a few blunt words. Mr. Morton heard like one in a dream, and before the story was ended a low moan, a faint sobbing groan told him that Alice also had heard. He turned to her. How would she bear this!

She neither shrieked nor fainted. She had laid her hand on his arm, and still her grasp held there when they carried her husband by her and laid him like a corpse upon the bed, while her hand grew cold and rigid, and her white face had the expression of one suddenly struck blind.

Oh it was too hard! too pitiful! He could have cursed the impulse that led him to bring her here only to endure this great trouble! He spoke to her hurried words full of a hope he did not feel; he bade her be strong and courageous, but she did not seem to hear. Her gaze wandered around the poor room she had taken such care to arrange for her husband's reception. With a bitter feeling of helplessness and despair she thought what it would be to live when he was dead, and then, with a keen pang like a sword-thrust, came the recollection that because of her folly, her imprudence, he had been thus brought low.

She started, she escaped from Mr. Morton's restraining hand, and with a wild cry she threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, speak to me!" she moaned, as her arms were wound around her husband's neck—as her kisses were pressed upon the pallid lips that

looked as if they would never again unclose. "Oh, speak to me—I am here—I am true to you—I love you! Laurance, speak to me!"

As if her voice had called him back from death the wounded man looked at her with the light of life once more kindling in his eyes—spoke her name feebly, and tried to take her in his arms; but the blood gushed anew from his wound, and he fell back, like one dying. The physician who was in attendance now interfered, and insisted Alice should leave the room; Mr. Grey's life hung on a thread, and he must not be agitated. The ball must be extracted, and if that could be done he might survive; otherwise—a professional shake of the head finished the sentence.

Alice was led from the room, but she would not leave the door. Outside its threshold she crouched, rejecting aid or solace. She heard footsteps in the chamber, she heard low, cautious tones, and now and then a groan. Oh! would it never end! How slow they were, when each minute might be his last, and she was not beside him! At length, when it seemed as if she could bear the torturing suspense no longer, the door opened, and Mr. Morton came out. She sprang to her feet and grasped his hands, looking into his face with pallid, quivering lips that could not frame the question they trembled with.

"He lives—the ball has been extracted, and he lives—but he is very weak from the loss of blood; and Alice, dear child, you can not see him until you are more calm. Go to the next room and rest. When you have slept you can better compose yourself."

Sleep! oh, mockery! As if sleep was possible to her then, when over the eyes whose love-light had been her life might be stealing the darkness of a long, last slumber! Alice had given way to the first agony of her emotions with the abandonment of youth and an untried heart. But there was beneath that girlish exterior a strength never called forth until now, but which this hour was to prove. She had leaned back against the wall when she heard Mr. Morton's first words, and covered her face with her hands; but when, after pausing a moment, he took her arm to lead her away, she turned and looked at him, and as the lamp-light fell upon her face, he was struck with the change he saw. It was no longer a thoughtless, helpless girl he looked upon, but a woman, fair and pale, yet with a lofty and composed expression that told of self-restraint and of a power to suffer and to endure. The words he was about to repeat died on his lips.

"You are stronger than I thought," he said. "Will you trust yourself to watch with me to-night in there?"

"It is my place—you must allow it," she replied, with a mingled dignity and submission in her manner which disarmed objection. She did not notice how reverently he opened the door for her to pass in, appreciating the queen-like womanhood she had assumed; but she remembered afterward that from that hour he never used that old familiar appellation or treated her like a child.

All night they watched beside Laurance Grey, not daring to hope, but forbidding themselves to despair. Only the most assiduous care—such care as love only gives—could have stimulated the vital forces to rally for the struggle that ensued. With renewed vigor came fever, and pain, and delirium; and for days Alice had the inexpressible grief to know that her presence, her cares, were unheeded, and to hear herself called upon, conjured by every term of endearment or reproach to come to him and free her name from the scandal that stained it. It was a terrible lesson, and, in its prolonged torture, she feared sometimes that heart and brain would fail. On one such occasion, when Mr. Morton entered the chamber, he found her weeping. The hired nurse had gone away to rest, and Alice was alone.

"Oh!" she cried, "how long must this last! How can I endure it! My husband will die, and I shall have killed him! I can not, I can not bear it!"

"Dear Mrs. Grey," said her friend, slowly, with deep feeling, "there is but One who can aid us in these moments, when earthly help fails. That One holds in His hands the issues of life and death. *Look to God* for help."

That thought had crossed her mind before; but, alas! it was unfamiliar, and brought with it no assurance of protection and comfort. She had uttered that great name in ejaculations of distress—the instinctive cry of humanity in its utmost need, "Be pitiful, O God!"—but until this moment she had never realized what it was to call upon the Almighty as upon one present to hear. With a sudden sense of shame and penitence, she replied, "I can not—I can not do so. I have never loved or sought God in my happy hours, and will He hear me now?"

"His ear is ever open. His pity is like a mother's for her child. He knoweth our frame—He remembereth that we are dust."

"Oh, then," she cried, "then He will not try me too utterly. Pray to Him—you know Him—He is your friend—pray that He will be mine!"

Tears flowed from her eyes; feelings new and full of awe, yet strangely sweet, took possession of her heart as she listened, kneeling, while Mr. Morton prayed. His words were few and simple; but they came from lips touched with Spirit influences, through long years of such communing as made him one of those who "have power with God." In her gay and worldly life Alice had given little thought even to that external religion which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, and joins in the ministration of public worship. She was an utter stranger to that interior life, hidden, unnoticed, and often disbelieved by men, but which is the vital principle that keeps alive all forms—without which charity "profiteth nothing"—which vivifies human happiness with a celestial joy,

and makes all human woe endurable. Of this life she now obtained a glimpse—imperfect, indeed, and soon overclouded—yet her whole soul went out toward it with a deep longing—with a cry like the cry of the famishing for bread—"O God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Mr. Morton had come to bid her farewell. An emergency in his affairs imperatively required his presence at home; and though he left her but for a few days, and had made every possible provision for her comfort, her heart sank at the thought of being left alone among strangers. Her face revealed her emotion, and Mr. Morton was touched by the generosity that kept her from expressing it. "Laurance was right," he thought, as he recalled their conversation so long ago; "Alice is unselfish—she is devoted—she is strong—she has the germs of a noble womanhood, and her follies were but the weeds that choked their development."

Mr. Morton went away. All that morning Laurance became rapidly worse. The afternoon was dark and lowering. The sick man had fallen asleep, and his slumber was like death, so heavy and so deep. The house was still—every footfall was hushed, every voice lowered to a whisper. The doctor, the nurse, the landlady, came and went with cautious movements; and in every face Alice read the fear no one dared to speak. She sat as in a dream, and felt the minutes slide away, the hours pass on—each hour, each minute so much taken from the brief remnant left her of the life so knit to hers. She looked back through her life with a sad wonder at her former joyousness—she was so wretched now! She reviewed the past, and memory mocked her with its follies. Where had she been, what was she, that until now she had lived wholly upon superficial feelings, and had never known the depths of her own heart? Was the knowledge now too late? While she gathered glittering tinsel, had the stream of Time borne away the precious golden treasure of her life? Would Laurance die, and never know how she could love him—never learn the devotion, the self-sacrifice of which her heart now told her she was capable?

She counted the weak pulses in the hand she held; with a new and wild terror she bent to catch the feeble breath; she looked into the faces of her attendants with such pathetic entreaty that they could not endure to see the woe she felt, and, one by one, withdrew from the bedside. Twilight was gathering, and, in the dim shadow of the low chamber, her husband's face looked white and ghastly, like one already dead. She bowed her head on her clasped hands, and her heart seemed breaking with its grief and its despair.

Suddenly she remembered those words of Mr. Morton which had moved her with such power. Was there indeed One, all-powerful, who would hear her cry for aid, though her whole life had been unthankful, self-seeking, careless of His will? Ah! she was not his child; she had no right to address him as "Father;" and yet she recalled, vaguely, some words which she had heard read in church—"Yes, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the children's table!"

There are those whom God leads to himself through flowery paths, where the thorns, if thorns there be, are hidden by roses; there are others whom He leads through rough places, around whom He must make the silence of the desert before they can hear His voice; and men have walked in a furnace, yea, seven times heated, that they might come forth purified as gold is pure.

Laurance Grey lived. Youth and a vigorous constitution triumphed over disease. He lived, and with returning health resumed the humble labors his illness had interrupted; but his wife never again left him. From that trial of her true nature Alice came forth with the dross which had hidden it utterly consumed. The keen suffering of those days cured her of thoughtlessness, of selfishness, of vanity; and her gratitude for deliverance awakened a religious trust which strengthened and developed all her nobler qualities. In the trials that came afterward, where a weak woman would have fallen, she stood firmly; where a selfish woman would have been careless of others, she showed a rare self-abnegation. She shared her husband's poverty, and lightened it of half its bitterness by a thousand graceful wiles, known only to a loving woman; and, when prosperity came, they had both learned to live for nobler aims than selfish pleasures—for a purer happiness than gold ever bought.

Some years after the scenes I have related, when Mr. Morton was an old man, and white hairs had begun to cluster among Laurance Grey's dark locks, the two, friends of a lifetime, stood upon the piazza of their Western home, and looked down into the garden where Alice was walking. She paused to throw some bits of cake to the gold fishes in a pond, and, as she did so, leaned against a statue which had been placed beneath a tree. Something in her attitude reminded the gentlemen of the evening when they saw her thus leaning against the marble Faun, on her seventeenth birthday. They looked at each other and smiled. "Do you remember?" asked Mr. Grey.

"Yes. Time has touched her lightly. One might almost imagine it was still Alice Girdler, the young bride of a boy-lover."

Mr. Grey smiled again as he answered. "The change has indeed been chiefly of the mind and heart. I thought her perfect then; but I am conscious she has developed into a nobler type of woman than her girlhood promised. Ah, yes; the wife is dearer than the bride!"

He spoke fervently, and his cheek flushed, as his eyes again sought the quiet figure, still resting beneath the tree, unconscious of observation.

"You have a very happy home here," said Mr. Morton, after a pause.

"I have; and my life has been richly blest. Yet I can truly say I thank God most for the

years that seemed sometimes in passing so full of sorrow and care; for then I learned to know the blessing a woman's love can be; and together Alice and I were taught a lesson which remained an unfailing comfort in view of the vicissitudes of human affairs—"*A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*"

CUPID'S REVENGE.

AN UNPUBLISHED TALE, BY CHARLES LAMB.

[The autograph MS. of this unpublished Tale by CHARLES LAMB came into our hands in the following manner: THOMAS ALLSOP, Esq., who came to this country a few months since in consequence of his alleged complicity in the attempt made upon the life of Louis Napoleon by Orsini, was for many years an intimate friend and correspondent of Coleridge and Lamb. He is known as the author of the "*Recollections, etc., of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*," published nearly a quarter of a century ago. He brought with him in his flight to America a number of manuscripts of his friends. Among these were a volume of "Marginalia," by Coleridge; a series of notes by Lamb, nearly a hundred in all, many of them highly characteristic of the writer; and the Tale of "Cupid's Revenge," which appears to have remained unpublished in consequence of the cessation of the magazine for which it was written. These MSS. have all been placed in our hands. In an early number we propose to publish a selection from the "Letters" of LAMB, and the "Marginalia" of Coleridge.—EDS. OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

LEONTIUS, Duke of Lycia, who in times past had borne the character of a wise and just governor, and was endeared to all ranks of his subjects, in his latter days fell into a sort of dotage, which manifested itself in an extravagant fondness for his daughter Hidaspes. This young maiden, with the Prince Leucippus, her brother, were the only remembrances left to him of a deceased and beloved consort. For *her* nothing was thought too precious. Existence was of no value to him but as it afforded opportunities of gratifying her wishes. To be instrumental in relieving her from the least little pain, or grief, he would have lavished his treasures to the giving away of the one half of his dukedom.

All this deference on the part of the parent had yet no power upon the mind of the daughter to move her at any time to solicit any unbecoming suit, or to disturb the even tenor of her thoughts. The humility and dutifulness of her carriage seemed to keep pace with his apparent willingness to release her from the obligations of either. She might have satisfied her wildest humors and caprices; but in truth no such troublesome guests found harbor in the bosom of the quiet and unaspiring maiden.

Thus far the prudence of the Princess served to counteract any ill effects which this ungovernable partiality in a parent was calculated to produce in a less virtuous nature than Hidaspes's; and this foible of the Duke's, so long as no evil resulted from it, was passed over by the courtiers as a piece of harmless frenzy.

But upon a solemn day—a sad one, as it proved for Lycia—when the returning anniversary of the Princess's birth was kept with extraordinary rejoicings, the infatuated father set no bounds to his folly, but would have his subjects to do homage to her for that day, as to their natural sovereign; as if he, indeed, had been dead, and she, to the exclusion of the male succession, was become the rightful ruler of Lycia. He saluted her by the style of Duchess; and with a terrible oath, in the presence of his nobles, he confirmed to her the grant of all things whatsoever that she should demand on that day, and for the six next following; and if she should ask any thing the execution of which must be deferred until after his death, he pronounced a dreadful curse upon his son and successor, if he failed to see to the performance of it.

Thus encouraged, the Princess stepped forth with a modest boldness, and, as if assured of no denial, spake as follows:

But before we acquaint you with the purport of her speech, we must premise, that in the land of Lycia, which was at that time pagan, above all their other Gods the inhabitants did in an especial manner adore the deity who was supposed to have influence in the disposing of people's affections in *love*. Him, by the name of God Cupid, they feigned to be a *beautiful boy*, and *winged*, as indeed between young persons these frantic passions are usually least under constraint; while the wings might signify the haste with which these ill-judged attachments are commonly dissolved, and do indeed go away as lightly as they came, flying away in an instant to light upon some newer fancy. They painted him *blindfolded*, because these silly affections of lovers make them blind to the defects of the beloved object, which every one is quick-sighted enough to discover but themselves; or because love is for the most part led blindly, rather than directed by the open eye of the judgment, in the hasty choice of a mate. Yet, with that inconsistency of attributes with which the heathen people commonly over-complimented their deities, this blind love, this Cupid, they figured with a bow and arrows; and, being sightless, they yet feigned him to be a notable archer and an unerring marksman. No heart was supposed to be proof against the point of his inevitable dart. By such incredible fictions did these poor pagans make a shift to excuse their vanities, and to give a sanction to their irregular affections, under the notion that love was irresistible; whereas, in a well-regulated mind, these amorous conceits either find no place at all, or, having gained a footing, are easily stifled in the beginning by a wise and manly resolution.

This frenzy in the people had long been a source of disquiet to the discreet Princess, and many were the conferences she had held with the virtuous Prince, her brother, as to the best mode of taking off the minds of the Lycians from this vain superstition. An occasion, furnished by the blind grant of the old Duke, their father, seemed now to present itself.

The courtiers, then, being assembled to hear the demand which the Princess should make,

began to conjecture, each one according to the bent of his own disposition, what the thing would be that she should ask for. One said, "Now surely she will ask to have the disposal of the revenues of some wealthy province, to lay them out—as was the manner of Eastern princesses—in costly dresses and jewels becoming a lady of so great expectancies." Another thought that she would seek an extension of power, as women naturally love rule and dominion. But the most part were in hope that she was about to beg the hand of some neighbor prince in marriage, who, by the wealth and contiguity of his dominions, might add strength and safety to the realm of Lycia. But in none of these things was the expectation of these crafty and worldly-minded courtiers gratified. For Hidaspes, first making lowly obeisance to her father, and thanking him on bended knees for so great grace conferred upon her—according to a plan preconcerted with Leucippus—made suit as follows:

"Your loving care of me, O princely father, by which in my tenderest age you made up to me for the loss of a mother at those years when I was scarcely able to comprehend the misfortune, and your bounties to me ever since, have left me nothing to ask for myself, as wanting and desiring nothing. But for the people whom you govern I beg and desire a boon. It is known to all nations that the men of Lycia are noted for a vain and fruitless superstition—the more hateful as it bears a show of true religion, but is indeed nothing more than a self-pleasing and bold wantonness. Many ages before this, when every man had taken to himself a trade, as hating idleness far worse than death, some one that gave himself to sloth and wine, finding himself by his neighbors rebuked for his unprofitable life, framed to himself a God whom he pretended to obey in his dishonesty; and, for a name, he called him Cupid. This God of merely man's creating—as the nature of man is ever credulous of any vice which takes part with his dissolute conditions—quickly found followers enough. They multiplied in every age, especially among your Lycians, who to this day remain adorers of this drowsy Deity, who certainly was first invented in drink, as sloth and luxury are commonly the first movers in these idle love-passions. This *winged Boy*—for so they fancy him—has his sacrifices, his loose Images set up in the land through all the villages—nay, your own sacred palace is not exempt from them—to the scandal of sound devotion and dishonor of the true Deities, which are only they who give good gifts to man—as Ceres, who gives us corn; the planter of the olive, Pallas; Neptune, who directs the track of ships over the great ocean, and binds distant lands together in friendly commerce; the inventor of medicine and music, Apollo; and the cloud-compelling Thunderer of Olympus. Whereas the gifts of this idle Deity—if, indeed, he have a being at all out of the brain of his frantic worshipers—usually prove destructive and pernicious. My suit, then, is, that this unseemly Idol throughout the land be plucked down and cast into the fire; and that the adoring of the same may be prohibited on pain of death to any of your subjects henceforth found so offending."

Leontius, startled at this unexpected demand from the Princess, with tears besought her to ask some wiser thing, and not to bring down upon herself and him the indignation of so great a God.

"There is no such God as you dream of," said then Leucippus, boldly, who had hitherto forborne to second the petition of the Princess; "but a vain opinion of him has filled the land with love and wantonness. Every young man and maiden that feel the least desire to one another, dare in no case to suppress it, for they think it to be Cupid's motion, and that he is a God!"

Thus pressed by the solicitations of both his children, and fearing the oath which he had taken, in an evil hour the misgiving father consented; and a proclamation was sent throughout all the provinces for the putting down of the Idol, and suppression of the established Cupid-worship.

Notable, you may be sure, was the stir made in all places among the priests, and among the artificers in gold, in silver, or in marble; who made a gainful trade, either in serving at the altar or in the manufacture of the images no longer to be tolerated. The cry was clamorous as *that* at Ephesus, when a kindred Idol was in danger; for "great had been Cupid of the Lycians." Nevertheless the power of the Duke, backed with the power of his more popular children, prevailed; and the destruction of every vestige of the old religion was but as the work of one day throughout the country.

And now, as the Pagan chronicles of Lycia inform us, the displeasure of Cupid went out—the displeasure of a great God—flying through all the dukedom, and sowing evils. But upon the first movers of the profanation his angry hand lay heaviest, and there was imposed upon them a strange misery, that all might know that Cupid's revenge was mighty. With his arrows hotter than plagues, or than his own anger, did he fiercely right himself; nor could the prayers of a few concealed worshipers, nor the smoke arising from an altar here and there which had escaped the general overthrow, avert his wrath, or make him to cease from vengeance, until he had made of the once flourishing country of Lycia a most wretched land. He sent no famines—he let loose no cruel wild beasts among them—inflictions, with one or other of which the rest of the Olympian deities are fabled to have visited the nations under their displeasure—but took a nearer course of his own, and his invisible arrows went to the *moral heart* of Lycia, infecting and filling court and country with desires of unlawful marriages, unheard-of and monstrous affections, prodigious and misbecoming unions.

The symptoms were first visible in the changed

bosom of Hidaspes. This exemplary maiden—whose cold modesty, almost to a failing, had discouraged the addresses of so many princely suitors that had sought her hand in marriage—by the venom of this inward pestilence came on a sudden to cast eyes of affection upon a mean and deformed creature, Zoilus by name, who was a dwarf, and lived about the palace, the common jest of the courtiers. In her besotted eyes he was grown a goodly gentleman. And to her maidens, when any of them reproached him with the defect of his shape in her hearing, she would reply that, "to them, indeed, he might appear defective, and unlike a man, as, indeed, no man was like unto him, for in form and complexion he was beyond painting. He is like," she said, "to nothing that we have seen; yet he doth resemble Apollo, as I have fancied him, when, rising in the east, he bestirs himself, and shakes daylight from his hair." And, overcome with a passion which was heavier than she could bear, she confessed herself a wretched creature, and implored forgiveness of God Cupid, whom she had provoked, and, if possible, that he would grant it to her, that she might enjoy her love. Nay, she would court this piece of deformity to his face; and when the wretch, supposing it to be done in mockery, has said that he could wish himself more ill-shaped than he was, so it would contribute to make her Grace merry, she would reply, "Oh, think not that I jest! unless it be a jest not to esteem my life in comparison with thine—to hang a thousand kisses in an hour upon those lips—unless it be a jest to vow that I am willing to become your wife, and to take obedience upon me." And by his "own white hand," taking it in hers—so strong was the delusion—she besought him to swear to marry her.

The term had not yet expired of the seven days within which the doting Duke had sworn to fulfill her will, when, in pursuance of this frenzy, she presented herself before her father, leading in the dwarf by the hand, and, in the face of all the courtiers, solemnly demanding his hand in marriage. And when the apish creature made show of blushing at the unmerited honor, she, to comfort him, bade him not to be ashamed, for "in her eyes he was worth a kingdom."

And now, too late, did the fond father repent him of his dotage. But when by no importunity he could prevail upon her to desist from her suit, for his oath's sake he must needs consent to the marriage. But the ceremony was no sooner, to the derision of all present, performed, than, with the just feelings of an outraged parent, he commanded the head of the presumptuous bridegroom to be stricken off, and committed the distracted Princess close prisoner to her chamber, where, after many deadly swoonings, with intermingled outcries upon the cruelty of her father, she, in no long time after, died, making ineffectual appeals, to the last, to the mercy of the offended Power—the Power that had laid its heavy hand upon her, to the bereavement of her good judgment first, and, finally, to the extinction of a life that might have proved a blessing to Lycia.

Leontius had scarcely time to be sensible of her danger before a fresh cause for mourning overtook him. His son Leucippus, who had hitherto been a pattern of strict life and modesty, was stricken with a second arrow from the Deity, offended for his overturned altars, in which the Prince had been a chief instrument. The God caused his heart to fall away, and his crazed fancy to be smitten with the excelling beauty of a wicked widow, by name Bacha. This woman, in the first days of her mourning for her husband, by her dissembling tears and affected coyness, had drawn Leucippus so cunningly into her snares, that, before she would grant him a return of love, she extorted from the easy-hearted prince a contract of marriage, to be fulfilled in the event of his father's death. This guilty intercourse, which they covered with the name of marriage, was not carried with such secrecy but that a rumor of it ran about the palace; and by some officious courtier was brought to the ears of the old Duke, who, to satisfy himself of the truth, came hastily to the house of Bacha, where he found his son courting. Taking the Prince to task roundly, he sternly asked who that creature was that had bewitched him out of his honor thus. Then Bacha, pretending ignorance of the Duke's person, haughtily demanded of Leucippus what saucy old man that was, that without leave had burst into the house of an afflicted widow to hinder her paying her tears (as she pretended) to the dead. Then the Duke declaring himself, and threatening her for having corrupted his son, giving her the reproachful terms of witch and sorceress, Leucippus mildly answered that he "did her wrong." The bad woman, imagining that the Prince for very fear would not betray their secret, now conceived a project of monstrous wickedness, which was no less than to insnare the father with the same arts which had subdued the son; that she might no longer be a concealed wife, nor a Princess only under cover, but by a union with the old man become at once the true and acknowledged Duchess of Lycia. In a posture of humility she confessed her ignorance of the Duke's quality, but, now she knew it, she besought his pardon for her wild speeches, which proceeded, she said, from a distempered head, which the loss of a dear husband had affected. He might command her life, she told him, which was now of small value to her. The tears which accompanied her words, and her mourning weeds (which, for a blind to the world, she had not yet cast off) heightening her beauty, gave a credence to her protestations of her innocence. But the Duke continuing to assail her with reproaches, with a matchless confidence, assuming the air of injured virtue, in a somewhat lofty tone she replied, that, though he were her sovereign, to whom in any lawful cause she was bound to submit, yet, if

he sought to take away her honor, she stood up to defy him. *That*, she said, was a jewel dearer than any he could give her, which so long as she should keep she should esteem herself richer than all the princes of the earth that were without it. If the Prince, his son, knew any thing to her dishonor, let him tell it. And here she challenged Leucippus before his father to speak the worst of her. If he would, however, sacrifice a woman's character to please an unjust humor of the Duke's, she saw no remedy, she said, now *he* was dead (meaning her late husband) that with his life would have defended her reputation.

Thus appealed to, Leucippus, who had stood a while astonished at her confident falsehoods, though ignorant of the full drift of them, considering that not the reputation only, but probably the life of a woman whom he had so loved, and who had made such sacrifices to him of love and beauty, depended upon his absolute concealment of their contract, framed his mouth to a compassionate untruth, and with solemn asseverations confirmed to his father her assurances of her innocence. He denied not that with rich gifts he had assailed her virtue, but had found her relentless to his solicitations; that gold nor greatness had any power over her. Nay, so far he went on to give force to the protestations of this artful woman, that he confessed to having offered marriage to her, which she, who scorned to listen to any second wedlock, had rejected.

All this while Leucippus secretly prayed to Heaven to forgive him while he uttered these bold untruths, since it was for the prevention of a greater mischief only, and had no malice in it.

But, warned by the sad sequel which ensued, be thou careful, young reader, how in any case you tell a lie. Lie not, if any man but ask you, "How you do?" or "What o'clock it is?" Be sure you make no false excuse to screen a friend that is most dear to you. Never let the most well-intended falsehood escape your lips. For Heaven, which is entirely Truth, will make the seed which you have sown of Untruth to yield miseries a thousand-fold upon yours, as it did upon the head of the ill-fated and mistaken Leucippus.

Leontius, finding the assurances of Bacha so confidently seconded by his son, could no longer withhold his belief, and, only forbidding their meeting for the future, took a courteous leave of the lady, presenting her at the same time with a valuable ring, in recompense, as he said, of the injustice which he had done her in his false surmises of her guiltiness. In truth, the surpassing beauty of the lady, with her appearing modesty, had made no less impression upon the heart of the fond old Duke than they had awakened in the bosom of his more pardonable son. His first design was to make her his mistress; to the better accomplishing of which Leucippus was dismissed from the court, under the pretext of some honorable employment abroad. In his absence Leontius spared no offers to induce her to comply with his purpose. Continually he solicited her with rich offers, with messages, and by personal visits. It was a ridiculous sight, if it were not rather a sad one, to behold this second and worse dotage, which by Cupid's wrath had fallen upon this fantastical *old new lover*. All his occupation now was in dressing and pranking himself up in youthful attire to please the eyes of his new mistress. His mornings were employed in the devising of trim fashions, in the company of tailors, embroiderers, and feather-dressers. So infatuated was he with these vanities, that when a servant came and told him that his daughter was dead—even she, whom he had but lately so highly prized—the words seemed spoken to a deaf person. He either could not or would not understand them; but, like one senseless, fell to babbling about the shape of a new hose and doublet. His crutch, the faithful prop of long aged years, was discarded; and he resumed the youthful fashion of a sword by his side, when his years wanted strength to have drawn it. In this condition of folly it was no difficult task for the widow, by affected pretenses of honor and arts of amorous denial, to draw in this doting Duke to that which she had all along aimed at, the offer of his crown in marriage. She was now Duchess of Lycia! In her new elevation the mask was quickly thrown aside, and the impious Bacha appeared in her true qualities. She had never loved the Duke her husband, but had used him as the instrument of her greatness. Taking advantage of his amorous folly, which seemed to gain growth the nearer he approached to his grave, she took upon her the whole rule of Lycia; placing and displacing at her will all the great officers of state; and, filling the court with creatures of her own, the agents of her guilty pleasures, she removed from the Duke's person the oldest and trustiest of his dependents.

Leucippus, who at this juncture was returned from his foreign mission, was met at once with the news of his sister's death and the strange wedlock of the old Duke. To the memory of Hidaspes he gave some tears. But these were swiftly swallowed up in his horror and detestation of the conduct of Bacha. In his first fury he resolved upon a full disclosure of all that had passed between him and his wicked step-mother. Again he thought, by killing Bacha, to rid the world of a monster. But tenderness for his father recalled him to milder counsels. The fatal secret, nevertheless, sat upon him like lead, while he was determined to confide it to no other. It took his sleep away and his desire of food; and if a thought of mirth at any time crossed him the dreadful truth would recur to check it, as if a messenger should have come to whisper to him of some friend's death! With difficulty he was brought to wish their Highnesses faint joy of their marriage; and, at the first sight of Bacha, a friend was fain to hold his wrist hard to prevent him from fainting. In an interview which after, at her request, he had with her alone, the bad woman shamed not

to take up the subject lightly; to treat as a trifle the marriage vow that had passed between them; and seeing him sad and silent, to threaten him with the displeasure of the Duke, his father, if by words or looks he gave any suspicion to the world of their dangerous secret. "What had happened," she said, "was by no fault of hers. People would have thought her mad if she had refused the Duke's offer. She had used no arts to entrap his father. It was Leucippus's own resolute denial of any such thing as a contract having passed between them which had led to the proposal."

The Prince, unable to extenuate his share of blame in the calamity, humbly besought her, that "since by his own great fault things had been brought to their present pass, she would only live honest for the future; and not to abuse the credulous age of the old Duke, as he well knew she had the power to do. For himself, seeing that life was no longer desirable to him, if his death was judged by her to be indispensable to her security, she was welcome to lay what trains she pleased to compass it, so long as she would only suffer his father to go to his grave in peace, since *he* had never wronged her."

This temperate appeal was lost upon the heart of Bacha, who from that moment was secretly bent upon effecting the destruction of Leucippus. Her project was, by feeding the ears of the Duke with exaggerated praises of his son, to awaken a jealousy in the old man that she secretly preferred Leucippus. Next, by willfully insinuating the great popularity of the Prince (which was no more indeed than the truth) among the Lycians, to instill subtle fears into the Duke that his son had laid plots for circumventing his life and throne. By these arts she was working upon the weak mind of the Duke almost to distraction, when, at a meeting concocted by herself between the Prince and his father, the latter taking Leucippus soundly to task for these alleged treasons, the Prince replied only by humbly drawing his sword, with the intention of laying it at his father's feet, and begging him, since he suspected him, to sheathe it in his own bosom, for of his life he had been long weary. Bacha entered at the crisis, and ere Leucippus could finish his submission, with loud outcries alarmed the courtiers, who, rushing into the presence, found the Prince, with sword in hand indeed, but with far other intentions than this bad woman imputed to him, plainly accusing him of having drawn it upon his father! Leucippus was quickly disarmed; and the old Duke, trembling between fear and age, committed him to close prison, from which, by Bacha's aims, he never should have come out alive but for the interference of the common people, who, loving their Prince, and equally detesting Bacha, in a simultaneous mutiny arose and rescued him from the hands of the officers.

The court was now no longer a place of living for Leucippus, and, hastily thanking his countrymen for his deliverance, which in his heart he rather deprecated than welcomed, as one that wished for death, he took leave of all court hopes, and, abandoning the palace, betook himself to a life of penitence in solitudes.

Not so secretly did he select his place of penance, in a cave among lonely woods and fastnesses, but that his retreat was traced by Bacha; who, baffled in her purpose, raging like some she-wolf, dispatched an emissary of her own to destroy him privately.

There was residing at the court of Lycia at this time a young maiden, the daughter of Bacha by her first husband, who had hitherto been brought up in the obscurity of a poor country abode with an uncle, but whom Bacha now publicly owned, and had prevailed upon the easy Duke to adopt as successor to the throne in wrong of the true heir, his suspected son Leucippus.

This young creature, Urania by name, was as artless and harmless as her mother was crafty and wicked. To the unnatural Bacha she had been an object of neglect and aversion; and for the project of supplanting Leucippus only had she fetched her out of retirement. The bringing up of Urania had been among country hinds and lasses; to tend her flocks or superintend her neat dairy had been the extent of her breeding. From her calling she had contracted a pretty rusticity of dialect, which, among the fine folks of the court, passed for simplicity and folly. She was the unfittest instrument for an ambitious design that could be chosen, for her manners in a palace had a tinge still of her old occupation, and to her mind the lowly shepherdess's life was best.

Simplicity is oft a match for prudence; and Urania was not so simple but she understood that she had been sent for to court only in the Prince's wrong, and in her heart she was determined to defeat any designs that might be contriving against her brother-in-law. The melancholy bearing of Leucippus had touched her with pity. This wrought in her a kind of love, which, for its object, had no further end than the well-being of the beloved. She looked for no return of it, nor did the possibility of such a blessing in the remotest way occur to her—so vast a distance she had imaged between her lowly bringing up and the courtly breeding and graces of Leucippus. Hers was no raging flame, such as had burned destructive in the bosom of poor Hidaspes. Either the vindictive God in mercy had spared this young maiden, or the wrath of the confounding *Cupid* was restrained by a Higher Power from discharging the most malignant of his arrows against the peace of so much innocence. Of the extent of her mother's malice she was too guileless to have entertained conjecture; but from hints and whispers, and, above all, from that tender watchfulness with which a true affection, like Urania's, tends the safety of its object—fearing even where no cause for fear subsists—she gathered that

some danger was impending over the Prince, and with simple heroism resolved to countermine the treason.

It chanced upon a day that Leucippus had been indulging his sad meditations, in forests far from human converse, when he was struck with the appearance of a human being, so unusual in that solitude. There stood before him a seeming *youth*, of delicate appearance, clad in coarse and peasantly attire. "He was come," he said, "to seek out the Prince, and to be his poor boy and servant, if he would let him." "Alas! poor youth," replied Leucippus, "why do you follow me, who am as poor as you are?" "In good faith," was his pretty answer, "I shall be well and rich enough if you will but love me." And saying so, he wept. The Prince, admiring this strange attachment in a boy, was moved with compassion; and seeing him exhausted, as if with long travel and hunger, invited him in to his poor habitation, setting such refreshments before him as that barren spot afforded. But by no entreaties could he be prevailed upon to take any sustenance; and all that day, and for the two following, he seemed supported only by some gentle flame of love that was within him. He fed only upon the sweet looks and courteous entertainment which he received from Leucippus. Seemingly he wished to die under the loving eyes of his master. "I can not eat," he prettily said, "but I shall eat to-morrow." "You will be dead by that time," replied Leucippus. "I shall be well then," said he, "since you will not love me." Then the Prince asking him why he sighed so: "To think," was his innocent reply, "that such a fine man as you should die, and no gay lady love him." "But you will love me," said Leucippus. "Yes, sure," said he, "till I die; and when I am in heaven I shall wish for you." "This is a love," thought the other, "that I never yet heard tell of: but come, thou art sleepy, child; go in and I will sit with thee." Then, from some words which the poor youth dropped, Leucippus suspecting that his wits were beginning to ramble, said, "What portends this?" "I am not sleepy," said the youth, "but you are sad. I would that I could do any thing to make you merry. Shall I sing?" But soon, as if recovering strength, "There is one approaching," he wildly cried out. "Master, look to yourself—"

His words were true; for now entered, with provided weapon, the wicked emissary of Bacha that we told of; and directing a mortal thrust at the Prince, the supposed boy, with a last effort, interposing his weak body, received it in his bosom, thanking the Heavens in death that he had saved "so good a master."

Leucippus, having slain the villain, was at leisure to discover, in the features of his poor servant, the countenance of his devoted sister-in-law! Through solitary and dangerous ways she had sought him in that disguise; and finding him, seems to have resolved upon a voluntary death by fasting: partly, that she might die in the presence of her beloved; and partly, that she might make known to him in death the love which she wanted boldness to disclose to him while living; but chiefly, because she knew that by her demise all obstacles would be removed that stood between her Prince and his succession to the throne of Lycia.

Leucippus had hardly time to comprehend the strength of love in his Urania when a trampling of horses resounded through his solitude. It was a party of Lycian horsemen, that had come to seek him, dragging the detested Bacha in their train, who was now to receive the full penalty of her misdeeds. Amidst her frantic fury upon the missing of her daughter the old Duke had suddenly died, not without suspicion of her having administered poison to him. Her punishment was submitted to Leucippus, who was now, with joyful acclaims, saluted as the rightful Duke of Lycia. He, as no way moved with his great wrongs, but considering her simply as the parent of Urania, saluting her only by the title of "Wicked Mother," bade her to live. "That reverend title," he said, and pointed to the bleeding remains of her child, "must be her pardon. He would use no extremity against her, but leave her to Heaven." The hardened mother, not at all relenting at the sad spectacle that lay before her, but making show of dutiful submission to the young Duke, and with bended knees approaching him, suddenly, with a dagger, inflicted a mortal stab upon him; and, with a second stroke stabbing herself, ended both their wretched lives.

Now was the tragedy of Cupid's wrath awfully completed; and, the race of Leontius failing in the deaths of both his children, the chronicle relates that, under their new Duke, Ismenus, the offense to the angry Power was expiated; his statues and altars were, with more magnificence than ever, re-edified; and he ceased thenceforth from plaguing the land.

Thus far the Pagan historians relate erring. But from this vain Idol story a not unprofitable moral may be gathered against the abuse of the natural, but dangerous, *passion of love*. In the story of Hidaspes we see the preposterous linking of beauty with deformity; of princely expectancies with mean and low conditions, in the case of the Prince, her brother; and of decrepit age with youth in the ill end of their doting father, Leontius. By their examples we are warned to decline all *unequal and ill-assorted unions*.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

HAMMER and tongs! What have we here?
Let us approach, but not too near.
Two men standing breast to breast,
Head erect and arching chest;
Shoulders square and hands hard clenched,
And both their faces a trifle blenched.
Their lips are set in a smile so grim,
And sturdily set each muscular limb.
Round them circles a ring of rope,
Over them hangs the Heavens' blue cope.
Why do they glare at each other so?
What! you really then don't know?
This is a prize-fight, gentle Sir!
This is what makes the papers stir.
Talk of your ocean telegraph!
'Tisn't so great an event by half,
As when two young men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
Come together to batter and maul,
Come to fight till one shall fall,
Hammer and tongs!

Round about is a bestial crowd,
Heavily-jawed and beetle-browed;
Concave faces trampled in,
As if with the iron hoof of Sin!
Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,
Pistols bulging behind their hips;
Hands accustomed to deal the cards,
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
Who are these ruffianly fellows, I say,
That taint the breath of this autumn day?
These are "the Fancy," gentle Sir.
The Fancy? What have they to do with *her?*
Oh! 'tis their fancy to look at a fight—
To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.
Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes—
These are the things the Fancy prize.
And so they get men lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
To come together to batter and maul—
To come and fight till one shall fall,
Hammer and tongs!

Grandly the autumn forests shine,
Red as the gold in an Indian mine!
A dreamy mist, a vapory smoke
Hangs round the patches of evergreen oak.
Over the broad lake shines the sun—
The lake that Perry battled upon—
Striking the upland fields of maize
That glow through the soft October haze.
Nature is tracing with languid hand
Lessons of Peace over lake and land.
Ay! but yet is this tranquil spot
Chosen by bully, assassin, and sot

To pit two young men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
One with the other, to batter and maul,
To tussle and fight till one shall fall,
Hammer and tongs!

Their faces are rich with a healthy hue,
Their eyes are clear, and bright, and blue;
Every muscle is clean and fine,
And their blood is pure as the purest wine.
It is a pleasure their limbs to scan,
Splendid types of the animal man;
Splendid types of that human grace,
The noblest that God has willed to trace.
Brought to this by science and art,
Trained, and nourished, and kept apart;
Cunningly fed on the wholesomest food,
Carefully watched in every mood;
Brought to this state, so noble and proud,
To savagely tussle before a crowd—
To dim the light of the eyes so clear,
To mash the face to a bloody smear,
To maim, deface, and kill, if they can,
The glory of all creation—Man!
This the task of those lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs—
To bruise and wrestle, and batter and maul,
And fight till one or the other shall fall,
Hammer and tongs!

With feet firm planted upon the sand,
Face to face at "the scratch" they stand.
Feinting first—a blow—a guard!
Then some hitting heavy and hard.
The round fist falls with a horrible thud;
Wherever it falls comes a spout of blood!
Blow after blow, fall after fall,
For twenty minutes they tussle and maul.
The lips of the one are a gory gash,
The other's are knocked to eternal smash!
The bold, bright eyes are bloody and dim,
And staggering, shivers each stalwart limb.
Faces glowing with stupid wrath,
Hard breaths breathed through a bloody froth;
Blind and faint, they rain their blows
On cheeks like jelly and shapeless nose;
While the concave faces around the rope
Darken with panic or light with hope,
Till one fierce brute, with a terrible blow,
Lays the other poor animal low.
Are these the forms so noble and proud
That, kinglike, towered above the crowd?
Where are the faces so healthy and fresh?
There! those illegible masses of flesh!
Thus we see men lusty and tall,
Who, with nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
Will bruise and batter, and tussle and maul,
And fight till one or the other shall fall,
Hammer and tongs!

Trainers, backers, and betters all!
Who teach young men to tussle and maul,
And spend their muscle, and blood, and life,
Given for good, in a loathsome strife—
I know what the Devil will do for you,
You pistoling, bullying, cowardly crew!
He'll light up his furnaces red and blue,
And treat you all to a roast and stew;
Oh! he'll do you up, and he'll do you brown,
On pitchforks cleft into mighty prongs,
While chuckling fiends your agonies crown
By stirring you up and keeping you down
With hammer and tongs!

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

MR. CARLYLE, it is well for all readers to understand in the outset, will not write history after the fashion of any other man, but after his own mode, which is, perhaps, after all, the best for him. And if, in this History of Frederick, he has condescended to abate somewhat of the peculiarities which have proved such sad rocks of offense in his later works, we can only be grateful, and thankfully accept that which he has been pleased to give us.

Not indeed that he has wholly abandoned those curiosities of style and manner which in a feebler and less earnest writer we should call affectations. Odd turns of phrase, quaint epithets, sentences which, though clear enough in meaning, are fitted to drive all formal grammarians to despair, bristle on every page. Pretended extracts from "Sauerteig," from "Smelfungus," from the "Note-books of one not unknown to us," etc., etc.—all these writers being none other than Mr. Carlyle himself—startle those who would uphold the "dignity of history." Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, perhaps by means of them, he has produced a life of the "greatest monarch of modern times who has ascended the throne by right of accession," which, for weight of thought, vigor of execution, and picturesqueness of detail, must always rank among the foremost in our literature.

Frederick is, indeed, a man after Mr. Carlyle's own heart. By no means perfect, not altogether lovable, he had yet that clearness of purpose, unflinching determination, and indomitable will, which are, in Mr. Carlyle's estimation, the prime qualities of a hero. He had a work to do, which he performed right manfully; and the world is, on the whole, the better for him.

Mr. Carlyle, by way of Proem, thus shows us what manner of man Frederick had come to be, after some threescore years of labor and battle:

"About fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid, business manner on the open roads, or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate, amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting, lean, little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*, Father Fred, a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished—Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of god-like physiognomy any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch, and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror.' Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the

* *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes. Harper and Brothers.—Vols. I. and II.

stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy, clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation.

"Just about threescore and ten years ago his speakings and his workings came to finis in this World of Time, and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men. . . . . For he left the world all bankrupt, we may say; fallen into bottomless abysses of destruction; he still in a paying condition, and with footing capable to carry his affairs and him. When he died, in 1786, the enormous phenomenon since called FRENCH REVOLUTION was already growling audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric-electric coruscations heralding it all round the horizon. . . . . This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the Last of the Kings; that he ushers in the French Revolution, and closes an epoch of world-history. Finishing off forever the trade of king, think many who have grown profoundly dark as to kingship and him. . . . .

"It is of this Figure, whom we see by the mind's eye in those Potsdam regions, visible for the last time seventy years ago, that we are now to treat, in the way of solacing ingenuous human curiosity. We are to try for some Historical Conception of this Man and King—some answer to the questions, 'What was he, then? whence, how? and what did he achieve and suffer in the world?'"

Having fairly introduced to us Frederick and his immediate ancestors—with whom we shall have more to do by-and-by—Mr. Carlyle devotes some hundred of pages to the origin and growth of the Prussian State, and especially to Brandenburg, its central core. Two thousand years ago the Baltic shores were "a country of lakes and woods, of marshy jungles and sandy wildernesses, inhabited by bears, otters, bisons, wolves, wild swine, and certain shaggy Germans of the Suevic type." Hither, centuries after, come troops of wild Wends, or Vandals, to fill the void left by the Germans, who had rushed southward upon the decaying Roman Empire. To them for a while fell the task of keeping down the boars, otters, and wolves. Charlemagne builds up his great empire there and thereabouts; his dynasty dies out even to the latest bastard, and anarchy rules. Then Henry the Fowler comes down from the Hartz country, rears castles, builds towns, and posts his Margraves to defend the border. Then comes another long period of anarchy and obscure fighting, a few prominent figures appearing like light marks in the gloom; until Albert the Bear makes his appearance (say in A.D. 1142). He grasps far and wide, raises his Countship of Brandenburg to an Electorate, with a one-seventh voice in the choice of the Kaisar, for the Holy Roman Empire, so-called, has now got on foot again. What is more, he fights victoriously against the barbarous Wends, drives them out or dumps them down, peopling their land with emigrants from Holland, whom an inroad of the sea had rendered homeless. These men, knowing how to deal with bog and sand, taught Brandenburg what greenness and cow-pasture were. The Wends disappear after two hundred and fifty years of turmoil, and wholesome Dutch cabbage is planted over their graves.

An event, small enough to appearance, though notable in its results, comes to pass in these days. Frederick, called Barbarossa or Red-Beard, is Kaiser. To him from an old castle far southward comes a youth in search of employment or preferment. His name is Conrad; he is a younger son of the House of Hohenzollern, with a younger son's scanty portion. "Why should a young fellow stay at home idle and hungry, when a world is waiting to be conquered?" thinks he. Red-Beard has work for him, and promotion. He finds favor also with the heiress of the Vohburg family, and with her gains the Burggrafship of Nürnberg, which he transmits to his sons, who transmit it and much more to their sons—one of whom, twenty generations away, is that "Frederick called the Great," King of Prussia.

A grand heroic figure is this Frederick Red-Beard, which Mr. Carlyle shall sketch for us:

"It was now the flower-time of the Romish Kaisership of Germany, about the middle or noon of Barbarossa himself, second of the Hohenstauffens, and greatest of all the Kaisers of that or any other House—Kaiser fallen unintelligible to most modern readers, and wholly unknown, which is a pity. No King so furnished out with apparatus and arena, with personal faculty to rule and scene to do it in, has appeared elsewhere—a magnificent, magnanimous man, holding the reins of the world, not quite in the imaginary sense; scourging anarchy down, and urging noble effort up, really on a grand scale; a terror to evil-doers and a praise to well-doers in this world, probably beyond what was ever seen since; whom also we salute across the centuries as a choice Beneficence of Heaven. 'Encamped on the Plain of Roncaglia' (when he entered Italy, as he too often had occasion to do), 'his shield was hung out on a high mast over his tent;' and it meant in those old days, 'Ho, every one that has suffered wrong, here is a Kaiser come to judge you, as he shall answer it to *his* Master.' And men gathered round him, and actually found some justice, if they could discern it when found, which they could not always do; neither was the justice capable of being perfect always. A fearfully difficult function, that of Friedrich Red-Beard, but an inexorably indispensable one in this world, though sometimes dispensed with (to the huge joy of Anarchy, which sings Hallelujah through all its Newspapers) for a season.

"Kaiser Friedrich had immense difficulties with his Popes, with his Milanese, and the like—besieged Milan six times over, among other anarchies—had indeed a heavy-laden, hard time of it, his task being great and the greatest. He made Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor of Milan, 'lie

chained under his table, like a dog, for three days;' for the man was in earnest in that earnest time; and let us say, they are but paltry sham-men who are not so in any time—paltry, and far worse than paltry, however high their plumes may be, of whom the sick world (Anarchy, both vocal and silent, having now swollen rather high) is every where getting weary. Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor, lay three days under the Kaiser's table—as it would be well if every anarchic Governor, of the soft type and of the hard, were made to do on occasion—asking himself, in terrible earnest, 'Am I a dog, then; alas! am not I a dog?' Those were serious old times.

"On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tourneys, his gleams of bright joyances now and then; one great gathering of all the chivalries at Maintz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tourney ever seen in this world. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year, thinking to himself, 'Let us end with one clear act of piety:' he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero. 'Woe is me, my son has perished, then?' said he once, tears wetting the beard, now white enough: 'My son is slain! But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!' and gained great victories, and even found his son, but never returned home—died some unknown sudden death, 'in the River Cydnus,' say the most. Nay, German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear."

Conrad did not follow Red-Beard to the crusade, but remained at home, minding his own affairs. His successors did the like, and went on increasing in power and importance. These Hohenzollerns were a steady, sturdy, stout-hearted race of men—not given to fighting, if it could be avoided, but fighting stoutly when need was—thrifty withal, with money ready to lay out to advantage; and rather fond of laying it out in religious foundations and benefices. We would call them the Yankees of Germany. This possession of ready money did them good service more than once, and especially in certain transactions with Sigismund, who in 1411 became Kaiser, through the special aid of Frederick VI., then Burggraf of Nürnberg. Of this Sigismund Mr. Carlyle has something to say—not altogether complimentary:

"Sigismund is Kaiser, then, in spite of Wenzel. King of Hungary, after unheard-of troubles and adventures, ending some years ago in a kind of peace and conquest, he has long been. King of Bohemia, too, he at last became, having survived Wenzel, who was childless. Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and so much else: is not Sigismund now a great man? Truly the loom he weaves upon in this world is very large. But the weaver was of headlong, high-pacing, flimsy nature, and both warp and woof were gone dreadfully entangled!

"This is the Kaiser Sigismund who held the Council of Constance, and 'blushed visibly' when Huss, about to die, alluded to the Letter of Safe-conduct granted him, which was issuing in such fashion. Sigismund blushed, but could not conveniently mend the matter, so many matters pressing on him just now, as they perpetually did, and had done—an always-hoping, never-resting, unsuccessful, vain, and empty Kaiser; specious, speculative; given to eloquence, diplomacy, and the windy instead of the solid arts: always short of money, for one thing. He roamed about, and talked eloquently, aiming high, and generally missing; how he went to conquer Hungary, and had to float down the Donau instead, with an attendant or two, in a most private manner, and take refuge with the Grand Turk: this we have seen, and this is a general emblem of him. Hungary and even the Reich have at length become his, but have brought small triumph in any kind; and instead of ready-money, debt on debt. His Majesty has no money, and his Majesty's occasions need it more and more.

"He is now (A.D. 1414) holding this Council of Constance, by way of healing the Church, which is sick of Three simultaneous Popes, and of much else. He finds the problem difficult—finds he will have to run into Spain, to persuade a refractory Pope there, if eloquence can (as it can not); all which requires money, money. At opening of the Council he officiated as deacon, actually doing some kind of litanying with a surplice over him, though Kaiser and King of the Romans. But this passage of his opening speech is what I recollect best of him there: 'Right reverend Fathers, *date operam, ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur!*' exclaims Sigismund, intent on having the Bohemian Schism well dealt with, which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a Cardinal mildly remarking, '*Domine, schisma est generis neutrius* (*Schisma* is neuter, your Majesty),' Sigismund loftily replies, '*Ego sum Rex Romanus, et super grammaticam!*' (I am King of the Romans, and above Grammar!) for which reason I call him in my Note-books Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglio of Kaisers."

The Electorate of Brandenburg had, we must premise, some time ago lapsed to the Empire. Sigismund, greatly in want of money, had pawned it to Burggraf Frederick for 150,000 gulden. Unable to pay the loan, and still in want of more money, he proposed to Frederick that he should advance him 250,000 gulden more, and take the Electorate, lands, titles, sovereign electorship and all. This settlement was adopted, in Sigismund's apartment at Constance, on the 30th of April, 1415; the money was duly paid down, and the Burggrafs of Nürnberg became Electors of Brandenburg. Four hundred thousand gold gulden is nominally equivalent to about a million of dollars; multiply this by four or six to make up for the difference in the value of money, and we have, in current coin, the actual cost of this new acquisition of the House of Hohenzollern.

There were twelve of these Hohenzollern Electors of Brandenburg, some of them men of mark; most of whom we must pass without mention, only noticing that the sixth of them, Joachim II., surnamed Hector, declared himself a Protestant in 1539; that George William, the tenth, came near being ruined in the Thirty Years' War; that his son, Frederick William, styled "the Great Elector," retrieved the fortunes of his House, transmitting his estates and dominions to his son Frederick, who, in 1701,

after long negotiation and many rebuffs, persuaded the Kaiser—not without a "consideration"—to bestow upon him the title of King of Prussia.

This Frederick I. was a crooked little gentleman, whose back had been injured in infancy. He was of an aspiring turn; and seeing that other German princes were getting higher titles—his rival the Elector of Saxony, for example, becoming King thereof—fancied that the regal title would become him as well. He had thirty thousand excellent troops, and Kaiser Leopold, "a little man in red stockings," had no end of wars. The Kaiser, for whom the Elector and his soldiers had more than once done good service, was quite willing to grant the desired preferment; but his ministers said nay, and for seven long years Frederick petitioned in vain. At length the Elector sent 100,000 thalers, by way of bribe, to the chief opposing councilor at Vienna. The money was refused. "Try again," wrote the Elector to his agent, indicating in cipher the name of another councilor who, it was hoped, would be more accessible. The agent, by mistake, read the name to be that of Father Wolf, the Emperor's Jesuit confessor. The confessor took the cash thus accidentally thrown into his hands, and persuaded the Kaiser to grant the accompanying petition.

King Frederick set off, in mid-winter, for Königsberg, four hundred and fifty miles away, to be crowned. He was attended by a cavalcade of eighteen hundred carriages, to drag which thirty thousand extra post-horses were ordered. For the coronation he had a new coat, the diamond buttons of which cost seven thousand five hundred dollars apiece; and other expenses were in proportion. He reigned a dozen years in an expensive way, and then died in a tragical manner.

When advanced in years he had married a third wife, in the hope of making sure that his line should be perpetuated; for his only son, the Crown Prince, after having been married for some years, had only two living children, a daughter, and a feeble infant boy who it is thought will not live. The doctors hint that the Crown Princess will have no more offspring. They were indeed wrong; for that infant grew up to be that little lean, alert old man whom we have seen sauntering on the terrace at Sans Souci; and his brothers and sisters in time amounted to half a score. The new young Queen led the old King a sad life, in many ways, and finally went mad. One day, early in 1713, the poor old monarch is sitting in his cabinet, when the glass door is suddenly shattered, and in rushes a figure clad in white, bleeding and disheveled. The King faints. He fancies that it is the "White Lady" who walks the castle to announce the approaching death of some of its royal inmates. It is the poor mad Queen, who has escaped from her apartments. The old King is borne to his bed, from which he never rose, but dies in a few days.

The accession of Frederick William changed the whole aspect of the Prussian Court. His father was hardly buried when the whole household was reconstructed on the most economical scale. Court-marshals, chamberlains, flunkeys, and lackeys were discharged. Two or three, instead of as many dozen, pages performed duty in the ante-chambers. King Frederick had kept, or at least paid for keeping, a thousand horses; his son retained but thirty for the saddle and a few carriage teams. In two months the household expenses were reduced four-fifths. The pension list was attacked in the same ruthless way. Three-fourths of the names were wholly stricken off, and the remainder cut down to the very bone. By degrees, says Mr. Carlyle—

....."He went over, went into and through every department of Prussian business, in that fashion; steadily, warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it, large and little, to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity, of utility, pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done; needless work and ineffectual or imaginary workers to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this earth; worth purchasing at almost any price.... It was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm's life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian business, great and little, public, and even private. Year after year he brings it to perfection; pushes it unweariedly forward every day and hour. So that he has Prussia at last all a Prussia made after his own image; the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous, and Spartan country any modern king ever ruled over, and himself a king indeed. He that models nations according to his own image, he is a king, though his sceptre were a walking-stick, and properly none other is."

Frederick William's sceptre was literally a walking-stick, of which he made liberal use in the way of governing; any one who displeased him stood a fair chance of becoming practically acquainted with its weight and hardness—most of all his son, toward whom our sketch is slowly tending. Idleness and *loafering* is his special abhorrence. The apple-women must knit at their stalls, or run the risk of the cane being shook in their faces or even laid over their backs if his Majesty sees them idle. Any stout fellow lounging about the corners of streets is liable to be packed off, with peremptory orders to betake himself to some work, and may think himself lucky to escape a sound thwack over the shoulders. Dandy-like personages and idle flaunting women fared in like manner. "Who are you? Look me in the face!" Woe to the wretch who shuffled or prevaricated; but a prompt, decided answer always met with favor. "I am a theological candidate, your Majesty," replied a threadbare youth one day to the King's sharp interrogatory. "Where from?" "From Berlin." "Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two." "Two! which then?" "Your Majesty and myself." Majesty burst into a laugh; ordered

that the candidate should be examined by proper ecclesiastical functionaries; and, having been found capable, had him appointed to a chaplaincy.

The King was fond of good living, though somewhat coarse in his tastes, bacon and greens being his favorite dish; was given to smoking and drinking beer; and cared for no amusements beyond backgammon, hunting, and drilling his regiments. He was indeed a mighty hunter. In one season he and his party slaughtered 3602 wild swine in the Pomeranian and Brandenburg forests. A great waste of good pork, one would suppose; but no waste at all as he managed it. Not an ounce was lost. Every householder in certain districts was obliged to take so much pork, paying for it the market price in hard cash. Good wholesome meat it was, none the worse or dearer for being killed by royal hands.

The army was his pride and glory. In a few years his economy and good management enabled him to keep on foot a standing force of a hundred thousand men, without exhausting his resources or imposing fresh burdens on his people. These were disciplined and drilled to the last point of perfection. Accoutrements and equipments were in admirable order, so that the whole force of the kingdom was ready for action at a moment's notice. His tall Potsdam regiment was the only whim upon which he lavished money regardless of amount. A man twelve inches above the common height was cheap at any price. To send him a recruit of six feet three was a sure road to favor. He had done some service to Czar Peter, who gave him every autumn a hundred of the tallest men to be found in all Russia. His recruiting agents were busy all over Europe looking out for giants. One James Kirkman, an Irishman, cost more than five thousand dollars to get safely enlisted. His agents scrupled at no means to secure recruits of the requisite inches. For example: In the town of Jülich was a young carpenter of six feet six. One day a well-dressed gentleman walked into his shop, and ordered made a stout chest, with a strong lock. It must be six and a half feet long, perhaps more: "long enough," explains the customer, "to take you in, Herr Carpenter." When the chest is finished, the well-dressed gentleman, who was Baron Hompesch, one of Frederick William's recruiting agents, thinks it is too short. "It is six feet six," says the carpenter, measuring rule in hand. "But it was to be long enough to take you in." "So it is." "Impossible." "I will convince you, Mein Herr," says the carpenter, getting into the chest, and stretching himself out at full length. The Baron slams down the lid, locks it fast, and calls in three stout fellows, who march off with the chest, carpenter, and all. Arrived at a safe place, the chest is opened, and the carpenter is found dead—suffocated for want of air. The Baron gets no thanks this time, but is imprisoned for life. Herr Bentrieder, the Austrian embassador, was long thought the tallest man in Germany. Traveling once in Prussia on diplomatic business, his carriage broke down, and he walked on toward the nearest town. Here he is seized, marched off to the guard-house, and quietly told that he must make up his mind to learn the Prussian drill, with a view to enlistment in the Potsdam grenadiers. Personages of so many inches can not be allowed to march around on foot in Prussia. The embassador humors the joke, until, by-and-by, his suite come up and make known his real character and position. Due apologies were offered and accepted; but trouble finally grew out of the affair. All through Frederick William's reign, indeed, he was involved in continual disputes with neighboring states arising from the proceedings of his crimps in the matter of tall recruits. But what can they do? The men must be had, if not in Prussia, then elsewhere. Procured they were, by fair means or foul; three battalions, each 800 strong, the shortest man six feet and odd inches in height, while Hohmann, the biggest of all, was so lofty that a tall man could not with his hand reach the top of his head—nearer eight feet than seven in his boots, it was said.

Frederick William's government was in form the simplest conceivable. He had no Parliament, Legislative Body, or Cabinet to aid or embarrass him. His Ministers were simply clerks, to put in shape and carry out his orders. The nearest approach to a Council was the famous "Tobacco College." In each of the royal residences a plain apartment, with simple wooden furniture, is fitted up as a smoking-room. Here of an evening sits his Majesty, with a few friends around a long table. Each man has a long pipe in his mouth; at his left hand a pan of burning peat; at his right a jug of bitter beer. Tobacco is at hand for all, and on the sideboard are solid refreshments—cold meats, bread and butter, and the like, with wines and liquors for those who wish them. At the hunting-seat of Wusterhausen, his Majesty's favorite summer residence, this smoking session is usually held in the open air, on the stone steps of the great fountain. Besides the regular attendants strangers of distinction are frequently invited to attend. Every thing is conducted in the most free-and-easy manner. Perfect equality is the rule; no rising or taking notice when any one comes or goes. If any one has any thing to say, let him say it; if not, let him smoke in silence; or if, as now and then happens, tobacco disagrees with him, he may take an empty pipe, and puff away at it to his heart's content. Here, in a wholly informal way, between whiffs of smoke, public affairs and the occurrences of the day are talked over. Talk failing, the newspapers are read aloud; and so his Majesty gets an idea of how the world goes, and what men think of matters and things.

For reader there is some subordinate character, with a good voice, who knows something of

history, geography, and the like. The last and most notable of these readers was one Gundling, a broken-down author, of great erudition, no sense, and much given to liquor. He had been picked up in a tap-room, where he received free quarters and his fill of liquor for the sake of the company attracted by his conversation. His Majesty paid him a moderate salary, and got his full money's worth out of him in many ways. He grew to be the butt of the conclave, and a subject for all manner of coarse practical jokes. Upon a time one Herr Fassmann, a man very much of Gundling's calibre, was introduced into the College, and pitted against the reader. Gundling, worsted in talk, caught up the Dutch smoking-pan, filled with burning peat, ashes, and hot sand, and dashed it in his rival's face. A fight ensued; Fassman got the better of Gundling, brought him across his knee, sitting side uppermost, and, baring the exposed part, belabored it with the hot pan, amidst the shouts and laughter of the conclave. His Majesty suggested that such a quarrel must be settled in the way "customary among gentlemen." Fassmann challenged Gundling, who unwillingly accepted. On the field, King and Tobacco College present, the poor reader's courage forsook him; but Fassmann sternly advanced, fired his pistol—loaded with powder only—point-blank at Gundling's head, setting fire to his immense wig. Gundling fell to the ground, thinking himself mortally wounded; but was brought to, and his blazing wig extinguished by a bucket of water dashed in his face. Gundling held his place for many years. His Majesty at length gave him a wine cask, painted black, with a white cross, which was to stand in his room as a *memento mori*, and be his coffin in the end. It stood there for ten years, its owner often sitting to write in it. He was actually buried in it, his old enemy, Fassmann, pronouncing his funeral discourse. "The Herr Baron Gundling," said he, "was a man of many dignities; of much book-learning; a man of great memory — *expectans judicium*" — "looking for the Judgment," or, "lacking in judgment," as we choose to interpret the somewhat ambiguous Latin phrase: the latter being probably the orator's rendering.

Such was the famous Tobacco College—the Parliament, Congress, and Council Board of Frederick William. Originally intended as a relaxation from severe duties, it came to have a serious function. Business matters often became a subject of colloquy; his Majesty bringing them up that he might learn the different opinions of his Generals and others without their observing it; and might thus profit by their collective wisdom.

These whims and eccentricities formed but a small part of the true character of Frederick William. Taken as a whole, his administration of the government was excellent. Possessed of unlimited power, he rarely interfered with the regular execution of the laws; fond as he was of money, he was ever ready to spend it upon works of public utility; with a territory smaller and less populous than that of any of the other great powers, he maintained the most efficient army in Europe; although he imposed no grievous burdens upon his subjects, his revenues were always greater than his expenses, and every year saw large additions made to the barrels of solid dollars stored away in the vaults of his treasury. While all the neighboring States were in turn overrun and wasted by contending armies, no foreign force ever set foot within his territories, and no disaffection was ever manifested at home. History has heretofore done injustice to Frederick William. Macaulay can see in him only a meddling madman—"a cross between Moloch and Puck." Mr. Carlyle is the first who has presented a fair and comprehensive view of the higher traits which characterized the real founder of the Prussian State.

Frederick, to whom we have at last come, was a year old when his father acceded to the throne. The one idea of Frederick William in the education of his son was to make him, like himself, a thorough administrator and laborious military martinet, and a pious man, in his way, though an odd one according to our notions. His tutors were directed, in the first place, to impress upon his mind "a proper love and fear of God," with a proper abhorrence of all false religious sects, such as "Atheists, Arians, Socinians," and Papists especially. He must be taught French and German, which would be quite sufficient in the way of languages; Latin was especially prohibited. Then — we quote the final and most important directions; with Carlyle's characteristic comments:

3°. "Let him learn Arithmetic, Mathematics, Artillery, Economy to the very bottom," and, in short, useful knowledge generally; useless ditto not at all: "History in particular; Ancient History only slightly (*nur überhin*), but the History of the last Hundred and fifty Years to the exactest pitch. The *Jus Naturale* and *Jus Gentium*," by way of hand-lamp to History, "he must be completely master of, as also of Geography, whatever is remarkable in each Country; and in Histories, most especially the History of the House of Brandenburg, where he will find domestic examples, which are always of more force than foreign; and along with Prussian History, chiefly that of the Countries which have been connected with it, as England, Brunswick, Hessen, and the others; and in reading of wise History-books there must be considerations made (*Sollen beym Lesen kluger Historiarum Betrachtungen gemacht werden*) upon the causes of the events." Surely, O King!

4°. "With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification"—mark you! "the Formation of a Camp and the other War-Sciences—that the Prince may, from youth upward, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession." This is whither it must all tend. You, Finkenstein and Kalkstein, "have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son" (*einzuprägen*, stamp into him) "a true love for the Soldier business, and to

impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honor like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory (*die einzige Gloria*) therein;" which is an extreme statement of the case, showing how much we have it at heart.

When the Crown Prince was five, a miniature soldier company was organized for his express behoof, so that he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. In a year or two this was learned, and he was duly fitted out in the Prussian uniform—tight blue coat and cocked hat—and set to drilling the small recruits. From an early age he accompanied his Majesty on his annual reviews. From Memel away toward the Russian borders, down to Wesel on the French, every garrison, marching regiment, and board of management was rigorously reviewed and inspected by the King every year. In these reviews and in hunting excursions the boy accompanied his father. At home his early training was of the most rigid Spartan fashion. Here is an abstract of the work of one day in the week. He is called at six, rises, says his prayers, washes, dresses himself, and breakfasts, all in half an hour; another half hour is given to worship with his preceptor and domestics. From seven till nine Duhan takes him on history; then the learned Noltenius teaches him the "Christian Religion" for a couple of hours. Then he puts on his uniform and goes to the King, with whom he stays till two, at which time his Majesty takes his nap, having dined at noon. The Prince has three hours more of Geography, Morals, and Composition; this brings him to five o'clock, after which "Fritz shall wash his hands and go to the King, ride out, divert himself in the air, and do what he likes if it is not against God."

A very wise system of training, apparently; but, greatly to his Majesty's grief and displeasure, it does not succeed as well as was to be hoped. As Fritz grows up he shows a serious disinclination for the business and sports of his father. He hates drilling and reviews; can not endure tobacco; cares nothing for backgammon or hunting. He exhibits dandyish propensities, affects fine dressing-gowns; calls his uniform a shroud, frizzes his fair hair, instead of having it soaped and tied in a military pig-tail; spends time in fluting, fifing, and reading French books; attempts to learn Latin in a surreptitious manner, in spite of his father's express prohibition; and, worse than all, has doubts of the Christian Religion, as taught by Noltenius, going to the extent of believing in "the horrible doctrine of Predestination." Some of these evil practices of Fritz were dealt with in a summary way. The tutor who taught him Latin was soundly drubbed by the royal hands; the fine dressing-gown was thrown into the fire; the flute was broken and pitched out of the window; the French books were sent to be sold; the court barber was ordered to cut off the frizzled locks in front, and soap the rest into a decorous pig-tail, his Majesty standing by to see that the work was properly done.

These grievances were aggravated by an affair half domestic and half political. The Queen, a sister of George II. of England, was anxious that a double marriage should unite the two families. Her eldest daughter, Wilhelmina, should marry Frederick, Prince of Wales, while her Fritz should wed the Princess Amelia. This double marriage was informally agreed upon by the two sovereigns, to be carried into effect at a proper time. It was an object of the Catholic Emperor to prevent this union between the two great Protestant houses of Europe. Seckendorf, a skillful diplomat, was sent to the Court of Prussia; he insinuated himself into the confidence of the King, and bought over Grumkow, his principal adviser. The palace was full of intrigues and counter-intrigues; Queen and children urging the marriage, Seckendorf and Grumkow opposing it. In the end, Frederick William consented that the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Wilhelmina should take place; but refused to accede to the other. The English King would have both or none; and was quite indifferent about the matter. The affair came to nothing; but while it lasted caused infinite bitterness between Frederick William and his family.

But worse was behind. Frederick was now sixteen. He had touched the period when the great change takes place in the human mind and body; when the boy becomes a man. The Prussian Court was moral and decorous; but the minor courts of Germany were defiled by the most loathsome debauchery. Worst of all was that of Saxony. King Augustus, surnamed "the Strong," was himself the father of 354 illegitimate children. Frederick visited Dresden and was initiated into its manners and morals. For the next four or five years he led a dissolute life, consorting with vicious young officers. Bad health followed; a dangerous lingering fit at first, followed by frequent attacks for some years, with ominous rumors, consultations of physicians, and reports to the paternal Majesty, which produced small comfort in that quarter. Frederick William's old-standing disfavor was converted into open aversion, many times into fits of sorrow, rage, and despair on his son's behalf. More unhappy men than were this royal father and son for four or five years it would be hard to find; and all who had to do with them came in for their share of misery.

About a year after this fatal Dresden visit the King was attacked by the gout. The agony drove him mad. He had acquired some skill in painting, and pictures of his are still extant, done at this time, bearing the inscription "Painted by Frederick William in torment." His fits of rage were terrible, he spared not one who approached him. The Princess Wilhelmina says: "It was a Hell upon earth to us; the pains of Purgatory could not equal what we suffered." The young Princess Louisa was about to be married. One day at dinner the King asked her

how she would regulate her housekeeping. She gave him to understand that she would fare better than at home. The King burst into a passion; but, says Wilhelmina:

"All his anger fell upon my brother and me. He first threw a plate at my brother's head, who ducked out of the way; he then let fly another at me, which I avoided in like manner. A hailstorm of abuse followed these first hostilities. He rose into a passion against the queen, reproaching her for the bad training she gave her children. 'You have reason to curse your mother,' he said to the Prince, 'for it is she that causes you to be an ill-governed fellow!' Getting no answer, he set to abusing us till he could speak no longer. We rose from the table. As we had to pass near him in going out, he aimed a great blow at me with his crutch, which, if I had not jerked away from it, would have ended me. He chased me for a while in his wheel-chair; but the people drawing it gave me time to escape into the queen's chamber."

And so on for months. The Crown Prince, who went on in his evil ways, coming in for more canings and kickings than often fall to the share of a youth of eighteen. His father would not speak to him; seated him at the foot of the table; would not help him to food; so that the queen was obliged to send his food to his own room. For a year and more this continued, matters growing worse and worse.

"'I am in the uttermost despair,' writes Frederick to his mother. 'What I had always apprehended has at last come upon me. The King has entirely forgotten that I am his son. This morning, when I came into his room, he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his rattan. I tried in vain to shield myself, he was in so terrible a rage, almost out of himself; it was only weariness that made him give up. I am driven to extremity. I have too much honor to endure such treatment; and am resolved to put an end to it in one way or another."

This was something different from the cuffs, kicks, and blows to which Frederick was accustomed. It was the first time that he had been beaten like a dog or a slave. It was not the last. At Radewitz, for instance, where they had gone as guests of the King of Saxony, the Prince was beaten before a whole crowd of strangers, and reproached for his pusillanimity in submitting to the disgrace. "If I had been treated so by my father," said the enraged King, "I would have blown my brains out: but this fellow has no honor, he takes all that comes."

Frederick had for some time meditated flight. Two of his associates, Lieutenants Keith and Katte, were in the secret. By borrowing, selling jewels, and the like, he had got together a thousand ducats, which were placed in Katte's hands for safe-keeping. Months passed before an opportunity occurred. At length, in July, 1730, the King set off on a journey to the Rhine country, taking the Prince with him. Now was the time. He would slip across the river; Keith and Katte should join him, with money and horses; he would go to France, thence to England; to the Italian wars; any where, in fact, to escape from that "hell upon earth."

The plot was discovered. Frederick was brought before his father, who upbraided him as a rebel and deserter, beat him in the face till it bled, attempted to run him through with his sword—being only prevented by an officer; and sent him home under guard, with orders to bring him dead or alive.

The King reached Berlin in a white passion. "Your scoundrel of a son has ended at last," were his first words to the Queen. His children approached; but the moment he saw Wilhelmina, whom he suspected of being the Prince's confidant, he foamed with rage, struck her in the face, knocked her down, and tried to kick her as she lay. The Queen shrieked and wrung her hands; the children wept and prayed. All this took place almost in public. A crowd began to gather, which was dispersed by the guards. The Princess was shut up in her room for months, with sentinels posted before the door. Here she was half-starved. "Nothing to eat," she says, perhaps with a little exaggeration, "but a soup of salt and water, and a ragout of old bones full of hairs and slopperies."

Frederick was confined in a bare room in the fortress of Cüstrin. He was clad in the coarsest prison garb; only ten-pence a day was allowed for his diet; his food, bought at this rate from a cook-shop, was to be cut up for him, no knife being allowed. He was to be kept in solitary confinement, with no books except a Bible and Prayer-book. Meanwhile a court-martial was assembled to try him and his accomplices. Keith had escaped—actually deserted, that is. He was sentenced to be hung, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows—all in effigy. "Good," says the King. Katte had intended to desert. His sentence was two years' imprisonment. "Not good," says the King. He had been guilty of treason, and must die. "Better that he die than that justice depart out of the world." As to the Prince, the court say that he, a lieutenant-colonel in the Prussian army, has been guilty of desertion; the punishment for which, by the military law, is death. There may be considerations why this punishment should not be inflicted; but with these the court has nothing to do. It can only pronounce sentence.

Katte was executed, Frederick being brought down from his room to see him led by. For a time it seemed to be the King's determination that the law should take its course upon the Prince. All the courts of Europe were aghast at the impending tragedy. Sweden, Holland, England, and Austria formally remonstrated.

Frederick William during these months was in a state of madness; wandered about by night from room to room; ordered his carriage out at two o'clock in the morning; rushed into the Queen's room at the dead of night, staring wildly, and saying that something haunted him. For weeks together he never went to bed sober. At last he decided that the "considerations"

hinted at by the court-martial should prevail; the Prince should not die; if he would repent, take an oath of submission, promise future obedience, and abjure the "fatal doctrine of Predestination," he should be released from prison and have a chance to show himself worthy of the favor of his indulgent father. As for Wilhelmina, she must be married off-hand to somebody.

Chaplain Müller, who had been appointed to deal with Frederick, reported that he saw the error of his ways; was quite convinced of the falsity of the doctrine of Predestination; and ready to take the oath of obedience. "God, the Most High, give his blessing on it," replied the King: "and as He often, by wondrous guidance, strange paths, and thorny steps, will bring men into the kingdom of Christ, so may our Divine Redeemer help that this prodigal son be brought into his communion; that his godless heart be beaten till it is softened and changed; and so he be snatched from the claws of Satan."

After three months of close confinement Frederick was released; his brown prison garb was replaced by a gray suit—for he must undergo further probation before he could be permitted to resume his uniform. For the present he was to live in the town of Cüstrin, in a very modest way, and busy himself in learning to manage a bit of the domain lands of the crown. His father would not see him yet; he was not worthy of that supreme grace. It was nine months more—a full year since their last meeting when the Prince came so near being run through the body—before father and son again looked upon each other.

Frederick, having every motive so to do, conducted himself well during this long probation; wrote the most dutiful letters to his father, and gradually made way into a kind of favor with him which he had never known before. A husband was at length found for Wilhelmina. In the height of the wedding festivities some one pointed out to her a young man who had just entered the room. It was her brother, but she did not at first recognize him. She had not seen him since he set off, eighteen months before, on that journey which had produced so much misery to all. He was quite pardoned now, and next day made his appearance in uniform. He had served a hard apprenticeship, and had learned much; above all, that it was wise for him not to oppose his father's will.

So, when the King selected a wife for him, though he grumbled and complained to others, he made no opposition to the paternal Majesty. The marriage took place in 1733, Frederick being then about two-and-twenty. The King made adequate provision for his household; by-and-by purchased for him a fine estate at Reinsberg, and gave him money to build him a palace according to his mind. In three years this was completed, and here the Prince passed four tranquil and peaceful years. He had much military and civil work to do; all of which was performed in an orderly, methodical manner, much to the delight of the King, who was moreover, as occasion offered, propitiated by the present of a few tall recruits. In these days he had his first glimpse of war, having made a campaign under Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Generalissimo of the Emperor, in the French and Austrian war. This over, he passed his time at his beautiful Reinsberg palace after his own fashion. He planted gardens, built grottoes and conservatories; fifed and fluted; read much, and wrote prose and verse to a fearful amount; gathered about him a circle of literary men; and, above all, corresponded copiously with Voltaire. "The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote themselves to the Arts and Sciences," writes Frederick, "makes me hope you will not exclude me from the number of those whom you find worthy of your instructions. . . . . I feel how small are the advantages of birth, those vapors of grandeur with which vanity would solace us. Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed with faculties that can advance the Arts and Sciences; and it is the part of princes to recompense his noble toils. Ah! would Glory but make use of me to crown your successes!" So he sends sundry manuscripts to the French apostle, and solicits a return in kind. Voltaire responds. He is delighted to find "that there is now in the world a prince who thinks as a man: a *philosopher*-prince, who will make men happy. No prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back the golden age into his countries; and unless one day the tumult of business and the wickedness of men alter so divine a character, you will be worshiped by your people and loved by the world." A wise reservation this, as the event proved before long. So follow reams of letters, with prose and verse, very good from Voltaire, and very bad from Frederick. Among these is a treatise, the "*Anti-Machiavel*" by Frederick, in which the Prince undertakes to refute the wicked teachings of the subtle Florentine, and to show clearly what a true Prince should be and do. This Voltaire thinks should be published for the good of the world, and gladly undertakes to see it through the press.

The composition of the "Anti-Machiavel" was the chosen work of the year 1739—Frederick's last year as Crown Prince. It was not published till 1740, when its author was King of Prussia. Frederick William had been failing for months. Late in May the Prince was summoned in all haste to Potsdam, if he would see his father alive. He found the King out of doors in his wheel-chair—not so ill, apparently, as had been reported. But next day he was worse. He then gave minute directions for his funeral. He had ordered his coffin made long before. "I shall sleep well in that," he used to say. He would be buried in his uniform, his tall Potsdam Grenadiers following him, and firing three full volleys over the grave; on the way the band was to play the dirge, "Oh, head

all full of blood and wounds!" and so on; every thing being accurately fore-ordered. For the next three days the King had long private conversations with his son; all the old anger and discontent was gone. "Am I not happy," he said more than once, "to have such a son to leave behind me?" He was heard to pray, "Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no living man be justified." A hymn was often sung to him, one line of which reads, "Naked came I into the world, naked shall I go."—"No," he would always say at that passage, "not quite naked; I shall have my uniform on."

As the supreme hour approached, he was wheeled from room to room—last to the window, from which he could see his tall Guards going through their evolutions. Laid upon his bed he called for a mirror: "Not so worn as I thought," said he, as he saw the reflection of his face. His agony was terrible. "Feel my pulse," said he to the surgeon, "and tell me how long this will last."—"Alas! not long."—"Say not, Alas; but how do you know?"—"The pulse is gone."—"Impossible," said the King, lifting his arm; "how could I move my fingers so if the pulse was gone?" The surgeon reaffirmed his statement by a mournful look. "Lord Jesus, to thee I live; Lord Jesus, to thee I die; in life and death thou art my portion," replied the dying man. These were his last words.

"Friedrich Wilhelm," says Mr. Carlyle, "at rest from all his labors, slept with the primeval sons of Thor. No Baresark of them all, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff. I confess his value to me in these sad times is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's-Digester, Truculent-Charlatan, and other species of 'Kings,' alone attainable for the sad flunkey populations of an era given up to mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? 'Would give,' I have written; but, alas! it ought to have been written, '*Should* give.' What *they* would give is too mournfully plain to me in spite of ballot-boxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downward and upward!—Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died, age fifty-two, coming 15th of August next. Same day Friedrich, his son, was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet, doing what is customary on such occasions."

That portion of Mr. Carlyle's History now offered to the public closes with the accession of Frederick. Thus far Frederick William has been its hero. In the new monarch no man as yet saw any thing but a promising young Prince of fair abilities, with luxurious tastes and a fondness for Arts and Literature. Such a King, thought some, with his vaults filled with good hard dollars, will inaugurate a new Augustan Age. Others, who had heard his talk of moderation and liberty and philanthropy, who had seen the early sheets of the famous "Anti Machiavel," which was slowly passing through the press, awaited in him the *Philosopher*-prince, who would make all men happy—according to the Gospel of Rousseau and Voltaire. Though nothing was further from his own purpose than all this, Frederick was quite content that it should be believed. Only once before he mounted the throne did he lift the vail which concealed his own purposes. This was six years before—not long after he had got through his great troubles. Frederick William was ill; it was said that he could not live a month. Frederick was talking with his sister Wilhelmina: "People will be much surprised," he said, "to see me act quite differently from what they had anticipated. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will be as plenty as pebbles at Berlin; but they will find that I know better. I mean to increase my army, and to leave all other things on the old footing." Frederick William did not die then. The Prince went on with his fluting and gardening, his poetry and philanthropy, his Voltaire correspondence, and "Anti-Machiavel," until the time came when he could drop the mask.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

QUICK, hackney-coach steeds, and bear George Warrington through Strand and Fleet Street to his imprisoned brother's rescue! Any one who remembers Hogarth's picture of a London hackney-coach and a London street-road at that period, may fancy how weary the quick time was, and how long seemed the journey: scarce any lights save those carried by link-boys; badly-hung coaches; bad pavements; great holes in the road, and vast quagmires of winter mud. That drive from Piccadilly to Fleet Street seemed almost as long to our young man as the journey from Marlborough to London, which he had performed in the morning.

He had written to Harry, announcing his arrival at Bristol. He had previously written to his brother, giving the great news of his existence and his return from captivity. There was war between England and France at that time; the French privateers were forever on the look-out for British merchant-ships, and seized them often within sight of port. The letter bearing the intelligence of George's restoration must have been on board one of the many American ships of which the French took possession. The letter telling of George's arrival in England was never opened by poor Harry; it was lying at the latter's apartments, which it reached on the third morning after Harry's captivity, when the angry Mr. Ruff had refused to give up any single item more of his lodger's property.

To these apartments George first went on his arrival in London, and asked for his brother.



Scared at the likeness between them, the maid-servant who opened the door screamed, and ran back to her mistress. The mistress not liking to tell the truth, or to own that poor Harry was actually a prisoner at her husband's suit, said Mr. Warrington had left his lodgings; she did not know where Mr. Warrington was. George knew that Clarges Street was close to Bond Street. Often and often had he looked over the London map. Aunt Bernstein would tell him where Harry was. He might be with her at that very moment. George had read in Harry's letters to Virginia about Aunt Bernstein's kindness to Harry. Even Madam Esmond was softened by it (and especially touched by a letter which the Baroness wrote—the letter which caused George to pack off post-haste for Europe, indeed). She heartily hoped and trusted that Madam Beatrix had found occasion to repent of her former bad ways. It was time, indeed, at her age; and Heaven knows that she had plenty to repent of! I have known a harmless, good old soul of eighty still bepommeled and stoned by irreproachable ladies of the straitest sect of the Pharisees, for a little slip which occurred long before the present century was born, or she herself was twenty years old. Rachel Esmond never mentioned her eldest daughter: Madam Esmond Warrington never mentioned her sister. No. In spite of the order for remission of the sentence—in spite of the handwriting on the floor of the Temple—there is a crime which some folks never will pardon, and regarding which female virtue, especially, is inexorable.

I suppose the Virginians' agent at Bristol had told George fearful stories of his brother's doings. Gumbo, whom he met at his aunt's door, as soon as the lad recovered from his terror at the sudden reappearance of the master whom he supposed dead, had leisure to stammer out a word or two respecting his young master's whereabouts, and present pitiable condition; and hence Mr. George's sternness of demeanor when he presented himself to the old lady. It seemed to him a matter of course that his brother in difficulty should be rescued by his relations. Oh, George, how little you know about London and London ways! Whenever you take your walks abroad how many poor you meet: if a philanthropist were for rescuing all of them, not all the wealth of all the provinces of America would suffice him!

But the feeling and agitation displayed by the old lady touched her nephew's heart, when, jolting through the dark streets toward the house of his brother's captivity, George came to think of his aunt's behavior. "She *does* feel my poor Harry's misfortune," he thought to himself, "I have been too hasty in judging her." Again and again, in the course of his life, Mr. George had to rebuke himself with the same crime of being too hasty. How many of us have not? And, alas! the mischief done, there's no repentance will mend it. Quick, coachman! We are almost as slow as you are in getting from Clarges Street to the Temple. Poor Gumbo knows the way to the bailiff's house well enough. Again the bell is set ringing. The first door is opened to George and his negro; then that first door is locked warily upon them, and they find themselves in a little passage with a little Jewish janitor; then a second door is unlocked, and they enter into the house. The Jewish janitor stares, as, by his flaring tallow torch, he sees a second Mr. Warrington before him. Come to see that gentleman? Yes. But wait a moment. This is Mr. Warrington's brother from America. Gumbo must go and prepare his master first. Step into this room. There's a gentleman already there about Mr. W.'s business (the porter says), and another up stairs with him now. There's no end of people have been about him.

The room into which George was introduced was a small apartment which went by the name of Mr. Amos's office, and where, by a guttering candle, and talking to the bailiff, sat a stout gentleman in a cloak and a laced hat. The young porter carried his candle, too, preceding Mr. George, so there was a sufficiency of light in the apartment.

"We are not angry any more, Harry!" says the stout gentleman, in a cheery voice, getting up and advancing with an outstretched hand to the new-comer. "Thank God, my boy! Mr. Amos here says there will be no difficulty about James and me being your bail, and we will do

your business by breakfast time in the morning."

"Why . . . Angels and ministers of grace! who are you?" And he started back as the other had hold of his hand.

But the stranger grasped it only the more strongly. "God bless you, Sir!" he said, "I know who *you* are. You must be Colonel Lambert, of whose kindness to him my poor Harry wrote. And I am the brother whom you have heard of, Sir; and who was left for dead in Mr. Braddock's action; and came to life again after eighteen months among the French; and live to thank God and thank you for your kindness to my Harry," continued the lad, with a faltering voice.

"James! James! Here is news!" cries Mr. Lambert to a gentleman in red, who now entered the room. "Here are the dead come alive! Here is Harry Scapegrace's brother come back, and with his scalp on his head, too!" (George had taken his hat off, and was standing by the light.) "This is my brother bail, Mr. Warrington! This is Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, at your service. You must know there has been a little difference between Harry and me, Mr. George. He is pacified, is he, James?"

"He is full of gratitude," says Mr. Wolfe, after making his bow to Mr. Warrington.

"Harry wrote home about Mr. Wolfe, too, Sir," said the young man, "and I hope my brother's friends will be so kind as to be mine."

"I wish he had none other but us, Mr. Warrington. Poor Harry's fine folks have been too fine for him, and have ended by landing him here."

"Nay, your honors, I have done my best to make the young gentleman comfortable; and, knowing your honor before, when you came to bail Captain Watkins, and that your security is perfectly—good, if your honor wishes, the young gentleman can go out this very night, and I will make it all right with the lawyer in the morning," says Harry's landlord, who knew the rank and respectability of the two gentlemen who had come to offer bail for his young prisoner.

"The debt is five hundred and odd pounds, I think?" said Mr. Warrington. "With a hundred thanks to these gentlemen, I can pay the amount at this moment into the officer's hands, taking the usual acknowledgment and caution. But I can never forget, gentlemen, that you helped my brother at his need, and, for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine."

Gumbo had, meanwhile, gone up stairs to his master's apartment, where Harry would probably have scolded the negro for returning that night, but that the young gentleman was very much soothed and touched by the conversation he had had with the friend who had just left him. He was sitting over his pipe of Virginia in a sad mood (for, somehow, even Maria's goodness and affection, as she had just exhibited them, had not altogether consoled him; and he had thought, with a little dismay, of certain consequences to which that very kindness and fidelity bound him) when Mr. Wolfe's homely features and eager outstretched hand came to cheer the prisoner, and he heard how Mr. Lambert was below, and the errand upon which the two officers had come. In spite of himself, Lambert would be kind to him. In spite of Harry's ill-temper, and needless suspicion and anger, the good gentleman was determined to help him if he might—to help him even against Mr. Wolfe's own advice, as the latter frankly told Harry, "For you were wrong, Mr. Warrington," said the Colonel, "and you wouldn't be set right; and you, a young man, used hard words and unkind behavior to your senior, and, what is more, one of the best gentlemen who walks God's earth. You see, Sir, what his answer hath been to your wayward temper. You will bear with a friend who speaks frankly with you? Martin Lambert hath acted in this as he always doth, as the best Christian, the best friend, the most kind and generous of men. Nay, if you want another proof of his goodness, here it is: He has converted me, who, as I don't care to disguise, was angry with you for your treatment of him, and has absolutely brought me down here to be your bail. Let us both cry Peccavimus! Harry, and shake our friend by the hand! He is sitting in the room below. He would not come here till he knew how you would receive him."

"I think he is a good man!" groaned out Harry. "I was very angry and wild at the time when he and I met last, Colonel Wolfe. Nay, perhaps he was right in sending back those trinkets, hurt as I was at his doing so. Go down to him, will you be so kind, Sir? and tell him I am sorry, and ask his pardon, and—and God bless him for his generous behavior." And here the young gentleman turned his head away and rubbed his hand across his eyes.

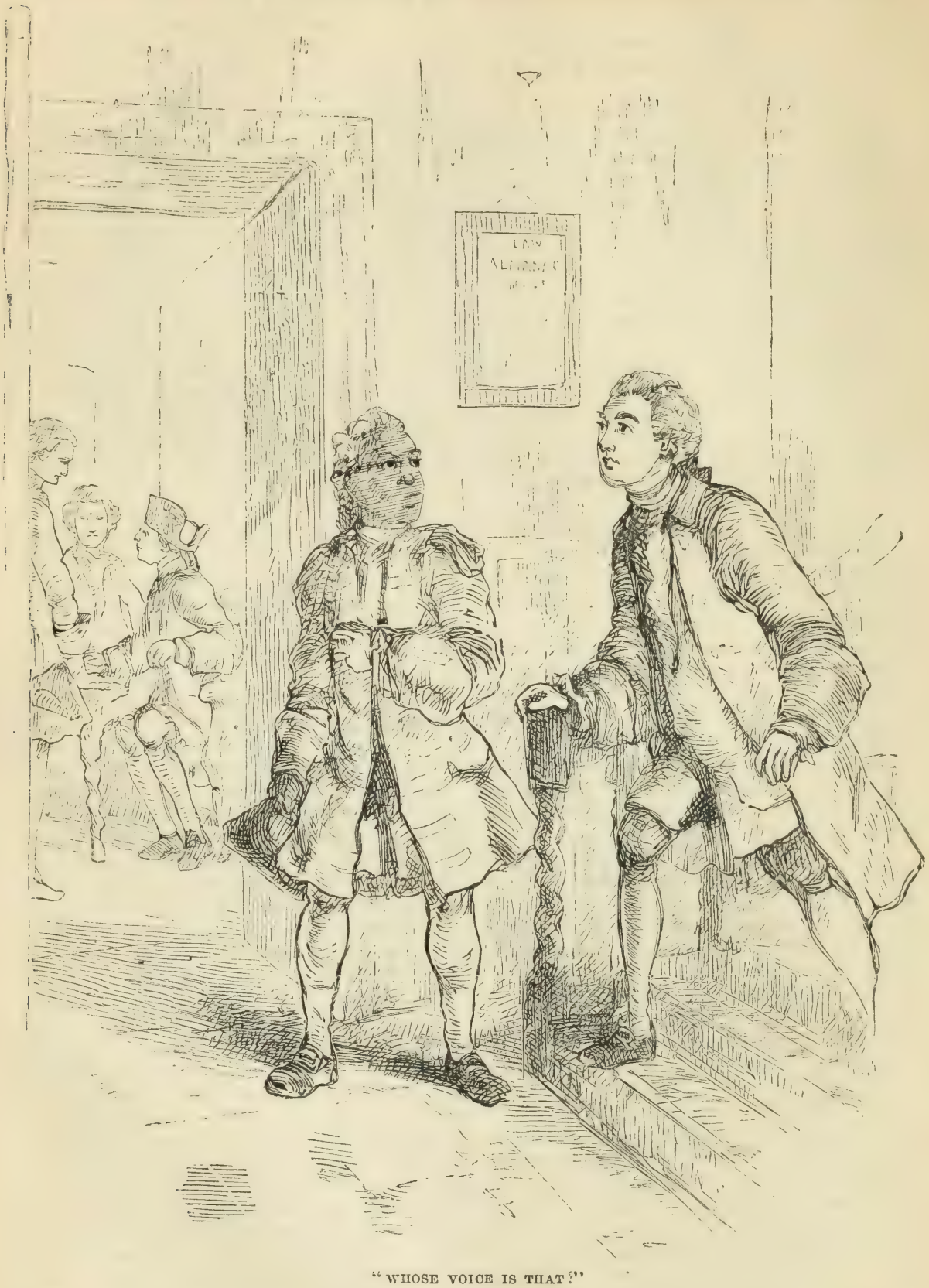
"Tell him all this thyself, Harry!" cries the Colonel, taking the young fellow's hand. "No deputy will ever say it half so well. Come with me now."

"You go first, and I'll—I'll follow—on my word I will. See! I am in my morning-gown. I will but put on a coat and come to him. Give him my message first. Just—just prepare him for me!" says poor Harry, who knew he must do it, but yet did not much like that process of eating of humble-pie.

Wolfe went out smiling—understanding the lad's scruples well enough, perhaps. As he opened the door Mr. Gumbo entered it; almost forgetting to bow to the gentleman, profusely courteous as he was on ordinary occasions—his eyes glaring round, his great mouth grinning—himself in a state of such high excitement and delight that his master remarked his condition.

"What, Gum? What has happened to thee? Hast thou got a new sweet-heart?"

No, Gum had not got no new sweet-heart, Master.



"WHOSE VOICE IS THAT?"

"Give me my coat? What has brought thee back?"

Gum grinned prodigiously. "I have seen a ghost, Mas'r!" he said.

"A ghost! and whose, and where?"

"Whar? Saw him at Madame Bernstein's house. Come with him here in the coach! He down stairs now with Colonel Lambert!" While Gumbo is speaking, as he is putting on his master's coat, his eyes are rolling, his head is wagging, his hands are trembling, his lips are grinning.

"Ghost — what ghost?" says Harry, in a strange agitation. "Is any body—is—my mother come?"

"No, Sir; no, Master Harry!" Gumbo's head rolls nearly off in its violent convolutions, and his master, looking oddly at him,

flings the door open, and goes rapidly down the stair.

He is at the foot of it just as a voice within the little office, of which the door is open, is saying, "*And for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine.*"

"Whose voice is that?" calls out Harry Warrington, with a strange cry in his own voice.

"It's the *ghost's*, Mas'r!" says Gumbo, from behind; and Harry runs forward to the room—where, if you please, we will pause a little minute before we enter. The two gentlemen who were there turned their heads away. The lost was found again. The dead was alive. The prodigal was on his brother's heart—his own full of love, gratitude, repentance.

"Come away, James! I think we are not wanted any more here," says the Colonel. "Good-night, boys. Some ladies in Hill Street won't be able to sleep for this strange news. Or will you go home and sup with 'em, and tell them the story?"

No, with many thanks, the boys would not go and sup to-night. They had stories of their own to tell. "Quick, Gumbo, with the trunks! Good-by, Mr. Amos!" Harry felt almost unhappy when he went away.

CHAPTER L.

CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF THE FINEST MORALITY.

When first we had the honor to be presented to Sir Miles Warrington at the King's drawing-room, in St. James's Palace, I confess that I, for one—looking at his jolly round face, his broad round waistcoat, his hearty country manner—expected that I had lighted upon a most eligible and agreeable acquaintance at last, and was about to become intimate with that noblest specimen of the human race, the bepraised of songs and men, the good old English country gentleman. In fact, to be a good old country gentleman is to hold a position nearest the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent-roll, and the rents regularly paid by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as his honor; to have no tenant holding back with his money, excepting just one, perhaps, who does so in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to show his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a week, love the sport of all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; to have not only good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers, the first man in the Parish, the benefactor of the Parish, with a consciousness of consummate desert, saying, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" to be sure, but only for form's sake, because the words are written in the book, and to give other folks an example:—a G. O. C. G. a miserable sinner! So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honored by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, among whom his story of grouse in the gun-room causes laughter from generation to generation;—this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give any man good health and temper, five thousand a year, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I'll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable any thing. If you were a royal highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until Your R. H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, etc.? You might when racked with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrow-root and a little sherry—you might *then* be humiliated, and acknowledge your own shortcomings, and the vanity of things in general; but, in high health, sunshine, spirits, that word miserable is only a form. You can't think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you are to be miserable, what is Colin Plowman, with the ague, seven children, two pounds a year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a week? No: a healthy, rich, jolly, country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery: if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.

It may be he becomes somewhat selfish; but at least he is satisfied with himself. Except my lord at the castle, there is nobody for miles and miles round so good or so great. His admirable wife ministers to him, and to the whole parish, indeed: his children bow before him: the vicar of the parish reverences him: he is respected at quarter sessions: he causes poachers to tremble: off go all hats before him at market: and round about his great coach, in which his spotless daughters and sublime lady sit, all the country-town tradesmen cringe, bareheaded, and the farmers' women drop innumerable courtesies. From their cushions in the great coach the ladies look down beneficently and smile on the poorer folk. They buy a yard of ribbon with affability; they condescend to purchase an ounce of salts, or a packet of flower-seeds: they deign to cheapen a goose: their drive is like a royal progress; a happy people is supposed to press round them and bless them. Tradesmen bow, farmers' wives bob, town-boys, waving their ragged hats, cheer the red-faced coachman as he drives the fat bays, and cry, "Sir Miles forever! Throw us a halfpenny, my lady!"

But suppose the market-woman should hide her fat goose when Sir Miles's coach comes, out of terror lest my lady, spying the bird, should insist on purchasing it a bargain? Suppose no coppers ever were known to come out of the royal coach-window? Suppose Sir Miles regaled his tenants with notoriously small beer,



and his poor with especially thin broth? This may be our fine old English gentleman's way. There have been not a few fine English gentlemen and ladies of this sort; who patronized the poor without ever relieving them, who called out "Amen!" at church as loud as the clerk; who went through all the forms of piety, and discharged all the etiquette of old English gentlemanhood; who bought virtue a bargain, as it were, and had no doubt they were honoring her by the purchase. Poor Harry in his distress asked help from his relations: his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. How much of this behavior goes on daily in respectable life, think you? You can fancy Lord and Lady Macbeth concocting a murder, and coming together with some little awkwardness, perhaps, when the transaction was done and over; but my Lord and Lady Skinflint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers, and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them, and then remain together, and talk nose to nose—what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among the thieves, and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?

Dare? Do you suppose they think they have done wrong? Do you suppose Skinflint is tortured with remorse at the idea of the distress which called to him in vain, and of the hunger which he sent empty away? Not he. He is indignant with Prodigal for being a fool: he is not ashamed of himself for being a curmudgeon. What? a young man with such opportunities throw them away. A fortune spent among gamblers and spendthrifts? Horrible, horrible! Take warning, my child, by this unfortunate young man's behavior, and see the consequences of extravagance. According to the great and always Established Church of the Pharisees, here is an admirable opportunity for a moral discourse, and an assertion of virtue. "And to think of his deceiving us so!" cries out Lady Warrington.

"Very sad, very sad, my dear!" says Sir John, wagging his head.

"To think of so much extravagance in one so young!" cries Lady Warrington. "Cards, bets, feasts at taverns of the most wicked profusion, carriage and riding horses, the company of the wealthy and profligate of his own sex, and, I fear, of the most iniquitous persons of ours."

"Hush, my Lady Warrington!" cries her husband, glancing toward the spotless Dora and Flora, who held down their blushing heads at the mention of the last naughty persons.

"No wonder my poor children hide their faces!" mamma continues. "My dears, I wish even the existence of such creatures could be kept from you!"

"They can't go to an opera, or the Park, without seeing 'em, to be sure," says Sir Miles.

"To think we should have introduced such a young serpent into the bosom of our family! and have left him in the company of that guileless darling!" and she points to Master Miles.

"Who's a serpent, mamma?" inquires that youth. "First you said cousin Harry was bad: then he was good. now he is bad again. Which is he, Sir Miles?"

"He has faults, like all of us, Miley, my dear. Your cousin has been wild, and you must take warning by him."

"Was not my elder brother, who died—my naughty brother—was not he wild too? He was not kind to me when I was quite a little boy. He never gave me money, nor toys, nor

rode with me, nor—why do you cry, mamma? Sure I remember how Hugh and you were always fight—"

"Silence, Sir!" cry out papa and the girls in a breath. "Don't you know you are never to mention that name?"

"I know I love Harry, and I didn't love Hugh," says the sturdy little rebel. "And if cousin Harry is in prison, I'll give him my half-guinea that my godpapa gave me, and anything I have—yes, any thing, except—except my little horse—and my silver waistcoat—and—and Snowball and Sweetlips at home—and—and, yes, my custard after dinner." This was in reply to hint of sister Dora. "But I'd give him *some* of it," continues Miles, after a pause.

"Shut thy mouth with it, child, and then go about thy business," says papa, amused. Sir Miles Warrington had a considerable fund of easy humor.

"Who would have thought he should ever be so wild?" mamma goes on.

"Nay. Youth is the season for wild oats, my dear."

"That we should be so misled in him!" sighed the girls.

"That he should kiss us both!" cries papa.

"Sir Miles Warrington, I have no patience with that sort of vulgarity!" says the majestic matron.

"Which of you was the favorite yesterday, girls?" continues the father.

"Favorite, indeed! I told him over and over again of my engagement to dear Tom—I did, Dora—why do you sneer, if you please?" says the handsome sister.

Nay, to do her justice, so did Dora too," said papa.

"Because Flora seemed to wish to forget her engagement with dear Tom sometimes," remarks her sister.

"I never never never wished to break with Tom! It's wicked of you to say so, Dora! It is you who were forever sneering at him: it is you who are always envious because I happen—at least, because gentlemen imagine that I am not ill-looking, and prefer me to some folks, in spite of all their learning and wit!" cries Flora, tossing her head over her shoulder, and looking at the glass.

"Why are you always looking there, sister?" says the artless Miles, Junior. "Sure, you must know your face well enough!"

"Some people look at it just as often, child, who haven't near such good reason," says papa, gallantly.

"If you mean *me*, Sir Miles, I thank you," cries Dora. "My face is as Heaven made it, and my father and mother gave it me. 'Tis not my fault if I resemble my papa's family. If my head is homely, at least I have got some brains in it. I envious of Flora, indeed, because she has found favor in the sight of poor Tom Claypool! I should as soon be proud of captivating a plowboy!"

"Pray, Miss, was your Mr. Harry, of Virginia, much wiser than Tom Claypool? You would have had him for the asking!" exclaims Flora.

"And so would *you*, Miss, and have dropped Tom Claypool into the sea!" cries Dora.

"I wouldn't."

"You would."

"I wouldn't;"—and *da capo* goes the conversation—the shuttlecock of wrath being briskly battled from one sister to another.

"Oh, my children! Is this the way you dwell together in unity?" exclaims their excellent female parent, laying down her embroidery. "What an example you set to this Innocent!"

"Like to see 'em fight, my lady!" cries the Innocent, rubbing his hands.

"At her, Flora! Worry her, Dora! To it again, you little rogues!" says facetious papa. "'Tis good sport, ain't it, Miley?"

"Oh, Sir Miles! Oh, my children! These disputes are unseemly. They tear a fond mother's heart," says mamma, with majestic action, though bearing the laceration of her bosom with much seeming equanimity. "What cause for thankfulness ought we to have that watchful parents have prevented any idle engagements between you and your misguided cousin. If we have been mistaken in him, is it not a mercy that we have found out our error in time? If either of you had any preference for him, your excellent good sense, my loves, will teach you to overcome, to eradicate, the vain feeling. That we cherished and were kind to him can *never* be a source of regret. 'Tis a proof of our good-nature. What *we* have to regret, I fear, is, that your cousin should have proved unworthy of our kindness, and, coming away from the society of gamblers, play-actors, and the like, should have brought contamination—pollution, I had almost said—into this pure family!"

"Oh, bother mamma's sermons!" says Flora, as my lady pursues a harangue of which we only give the commencement here, but during which papa, whistling, gently quits the room on tiptoe, while the artless Miles, Junior, winds his top and pegs it under the robes of his sisters. It has done humming, and staggered and tumbled over, and expired in its usual tipsy manner, long ere Lady Warrington has finished her sermon.

"Were you listening to me, my child?" she asks, laying her hand on her darling's head.

"Yes, mother," says he, with the whip-cord in his mouth, and proceeding to wind up his sportive engine. "You was a saying that Harry was very poor now, and that we oughtn't to help him. That's what you was saying; wasn't it, madam?"

"My poor child, thou wilt understand me better when thou art older!" says mamma, turning toward that ceiling to which her eyes always have recourse.

"Get out, you little wretch!" cries one of the sisters. The artless one has pegged his top at Dora's toes, and laughs with the glee of merry boyhood at his sister's discomfiture.

But what is this? Who comes here? Why does Sir Miles return to the drawing-room, and why does Tom Claypool, who strides after the Baronet, wear a countenance so disturbed?

"Here's a pretty business, my Lady Warrington!" cries Sir Miles. "Here's a wonderful wonder of wonders, girls!"

"For goodness' sake, gentlemen, what is your intelligence?" asks the virtuous matron.

"The whole town's talking about it, my lady!" says Tom Claypool, puffing for breath.

"Tom has seen him," continued Sir Miles.

"Seen both of them, my Lady Warrington. They were at Ranelagh last night, with a regular mob after 'em. And so like, that but for their different ribbons you would hardly have told one from the other. One was in blue, the other in brown; but I'm certain he has worn both the suits here."

"What suits?"

"What one—what other?" call the girls.

"Why, your Fortunate Youth, to be sure."

"Our precious Virginian, and heir to the principality!" says Sir Miles.

"Is my nephew, then, released from his incarceration?" asks her ladyship. "And is he again plunged in the vortex of dissip . . . .

"Confound him!" roars out the Baronet, with an expression which I fear was even stronger. "What should you think, my Lady Warrington, if this precious nephew of mine should turn out to be an impostor; by George! no better than an adventurer?"

"An inward monitor whispered me as much!" cried the lady; "but I dashed from me the unworthy suspicion. Speak, Sir Miles, we burn with impatience to listen to your intelligence!"

"I'll speak, my love, when you've done," says Sir Miles. "Well, what do you think of my gentleman, who comes into my house, dines at my table, is treated as one of this family, kisses my—"

"What?" asks Tom Claypool, firing as red as his waistcoat.

"—Hem! Kisses my wife's hand, and is treated in the fondest manner, by George! What do you think of this fellow, who talks of his property and his principality, by Jupiter!—turning out to be a beggarly SECOND SON! A beggar, my Lady Warrington, by—"

"Sir Miles Warrington, no violence of language before these dear ones! I sink to the earth, confounded by this unutterable hypocrisy. And did I intrust thee to a pretender, my blessed boy? Did I leave thee with an impostor, my innocent one?" the matron cries, fondling her son.

"Who's an impostor, my lady?" asks the child.

"That confounded young scamp of a Harry Warrington!" bawls out papa; on which the little Miles, after wearing a puzzled look for a moment, and yielding to I know not what hidden emotion, bursts out crying.

His admirable mother proposes to clutch him to her heart, but he rejects the pure caress, bawling only the louder, and kicking frantically about the maternal *gremium*, as the butler announces "Mr. George Warrington, Mr. Henry Warrington!" Miles is dropped from his mother's lap. Sir Miles's face emulates Mr. Claypool's waistcoat. The three ladies rise up, and make three most frigid courtesies, as our two young men enter the room.

Little Miles runs toward them. He holds out a little hand. "Oh, Harry! No! which is Harry? *You're* my Harry," and he chooses rightly this time. "Oh, you dear Harry! I'm so glad you are come! and they've been abusing you so!"

"I am come to pay my duty to my uncle," says the dark-haired Mr. Warrington; "and to thank him for his hospitalities to my brother Henry."

"What, nephew George? My brother's face and eyes! Boys both, I am delighted to see you!" cries their uncle, grasping affectionately a hand of each, as his honest face radiates with pleasure.

"This indeed hath been a most mysterious and a most providential resuscitation," says Lady Warrington. "Only I wonder that my nephew Henry concealed the circumstance until now," she adds, with a sidelong glance at both young gentlemen.

"He knew it no more than your ladyship," says Mr. Warrington. The young ladies looked at each other with downcast eyes.

"Indeed, Sir! a most singular circumstance," says mamma, with another courtesy. "We had heard of it, Sir; and Mr. Claypool, our county neighbor, had just brought us the intelligence, and it even now formed the subject of my conversation with my daughters."

"Yes," cries out a little voice, "and do you know, Harry, father and mother said you was a —a imp—"

"Silence, my child! Screwby, convey Master Warrington to his own apartment! These, Mr. Warrington—or, I suppose I should say nephew George — are your cousins." Two courtesies—two cheeses are made—two hands are held out. Mr. Esmond Warrington makes a profound low bow, which embraces (and it is the only embrace which the gentleman offers) all three ladies. He lays his hat to his heart. He says, "It is my duty, madam, to pay my respects to my uncle and cousins, and to thank your ladyship for such hospitality as you have been enabled to show to my brother."

"It was not much, nephew, but it was our best. Ods bobs!" cries the hearty Sir Miles, "it was our best!"

"And I appreciate it, Sir," says Mr. Warrington, looking gravely round at the family.

"Give us thy hand. Not a word more," says Sir Miles. "What? do you think I'm a cannibal, and won't extend the hand of hospitality to my dear brother's son? What say you, lads? Will you eat our mutton at three? This is my neighbor, Tom Claypool, son to Sir Thomas Claypool, Baronet, and my very good friend.

Hey, Tom! Thou wilt be of the party, Tom? Thou knowest our brew, hey, my boy?"

"Yes, I know it, Sir Miles," replies Tom, with no peculiar expression of rapture on his face.

"And thou shalt taste it, my boy, thou shalt taste it! What is there for dinner, my Lady Warrington? Our food is plain, but plenty, lads—plain, but plenty!"

"We can not partake of it to-day, Sir. We dine with a friend who occupies my Lord Wrotham's house, your neighbor. Colonel Lambert—Major-General Lambert he has just been made."

"With two daughters, I think—countrified-looking girls—are they not?" asks Flora.

"I think I have remarked two little rather dowdy things," says Dora.

"They are as good girls as any in England!" breaks out Harry, to whom no one had thought of saying a single word. His reign was over, you see. He was nobody. What wonder, then, that he should not be visible?

"Oh, indeed, cousin!" says Dora, with a glance at the young man, who sate with burning cheeks, chafing at the humiliation put upon him, but not knowing how or whether he should notice it. "Oh, indeed, cousin! You are very charitable—or very lucky, I'm sure! You see angels where we only see ordinary little persons. I'm sure I could not imagine who were those odd-looking people in Lord Wrotham's coach, with his handsome liveries. But if they were three *angels*, I have nothing to say."

"My brother is an enthusiast," interposes George. "He is often mistaken about women."

"Oh, really!" says Dora, looking a little uneasy.

"I fear my nephew Henry has indeed met with some unfavorable specimens of our sex," the matron remarks, with a groan.

"We are so easily taken in, madam—we are both very young yet—we shall grow older and learn better."

"Most sincerely, nephew George, I trust you may. You have my best wishes, my prayers, for your brother's welfare and your own. No efforts of *ours* have been wanting. At a painful moment, to which I will not further allude—"

"And when my uncle Sir Miles was out of town," says George, looking toward the baronet, who smiles at him with affectionate approval.

"—I sent your brother a work which I thought might comfort him, and I know might improve him. Nay, do not thank me; I claim no credit; I did but my duty—a humble woman's duty—for what are this world's goods, nephew, compared to the welfare of a soul? If I did good, I am thankful; if I was useful, I rejoice. If, through my means, you have been brought, Harry, to consider—"

"Oh! the sermon, is it?" breaks in downright Harry. "I hadn't time to read a single syllable of it, aunt—thank you. You see I don't care much about that kind of thing—but thank you all the same."

"The intention is every thing," says Mr. Warrington, "and we are both grateful. Our dear friend, General Lambert, intended to give bail for Harry; but, happily, I had funds of Harry's with me to meet any demands upon us. But the kindness is the same, and I am grateful to the friend who hastened to my brother's rescue when he had most need of aid, and when his own relations happened—so unfortunately—to be out of town."

"Any thing I could do, my dear boy, I'm sure—my brother's son—my own nephew—ods bobs! you know—that is, any thing—*any thing*, you know!" cries Sir Miles, bringing his own hand into George's with a generous smack. "You *can't* stay and dine with us? Put off the Colonel—the General—do, now! Or name a day. My Lady Warrington, make my nephew name a day when he will sit under his grandfather's picture and drink some of his wine!"

"His intellectual faculties seem more developed than those of his unlucky younger brother," remarked my lady, when the young gentlemen had taken their leave. "The younger must be reckless and extravagant about money indeed, for did you remark, Sir Miles, the loss of his reversion in Virginia—the amount of which has, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated, but, nevertheless, must be something considerable—did you, I say, remark that the ruin of Harry's prospects scarcely seemed to affect him?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised that the elder turns out to be as poor as the young one," says Dora, tossing her head.

"He! he! Did you see that cousin George had one of cousin Harry's suits of clothes on—the brown and gold—that one he wore when he went with you to the oratorio, Flora?"

"Did he take Flora to an oratorio?" asks Mr. Claypool, fiercely.

"I was ill and couldn't go, and my cousin went with her," says Dora.

"Far be it from *me* to object to any innocent amusement, much less to the music of Mr. Handel, dear Mr. Claypool," says mamma. "Music refines the soul, elevates the understanding, is heard in our churches, and 'tis well known was practiced by King David. Your operas I shun as deleterious; your ballets I would forbid to my children as most immoral; but music, my dears! May we enjoy it, like every thing else in reason—may we—"

"There's the music of the dinner-bell," says papa, rubbing his hands. "Come, girls. Screwby, go and fetch Master Miley. Tom, take down my lady."

"Nay, dear Thomas, I walk but slowly. Go you with dearest Flora down stairs," says Virtue.

But Dora took care to make the evening pleasant by talking of Handel and oratorios constantly during dinner.



CHAPTER LI.

CONTICUERE OMNES.

Across the way, if the gracious reader will please to step over with us, he will find our young gentlemen at Lord Wrotham's house, which his lordship has lent to his friend the General, and that little family party assembled, with which we made acquaintance at Oakhurst and Tunbridge Wells. James Wolfe has promised to come to dinner; but James is dancing attendance upon Miss Lowther, and would rather have a glance from her eyes than the finest kickshaws dressed by Lord Wrotham's cook, or the dessert which is promised for the entertainment at which you are just going to sit down. You will make the sixth. You may take Mr. Wolfe's place. You may be sure he won't come. As for me, I will stand at the sideboard and report the conversation.

Note first, how happy the women look! When Harry Warrington was taken by those bailiffs I had intended to tell you how the good Mrs. Lambert, hearing of the boy's mishap, had flown to her husband, and had begged, implored, insisted, that her Martin should help him. "Never mind his rebeldom of the other day; never mind about his being angry that his presents were returned — of course any body would be angry, much more such a high-spirited lad as Harry! Never mind about our being so poor, and wanting all our spare money for the boys at college; there *must* be some way of getting him out of the scrape. Did you not get Charles Watkins out of the scrape two years ago; and did he not pay you back every halfpenny? Yes; and you made a whole family happy, blessed be God! and Mrs. Watkins prays for you and blesses you to this very day, and I think every thing has prospered with us since. And I have no doubt it has made you a major-general—no *earthly* doubt," says the fond wife.

Now, as Martin Lambert requires very little persuasion to do a kind action, he in this instance lets himself be persuaded easily enough, and having made up his mind to seek for friend James Wolfe, and give bail for Harry, he takes his leave and his hat, and squeezes Theo's hand, who seems to divine his errand (or perhaps that silly mamma has blabbed it), and kisses little Hetty's flushed cheek, and away he goes out of the apartment where the girls and their mother are sitting, though he is followed out of the room by the latter.

When she is alone with him, that enthusiastic matron can not control her feelings any longer. She flings her arms round her husband's neck, kisses him a hundred and twenty-five times in an instant—calls God to bless him —cries plentifully on his shoulder; and in this sentimental attitude is discovered by old Mrs. Quiggett, my lord's housekeeper, who is bustling about the house, and, I suppose, is quite astounded at the conjugal phenomenon.

"We have had a tiff, and we are making it up! Don't tell tales out of school, Mrs. Quiggett!" says the gentleman, walking off.

"Well, I never!" says Mrs. Quiggett, with a shrill, strident laugh, like a venerable old cockatoo—which white, hooked-nosed, long-lived bird Mrs. Quiggett strongly resembles. "Well, I never!" says Mrs. Quiggett, laughing and shaking her old sides till all her keys, and, as one may fancy, her old ribs clatter and jingle.

"Oh, Quiggett!" sobs out Mrs. Lambert, "what a man that is!"

"You've been a quarreling, have you, mum, and making it up? That's right."

"Quarrel with *him?* He never told a greater story. My General is an angel, Quiggett. I should like to worship him. I should like to fall down at his boots and kiss 'em, I should! There never was a man so good as my General. What have I done to have such a man? How *dare* I have such a good husband?"

"My dear, I think there's a pair of you," says the old cockatoo; "and what would you like for your supper?"

When Lambert comes back very late to that meal, and tells what has happened, how Harry is free, and how his brother has come to life and rescued him, you may fancy what a commotion the whole of those people are in! If Mrs. Lambert's General was an angel before, what is he now! If she wanted to embrace his boots in the morning, pray what further office of wallowing degradation would she prefer in the evening? Little Hetty comes and nestles up to her father quite silent, and drinks a little drop out of his glass. Theo's and mamma's faces beam with happiness, like two moons of brightness. . . . . After supper, those four at a certain signal fall down on their knees—glad homage paying in awful mirth—rejoicing, and with such pure joy as angels do, we read, for the sinner that repents. There comes a great knocking at the door while they are so gathered

together. Who can be there? My Lord is in the country miles off. It is past midnight now; so late have they been, so long have they been talking! I think Mrs. Lambert guesses who is there.

"This is George," says a young gentleman, leading in another. "We have been to aunt Bernstein. We couldn't go to bed, aunt Lambert, without coming to thank you too. You dear, dear, good—" There is no more speech audible. Aunt Lambert is kissing Harry, Theo has snatched up Hetty, who is as pale as death, and is hugging her into life again. George Warrington stands with his hat off, and then (when Harry's transaction is concluded) goes up and kisses Mrs. Lambert's hand; the General passes his across his eyes. I protest they are all in a very tender and happy state. Generous hearts sometimes feel it, when Wrong is forgiven, when Peace is restored, when Love returns that had been thought lost.

"We came from aunt Bernstein's; we saw lights here, you see, we couldn't go to sleep without saying good-night to you all," says Harry. "Could we, George?"

"'Tis certainly a famous nightcap you have brought us, boys," says the General. "When are you to come and dine with us? To-morrow?" No, they must go to Madame Bernstein's to-morrow. The next day, then? Yes, they would come the next day—and that is the very day we are writing about: and this is the very dinner at which, in the room of Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, absent on private affairs, my gracious reader has just been invited to sit down.

To sit down, and why, if you please? Not to a mere Barmecide dinner—no, no—but to hear Mr. George Esmond Warrington's Statement, which, of course, he is going to make. Here they all sit—not in my Lord's grand dining-room, you know, but in the snug study or parlor in front. The cloth has been withdrawn, the General has given the King's health, the servants have left the room, the guests sit conticent, and so, after a little hemming and blushing, Mr. George proceeds:

"I remember, at the table of our General, how the little Philadelphia agent, whose wit and shrewdness we had remarked at home, made the very objections to the conduct of the campaign of which its disastrous issue showed the justice. 'Of course,' says he, 'your Excellency's troops once before Fort Duquesne, such a weak little place will never be able to resist such a general, such an army, such artillery, as will there be found attacking it. But do you calculate, Sir, on the difficulty of reaching the place? Your Excellency's march will be through woods almost untrodden, over roads which you will have to make yourself, and your line will be some four miles long. This slender line, having to make its way through the forest, will be subject to endless attacks in front, in rear, in flank, by enemies whom you will never see, and whose constant practice in war is the dexterous laying of ambuscades.'—'Pshaw, Sir!' says the General, 'the savages may frighten your raw American militia' (Thank your Excellency for the compliment, Mr. Washington seems to say, who is sitting at the table), 'but the Indians will never make any impression on his Majesty's regular troops.'—'I heartily hope not, Sir,' says Mr. Franklin, with a sigh; and of course the gentlemen of the General's family sneered at the postmaster, as at a pert civilian who had no call to be giving his opinion on matters entirely beyond his comprehension.

"We despised the Indians on our own side, and our commander made light of them and their service. Our officers disgusted the chiefs who were with us by outrageous behavior to their women. There were not above seven or eight who remained with our force. Had we had a couple of hundred in our front on that fatal 9th of July, the event of the day must have been very different. They would have flung off the attack of the French Indians; they would have prevented the surprise and panic which ensued. 'Tis known now that the French had even got ready to give up their fort, never dreaming of the possibility of a defense, and that the French Indians themselves remonstrated against the audacity of attacking such an overwhelming force as ours.

"I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one aid-de-camp after another was sent forward. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by our own advanced people, and our men huzzaed and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, while from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the colors and two of our small guns in the centre, the baggage well guarded bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two, and for some half mile in breadth a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood, and seeming to silence the French in ambuscade there. But the hidden rifle-firing began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood—of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body frightened and many of them wounded. They reported there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the

people to go forward now. One aid-de-camp after another was sent forward, and never returned. At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver.

"I had not gone thirty yards in advance when a rifle-ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war-cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies. I was amazed and mortified to see how few of the white-coats there were. Not above a score passed me; indeed, there were not fifty in the accursed action in which two of the bravest regiments of the British army were put to rout.

"One of them, who was half-Indian, half-Frenchman, with moccasins and a white uniform coat and cockade, seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran toward me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil which my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign; it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily; I seized it, and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

"I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing toward me as I lay on the ground bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat and feeling in his pockets: he then scalped him, and, with his bleeding knife in his mouth, advanced toward me. I saw him coming as through a film, as in a dream—I was powerless to move or to resist him.

"He put his knee upon my chest: with one bloody hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he lifted it he enabled me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

"Good God! It was young Florac, who was my second in the duel at Quebec. '*A moi, Florac!*' I cried out. '*C'est Georges! aide moi!*'

"He started; ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage did not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair firmer, and waving his dripping knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey. I could only cry out again and piteously, '*A moi!*'

"'*Ah, canaille, tu veux du sang? Prends!*' said Florac, with a curse; and the next moment, and with an *ugh!* the Indian fell over my chest dead, with Florac's sword through his body.

"My friend looked round him. '*Eh!*' says he, '*la belle affaire!* Where art thou wounded, in the leg?' He bound my leg tight round with his sash. 'The others will kill thee if they find thee here. *Ah, tiens!* Put me on this coat, and this hat with the white cockade. Call out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet! I must go forward. 'Tis a general *débâcle*, and the whole of your red coats are on the run, my poor boy.' Ah, what a rout it was! What a day of disgrace for England!

"Florac's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree, and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the gourd of that unlucky French soldier who had lost his own life in the deadly game which he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay, and noting the various bearings of the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front. 'Thou seest how much I love thee, George,' he said, 'that I stay behind in a moment like this.' I forget whether I told thee, Harry, that Florac was under some obligation to me. I had won money of him at cards, at Quebec—only playing at his repeated entreaty—and there was a difficulty about paying, and I remitted his debt to me, and lighted my pipe with his note of hand. You see, Sir, that you are not the only gambler in the family.

"At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me, with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts, and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who had been wounded early in the day, and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets, and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florac by my side. Had he left me they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. He promised them brandy at the fort if they brought me safely there. I have but a dim recollection of the journey: the anguish of my wound was extreme: I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort, and carried to the officer's log-house, and laid upon Florac's own bed.

"Happy for me was my insensibility. I had been brought into the fort as a wounded French soldier of the garrison. I heard afterward that during my delirium the few prisoners who had been made on the day of our disaster had been brought under the walls of Duquesne by their savage captors, and there horribly burned, tortured, and butchered by the Indians, under the eyes of the garrison."

As George speaks one may fancy a thrill of

horror running through his sympathizing audience. Theo takes Hetty's hand and looks at George in a very alarmed manner. Harry strikes his fist upon the table, and cries, "The bloody, murderous, red-skinned villains! There will never be peace for us until they are all hunted down!"

"They were offering a hundred and thirty dollars apiece for Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, when I left home," says George, demurely; "and fifty for women."

"Fifty for women, my love! Do you hear that, Mrs. Lambert?" cries the Colonel, lifting up his wife's hair.

"The murderous villains!" says Harry, again. "Hunt 'em down, Sir! Hunt 'em down!"

"I know not how long I lay in my fever," George resumed. "When I awoke to my senses my dear Florac was gone. He and his company had been dispatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvanian territory, which the French claimed, too. In Duquesne, when I came to be able to ask and understand what was said to me, there were not above thirty Europeans left. The place might have been taken over and over again, had any of our people had the courage to return after their disaster.

"My old enemy the ague-fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the river-side. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me, and tended me, I never should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son.

"I remembered how, when Florac laid me in his bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone; and a surly old sergeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs* had deservedly met with.

"At the time of my recovery the fort was almost emptied of the garrison. The Indians had retired enriched with British plunder, and the chief part of the French regulars were gone upon expeditions northward. My good Florac had left me upon his service, consigning me to the care of an invalided sergeant. Monsieur de Contrecœur had accompanied one of these expeditions, leaving an old Lieutenant, Museau by name, in command at Duquesne.

"This man had long been out of France, and serving in the colonies. His character, doubtless, had been indifferent at home; and he knew that according to the system pursued in France, where almost all promotion is given to the noblesse, he never would advance in rank. And he had made free with my guineas, I suppose, as he had with my watch, for I saw it one day on his chest when I was sitting with him in his quarter.

"Monsieur Museau and I managed to be pretty good friends. If I could be exchanged, or sent home, I told him that my mother would pay liberally for my ransom; and I suppose this idea excited the cupidity of the Commandant, for a trapper coming in the winter, while I still lay very ill with fever, Museau consented that I should write home to my mother, but that the letter should be in French, that he should see it, and that I should say I was in the hands of the Indians, and should not be ransomed under ten thousand livres.

"In vain I said I was a prisoner to the troops of His Most Christian Majesty, that I expected the treatment of a gentleman and an officer. Museau swore that letter should go, and no other; that if I hesitated, he would fling me out of the fort, or hand me over to the tender mercies of his ruffian Indian allies. He would not let the trapper communicate with me except in his presence. Life and liberty are sweet. I resisted for a while, but I was pulled down with weakness, and shuddering with fever; I wrote such a letter as the rascal consented to let pass, and the trapper went away with my missive, which he promised, in three weeks, to deliver to my mother in Virginia.

"Three weeks, six, twelve, passed. The messenger never returned. The winter came and went, and all our little plantations round the fort, where the French soldiers had cleared corn-ground and planted gardens and peach and apple trees down to the Monongahela, were in full blossom. Heaven knows how I crept through the weary time! When I was pretty well, I made drawings of the soldiers of the garrison, and of the half-breed and her child (Museau's child), and of Museau himself, whom, I am ashamed to say, I flattered outrageously; and there was an old guitar left in the fort, and I sang to it, and played on it some French airs which I knew, and ingratiated myself as best I could with my jailers; and so the weary months passed, but the messenger never returned.

"At last news arrived that he had been shot by some British Indians in Maryland; so there was an end of my hope of ransom for some months more. This made Museau very savage and surly toward me; the more so as his sergeant inflamed his rage by telling him that the Indian woman was partial to me—as I believe, poor thing, she was. I was always gentle with her, and grateful to her. My small accomplishments seemed wonders in her eyes; I was ill and unhappy, too, and these are always claims to a woman's affection.

"A captive pulled down by malady, a ferocious jailer, and a young woman touched by the prisoner's misfortunes — sure you expect that, with these three prime characters in a piece, some pathetic tragedy is going to be enacted? You, Miss Hetty, are about to guess that the woman saved me?"

"Why, of course she did!" cries mamma.

"What else is she good for?" says Hetty.

"You, Miss Theo, have painted her already



A PRISONER.

as a dark beauty—is it not so? A swift huntress—?"

"Diana with a baby," says the Colonel.

"—Who scours the plain with her nymphs, who brings down the game with her unerring bow, who is Queen of the forest—and I see by your looks that you think I am madly in love with her?"

"Well, I suppose she is an interesting creature, Mr. George?" says Theo, with a blush.

"What think you of a dark beauty, the color of new mahogany? with long straight black hair, which was usually dressed with a hair-oil or pomade by no means pleasant to approach, with little eyes, with high cheek-bones, with a flat nose, sometimes ornamented with a ring, with rows of glass beads round her tawny throat,

her cheeks and forehead gracefully tattooed, a great love of finery, and inordinate passion for —Oh! must I own it?"

"For coquetry. I know you are going to say that!" says Miss Hetty.

"For whisky, my dear Miss Hester — in which appetite my jailer partook; so that I have often sate by, on the nights when I was in favor with Monsieur Museau, and seen him and his poor companion hob-and-nobbing together until they could scarce hold the noggin out of which they drank. In these evening entertainments they would sing, they would dance, they would fondle, they would quarrel, and knock the cans and furniture about; and, when I was in favor, I was admitted to share their society, for Museau, jealous of his dignity, or not willing that his men should witness his behavior, would allow none of them to be familiar with him.

"While the result of the trapper's mission to my home was yet uncertain, and Museau and I myself expected the payment of my ransom, I was treated kindly enough, allowed to crawl about the fort, and even to go into the adjoining fields and gardens, always keeping my parole, and duly returning before gun-fire. And I exercised a piece of hypocrisy, for which, I hope, you will hold me excused. When my leg was sound (the ball came out in the winter, after some pain and inflammation, and the wound healed up presently), I yet chose to walk as if I was disabled and a cripple; I hobbled on two sticks, and cried Ah! and Oh! at every minute, hoping that a day might come when I might treat my limbs to a run.

"Museau was very savage when he began to give up all hopes of the first messenger. He fancied that the man might have got the ransom-money and fled with it himself. Of course he was prepared to disown any part in the transaction, should my letter be discovered. His treatment of me varied according to his hopes or fears, or even his mood for the time being. He would have me consigned to my quarters for several days at a time; then invite me to his tipsy supper-table, quarrel with me there and abuse my nation; or again break out into maudlin sentimentalities about his native country of Normandy, where he longed to spend his old age, to buy a field or two, and to die happy.

"'Eh, Monsieur Museau!' says I, 'ten thousand livres of your money would buy a pretty field or two in your native country? You can have it for the ransom of me, if you will but let me go. In a few months you must be superseded in your command here, and then adieu the crowns and the fields in Normandy! You had better trust a gentleman and a man of honor. Let me go home, and I give you my word the ten thousand livres shall be paid to any agent you may appoint in France or in Quebec.'

"'Ah, young traitor!' roars he, 'do you wish to tamper with my honor? Do you believe an officer of France will take a bribe? I have a mind to consign thee to my black-hole, and to have thee shot in the morning.'

"'My poor body will never fetch ten thousand livres,' says I; 'and a pretty field in Normandy with a cottage . . . .'

"'And an orchard. Ah, *sacrebleu!*' says Museau, whimpering, 'and a dish of tripe *à la mode du pays!* . . .'

"This talk happened between us again and again, and Museau would order me to my quarters, and then ask me to supper the next night, and return to the subject of Normandy, and cider, and *trippes à la mode de Caen*. My friend is dead now—"

"He was hung, I trust?" breaks in Colonel Lambert.

"—And I need keep no secret about him. Ladies, I wish I had to offer you the account of a dreadful and tragical escape; how I slew all the sentinels of the fort; filed through the prison windows, destroyed a score or so of watchful dragons, overcame a million of dangers, and finally effected my freedom. But, in regard of that matter, I have no heroic deeds to tell of, and own that, by bribery, and no other means, I am where I am."

"But you *would* have fought, Georgy, if need were," says Harry, "and you couldn't conquer a whole garrison, you know!" And herewith Mr. Harry blushed very much.

"See the women, how disappointed they are!" says Lambert. "Mrs. Lambert, you bloodthirsty woman, own that you are balked of a battle; and look at Hetty, quite angry because Mr. George did not shoot the Commandant."

"You wished he was hung yourself, papa!" cries Miss Hetty, "and I am sure I wish any thing my papa wishes."

"Nay, ladies," says George, turning a little red, "to wink at a prisoner's escape was not a very monstrous crime; and to take money? Sure other folks besides Frenchmen have condescended to a bribe before now. Although Monsieur Museau set me free, I am inclined, for my part, to forgive him. Will it please you to hear how that business was done? You see, Miss Hetty, I can not help being alive to tell it."

"Oh, George!—that is, I mean Mr. Warrington!—that is, I mean I beg your pardon!" cries Hester.

"No pardon, my dear! I never was angry yet or surprised that any one should like my Harry better than me. He deserves all the liking that any man or woman can give him. See it is *his* turn to blush now," says George.

"Go on, Georgy, and tell them about the escape out of Duquesne!" cries Harry, and he said to Mrs. Lambert afterward in confidence, "You know he is always going on saying that he ought never to have come to life again, and declaring that I am better than he is. The idea of my being better than George, Mrs. Lambert! a poor, extravagant fellow like me! It's absurd!"



CHAPTER LII.

INTENTIQUE ORA TENEBANT.

"We continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the Commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The poor Fawn took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the Commandant, and such as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands, and to take up farther positions in the enemy's—that is, in the British—possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal, and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in batteaux, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command by an officer of superior rank, who might exchange me, or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practiced by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy. The men of the fort were eager for the reinforcements; they would advance into Pennsylvania and New York; they would seize upon Albany and Philadelphia; they would drive the Rosbifs into the sea, and all America should be theirs from the Mississippi to Newfoundland.

"This was all very triumphant: but yet, somehow, the prospect of the French conquest did not add to Mr. Museau's satisfaction.

"'Eh, Commandant!' says I, 'tis *fort bien*, but meanwhile your farm in Normandy, the pot of cider, and the *trippes à la mode de Caen*, where are they?'

"'Yes; 'tis all very well, my *garçon*,' says he. 'But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Very few men in the world have my humanity. When there is a great garrison here, will my successors give thee the indulgences which honest Museau has granted thee? Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing. As sure as one of our officers falls into the hands of your brigands of frontier-men, and evil comes to him, so surely wilt thou have to pay with thy skin for his. Thou wilt be given up to our red allies—to the brethren of La Biche yonder. Didst thou see, last year, what they did to thy countrymen whom we took in the action with Braddock? Roasting was the very smallest punishment, *ma foi*—was it not, La Biche?'

"And he entered into a variety of jocular descriptions of tortures inflicted, eyes burned out of their sockets, teeth and nails wrenched out, limbs and bodies gashed— You turn pale, dear Miss Theo! Well, I will have pity, and will spare you the tortures which honest Museau recounted in his pleasant way as likely to befall me.

"La Biche was by no means so affected as you seem to be, ladies, by the recital of these horrors. She had witnessed them in her time. She came from the Senecas, whose villages lie near the great cataract between Ontario and Erie; her people made war for the English, and against them; they had fought with other tribes; and, in the battles between us and them, it is difficult to say whether white skin or red skin is most savage.

"'They may chop me into cutlets and broil me, 'tis true, Commandant,' says I, coolly. 'But again, I say, you will never have the farm in Normandy.'

"'Go get the whisky-bottle, La Biche,' says Museau.

"'And it is not too late, even now. I will give the guide who takes me home a large reward. And again I say I promise, as a man of honor, ten thousand livres to—whom shall I say? to any one who shall bring me any token—who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather's arms—which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort.'

"'*Ah, scélérat!*' roars out the Commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. 'Thou hast eyes, thou! All is good prize in war.'

"'Think of a house in your village, of a fine field hard by with half a dozen of cows—of a fine orchard all covered with fruit.'

"'And Javotte at the door with her wheel, and a rascal of a child or two, with cheeks as red as the apples! Oh, my country! Oh, my mother!' whimpers out the Commandant. 'Quick, La Biche, the whisky!'

"All that night the Commandant was deep in thought, and La Biche too silent and melancholy. She sate away from us, nursing her child, and whenever my eyes turned toward her I saw hers were fixed on me. The poor little infant began to cry, and was ordered away by

Museau, with his usual foul language, to the building which the luckless Biche occupied with her child. When she was gone we both of us spoke our minds freely; and I put such reasons before Monsieur as his cupidity could not resist.

"'How do you know,' he asked, 'that this hunter will serve you?'

"'That is my secret,' says I. But here, if you like, as we are not on honor, I may tell it. When they come into the settlements for their bargains, the hunters often stop a day or two for rest and drink and company, and our new friend loved all these. He played at cards with the men: he set his furs against their liquor: he enjoyed himself at the fort, singing, dancing, and gambling with them. I think I said they liked to listen to my songs, and for want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar scraping: and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus, or dancing to my homely music, until it was interrupted by the drums and the retraite.

"Our guest the hunter was present at one or two of these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs, I said, 'My lads, I will give you an English song;' and to the tune of 'Over the hills and far away,' which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favorite air in Marlborough's camp, I made some doggerel words: 'This long, long year, a prisoner drear; Ah, me! I'm tired of lingering here: I'll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away.'

"'What is it?' says the hunter, 'I don't understand.'

"''Tis a girl to her lover,' I answered; but I saw by the twinkle in the man's eye that he understood me.

"The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, 'Over the hills and far away,' the burden of my yesterday's doggerel.

"'If you are ready,' says he, 'I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. What! You will not play with me?' Here he pulled out some cards, and spoke in French, as two soldiers came up. 'Milor est trop grand seigneur? Bonjour, my lord!'

"And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away shrugging up his shoulders, to offer to play and drink elsewhere.

"I knew now that the Biche was to be the agent in the affair, and that my offer to Museau was accepted. The poor Fawn performed her part very faithfully and dexterously. I had not need of a word more with Museau; the matter was understood between us. The Fawn had long been allowed free communication with me. She had tended me during my wound and in my illnesses, helped to do the work of my little chamber, my cooking, and so forth. She was free to go out of the fort, as I have said, and to the river and the fields where the corn and garden-stuff of the little garrison were brought in.

"Having gambled away most of the money which he received for his peltries, the trapper now got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his leave. And, three days after his departure, the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to make my little trial for freedom.

"When first wounded, I had been taken by my kind Florac and placed on his bed in the officers' room. When the fort was emptied of all officers except the old lieutenant left in command, I had been allowed to remain in my quarters, sometimes being left pretty free, sometimes being locked up and fed on prisoners' rations, sometimes invited to share his mess by my tipsy jailer. This officers' house, or room, was of logs, like the half dozen others within the fort, which mounted only four guns of small calibre, of which one was on the bastion behind my cabin. Looking westward over this gun, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela, whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island were some trees.

"'You see those trees?' my poor Biche said to me the day before, in her French jargon. 'He wait for you behind those trees.'

"In the daytime the door of my quarters was open, and the Biche free to come and go. On the day before she came in from the fields with a pick in her hand and a basketful of vegetables and pot-herbs for soup. She sate down on a bench at my door, the pick resting against it, and the basket at her side. I stood talking to her for a while: but I believe I was so idiotic that I never should have thought of putting the pick to any use had she not actually pushed it into my open door, so that it fell into my room. 'Hide it,' she said; 'want it soon.' And that afternoon it was she pointed out the trees to me.

"On the next day she comes, pretending to be very angry, and calls out, 'My lord! my lord! why you not come to Commandant's dinner? He very bad! Entendez-vous?' And she peeps into the room as she speaks, and flings a coil of rope at me.

"'I am coming, La Biche,' says I, and hobbled after her on my crutch. As I went into the Commandant's quarters she says, 'Pour ce soir.' And then I knew the time was come.

"As for Museau, he knew nothing about the matter. Not he! He growled at me, and said the soup was cold. He looked me steadily in the face, and talked of this and that; not only while his servant was present, but afterward, when we smoked our pipes and played our game at picquet; while, according to her wont, the poor Biche sate cowering in a corner.

"My friend's whisky-bottle was empty; and he said, with rather a knowing look, he must have another glass—we must both have a glass

that night. And, rising from the table, he stumped to the inner-room, where he kept his fire-water under lock and key, and away from the poor Biche, who could not resist that temptation.

"As he turned his back the Biche raised herself; and he was no sooner gone but she was at my feet, kissing my hand, pressing it to her heart, and bursting into tears over my knees. I confess I was so troubled by this testimony of the poor creature's silent attachment and fondness, the extent of which I scarce had suspected before, that when Museau returned I had not recovered my equanimity, though the poor Fawn was back in her corner again and shrouded in her blanket.

"He did not appear to remark any thing strange in the behavior of either. We sate down to our game, though my thoughts were so preoccupied that I scarcely knew what cards were before me.

"'I gain every thing from you to-night, milor,' says he, grimly. 'We play upon parole.'

"'And you may count upon mine,' I replied.

"'Eh! 'tis all that you have!' says he.

"'Monsieur,' says I, 'my word is good for ten thousand livres;' and we continued our game.

"At last he said he had a headache, and would go to bed; and I understood the orders too, that I was to retire. 'I wish you a good night, mon petit milor,' says he; 'stay, you will fall without your crutch'—and his eyes twinkled at me, and his face wore a sarcastic grin. In the agitation of the moment I had quite forgotten that I was lame, and was walking away at a pace as good as a grenadier's.

"'What a vilain night!' says he, looking out. In fact, there was a tempest abroad, and a great roaring, and wind. 'Bring a lantern, La Tulipe, and lock my lord comfortably into his quarters!' He stood a moment looking at me from his own door, and I saw a glimpse of the poor Biche behind him.

"The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes and did not disturb me in my work. The log-house was built with upright posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs laid upon it. I had to dig under these, and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was done, when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun; not without a little tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

"The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited a while there, looking steadily under the gun, and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a tune. The darkness became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island rising in the waters.

"I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. Oh, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there 'Over the hills and far away!'"

When Mr. George came to this part of his narrative, Miss Theo, who was seated by a harpsichord, turned round and dashed off the tune on the instrument, while all the little company broke out into the merry chorus.

"Our way," the speaker went on, "lay through a level tract of forest with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me—Silverheels was the name by which he went—had I ever seen the spot before? It was the fatal field where Braddock had fallen, and whence I had been wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. Now, the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our autumn."

"Ah, brother!" cries Harry, seizing his brother's hand, "I was gambling and making a fool of myself at the Wells and in London when my George was flying for his life in the wilderness! Oh, what a miserable spendthrift I have been!"

"But I think thou art not unworthy to be called thy mother's son," said Mrs. Lambert, very softly, and with moistened eyes. Indeed, if Harry had erred, to mark his repentance, his love, his unselfish joy and generosity, was to feel that there was hope for the humbled and kind young sinner.

"We presently crossed the river," George resumed, "taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghanies; and through a grand forest region of oaks and maple, and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch. It was the Indians whom we had to avoid, besides the outlying parties of French. Always of doubtful loyalty, the savages have been specially against us since our ill-treatment of them and the French triumph over us two years ago.

"I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet, and slept in our blankets as best we might. At this time of year the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples. We came upon more than one such family camping near their trees by the mountain streams, and they welcomed us at their fires and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghanies. The last day's march of my trusty guide and myself took us down that wild, magnificent pass of Will's Creek, a valley lying between cliffs near

a thousand feet high—bald, white, and broken into towers like huge fortifications, with eagles wheeling round the summits of the rocks and watching their nests among the crags.

"And hence we descended to Cumberland, whence we had marched in the year before, and where there was now a considerable garrison of our people. Oh! you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colors again on the banks of our native Potomac!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE November elections have generally resulted unfavorably to the Administration. In *New York*, where an unsuccessful attempt had been made to unite the entire Opposition vote upon a common State ticket, the following nominations were made for Governor: E. D. Morgan, Republican; A. J. Parker, Democrat; L. D. Burrows, American; Gerrit Smith, Abolition and Temperance. The vote was as follows: Republican, 247,000; Democratic, 230,000; American, 60,000; Abolition, 5000: Mr. Morgan's plurality being about 17,000. The whole Opposition vote was concentrated upon Congressional candidates, electing 27 out of 33 members. The entire Opposition majority for members of Congress is about 70,000. In the State Legislature the Opposition have a decided majority in both Houses.—In *New Jersey* the Opposition candidates for Congress succeeded in every district.—In *Massachusetts* N. P. Banks, Republican, was elected Governor by a majority of about 29,000; all the members of Congress being of the same party.—In *Ohio* the Republican State ticket succeeded by a majority of about 21,000; for Congress 15 Republicans and 6 Democrats were chosen.—In *Michigan* Moses Wisner, Republican, was elected Governor, by about 7000 majority; the Democrats gaining one member of Congress.—In *Illinois*, where Mr. Douglas took ground against the Kansas policy of the Administration on the one hand, and the Republican party on the other, the main interest of the canvass was concentrated upon the candidates for the State Legislature, as this involved the question of the re-election of Mr. Douglas to the United States Senate. The result is still uncertain; the probability being that a majority of Democrats favorable to Mr. Douglas have been chosen.—In *Delaware* the Democrats succeeded by a small majority.—Elections for members of the next Congress have now been held in eighteen States, having 152 members. It is impossible to classify the members with perfect accuracy, some being elected as "Republicans," some as "Americans," some as "Democrats," and others as "Anti-Lecompton Democrats." Classing Republicans, Northern Americans, and Anti-Lecompton Democrats as "Opposition," and Democrats and Southern Americans as "Administration," the result in these States, as compared with the present Congress, is approximately as follows:

	Adm.	*Opp.*
Present Congress	66	86
Next Congress	39	113

Elections are yet to be held in fourteen States, having 84 Representatives. Of the members from these States in the present Congress 64 are Administration and 20 Opposition.

A project for another filibustering expedition to Nicaragua has been set on foot by Walker and others, and the President has issued a proclamation in which he states that "One of the leaders of a former illegal expedition, who has been already twice expelled from Nicaragua, has invited, through the public newspapers, American citizens to emigrate to that republic, and has designated Mobile as the place of rendezvous and departure, and San Juan del Norte as the port to which they are bound. This person, who has renounced his allegiance to the United States, and claims to be President of Nicaragua, has given notice to the collector of the port of Mobile that two or three hundred of these emigrants will be prepared to embark from that port about the middle of November. For these and other good reasons, and for the purpose of saving American citizens who may have been honestly deluded into the belief that they are about to proceed to Nicaragua as peaceful emigrants, if any such there be, I, James Buchanan, President of the United States, have thought fit to issue this my proclamation, enjoining upon all officers of the Government, civil and military, in their respective spheres, to be vigilant, active, and faithful in suppressing these illegal enterprises."

From *Utah* the latest accounts represent every thing as quiet. Trains of goods were continually arriving from California and the East. The troops under command of General Johnston were consolidated in one encampment. His command, including employés, numbered 7000 or 8000; there were also 4000 at Fort Bridger.——The Indians on the frontiers are troublesome. In an action, near Wachita Village, between a detachment of the 2d Cavalry and a party of Comanches, five of the former and forty of the latter were killed. The Navajos in New Mexico are hostile, and two engagements have been fought with them. The agent has formally suspended all relations with them. He says that their wealth consists of 250,000 sheep and 60,000 horses, the loss of which would drive them to desperation, and give rise to a long war, like that in Florida. It has been found necessary to raise a body of troops in Texas to protect the frontiers from the incursions of the savages. In Oregon the Indians are suing for peace, which Colonel Wright, who commands our troops, has refused to grant, unless they will surrender unconditionally, and bring in all their women and property. The soldiers are destroying the grain-fields and provisions of the savages, who are reduced to great distress.——The inhabitants of *Dacotah* have completed a temporary government, to continue till Congress shall organize a regular Territorial Government.——The Frazer River gold excitement has entirely subsided, and the miners are rapidly returning to California. The river had fallen so as to permit mining, and considerable gold had been taken out; but as early as the 1st of October the weather had become too cold to permit of work.——The reports of the discovery of gold near Pike's Peak in Kansas are confirmed. The Kansas *Weekly Press* of October 23, states that

a miner had just reached Elwood with $6000 or $7000 in gold dust, which had been gathered by three men in two months. The latest intelligence describes the country as very inviting to emigrants, large numbers of whom are preparing to make the journey in the spring.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

General Vidaurri, who was marching toward the capital with every prospect of success, was surprised near San Luis by the Government troops under Miramon, and totally defeated, with a loss of 400 killed and 1500 prisoners. He then issued a proclamation calling upon several merchants along the northern frontier to pay $150,000, without asking any questions, or leave the country. Many foreign merchants began preparations to leave, when Vidaurri revoked the proclamation, resigned the command of his remaining army to Colonel Zaragoza, and departed for parts unknown. The new commander was at the latest dates endeavoring to reorganize his forces, with considerable success. The defeat of the "Liberals" is partly balanced by a victory obtained near Guadalajara, by General Degollado, over the Government forces under Casanova. The condition of the country is deplorable; both parties seem to plunder and murder indiscriminately; and gangs of robbers infest every section. A letter from the capital says: "Day after day we hear of nothing but robbery after robbery, sack after sack. The ordinary circumstances of the robbery of a diligence, the plundering of a small town, and such like small affairs, excite little attention. It is estimated that six or eight thousand persons have taken refuge in the capital. The number already driven from house and home is estimated at more than a quarter of a million; and still the work goes on."—The Tehuantepec route is announced to be open, the first company of passengers commencing the passage on the 30th of October, with the prospect of proceeding without delay or trouble to the Pacific side.——*Bolivia* is in an unsettled state. An attempt has been made to assassinate the President, Señor Linares. Two persons who stood by his side were shot down; the barracks were attacked at the same time, but without success; the leader of the insurgents was shot dead, and his followers fled.——In *Peru* new disturbances have broken out—insurrectionary movements at home, and hostilities with Bolivia on the frontiers.

EUROPE.

There is little European intelligence which demands record. The British Parliament was prorogued on the 19th of October.——On the 20th some intelligible signals were received at Valentia from Trinity Bay, through the Telegraphic cable. The words were, "Daniells now in circuit." Authority was at once given to use the Daniells battery at Valentia. Mr. Saward, the Secretary of the Company, says that this result, though encouraging, must not be looked upon as permanent; for it is clear that there is a serious fault in the cable, and it is not certain that any efforts except such as would be dangerous to the cable can overcome the obstacles in the way of perfect working.——The Company owning the *Leviathan* steamship has been dissolved, and a new one is projected to purchase the vessel at less than half its original cost. The capital of the new company is filed at £330,000.——Mr. Staunton, the champion chess-player of England, has declined to fulfill his promise to play a match with Mr. Morphy, on the ground that his literary engagements will not leave him time for the amount of practice necessary in order to regain his old strength. Mr. Morphy has been invited to play before the Emperor.——A serious misunderstanding has occurred between France and Portugal. A French vessel, the *Charles et Georges*, was seized by the Portuguese on the coast of Africa as a slaver. The French Government demanded that it should be given up, and an indemnity paid for its seizure; after some delay the Portuguese acceded to the demand, avowedly on the ground that they had no means of resisting the force threatened to be employed by the French.——The *Correspondent*, a Parisian journal, has been seized, and the editor and publisher prosecuted, on account of an article by Count Montalembert, which is said to attack the right of universal suffrage and the authority of the Emperor.

THE EAST.

The insurgents in Oude continue to give considerable trouble, although their numbers are greatly diminished. The famous Nena Sahib has disappeared altogether; but another chief, Tantia Topee, keeps the field at the head of the Gwalior mutineers, moving with great celerity from place to place, and making his assaults when wholly unexpected. In an attack upon the town of Jahlra Patun, just after having been defeated by General Roberts, he got possession of a large amount of treasure and forty guns. Of these, twenty-five were shortly after retaken in an action, in which he was again beaten. Orders were given that the native troops at Mooltan, thirteen hundred in number, should be disbanded and sent home in small detachments. These men, supposing that they were to be divided in order that they might be easily cut to pieces, rushed upon the artillery barracks, occupied by six hundred European troops, with the purpose of seizing the guns. They were armed only with clubs and stones. The troops fired into the frantic mob, killing three hundred and fifty at the first discharge. The remainder fled, but were hotly pursued; and of the thirteen hundred only one hundred and fifty escaped alive. A successful attack was made on the 19th of September upon a body of three thousand insurgents posted on an island; two boats loaded with fugitives attempting to escape were sunk by the artillery; one thousand in all were slain. Several minor engagements have taken place, the British proving victorious in every instance.——The French and English at Canton are still harassed by the Chinese, who are exhorted by proclamations to cut off the barbarians, man by man, notwithstanding the treaty made by the Emperor. A large number of piratical junks had been sunk or captured by the English. The rebel cause is apparently declining. They seem to have suspended operations as soon as they encountered men who were willing to fight.——Lord Elgin has concluded a favorable commercial treaty with Japan, by which five ports are to be opened to the English, who are to have a resident minister at Jeddo. Cotton and woolen goods are to pay a duty of only five per cent.; other articles generally to pay twenty per cent.—Mr. Harris, the American consular agent, has also negotiated a new treaty, which was signed at a place near Jeddo on the 28th of July, conferring important privileges. Among these is the abolition of the government monopoly of trade and the right of diplomatic residence at the capital.

Literary Notices.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems, by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) In the main poem of this volume Mr. Longfellow has again made use of the hexameter verse, which he handled with such graceful facility in the charming idyl of Evangeline. Whatever may be decided as to the adaptation of this measure to English poetry, it can scarcely be denied that he has moulded it into an appropriate medium for his quaint, primeval narrative, and that the fortunes of Miles Standish, renowned in love as well as in war, form a singularly attractive picture in this rustic frame-work. Mr. Longfellow's plastic power is shown not only in the dexterity with which he produces harmonious effects from his naturally prosaic hexameter, but in the skill with which he shapes the intractable materials of his theme into images of sweet and winning loveliness. The old Puritan soldier certainly presented an unpromising subject for poetical description. Nor could the worthy John Alden, or the good, frank-hearted Priscilla, have ever dreamed that their brows should be encircled with the halo of romance. Plymouth Rock, too, is more heroic than poetic; though it must be admitted that many a wild flower of rare fragrance and beauty finds shelter in Plymouth woods. The author has turned to admirable account all the imaginative elements of his theme, while he has clothed it with new charms from the fertile associations of his own mind. The passages in the poem which dwell the longest in the memory and produce the most agreeable effect are those descriptive of the local scenery, which, by their freshness and natural coloring, are entitled to a place among the most pleasing specimens of Mr. Longfellow's composition.—The smaller poems contained in this volume comprise the favorite fugitive pieces with which readers have been familiar as they passed the rounds of the periodical press. No one can ever weary of the stately ring of the "Warden of the Cinque Ports," or the solemn pathos of the "Two Angels."

Vernon Grove; or, Hearts as they Are. (Published by Rudd and Carleton). The plot of this novel —which we understand is by a new writer, though it by no means needs the indulgence due to a first attempt—is founded on the influence exercised by a thoughtful, right-hearted, and sympathetic feminine character on a disposition naturally impetuous and jealous, prone to self-absorption, and soured by a succession of almost ruinous disappointments. The hero is a man of great energy of intellect and will, in possession of ample wealth, of a nature demanding devoted affection and sympathy, but with the misfortune of having lost his eye-sight in early manhood, and finding none in his immediate family circle from whom his life-long sorrow could receive solace. The growth of a tender attachment between him and an admirable young maiden whom a rare good fortune has brought to his side forms the pivot of the story. In the unfolding of incident and the delineation of character, the writer exhibits both originality and insight; and without any violation of the natural and probable sequence of events, imparts perpetual vivacity and interest to the narrative. The story affords a promising augury for the future career of the writer.

The History of Prostitution, by WILLIAM W. SANGER, M.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The resident physician of Blackwell's Island has here collected a mass of information on one of the most prominent social evils of the civilized world, in the form of a Report to the Governors of the Alms-house of the City of New York. He has treated the subject in its historical relations, as well as in its bearings on public morals and hygiene, and has brought forward a variety of suggestions that challenge the attention of the political economist no less than of the philanthropist.

The Cosmopolitan Art Journal commences its third volume with the Number for December. It fully maintains its high character as a record of art and literature. In typography and illustration it is admirable, and in its literary character will compare favorably with any journal published in this country. The *Art Journal* is furnished gratis to subscribers to the "Cosmopolitan Art Association." (Published at 548 Broadway, New York.)

Wells's Natural Philosophy. Our notice of this book in the last number of the Magazine has elicited from the author a second reply, which, although prolix and containing much irrelevant matter, we nevertheless insert without abridgment. The following is the author's reply:

"*To the Editor of Harper's Magazine:*

"Your second criticism upon 'Wells's Philosophy,' occupying nearly four columns of your November Number, by its renewed charges of error and incompetency, requires, as indeed it in terms challenges, a reply. As we can not expect sufficient space in your columns for a full discussion of all the points cited by the critic, we shall take up the most important, and treat them as briefly as the nature of the subject will allow.

"And first, as to the corrections alluded to in our last. They *were made* in the plates of the book, as then stated, before the appearance of your criticism. Probably an earlier edition of the book was sent you by mistake.

"1. HURRICANES.—The critic charges that the statement of the 'Philosophy,' p. 286, that, 'the mass of air in a hurricane is driven *outward* from the centre toward the margin,' is erroneous. As the critic here contravenes an almost universally accredited principle, it would have been more appropriate for *him* to support *his* position, than to call on us to defend ours. He might as well 'challenge us to make good' a hundred other acknowledged principles in physics. In support of our position we refer him to the writings of Reid and Redfield, *passim*. So also Brocklesby, in his 'Meteorology,' p. 58–59, ed. of 1858, after stating that hurricanes are rotary storms, says: 'If the hurricane is a vast whirlwind, the atmosphere constituting the body of the storm will be driven outward from the centre toward the margin, just as water in a pail which is made to revolve rapidly flies from the centre, and swells up at the sides.' Brocklesby continues to discuss this principle, and concludes with the assertion that '*amid all the phenomena of storms, no fact is better established than this, that an extraordinary depression of the barometer, in tropical climates, is a sure forerunner of a hurricane.*'

"2. CAPILLARY PHENOMENA.—'Wells's Philosophy' asserts that, in capillary phenomena, glass *repels* mercury, and *attracts* water. The critic, without noticing that we were discussing *capillary* phenomena, says that 'the attraction of glass for mercury is *far stronger* than its attraction for water;' and, in support of his position, cites the experiment of lifting a *horizontal* plate of glass from the surfaces of mercury and water respectively. We admit that more force is required to lift the glass from the mercury than from the water; but this experiment is not to the point, as other principles are involved in it. It is a universally admitted fact that when a plate of glass, or a glass tube, is plunged vertically in mercury and in water, respectively, the surface of the mercury next the glass is *depressed*, and the surface of the water is *elevated*. The critic can not deny that this is the result. Now, as to the principle involved in it. The 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' last edition, says: 'In a capillary tube the greatest depression will take place when a solid has *no attraction* for the particles of the fluid.' Any amount of testimony might be quoted in support of our position.

"3. COLORS.—Upon the question, 'What color will be produced by mixing powders of the seven colors?' the critic's attack is, after all, upon the author's expression

relative to a small variation in the shade of color. The 'Philosophy' says it is not white or grayish white. Against this the critic cites half a column from Sir Isaac Newton, stating that the color thus produced is a *dusky, obscure, dark* white, such as might arise from a *mixture of white and black.* Sir Isaac Newton further states that it was only under peculiarly arranged circumstances as to full sunlight through an open window, and at a distance of 12 to 18 feet, that the mixture appeared white. Furthermore, Robert Hunt, 'Physics,' page 408, says: 'It is very common in books of science to find it stated that by mixing powders of the colors of the rays of light, a gray, approaching to white, is produced; this is an error which has been again and again repeated, evidently without examination. A neutral lavender may be formed; but the usual result is a deep brown—with some colors an absolute black—but never any advance toward whiteness.' The author has only to add that actual experiment, as ordinarily performed, shows the result to be, not white, but a dark gray, or dirty brown: and yet this is what the critic terms 'a dignified rebuke to Sir Isaac Newton' (whose name, however, is not alluded to in the book in that connection), and a 'glaring and fundamental error.'

"4. Complementary Colors.—The critic says the following is 'absurd in theory, as well as false in fact,' viz.: 'Each color of the solar ray has its complementary color; for if it be not white it is deficient in certain rays that would aid in producing white; and these absent rays compose its complementary color. The law of complementary colors is this: *The complementary color is always half the spectrum.* Thus if we take half the length of the spectrum by a pair of compasses, and fix one leg on any color, the other leg will fall upon its complementary color, or upon the one which, added to the first, will produce white light.'

"Now compare this 'absurd' and 'false' passage with the language of Sir David Brewster (see Brewster's 'Optics,' last English edition, p. 431), which is as follows: 'In order to find the accidental color of any color in the spectrum, take half the length of the spectrum in a pair of compasses, and setting one foot in the color whose accidental color is required, the other will fall upon the accidental color. If the primitive color is reduced to the same degree of intensity as the accidental color, we shall find that one is the complement of the other, or what the other wants to make it white light; that is, the primitive and the accidental colors, when mixed together, make white light.' May we not, therefore, adopt the language of the critic, and retort that he 'administers a dignified rebuke' to Sir David Brewster?

"Now it does not meet this point to say that 'Sir Isaac Newton says that *no two* colors of the spectrum combined will form white light;' for we have never said that they would. But we said that two *complementary* colors combined produce white. Of course one of two complementary colors in the spectrum is always formed by the combination of *two* others, as orange, which is the complementary color of blue, is formed by the overlapping of red and yellow. To put the point more specifically: Will the critic deny that the red of the spectrum, added to its complementary color, bluish-green, will make white light? or that blue, added to orange-red, will produce white?

"5. Concave Mirrors.—It is stated in the 'Philosophy' that 'the *general* effect of concave mirrors is to produce an image larger than the object.' The critic twice insinuates that this is erroneous, yet does not deny it specifically, since the experience of every one who has ever used a magnifying toilet-glass would refute him. It does not affect the truth of our statement to show that this effect is not produced when the rays proceed from a distant body, as in the case of the reflecting telescope. Furthermore, *this very point* is fully discussed and explained in the 'Philosophy,' in immediate connection with the general statement first quoted, and it is also illustrated by an engraving. We ask, Is such criticism fair?

"6. Variation of the Compass.—We are charged with a grave error in asserting that 'there are two lines of no variation' (*i. e.* of the needle). 'These two lines,' says the critic, 'unquestionably form one continuous line surrounding the globe. It is true that in the neighborhood of either pole this line has not been traced.' So then, according to his own admission, the connection at either pole can not be affirmed; and the statement of the book is therefore fully justified by the fact. It is also justified by the language of almost every reputable writer on the subject—the two lines being invariably designated as the eastern and western, or the American and Asiatic lines of no variation. See Draper, Harris, Hunt, Brande, 'Encyc. Useful Arts,' and 'Encyclopedia Britannica, last edition.'

"We now wish to call special attention to the charge immediately following the above, viz.: 'He (Mr. W.) also says the eastern line of no variation begins in the White Sea, descending south until it reaches the latitude of 71°. Now according to our map no part of the White Sea extends so far north as 69°. Will Mr. Wells explain to us how far south one must travel from 69° N. latitude before he reaches 71° N. latitude?'

"So much for the charge, to which we reply that there is in the book no ground whatever for the gross imputation of ignorance of geography which the critic makes. The text reads as follows: 'The eastern line of no variation begins on the north in the White Sea, makes a great semicircle, descending south, until it reaches the latitude of 71°. It then passes along the Sea of Japan,' etc. It is thus apparent that the 'descending south' qualifies the expression 'a great semicircle' (*which has been singularly omitted by the critic*), and is intended to indicate the direction of the curvature, as is obvious from the succeeding reference to the continuation of the line in the Sea of Japan. In other words, the equivalent of the text is, that the line of no variation stretches from the White Sea to the parallel of 71°, and that the course of the line is circular, with a curvature descending south. Moreover, the identical words which we used occur in Hunt's 'Physics,' p. 319, last London edition; also see 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' last London edition, vol. xiv., p. 49. Will the critic deny that there is such a semicircular line, beginning in the White Sea, curving downward, and then reaching up to latitude 71°? Why the misquotation on the part of the critic?

"The criticism upon the statement on page 428 is founded on an erroneous quotation of part of a sentence dissevered from its conclusion, and entirely altering the meaning of the text, as any reader will perceive by referring to the entire passage. The critic's innuendo is, that the author ignored the fact or degree of the variation of the compass; yet the identical sentence quoted from, while stating the *general* correctness of the needle for ordinary purposes (instancing wanderers who had lost their way), closes with the caution that '*for more accurate purposes it is necessary to apply a rule of correction.*' Moreover, the context for several pages immediately preceding is devoted to the explanation, nature, degree, and rule of variation.

"7. Spherical Aberration.—The critic says, 'Mr. W.'s statement respecting spherical aberration shows that he has no clear ideas' on the subject. The 'Philosophy' states that the spherical aberration of a lens is owing to 'a difference in the convergence of the rays coming from the centre and the edges of the lens.' The critic says, 'This is entirely erroneous.' [This is *not* the statement which the critic pronounced erroneous.—Ed.] Now Brewster's 'Optics,' last London edition, p. 52, defines spherical aberration to be due to the fact that 'the rays nearest the axis (centre) of the lens are refracted to a focus *more remote* than those which are incident at a distance from the axis' (that is, nearer the edges). Is Sir David Brewster also 'entirely erroneous?' And as to the use of a concave screen as a familiar illustration of a mode of correcting the aberration, we aver that it is not only perfectly legitimate, but often used in lectures; though it is not, nor have we alleged that it is, the ordinary practical way. On the contrary, the text expressly says, in the same connection, that spherical aberrations are practically overcome by a combination of lenses of different refracting powers.

"If the critic should desire to continue the discussion, we will cheerfully take up the other points noticed by him.

D. A. W.

"*October* 27, 1858."

Upon receipt of the preceding communication we again requested the publishers to furnish us a copy of the *last edition* of Mr. Wells's book, and a copy was immediately sent us. We have compared this copy with the former editions of the same work, and find that the passage on page 61, which we have heretofore criticised, has been changed so as to read as follows: "A pendulum that will vibrate once in nine seconds must have a length of 81 *feet greater than one vibrating once in one second.*" Now a pendulum vibrating once in one second is *less* than four feet in length. Hence a pendulum vibrating once in nine seconds must be *less* than 85 feet in length. This result is too small by *nearly two hundred feet.* We recommend to Mr. W. to "peck his flint and try it again."

Mr. W. has replied to seven of our criticisms, and we will review them in order.

1. Hurricanes.—In our September number we challenged Mr. W. to name a single example of a violent storm in which the general motion of the air was *outward* from the centre of the storm; we did *not* challenge him to state from what author he borrowed his paragraph. It will be observed that Professor B.'s statement is hypothetical, beginning with an *if*. Mr. W.'s statement is absolute, and omits the "if." The question at issue between Mr. W. and ourselves is a simple question of fact. Does the mass of air which constitutes the body of a violent storm move *outward* from the centre toward the margin? Now numerous observations have been collected respecting a large number of storms, and the direction of the wind at each station has been exhibited by an arrow upon a map, from which we are able to see at a glance whether the air tends outward from the centre. Mr. Espy's Report on Meteorology, in 1843, contains more than twenty such charts, and in nearly all we see a prevalent tendency of the wind *inward*, toward the centre of a violent storm; and in *no case* do we find any general tendency outward. The same tendency is distinctly seen in the storms investigated by Redfield and Reid. Although both of them contend that the air moves in *circles* around the centre of a violent storm, and, therefore, that there is no tendency either outward or inward, yet the observations which they have themselves collected show a prevalent tendency *inward* rather that *outward;* and we have never yet seen observations of a single violent storm which indicated any general movement outward from the point of least barometric pressure.

2. Capillary Phenomena.—As Mr. W. appears to be groping sadly in the dark respecting capillary attraction, we will give him the results of Laplace's demonstrations as developed in the "Mecanique Celeste," vol. iv., p. 693–4. If the attraction of an open glass tube for a liquid be exactly one half the attraction of the particles of the liquid for each other, the surface of the liquid in the tube will be horizontal. If the attraction of the glass for the liquid be *greater* than half the attraction of the liquid for itself, the liquid will be elevated in the tube, and its surface will be concave; if *less* than half, the liquid will be depressed, and its surface will be convex. The statement which Mr. W. copies from the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is in entire accordance with Laplace. If glass had *no* attraction for mercury, the depression would unquestionably be greater than what we now observe; but neither here nor in Laplace will he find any countenance for his doctrine that glass *repels* mercury.

3. Colors.—In our September number we stated: "At the bottom of page 327 Mr. W. administers a dignified rebuke to Sir Isaac Newton." The following is a simple statement of the facts. Newton, in his "Optics," says that by mixing powders of the seven different colors he *has often produced a grayish-white mixture;* and he contends that this was a *true white*, requiring only sufficient illumination to render it as white as a sheet of the whitest paper. Mr. W. says "this is not the fact." We therefore feel that Sir Isaac Newton has been rebuked. If the passage in question were original with Mr. W. we should admire him for his boldness; but it seems, from his own account, that the passage was borrowed.

4. Complementary Colors.—Mr. W. has contrived to envelop the subject of complementary colors in a fog which we will endeavor to clear up. One color is said to be complementary to another when the two, if combined together, would form white light. Now if we wish to know what color is complementary to a given color (suppose the middle ray of the red part of the solar spectrum), we have but to combine together *all the other rays* of the spectrum; and this may be done by transmitting them through an achromatic lens. We shall find that the rays in question, thus combined, form a *peculiar bluish-green*. The complementary color of red is therefore a peculiar bluish-green; but this color *does not correspond* to that of any single portion of the solar spectrum, although its predominant tint is found in that part of the spectrum which is intermediate between the blue and green. We will then give a categorical answer to Mr. W.'s pointed question. The red of the spectrum, added to that part of the spectrum which is intermediate between the blue and green, and which is distant from the first color by half the length of the spectrum, *will not produce white light*, but the mixture will have a ruddy tint.

There is no discrepancy between our views and those of Brewster. Brewster wrote his "Optics" professedly for popular readers; and in the chapter from which Mr. W.'s quotation is made, he was treating of *accidental* colors, which are always extremely faint, and he gives a rule which is sufficiently exact for indicating what color is accidental to any given color; but when we compare together the brilliant tints of the solar spectrum we need a more exact definition of complementary colors, and Mr. W.'s error arose from substituting the word "complementary" where Brewster wrote "accidental." Mr. W.'s statement that "*the complementary color is always half the spectrum*" is arrant nonsense.

5. Concave Mirrors.—The image formed in the focus of a concave mirror may be less or greater than the object, according to the distance of the object from the mirror. In most cases where a concave mirror is employed in optical instruments, the image is *less* than the object. It is not true that the *general* effect is to produce an image *larger* than the object.

6. Variation of the Compass.—We do *not* admit that it is in any respect doubtful that the American line of no variation is continuous with the Asiatic line. In the North Atlantic ocean the variation of the needle is westerly; in the North Pacific ocean it is easterly. Suppose, then, a traveler starts from the North Atlantic, and goes by the North Pole into the North Pacific, he goes from a region where the variation is westerly into a region where the variation is easterly; and this can only happen by passing over a line where the variation is *zero*. The American and Asiatic lines of no variation, therefore, certainly form portions of one continuous line surrounding the globe. We do not object to the expressions "American and Asiatic lines of no variation," but we do object to the absurd idea that these lines are distinct and discontinuous.

Mr. W. contends that in his description of the eastern line of no variation, the words "descending south" are to be read parenthetically, and are not to be connected with the words "until it reaches the latitude of 71°," which immediately succeed. We candidly admit that this interpretation never

occurred to us until we read Mr. W.'s reply, and we must regard his language as laboriously obscure. The entire description of the line of no variation is singularly infelicitous, and is none the better because it was borrowed. We would ask for no other test of the obscurity of this description than that a dozen pupils should each be furnished with a map of the world, and be required to trace the lines of no variation from the description here given. We had supposed that our difficulty in understanding this passage arose from some typographical error, and that the error probably consisted in the number 71°. According to the magnetic maps of Barlow and Berghaus the line of no variation north of Japan does not extend as high as latitude 71°.

7. Spherical Aberration.—The error in Mr. W.'s book consists in his statement that an image may be rendered perfect—that is, free from spherical aberration—by making the screen concave. We assert not only that this is not the ordinary practical way of correcting spherical aberration, but that, even with a concave screen, the image can not be made perfect; and we consider it sufficient to state that in an astronomical telescope, when the object is a mere point (as in the case of a fixed star), the image, which should be a mere point, is nevertheless rendered indistinct by spherical aberration.

It thus appears that Mr. W. has failed to show the inaccuracy of a single one of the criticisms contained in our September number. In that notice we remarked that, "during a hasty perusal, we had marked over a hundred errors, few of which could be charged to the carelessness of the printer." This statement was not a rhetorical flourish, nor was it made at random. In proof of this we will briefly indicate a few more errors in the "Philosophy," confining ourselves to the *last edition* furnished us by the publishers.

On page 23 Mr. W. says that "steel, India-rubber, and ivory, are specially elastic; while glass and lead are elastic in a limited degree." We will inform Mr. W. that glass approaches nearer to perfect elasticity than steel, ivory, or India-rubber.

On page 58 he informs us that "the escapement-wheel of a clock commonly has 60 *teeth*." We have often examined escapement-wheels, and have never found more than 30 *teeth*.

On page 59 he says, "The sum of the momenta of all the portions of a pendulum rod on each side of the centre of oscillation will be equal;" and on page 65 he informs us in what sense the word momentum is to be taken. Now, not to insist upon the impropriety of employing a scientific principle which is only explained in a subsequent part of the book (a fault which we have repeatedly noticed in this work), we remark that the above statement respecting the centre of oscillation is *entirely erroneous*. The momenta on opposite sides of this point *are not equal*.

On page 120 he confounds the *springing* of an arch with an *abutment!* On page 123 he states the average depth of the ocean at 3000 feet, or about *half a mile!*

On page 198 he says, "An echo in a building near Milan, Italy, is said to repeat a loud sound audibly." This statement is so incredible as to excite our unqualified amazement!

On page 226 he says, "Air is not heated to any extent by the direct rays of the sun." If Mr. W. will refer to the Report of the British Scientific Association for 1840, p. 64, he will find proof that more than one fourth of the sun's rays are absorbed by the atmosphere when they traverse it vertically, and a much greater portion when they traverse it obliquely.

On page 228 he says, "Iron wire increases only $\frac{1}{802}$ in bulk when heated from zero of the thermometer up to 212." This statement contains at least two errors. Instead of zero it should read 32°; and instead of *bulk* it should read *length*. The increase in bulk is three times the increase in length.

On page 263 he says, "In summer time, when *no* fire is made in the chimney, the column of air in it is generally at a *higher* temperature than the external air." If this statement is true may we not conclude that in winter, when fire *is* made in the chimney, the column of air in it should be at a *lower* temperature than the external air?

On page 279 he informs us that "Arabia and Persia lie *west* of the great desert of Africa!"

On page 282 he says, "The *general* direction of the wind is from tracts of ocean toward tracts of land." The direction of the wind is sometimes from ocean to land, and sometimes the reverse. There is no propriety in calling either of them the *general* direction.

On page 290 he says, "The majority of shooting stars appear to emanate from a point in the constellation Leo." This remark is only true of a particular season of the year. At other seasons of the year the majority of shooting stars emanate from a very different part of the heavens.

On page 317 he represents it as *peculiar* to the undulatory theory of light that "refraction is due to an alteration in the velocity with which a ray of light travels." Now it is a fact, conceded by those who reject the undulatory theory of light as well as by those who adopt it, that light experiences a change of velocity in passing from a rarer to a denser medium. This supposition, then, is by no means peculiar to the undulatory theory.

On page 321 he says, "The focal distance of a double convex lens is equal to the radius of the sphere of which the lens is a portion." This is only true of a lens made of a substance whose index of refraction is 1·5, which is *nearly* true of crown glass; but with flint glass or diamond the focal length is very different.

On page 327 he informs us that "rays of light, when once refracted by a prism, are not capable of being refracted again." This doctrine is certainly novel, and we must believe original with the author.

On page 353 he informs us that "convex lenses remedy long-sightedness, by increasing the *convergence* of rays of light passing through them." No distinct image can be formed upon the retina by means of *convergent* rays, even with the assistance of a convex lens.

We have thus devoted to Mr. W.'s book an amount of space to which its importance does not entitle it. Mr. W.'s publishers have advertised that "Professors Bache and Henry have certified to his peculiar qualifications for writing a text-book on Natural Philosophy." If either Professor Bache or Professor Henry will give his opinion that any one of our criticisms is erroneous, we will cheerfully make room for its insertion in our Magazine; otherwise we must decline publishing any thing further on this subject.

Editor's Table.

GLIMPSES OF THE AMERICAN FUTURE.—Professor Guyot, in his celebrated work entitled "Earth and Man," brings out prominently the great fact that America is destined to be the continent of the future. The geographical march of civilization, according to his view, points to the New World as the scene for the full and final development of humanity. A more beautiful and instructive argument, so far as the science of physical geography is concerned, has never been presented to the public mind. The following paragraph, taken from the closing pages of his volume, will furnish the reader with an idea of his theory, viz.: "Asia, Europe, and North America are the three grand stages of humanity in its march through the ages. Asia is the cradle, where man passed his infancy under the authority of law, and where he learned his dependence upon a sovereign master. Europe is the school where his youth was trained, where he waxed in strength and knowledge, grew to manhood, and learned at once his liberty and his moral responsibility. America is the theatre of his activity during the period of manhood; the land where he applies and practices all he has learned, brings into action all the forces he has acquired, and where he is still to learn that the entire development of his being and his own happiness are possible only by willing obedience to the laws of his Maker." The sound principle is laid down and amply illustrated that "the entire physical creation corresponds to the moral creation, and is only to be explained by it." Agreeably to this law the western continent, "founded on a plan widely departing from Asia-Europe," is characterized by "simplicity and unity," and by "its vast extents, its fruitful plains, its numberless rivers, the prodigious facility of communication, nowhere impeded by serious obstacles, its oceanic position," is pre-eminently fitted to be a "most magnificent theatre" for the consummation of human history.

With these views, so forcibly and eloquently expressed by the learned author, we most heartily sympathize. Coming to us from a science that, a century since, was not known—a science presenting such illustrious men as Humboldt and Maury among its laborers and expounders, they are the more welcome from the fact that they are the independent results of manly thinking, learned from intelligent communion with nature as nature is revealed in the light of God. They serve no artificial theory. They have no taint of partisanship. Statesmanship and diplomacy have not concocted them as expedients to sanction conquest and robbery. But by silent, patient, earnest workers in the vast realms of God's power and wisdom, they have been slowly and carefully wrought out for the thought and hope of humanity. Nor can we withhold the utterance that to us, moving on the busy arena of life, and blessed with few pauses in the struggle and battle of the world, there is something sublime in this deciphering of the prophetic symbols long ago stamped on the mountains and prairies, the forests and mineral beds, of this great continent. Prophets are no more. The last of the inspired race was the Apostle of Love, as if it were needful for us to know that love, in closing the volume of futurity, left us the assurance of a continued watchfulness, an eye of mercy, a hand of protection over the interests of humanity. But though prophets are gone there are prophecies left on record in iron and marble. Over the length and breadth of continents, and far down in ancient strata, and along the beds of majestic rivers, are they written in a language that was not confused at Babel, and requires no "gift of tongues" to set forth its meaning. Witnesses are they to a divine wisdom and glory still present among the affairs of men, ready to meet them at every step of progress toward the sovereignty of this lower creation, arming them with new vigor for new victory, and assuring them in every doubtful hour of the awaiting certainties of a complete and perfected triumph. Who shall say, then, that science is a secular thing? Who shall say that Newton in the far off regions of the heavens, Davy over his safety-lamp, Watt with his steam-engine, Bowditch among the stars, Owen with his comparative anatomy, Kane among the Polar icebergs, or Maury with the Gulf Stream, are engaged in secular work? The reproach of materialism is always ready with some people for men of science. But in our judgment the ideal of science is as divine as poetry and art. It is doing God's work. It is magnifying God's handiwork. Depreciated as they are, stigmatized with atheism and pantheism, the true men of science are bringing every year the attributes of God, as displayed in the material universe, more vividly and impressively before the human mind. Never have the Psalms of David had such a commentator as Isaac Newton; and sometimes, after reading the Nineteenth Psalm and similar outbursts of poetic praise, it seems to us that we hear Newton, as he returns from a remote excursion amidst those material wonders that lie almost in sight of God's throne, breaking forth, on behalf of science, in response to the hymns of Israel's rapt monarch.

Nor are those prophecies that science finds in the hills and valleys the only exponents of coming ages. The future, if it had no types in the present, would be no future. It is nothing more than the progress of the race according to a preordained plan. The only idea we can form of it is, that the earth will be a nobler abode for man, and man a nobler occupant of earth, while both shall better symbolize the glory of God. A general conception of that future is given to mankind, and, agreeably to the divine scheme, it is a conception steadily enlarging. Outward things are not its exclusive adumbrations. If the future of the world is pictured in the bosom of the globe, it is also indicated in those instincts that lie beneath the surface-mind of men. They are a part—a significant and momentous part—of every truly cultivated human being. Unconscious as we too often are of them, buried under the crust of our worldliness and vanity, they are yet the divine monitors of what we are called to be—the legislators of that higher thought and feeling which belong to the privileged estate of humanity, and which palpable organic law only serves to shadow forth. Every great truth is a prophecy of better days. Every new fact makes a brighter to-morrow. Year after year, as genius or goodness, taught of God, announces some lofty sentiment, or calls to some endeavor more heroic than before attempted, the future opens a broader and more luminous vista. Farther back retreat its clouds, leaving fair forms of stately height, and

serene looks, that answer to ideals, born of imagination in hours when prayer and praise throbbed through it, and yet, in our hesitating faith, not fully trusted until other voices had interpreted their meaning. Ordinary life, as we follow it, seldom calls out these spiritual instincts. We plow, sow, reap, without thinking of them. Trade and commerce occupy the outside man; and the inward, the divine, is left to its solitude and silence. Yet all of us have moments when we see more in wheat and corn than the miller takes knowledge of and ships transport across the waters. Matter, as such, can not satisfy us. The instinct of childhood, by which the boy puts a soul into his hobby-horse, and the girl breathes life into her wax doll, never forsakes us. Matter reveals the perfections of God, and men can not be content until it discloses somewhat of themselves. The great instincts of humanity, which carry the future of the race in them, are ever struggling to utter themselves in speech or act. Germs of coming generations are hidden within them. Souls are now living that have vaster empires in their yet unfathomed depths than have hitherto been conceived.

Do not charge such thoughts with phantasy. The degree of one's faith is not enthusiasm; for enthusiasm is not a question of intenseness but of kind, not of the quantity of confidence but of the quality. There is infinitely more of the future in our instincts than we apprehend, and through them, in connection with outward movements, God is striving to show us the approaching ages in a clearer manner than we are wont to believe. It is not his will that realities should suddenly burst upon the world without the preparatory work which anticipation is designed to perform. Humanity is educated, in no small measure, by means of its anticipations. Among all our teachers none are so sublime as foreshadowings of futurity, for they give lessons to the intellect, not through the senses but the heart. They are teachers sent from God. The world can not do without them. Did we trust them as their worth merits, we should have a wisdom better than scholarship, and a power greater than armies or navies. Nor let it be supposed that these prophetic intimations are limited to our private personal interests. National instincts, operating through inward sentiments and outward forms, are constantly indicating the character of the future; and statesmanship is never more sagacious than when by native force of insight rather than by logical methods it seizes the ideas and hopes that represent coming events.

The time has come for a higher order of thought and feeling in regard to the future of our country than has hitherto prevailed. Indeed the great want of the day, so far as American thinkers are concerned, is an American philosophy that shall truthfully embody our relations to the world. By this we do not mean that we should deliberately propose certain definite ends and lay down the means to accomplish them. Too much of that kind of work is already found among men. There is generally a spirit of earthly pride in it, a spirit of self-competency and self-seekingness, a spirit that forgets the Ruler of the Universe and legislates in advance of providential tokens. But we mean that American instincts should be clearly apprehended, our peculiarities of capacity and condition thoroughly understood, and, above all, that our position in the providential economy of the human family should be adequately comprehended. No doubt the special agents of Divine Providence —men like Columbus and Luther—have clear views of the work assigned them. But nations, in this respect, are unlike individuals. All that they can ordinarily have is the ideal set before them which they are to cultivate and follow. Hence, when we speak of an American philosophy, we wish to convey the idea that we are to encourage such motives, cherish such principles, and pursue such aims as a people intrusted with a grand mission for the benefit of humanity ought to feel and obey.

The modes of thought and opinion current among us are not at all satisfactory. Not that they are inherently defective, but they are too low, too limited, too much occupied with the mere externals of our life. The prominent attributes of American mind, such as shrewdness, sagacity, inventiveness, prudence, a ready facility in the use of means, a sharp eye to circumstances, a wonderful adaptation to contingencies, practical skill, indomitable energy, are dwelt upon and intensified by our thinkers and writers as if they really were the exponents of our intellect and character. But what are these except the surface-marks of American mind; the top-soil, catching the sunshine and producing fruits that husbandmen gather into barns? They are striking and effective peculiarities of our people; but we insist that this is no standard by which to measure the true scope, the genuine depth, the distinctive forces of our mind. What would be thought of a geologist who should confine his investigations to the mere face of the globe, penetrating no lower than a plow-furrow, pulverizing rocks and examining soils that lie before men's eyes? Yet this sort of superficiality has contented American thinking. Our tone of thought has been taken from the merest materialities. We have consented to be known by our axes and rifles, by plows and reapers, by cotton-gins, by steamboats and railroads. Insensibly to ourselves the spirit of thinking derived from these things has extended itself over our whole mind, and depraved us even in the higher departments of thought. The large mass of the American people talk of education as if it had no other aim but to manufacture decent, thriving, respectable men. It is simply a matter of outward citizenship, a badge of gentility. Nor has the sacredness of religion escaped this corrupting virus. Thousands among us emphasize religion because of its essentiality to the republic, and never advance beyond the idea that it is a good substitute for constables and jails. Now, that these moral agencies have a high economic value no man can doubt. Nor ought we to overlook for an instant their relation to the outward welfare of society. But the evil lies in resting on these secondary aspects as if they were the main points for consideration. Viewed in this light, these modes of thought, prevailing more or less among all ranks of our countrymen, have done incalculable harm. They have shamefully lowered the standard of American mind, and unfitted us to form a broad, comprehensive, manly estimate of the true dignity and matchless superiority of our position.

What, then, is the just opinion we should cherish of ourselves? What are the leading elements that should enter into a calm, sober, Christian-like appreciation of our circumstances and character? How should we contemplate the future? How qualify ourselves for those fearful struggles, those internal strifes, that must inevitably tax our statesmanship, our patriotism, our virtue?

Looking to the future of our country, we see that certain great causes now at work must have a prodigious agency in the formation of its character. We are devoted, for instance, to material pursuits. A money-loving, money-getting, money-spending people, we think of the world as a huge work-shop filled with the machinery of labor. Every thing is coined into money. There are more mints than can be counted. Not a year passes that scores of them are not originated and set to coining and stamping. Granite and ice, bones and hoofs, rags and offal, dust of dead men and hearts of living women, are hurried into these mints and converted into wealth. Our resources, in prospect, are fabulous. The possibilities of prosperity dazzle even the imagination. Arithmetical intellect, not unused to great achievements, pauses before its figures and profoundly hopes that some clever genius, equal to the emergency, will invent a calculating machine suited to a world of Californias and Australias. That this state of things is extraordinary can not be doubted. Nor is it surprising that so many thoughtful men should be filled with alarm lest luxury overspread the land and ingulf all its fairer forms of virtue and spirituality. Doubtless there is cause for anxiety. Human nature, always frail and feeble, is peculiarly liable to the corruptions of prosperity. Let it not be forgotten, however, that we are now contemplating that nature in one of its aggregated forms. For it is vital to the question to remember that humanity, however exposed to certain evils in its individual attitude, may have safeguards, in its social state and corporate capacity, calculated to preserve it from these dangers. Prosperity, even great and wonderful prosperity, if viewed in connection with masses, does not strike us as a threatening ill. It is precisely what they need; and although numbers may abuse it, yet, on the whole, a high degree of physical and worldly success is no foe to popular virtue. Poverty has done the world more harm than prosperity, and to-day the masses of society, were they in a better external condition, would be much less the prey of ignorance and crime. Diffuse wealth and it ceases to be the glittering badge of a class. Social pride and ambition are not then so likely to be stimulated. Moreover, wealth loses much of its corrupting tendency when it takes its place among the blessings of the multitude. There was a time when learning was the privilege of the few, and it generated a false, pernicious aristocracy. The barriers that shut out the multitude were thrown down; knowledge became the inheritance of the many; and the baleful effects, which resulted from its limitations, were altogether removed. Political power, likewise, in passing from the few to the many has purified itself. Looking to these facts, it would seem to be a social law, that as masses interact among themselves, developing their activity in such forms as balance one another and allowing a free, full, forcible interchange of sentiment and energy, there is a healthful spirit of conservatism, a public virtue created, that unfailingly tends to the welfare of communities. Nor must another thing be forgotten. American wealth, taken as a whole, rests on a broad, substantial basis. It is not a fiction. It is not a false, inflated, unreliable tenure. Industry, toiling in God's own fields, working beneath His sky, and using the means which His wisdom has instituted and His power sanctions, has enriched itself with the conveniences and comforts of bountiful living. If industry is God's law—if it is a firmly-fixed ordinance of His government—it is a necessary sequence that the fruits of labor are His providential appointment; and that men, acting in obedience to His statutes, are entitled to enjoy them. Without doubt they are prone to forget Him and abuse His gifts; but it is equally certain that the more natural and simple the methods adopted to secure wealth, the less liability exists that it should prove a curse.

For our part, we view this remarkable prosperity of the American people as a most hopeful sign. We hear much, indeed, of the "Almighty Dollar," of a purse-proud aristocracy, of the enervating luxury of the successful classes, of lordly mansions built by sarsaparilla and pills, and the country teems with invective and denunciations leveled at the sordid spirit of the day. There is confessedly some reason for this exclamatory eloquence, hurling forth its interjections as thickly as barbed arrows. Excesses have been committed. Follies have stalked abroad. But what of it all? The head of the whole nation has not been turned, nor have we played the harlequin on the theatre of a continent. A few, comparatively very few, have made blockheads of themselves, but they have shown such surprising facility in the saturnalia of folly that one rather suspects they were born to it. The true question is, How has this unprecedented degree of prosperity affected the mind of the American people? We deny outright that it has been an evil. We unhesitatingly aver that, on the whole, it has made us a wiser, nobler, better community. Look at the North. Hundreds of men who were once poor apprentice-boys have struggled upward and acquired honest fortunes. Look at the South. Hundreds of men who were formerly overseers have made themselves wealthy. The social status of these men is most honorable. They are among our best citizens, the backbone of our institutions. Trade has no more intelligent and liberal merchants and manufacturers; colleges have no more generous patrons; churches have no purer members; and public spirit has no finer representatives than are they. Men who make money and therewith make the wisdom to use it, are pillars of strength in any land. The main thing is, *how* it is made. With us, labor has been the parent of prosperity. With us, God's soil and sunshine have been converted into charming homes, extensive enterprises, flourishing commerce, and wealthy capital. The laws of Nature have not been violated, the purity of society has not been outraged, as a general thing, in the acquisition of worldly good. And, therefore, we repeat, the tendency of American prosperity is, on the whole, salutary and beneficial. We hope it will continue, we hope it will increase; not the prosperity of lawless speculation and reckless sharpers — not the prosperity of wild enterprises and hap-hazard adventures — not the prosperity that sacrifices the soul to the senses and puts Mammon on the throne of God; for all such prosperity is earthly, sensual, devilish: but the true prosperity of honest, hearty, and hard work—the work that lives and thrives by patience, endurance, steady aims, and steady steps, we profoundly trust that such prosperity will multiply manifold.

How, then, does our prosperity bear on the future prospects of the country? A large number of right-minded persons think that it threatens us with ruin. We take the opposite view. Admit-

ting the extravagance, the fashionable follies, the wasteful expenditures of the day, we must still insist that the great mass of the American people are a sober-minded race, standing firmly on their own good feet, and not to be lifted up and borne aloft by those petty, atmospheric, street-corner whirls in which the light-headed and the empty-hearted so ludicrously gyrate. We are now in the first flush of success. Every year new territories are opening, fields of enterprise enlarging; so that novelty has hardly time to thrill with a suddenly-vivid impression before another startling object presses on its sensitive nerve. But this era of development can not long continue. Business will assume regular channels, and trade adjust itself to regular laws. And as circumstances thus change we may look for less excitement and more power; less of the spasm, and more of uniform and vigorous action. The ratio of prosperous men, so far as our native population is concerned, is evidently increasing, and this must tend to enhance the conservatism of the country. Aside from these facts, it can not be denied that public thought is much more turned to the moral uses of money than ever before. The faithful preaching of the Gospel on this subject is doing incalculable good. Ministers are much more attentive to this branch of Christian morality. A new literature, too, has recently grown up, unfolding this vast topic with an amplitude, a pungency, a close grappling with the souls of men that can not be too highly commended. A few years since how rare were such works as Stowell's Model for Men of Business; Budgett's Life, by Arthur; and the biographies of Frederick Perthes, Lawrence, Curtis! The idea of business in its moral and religious aspects, the responsibilities of trade and commerce, the vast importance of benevolence as a Christian duty, are not new doctrines. Nevertheless, it is certain that a much greater prominence of late years has been given to them. On these points opinion and practice are still defective. But a great change has been commenced. Men of means can not cushion their slumbering souls quite as softly as hitherto. There are many uneasy stewards who are anxious to make to themselves "*friends of the mammon of unrighteousness;*" and, moreover, outside of religious circles, wealth is not as complacently callous as it once was. A simultaneous movement within and without the Church is now in progress. The one is distinctly and definitely marked; the other is not so palpable, and far less trustworthy, even on humanitarian grounds; but the awakening is obvious. A most striking feature in modern society is the wonderful combination of influences that are operating on the cultivated and prosperous classes. All of these are reminding them of their duties to others. Wealth can not insulate itself. It can not darken its windows and bolt its doors. It can not shut its eyes on the outside misery of the world. A thousand avenues are opening into its privacy, and voices, tuned to strains of far-reaching pathos, are trembling all through the air it breathes. The selfish enjoyment of wealth, if men will persist in it, can not longer be undisturbed. Luxury must now pay for its privileges. If it will not give a liberal portion of its means to advance the interests of needy humanity, it must suffer a corresponding diminution of its peace. Few things are clearer to our mind than that the capacity to enjoy wealth as a private, selfish thing—a treasure for individual hoarding and holding—is steadily decreasing. Setting aside the sentiments of Christianity—never so earnest, never so trumpet-tongued, since the age of the Apostles, in pleading for sympathy, kindly brotherhood, and active charity—dismissing all this from the account, the laws of everyday life are sternly arrayed against heartlessness in wealth. If a rich man is determined, at this day, to devote his opulence to personal gratification, there is but one condition on which it can be done, which is, to commit his soul to the vaults of a bank, and have it put under lock and key, safe from the intrusion of newspapers, literature, and social intercourse. One and all, they are most merciless disturbers of his peace. One and all, they are leagued against the monopoly even of his own estate. What, then, is the conclusion from these facts? Simply and surely this, viz., Wealth is becoming more and more amenable to the usages of society. Public opinion, public feeling, and public morality are acting with augmented potency on its reserve, its seclusiveness, its independence, its isolation, and forcing it to acknowledge an authority greater than itself. And what is yet more vital to the argument, Christianity is forming a conscience of money, and training the sensibilities of its subjects to feel the infinite meaning there is in being intrusted with the riches of the world. Dull are the ears of the multitude, heavy their hearts, beneath the worldliness that bears on them. But the ancient voice of the Psalmist, swelling with the sublimer tones of Christianity, is again pealing forth among the mountains, crowned with their musical forests, and along the valleys, where golden harvests wave beneath the rolling strain, and the burden of the cry is—"*The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.*" It is a cry of joy—a cry of terror. It is the intensest utterance of the Christianity of the nineteenth century. It is the specific revelation to our day of the Revelation of an elder day. Amidst the wonders of the age there is nothing more wonderful than the breadth and closeness of man's contact with material nature. With what kindness she receives him; with what tenderness she takes him to her bosom, as one long lost and late returning to her love! But the power and grandeur of the outward universe are being incorporated more and more into the practical workings of Christianity, and giving a deeper import to the truth that "*The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.*"

Another great element in the civilization of the future is Womanhood. Judging from present indications, we are warranted in concluding that it is destined to perform an important part in the progress of American society. America has often been called the Paradise of Woman—a rhetorical extravagance it is true, but standing for a fact of vast significance. The position of woman in our country is as marked a peculiarity of its domestic life as republicanism is of its political life, nor is it an over-statement of the truth to say that, in its sphere, the influence of the sex is as essential as republicanism itself to the character and power of the nation. American womanhood is a new fact. We are scarcely aware ourselves of the functions it is soon to perform in the history of our progress. Its development has just begun. We see only the infancy of the movement, but it is enough to assure us that womanhood is ordained to fulfill a momentous task in the fortunes of our country. Whether it will demonstrate itself in art, literature, science, is altogether indifferent to the question.

Give womanhood the intellectual and social freedom it is entitled to enjoy; give it such scope, means, and opportunities as it requires for the activities of its nature; give it culture and sympathy, and it will instinctively select its own fields of effort, and accomplish its appointed work. The ideal of woman, taken in its social relations, presents her as the natural check on those material pursuits, which, unrestrained, tend to degrade manhood. She is the gentle but powerful antagonist of whatever hardens and brutalizes men; and especially in a commercial age, in a country of business enterprise like ours, her influence is essential to counterbalance the excesses of outward activity. If it were not for the intense love of home-life, which we have inherited with Anglo-Saxon blood, our present system of business, with its engrossing cares, its absorbing claims, its feverish excitements, would soon prove fatal to all real manhood. Woman, in this sphere, is a vast power over our countrymen. But we are not disposed to think that her agency will be limited to its boundaries. Of necessity it must be her greatest and happiest scene of action. It were folly, however, to contend that she has no other work, no other responsibilities, no other connections, save such as belong to the household. The more home-like her spirit, the better are her qualifications for society. If she have cultivated talents or original genius, the domestic beauty of her nature will pre-eminently fit her to render a most invaluable service to the mind of the world. There is nothing to be feared, we think, from womanly activity in the open walks of life, if she have a happy domestic position, an educated mind, and the generous sympathies of men. Secure her these, and you secure the conditions of an ennobling philanthropy, of a wise and truthful devotion to all intellectual and moral interests. Acknowledge her womanhood, and she will never sacrifice its dignity and worth. Believing, then, that the civilization of the future will be characterized by a greater prominence of womanly mind and activity, we hail as a most auspicious omen the high estimate, the warm and even enthusiastic appreciation, that our countrymen cherish for womanhood. No doubt it has its weaknesses and defects. But time and experience may be trusted to correct the errors of a sentiment that, in itself, is truthful and noble. Womanhood always repays our respect and love. No law in all the operations of mind is surer. Womanhood is an axiom in American civilization. It is a first truth that our sentiments and usages take for granted, and ignore all questionings. There is somewhat of an exaggeration about it as it now stands. But it is comfortable to know that what is an exaggeration today will be no exaggeration to-morrow. Certain, then, are we of this fact, that American womanhood can and will make good the hopes of American faith in its intellectual, moral, and social capacity, and continue to vitalize our private and public heart with a constantly increasing force of knowledge, beauty, and love.

If the limits of this article permitted we should like to discuss the various relations of trade, commerce, science, education, and religion, to the future of our country. But omitting these in their formal treatment, we proceed to touch a few points and dismiss the subject.

American mind has grown to its present vigor in the midst of circumstances that have been peculiarly calculated to develop not merely freshness and force, but a breadth of view, a diffusiveness of spirit, a resistance to the stringency of local habits, a congeniality with all modes of life, that rarely display themselves in a high state of civilization. Strangely enough, the civilized man of this continent has been brought in contact with circumstances that are just opposite to what civilization usually deals with. Ordinarily, man has been a sort of counterpart to physical nature. Acquiring slowly the command of his faculties, learning step by step the use of means, he has gradually elevated outward things to his own level, and made the material creation subservient to his wants. But here the civilized man has exerted his sovereignty at once, confronted the forest, prairie, and flood, with an instant summons to obedience, demanded submission without delay, and installed his royalty in the plenitude of its prerogatives. Is there no future meaning in all this? Is it a mere fact of the past and present? Has it no bearings on to-morrow? Now, nothing is easier than to generalize one's self into pleasant illusions and very witching absurdities. But it would really appear that American mind had been educated to be the pioneer-mind of the world in coming stages of progress. This looks like bombastic pretension. It smacks of Fourth of July rhetoric. Perhaps it is an extravagance. But, nevertheless, we venture to say that there is truthfulness in our position.

The aim of American institutions is to restore man to his original relations. That idea predominates in the whole structure of American society. There is no law of primogeniture between him and the soil; no nobility, with its immense landed estates. The fields are open to him. If he choose, the wages of a day can purchase a lordship over the soil. Starting with this simple principle, which puts man on fair and easy terms with nature, we have developed a system of industry that makes him a cheerful, willing, prosperous laborer. Nowhere is labor so well rewarded; nowhere is it so generally successful. And, finally, every man is a portion of the government, exercising his sovereignty in its affairs, and contributing to its strength and permanence. Such an organization of society must incorporate the entire mass into an economy of progress. It must form a living, moving, triumphant race—not a few prosperous classes, but a prosperous race. It must make a nation of thinkers and actors. All other countries place a premium on the small minority, and a heavy discount on the vast majority. With us, the whole people constitute the practical nation. Trade and commerce, education and religion, represent the million. The necessary effect of such a state of things is to stimulate and vitalize a vast and aggregated mass of mind to its utmost capacity of action—to impel it to the farthest limit of enterprise. Wherever a channel of activity is opened, it is the recipient of a mighty stream, fed by a thousand tributary rills. The whole nation drives forward every thing. Send a whale-ship to the Pacific, and millions are interested in it, for millions want oil and candles. Invent a sewing-machine, and the buyers are counted by tens of thousands. Pianos sell by the hundred thousand. Publish a popular book, and every family must read it. The whole country is a spectacle of the multitude, conscious of a birth-right exceeding its actual possessions—alive with those everyday instincts that busy themselves with better food and raiment than were en-

joyed on yesterday—eager for prizes, clamorous for what belongs to man as God's freeman, wearing in his bosom the charter of the universe. A foundation for greatness, far superior to nationality, is laid in these facts. Americans are not, like Englishmen, representatives of institutions. The latter personage, built up by the contributions of centuries—a composite of Celt, German, Norman, and, yet more, a product of home-creativeness—working him into a type of fixed forms, usages, and traditions, is an artificial wonder—the greatest, as such, that walks the earth. Americans stand for a personality above all their institutions. Pour the hot fluid into your snug, conventional mould, and it overflows outside and describes a new pattern—very offensive sometimes to artistic taste, but, for all that, there is a ring of the true metal about it. The old law-books can not hold their jurisprudence, and much of their politeness is independent of Chesterfield. In certain styles of greatness they have shown few grand thoughts. Their orators knock at the outside door, and seldom present themselves before the portals that open into the deeper recesses of the heart. Their poets sing like musical birds—a momentary strain, and a painful silence to follow—rather than like the angels of song, filling the atmosphere with long-swelling waves of melody. But in other things they are full of clever and striking originalities. The best of their genius—not regardless of art and literature, but postponing these intellectual glories for coming leisure—believes in something to be done; and in this homage to the practical, three-fourths of them would consider Cyrus W. Field, as he lays a path for the lightning beneath the waters of the Atlantic, a greater man than Milton, Shakspeare, or Bacon.

Let it be granted that the present form of American greatness is not, when viewed abstractly, the loftiest kind of greatness. An argument on that point is worth nothing. What we insist on is, that American mind, in its wonderful power and progress, is the mind for the world. It is just such a mind as the advancing civilization of the age demands—the best possible sort of mind to rouse the latent energies of other nations—the best to carry out a system of trade, commerce, international comity, that shall promote peace and brotherhood—the best to upset those manifold sophistries that lead men to trust in patronage, usages, governments, for the encouragement of business, science, and art—the best to divorce men from all fictitious alliances, to break the unholy bonds uniting Church and State, and to unloose those other ties that foster a weak and enervating dependence on legislation and opinion for what brave wills and strong arms ought to do for themselves. This is the extent of our claim for American mind; this is the attitude of that mind—bold, erect, fearless—toward the future. A character in the people higher, nobler, better than nationality—a simplicity of instinct that speaks the vernacular of the heart, and not the dead languages of fossil literature and ancestral traditions—a grasp of means that skill finds or makes plentiful—a heroic will, consulting itself, and not the false oracles of circumstances—a capacity to be and to do much beyond the paltry aid of books and people; these are the tokens which indicate our leadership of the world. What momentous significance this imparts to our position and prospects! A man's soul is never so much his own as when he feels that he holds it in trust for others as well as for himself; and a nation never really transcends the dignity of a clan or tribe unless it opens its heart to the truth that it lives not merely for its private fortunes, but for the brotherhood of humanity.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE fields are stripped by this time, and the trees stand bare. That rich murmur of a myriad insects is gone, and the silence which distinguishes January from June even more than the heat, falls, the precursor of snow, upon the landscape. But, as if to resist the bitterness and sadness of the failing year, the most genial and kindly of all our festivals occurs at the end of November. Its very name, Thanksgiving, betrays its pious origin—and an origin unmixed with any prior tradition. The great Christian festival of Christmas stretches backward to yule logs and mistletoes, to Scandinavian and Briton heathenry; nor does it lose by the graceful, happy association. But Thanksgiving is purely Puritan. It is the good warm human heart conquering the tough head and ascetic manner of the old pilgrims.

In Elliott's *New England History* you may read that, in 1623, after the harvest, Governor Bradstreet sent out a company to shoot game to furnish a dainty feast of rejoicing after the labors of the colony. Having followed the directions of the Governor, and the principle of the excellent Mrs. Glass, they cooked their game, and invited Massasoit and some ninety other savages, and all fell to and devoured the feast, thanking God "for the good world and the good things in it."

Think of that little shivering band clustered on the bitter edge of the continent, with the future before them almost as dark as the forest behind them, many of them with such long lines of happy memories in Old England flashing across the sea into the gloom of their present position like gleams of ruddy firelight that stream far out of the cheerful chimney into the cold winter night—and think of the same festival now! when twenty Governors invite millions of people to return thanks to the great Giver of harvests, and millions of people, obeying, sacrifice hecatombs of turkeys and pumpkins, and pour out seas of cider and harmless wines.

It might be dangerous to stake one's reputation upon the assertion that Thanksgiving is a strictly religious feast. It is a day of practical rejoicing in the good things of this world, and there may even be people whose mouths are fuller of turkey than their hearts of thanks. But every year the area of the kindly feast enlarges. Every year there are more States which sit down to "groaning board," as reporters so happily express it upon occasions of civic festivity.

Dear old Thanksgiving!—whose arms are a turkey roasted and a pumpkin *or*—long may his blessed reign continue! Long and long his hospitable table be spread! Long and long may he stand, benignant, at his door, calling in the poor and the weary, the blind and the lame, even as the old Puritans called in Massasoit and ninety other savages! Long and long may he send the young people, smiling and blushing and whispering, into corners and under curtains, where what is said and what is done only the couples themselves know—while the grave elders sit chatting by the fire, and live again their vanished years in the quick young life around them! Rich in blessings and reverend in years, may good old Thanksgiving

last with the continent, knitting closer the ties of family and friendship: its cheerfulness beaming like the smile of a patriarch—its charity burning like a central fire, warming all the year and lighting up every dark day of care and sorrow.

—And now, Biddy, bring in the turkey. Master Joshua, you will content yourself with four plates full of plum-pudding and half a pumpkin pie. My dear, I trust you will see that the fiddler has as much as he wants, for his arms will not be spared to-night; and, cousin Jerusha, the mulled wine will test your skill. Only let there be plenty of it, and remember solemnly to observe the recipe. This is it: One table spoonful of powdered sugar and one egg for every person, carefully beat up together. One wine-glass of wine, and, if the ladies are many, two wine-glasses of water to each person. The liquid to be put in a saucepan with a bag of cinnamon. When the egg and sugar are well beaten the saucepan must be placed upon the fire. The moment it boils take it off, and, with infinite care, O Jerusha! slowly and calmly pour it into the egg and sugar, which must be rapidly and incessantly stirred. Then, my young friends, you will be summoned from your dance; Hebes and Ganymedes shall you be, and in the yellow, creaming, delicious drink, you shall pledge and promise what you will—remembering only that it is Thanksgiving, that it is holy-tide, and that whatever is promised to-night must be performed to the utmost letter.

—What is that you are both saying, you Nathan and you Nancy? You do not answer. But I heard, as if you were following the parson, "I will," and "I will."

"New Orleans.

"Dear Easy Chair,—Will you oblige me by stating which of these two is correct?

"'Great wit to madness nearly is allied,'

or

"'Great wits to madmen oft are near allied.'

You have it the latter in your August Number.

"I am with respect,

"Yours very truly, E. A. S."

In Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" E. A. S. will find the line of which he writes. It is the 163d line of the first part of the poem, in the description of Achitophel, or Lord Shaftesbury:

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Thackeray's "Virginians" is now about half completed. The Easy Chair has so often and so strongly commended it—not because they appear in the same uniform, but because the story is so intrinsically excellent—that it is not from the desire of saying something new that it speaks of it again.

The singular and profound skill in delineation of character which marks Thackeray always, does not desert him in his new work. It is a perfectly finished and living picture of English society of a century ago. For the details of court and fashionable life which make the substance and the charm of the endless memoirs and letters of that period, no other book is comparable with it in thoroughness and picturesqueness. The Earl of Chesterfield, Lord March, the King, Lady Yarmouth, Dr. Johnson, General Wolfe, and others, move across the scene with vivid reality. We have all had our fight about what he says of the youth of Washington. But none of us can fight about Madame de Bernstein, the Beatrix Esmond of "Henry Esmond." She is one of the completest, and, artistically speaking, satisfactory figures in late literature. The dramatic veracity in which Thackeray is superior to Scott and Dickens, in which he may be likened, in a degree, to Shakespeare, and which makes all his characters profoundly consistent, is nowhere displayed more finely than in "The Virginians."

And in none of his stories is his intellectual independence more apparent. Having strongly defined feelings about life and character, he strongly expresses them. Harry Warrington, like Clive Newcome, does a great many naughty things; but the historian warms off the moralist. He is a young man, with the errors and weaknesses of many young men; but he has a candor of character, a stainlessness of soul, which the novelist will have preferred not only to official gravity, but even to a goodness which, being in a different position, may be less tempted.

Nowhere, also, is the old fling against Thackeray apparently more sustained than in "The Virginians," and less really confirmed. He always treats us to fools and knaves, we are told. He always introduces us into the worst possible society, and sits sneering in our ears about the very people with whom he has made us acquainted, and whose company he always frequents. Here he has brought us to Tunbridge Wells, and it is a very saturnalia of sin. What men! What women! What does the man mean by such conduct?

Well, now, if he brings us to Lady Yarmouth and her crew, are there not also the Lambert girls? If we have Lord March, have we not also Colonel Lambert? If we have Castlewood, have we not Colonel Wolfe? Besides this, and instead of arranging his scene with all the good people on one side, and the bad on the other—like the division of sexes in a Quaker meeting—he shows us the human traits that reveal themselves in people we can not like, but who are not altogether base—as flowers spring up among desolate fields, as finer veins of ore thread barren earth—not enough to make a nosegay of, not rich enough nor deep enough to work.

Does any reader suppose that Lady Maria has no regard at all for the sweet racy youth of her lover? that she is only devoted to his supposed money? It is clear enough, as now appears, that she will transfer her young affections, and not persist in holding Harry to his vows; but will she relinquish him without an honest regret? Under Madame de Bernstein's worldliness is there no tender longing, no sweet regret of other years and purer feeling—like a stream winding under a hard volcanic crust? Of course there is. Of course the old age of the Lady Beatrix could not be all hard and wicked. How beautiful this character is, as a whole, in the two books! In the triumph of youth insolent and mercenary; but, after a long life, the deeper and tenderer points appearing—and so much material, so much possibility, always.

In truth, like all novels that are worth reading, because they are the portraits of human characters painted by great literary artists, "The Virginians" should be read, as it is written, from month to month—sitting, if you please, with a friendly circle who began with you, who know all the people in the book—who follow their fortunes as we hang upon the careers of real persons—who speculate, and wonder, and plan—who sympathize,

and regret, and condemn; and who justly take a deeper interest in many of the characters than in many acquaintances, because they know them better—not to say because they are better worth knowing.

The ordinary novel-reader will be impatient at the slow progress of events in "The Virginians." But even he must be charmed with the exquisite facility and felicity of the portraiture in the story.

"SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *Oct.*, 1858.

"DEAR OLD EASY CHAIR,—I am a schoolmistress out West, and it is a bright day when *Harper* comes. I have raised a little club here, and send you our yearly subscription for nine copies. I could better spare a new collar than the *Monthly*. ——."

And so, with many friends, old and new, commences a new volume of the Magazine. Whoever will turn over the long range of volumes, forming a little library, will see what a miscellany of entertaining literature those years of the *Monthly* have accumulated. There has been no weariness on the part of the Magazine or of its readers. No such work has ever had so generous and continuous a welcome. It is that which stimulates and inspires its conductors to be worthy of its immense public—to tell the pleasantest stories that are told any where, both by the most famous authors and those who are becoming so—to photograph the world, in every aspect, both by the pencil and the pen—to chat cheerfully and seriously of every current topic, grave or gay—to be the friend of old and young—and, while there are a thousand things upon which men and women differ, to entertain the solitary reader and the domestic circle with those things upon which all agree.

The Easy Chair, for its part, as it stumps about upon its four legs, which seem even younger than ever (such are the fond delusions of age!), rejoices to know that every month it speaks to friends of every condition every where, whom it shall never know by name, but whom it feels that it knows by heart.

THE Easy Chair is delighted to make public the following correspondence. The thoughtful humanity, the profound architectural knowledge, and the readiness of resources under difficulties displayed in the letter to the Chair, are beyond its praises. They cover themselves with glory. But as the weighty affair in question most deeply interested the interesting cherub so well and favorably known to the friends of *Harper*, the Easy Chair lost no time in bringing it to the attentive consideration of that ornament of the Magazine. His reply was duly received, and, as is only his duty, the Easy Chair presents it to the public, bows, and wheels itself away:

"MR. E. Z. CHAIR,—*Dear Sir:* I make bold to appeal to six or seven of the finer feelings of your nature in behalf of a young person in 'Harper's' employ, who has long been compelled to remain in a very painful and precarious position. I allude to a poor deformed boy—whom you must have kidnapped from the docks—who, with scarcely a rag to cover himself, has been forced by you to sit on the North Pole and blow soap-bubbles for eight long, weary years.

"'What kind of charge am I making?'

"'What absurd complaint is this?'

"Turn to the vignette of your title-page and see for yourself!

"There he straddles, poor fellow! just launching his eighth bubble—frozen to his Arctic seat (or else he would certainly slip off)—heroically faithful to the absurd task to which you have appointed him. See how he has ruined his nose in his exertions at blowing through that huge pipe, which is nearly as long as his arm! See how the big toe of his right foot has pushed the Equator clear down to Capricorn in its weary attempt to maintain equilibrium! Look at the muscles of his right arm, long since cramped and distorted by holding out that heavy and ungainly goblet, which seems, by-the-way, to contain a brick! Look again, and see how long the nail has grown on the *sixth* finger of his left hand—the *sixth* finger, mind you, which is a compensatory addition of nature, making up for his having *only four toes on his right foot!*

"Infelicitous boy! Condemned at once to amuse and grieve the million readers of 'Harper's;' fortunate only in his unconsciousness of the fate which awaits him! For the time must come when the Irish boys on either column, weary of scattering meaningless chips on nothing, will take their tired toes away from the ends of the scrawly scrolls which seem to support the egg-shaped sphere, and *down* will tumble the baseless fabric! *Then*, whither the boy, ah, whither! Fall he must, through the sharp-angled 'HARPER'S,' the slippery, dripping 'MONTHLY,' the shag-barked, cross-grained 'MAGAZINE,' upon the rough corners of the huge 'half-shell' below!

"What wreck then, oh E. Z. Chair, of your 'Table' and Contents! The big ink-stand with its huge pen—'mightier than the sword' and about as long—the tottleish piles of badly-bound books, the slipping letters and falling scrolls, the thick pallette—made of 'half-inch stuff' at the thinnest—*all* together, in dire confusion mingling, will be jammed against the bases of the 'morfodite' columns, dislodging and overturning them, and bringing down the other Irish boys and their chip baskets, *ker-flummux!*

"I began, Mr. Chair, with an appeal to your finer feelings. I did intend to persuade you to act from humane and Christian motives, and *take down* that poor boy. I hope my remarks *may* have an influence with you. May I *not* hope that you will at least give ear to my warnings and to the following suggestions?

"Unless something be done *immejiate*, that boy will fall! I propose, therefore, assisted by hints from an architectural friend who shares my anxious solicitudes:

"1st. That the bunting be stripped from the columns and employed in strengthening their uprightness. By tying this around them just below their tops, and making it fast from one to the other, the strain caused by the impending weight of the globe may be temporarily counteracted. The columns will thus be stripped of their wreaths, but since whatever of architectural meaning there is about them is Egyptian, it will not be at variance with any laws of taste to remove these incongruous surroundings.

"2d. Temporary safety being now secured, that the columns be stayed by 'shores' placed against them to the right of one and left of the other. It will be convenient to have these shores in the form of ladders, so that fresh supplies of chips and soap and water may be sent up to the boys—that is, if you can not be persuaded to take them down. And, in this connection, my friend suggests that a plank be laid from the top of the left-hand column to the equator of the sphere—and stout spikes must immediately be driven into this, below the equator, to keep that important and useful line from slipping any farther down. This plank would make connection between 'Chips' and 'Bubbles,' the latter of whom, it is evident, can not reach across the chasm for 'more soap' without danger of falling.

"3d. That since 'HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE' has no visible means of support, a frame-work be erected like those on which fire-works are displayed; the letters might be fastened upon this with tacks. This frame-work, resting securely on the table, might apectuate at the South Pole of the globe, and aid in supporting it.

"4th. The safety of the whole structure having now been attended to, a few details must be looked after. The boys should be decently and warmly clothed. Winter is at hand, and although you may say that they are 'tough,' having been exposed in this dress for eight winters, yet I can assure you, Sir, that the modesty and hu-

manity of your million of readers can not with impunity be much longer disregarded. Your books should be piled up properly, and your letters filed and laid away. If you will remove that immense and meaningless 'half-shell'—suggestive only of oyster-suppers, which should never be served in a library—you will have more room on your table, and can dispose of your books and papers more conveniently.

"Oh, my dear Chair, be 'easy' with me! I'm afraid I've spoken too plainly, but I rely *so* much on your good nature and your good sense that I think you won't be offended. *Are* you, now?"

"The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" upon the cover of *Harper* (and he hopes he may be pardoned for calling himself by a name which is precious to him, as having been conferred upon him by his amiable old friend, the Easy Chair) begs to present his compliments to every body, and to avail himself of this opportunity of replying to the utterly uncalled-for, inhuman, unjust, and disagreeable—not to say unpleasant—letter addressed to his kind old friend.

Let the candid reader turn to the cover and find the answer to this insolent communication brightly blazoned there. Behold him (me) clasping the world with kindly legs; with one hand grasping a generous beaker, with the other holding a pipe and blowing rainbow bubbles! What does that picture—in itself so cheerful and exhilarating—suggest? Viewed only as a radiant youth riding a globe it is worth two years' subscription to the Magazine; but to the eyes and minds of thoughtful, poetic, and imaginative people—yes, anonymous author, poetic and imaginative people!—what does it symbolize beyond its merely outward beauty?

Just this: that genius—ever joyous, ever young in the pages of *Harper*—rules the entire world, but by the kindliest sway; on the one hand cheering it with the sweet wine of song, on the other illuminating it with the most graceful and perfect creations of fancy, in which every aspect of nature is exquisitely mirrored. Not drugging it with dull polemics—not stinging it with violent debate—but, in soft inebriation, winning the world with rainbow fancies from sorrows and cares. It is the very genius of exhilarating amusement, recreating, while it rules, the world.

And why is the equator somewhat depressed? Simply to show that the same charitable genius conquers the languors of the tropics and extends the temperate zone of rational recreation; that the industry, and intelligence, and calmness which mark the temperate zone of our Magazine, are spread by the Magazine around the world; that no equator is so hot and fixed, no north pole so cold and fatal, that the sweet little cherub of kindly sentiment and story and song may not push aside one barrier with his foot, and sit supreme and unharmed upon the other.

And even if it were true—which, upon the faith of a cherub, I deny—that the hand of which this captious critic complains had six fingers, instead of the usual human allowance of five—what then? What would it symbolically set forth, but only to *the imaginative and poetic mind*, except that the hands which assisted in the weaving of the sweet spell which delights the world were not liable to the imperfections of ordinary hands, but were unlimited and phenomenal?

Likewise of the foot, equally objurgated, *the refined and perceptive mind* instantly notices the beautiful significance. Even if there were but four toes (whatever that may mean, Madame), what would the design delicately insinuate but the fact that, with even less expenditure of force than is ordinarily necessary, all obstacles are overcome, and fall before the all-conquering genius?

Again presenting his compliments to every body, the cherub begs them to remark the inhumanity of the flings against those two estimable and industrious beings who are united with the other (me) in the work of charity and love. What are they doing—what have they done—that they should be so insolently commiserated? Will a kind public attend and give ear?

What are those two youths doing? They are scattering flowers. From baskets, ever full, they throw roses that never wither on both sides of the globe. To *the sensitive and refined mind* they symbolize the immortal spirit of peace and good-will that drop blossoms so that, whichever way the world rolls, it may roll in beauty and freshness and fragrance. They symbolize the resolution, never slumbering nor sleeping, which takes care that the Magazine shall do its share to make the world's journey pleasant and fair. Like the

> "Happy melodists, unwearied,
> Forever chanting songs forever new,"

they stand, tireless and cheerful, by night and day, in summer and winter, and foretell the flowery path in which the reader will run. Are they cold and scantily clothed? Ah! dear Public, you know—whatever the knowledge of the author of this anonymous slander may be—that the air of happy occupation is always a summer air—that the sun of hilarity rises with every new number of *Harper*—and that those two charming children live forever in the full light of that luminary. Co-workers with the cherub, they are neither cold nor hungry nor naked. For they are warmed with their constant happy activity; they feed forever upon pleasant thoughts, and they are clad with the grace of generosity.

There is a volley of trumpery advice about changing, and propping, and supporting, and other architectural arrangements. The bunting around the columns is to be removed, and appropriated to some other purpose. Now, dear Public, there is but one other object to which it could be so well devoted as at present, and the achievement of that object would also effect a change in the cover. Every *discerning mind* sees at once what is meant. It is to take the drapery and hang the pestilent complainer where his head may constantly hit the "sharp-angled *Harper's;*" his unavailing hands slip upon "the slippery, dripping *Monthly;*" his legs chafe "the shag-barked, cross-grained *Magazine;*" and his toes be utterly worn away upon "the rough-corners of the huge half shell below."

Then justice will be done. Then peace and harmony will be avenged and satisfied. Then—like the heads upon Temple Bar, grinning and dreadful preachers of the consequences of treason—will the suspended figure of this ill-omened critic show the folly of *little minds*, and the futility of *captious complaints.*

But leaving him, be it yours, most sweet Public, to look at the picture in the light I have shed upon it; and it shall be mine to remain the symbol of the hearty desire of providing a monthly and an unfailing pleasure, which animates my anonymous friend the Editor of the *Magazine.*

We have all been disgraced by the fight near

Buffalo. It is to be expected, of course, that brutal men will behave like brutes, and tear each other's eyes out when they have occasion. It is to be expected, also, that men whose tastes are bestial will support them in so doing. But what has the public, as such, to do with it?

Will you say, "Nothing at all?" Will you say that it is only the bruisers and "the Fancy" who were interested in the contest for the "championship?"

Will you then please to explain the fact that the leading newspapers in New York considered it necessary to have a long and detailed history of the disgusting business, after having printed "Postscripts" and "Extras" to announce the result?

In this country there is no indication of the direction of popular interest so unerring as the newspapers. When they devote several leading columns to any subject, we may be very sure that it is not a matter of private scope, but of wide and general attention. So, with the daily papers in his hand, a man may say with simple truth, we have all been disgraced by the Buffalo fight.

Fighting is always wretched business enough; but although Christ expressly forbade it, and although we all claim lustily to be Christians, a man loses consideration in a Christian community if, under some circumstances, he does not fight. In defense of the life or honor of those dear to us, fighting certainly loses its offensive character. In moments of hot passion, too, the deadly or sudden blow has some kind of extenuation or excuse. But to put the human body into perfect order solely in order that it may be a battering-ram to pound another body in equal order into a jelly, is the most loathsome and sickening of all enterprises. And that this should be a matter of such general sympathy as to justify the publication of elaborate reports is a most humiliating and alarming fact.

There is a great deal said about the manly art of self-defense and physical vigor. But those are excellences that have nothing to do with such brutalities as this fight. It is the disgrace of England that its manners allow a certain toleration of the prize ring. It is covered up under a talk about sinew and muscle and heartiness. But there is nothing so disgusting in a bull-fight as in a prize-fight, nor more inhuman in the old gladiatorial shows than in the spectacle of two human beings deliberately beating each other blind and bloody. And this is to be noticed to our shame, that while in England the thing is hedged with a sort of honor in itself which excludes deadly weapons, and is only stealthily acknowledged as a matter of public concern, and printed in "sporting" papers—yet here the ring is surrounded with revolvers, destroying all chance of "fair play," and the affair is blazoned upon the breakfast-table.

Does any man suppose that the London *Times* would ever publish the details of any contest of this kind, as the New York papers have published them? John Bull may be brutal enough, but he is decent enough to respect times and places. If he has a dirty story to tell, he will not choose a lady's boudoir for the telling; and if he likes to see a brutal set-to, he will steal off and see it, and hold his tongue.

And that last paragraph leads any well-behaved Easy Chair to ask the question, on what ground the papers justify the publication of such stuff? There are plenty of fights every day between brutal bullies, which decide the "championship" as much as this Buffalo one; why are they not paraded at great length and with every facility and ornament of type in the newspapers?

The general answer, intended to cover the whole ground, is that a newspaper is a sheet of which the purpose is to circulate the news, to tell whatever has happened, without regard to its character or influence. Hence we have disgusting details of crimes and trials, which, if published as books, would be sued and suppressed as indecent.

Now the argument is very clear that, if the conductor of a newspaper has only to provide news for his readers, and may call any thing of which they have not heard, or with which they are not familiar, news, there is nothing, however salacious, which does not fall strictly within the rubric. There are a thousand details of a thousand places in the city of New York which are just as interesting as the fight near Buffalo. They are no more criminal, they are no more indecent, and they would make the paper sell. If the conductor of a paper abdicates all moral responsibility in his relations with the public, and is only bound to provide something that the public will buy, let him spare the correspondence from Caracas and give us the latest bulletins from the Five Points.

Is it said, that the very fact that there are no bulletins from the Five Points shows that there is a restraining sense?

To this the reply is, that it is a restraint only in degree, not in kind. Twenty-five years ago such a report of the late fight as was given us in the papers would never have been seen, not only because the papers of those days would not have sent competent reporters, but because the good sense and feeling of the readers would not have allowed it. And how long is it likely to be before a public whose taste justifies such reports will not also justify accounts of other matters with which prize-fighting and prize-fighters are intimately connected, and which are really no more unmanly, indecent, and dishonorable?

The Easy Chair has always claimed that there is no essential relation between Dirt and Democracy, that a man may be a Democrat and yet be a decent gentleman, and that to violate every feeling of propriety is not to prove one's orthodoxy in principle.

The Easy Chair is now prepared to assert that it does not follow that a man is insincere in moral or political effort because he dresses well. "My dear Sir, your coat fits much too well for a philanthropist!" Heavens! then it *is* true that bad habits are essential to good morals.

The Easy Chair was once conversing with a friend enthusiastic about a popular poet. But there was a vein of sadness and regret in all the praise. There was evidently something reserved into which the Chair, at last, delicately inquired.

"Ah! dear Easy," was the reply, "is it not melancholy to reflect that this poet of whose sincerity the heart can no more doubt than the ear of his sweetness, with all his humanity and pathos, and grace and simplicity, *wears the best fitting coat in the State!*" And it was clear that the coat presented a full faith in the qualities which it was impossible not to perceive and enjoy.

There was a mystic and profound significance in Carlyle's Philosophy of Clothes, and in a very

literal and exact sense. If Carlyle himself should step into the desk, jeweled and ringed, velveted and exquisitely gloved, his wisdom would not seem so wise as if it were uttered in a careless coat, an unanxious cravat, and trowsers bulging at the knees. Yet we figure Pericles* as the glass of fashion and the mould of form; and the great English orators have usually been punctiliously dressed.

Of course the feeling arises from confounding good dressing with careful dressing. But many a man dresses well with less care than many another clumsily and slovenly. It is generally safer to judge every man *not* by the outside, and to measure sentiments by their intrinsic justice, and not by the pantaloons of the orator—just as it is dangerous to suppose, because a man is dirty, that, *therefore*, he is a Democrat or believer in the equal rights of all men.

"Dear Mr. Easy Chair,—I write for information. Is Mr. Van Wartenberger in earnest when he proposes to keep seven servants, horses, and last, but not least, a dear wife, with the moderate sum of ten thousand a year? If he is seriously in earnest, beg of him, if he have any regard for his domestic happiness, to curtail the number of servants. He can not possibly accomplish what he proposes. I tremble at the thought of his fleeting wedded bliss, and am ready to prove to him the impossibility of his scheme, out of regard to his future happiness and that of the inestimable Mrs. Van Wartenberger.

"Now, Mr. Easy Chair, you understand my disinterestedness, and will promise to take my part in case that my husband, Mr. Fitzbubble, should censure me for bringing his affairs before the public. I repeat that I take this step solely for the benefit of the young couple. We, that is Mr. Fitzbubble and myself, reside in a brown stone house, elaborately finished after the Chincherbred style of architecture. I scarcely need to mention this, as the Fitzbubbles have, time out of mind, been noted for their showy residences. By practicing the greatest economy we are enabled to keep a bland cook, not too fat; a genteel and graceful colored boy; a chambermaid, not given to airs; a lady's maid, the spread of whose skirt is less than that of her mistress; and a coachman, of ruby face and proboscis, upon ten thousand a year. Two servants less than Mr. Van W. proposes, and this with the most rigid economy! By rigid economy I mean that Mr. Fitzbubble denies himself all such useless luxuries as fast horses, cigars, dogs, etc.; also such amusements as sporting, boating, and the like. In fact he spends less upon himself than any man that I have ever known. He is conscientious about patronizing extravagant tailors, and never enters the doors of a club-house. Would Mr. Van W. willingly follow in such footsteps? I tremble to think of the consequences should he not. I could shed tears when I reflect upon the loves of shawls and bonnets which she will stand in actual need of (and which need will be the prolific source of many an altercation between her husband and herself), if he persists in keeping seven servants upon only ten thousand dollars a year. I feel a great admiration for Mrs. Van W., whose amiability is fully manifested by the relinquishment of her preferences, and whose good sense is evident by her approval of the discriminating selection of servants which her husband has made. I see at a glance the difficulties which she will labor under by dispensing with the footman and the housekeeper; but upon ten thousand a year, dear Mr. Easy Chair, she can never keep more than five and do justice to herself. Respectfully yours,

"Frivole Fitzbubble.

"*P.S.* Mr. Fitzbubble has such a funny definition of a husband, I would like so much to have Mr. Van W. hear it, that he may be prepared for his destiny. Def.—'A man who does errands and pays bills.' You see, not keeping any more servants, I am obliged to employ Mr. Fitzbubble occasionally."

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* What is fame? A clergyman was about to deliver a lecture upon "the Age of Pericles," and some gentlemen were speaking of it.

Smith. "Jones, what *are* Pericles?"

Jones. "Well, Smith, I don't exactly know. But its a kind of shell fish."

Smith. "Ah! then, of course, 'the age,' has reference to the time they have been out of the water."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is a blank month for grand news. The *Austria*, carrying down its five hundred, has startled even the Paris world—and, unfortunately, the enrollment of the *Austria*, in popular talk, is among American steamers—another dreadful proof, they say, of the transatlantic waste of life. The story makes a gloomy paragraph; and the fumigating tar of the Hamburg seamen is classed with the bowie-knives of Arkansas, the duels of Mr. Arrowsmith, and the burning of the Quarantine. More and more our home civilization is regarded, by the idle observers of Europe, as a kind of fierce *sauvagerie*, under which cheap meats are eaten half-cooked—a President washes his hands in greasy tavern basins, in his shirt-sleeves—and horse-stealers or abolitionists, when caught, garnish the limbs of wayside trees.

"And do they ever bury these men?" hints an inquiring Frenchman.

The American quidnunc expresses grave doubts.

"But then," says the Frenchman, "don't you fear the effects of putrefaction?"

Quidnunc replies, "We are used to that."

"*Mon Dieu!* but the yellow fever: isn't it a cause, perhaps?"

"Very probably."

And the philosophic Frenchman embraces at once the somewhat gloomy theory that our yellow fever may be traced directly to the miasma arising from the putrefying victims of Lynch law!

A bit of real gloom belonged, a few evenings since, to the quarter of the Madeleine. The Prince Ghika, of the Danubian Principalities, whose interests have so recently engaged the attention of the European Congress, was thrown from his carriage, as he was returning from a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and died two hours thereafter. He was just about leaving Paris for Wallachia, where he hoped, through French influence and his personal popularity, to secure his election as Hospodar. To this end his horses, of which he had a considerable number, had been advertised for sale. But his reputation as one of the most daring whips of the metropolis made purchasers coy. His teams were restive to a degree that frighted even the jockeys; yet it is worthy of notice that, on the occasion of the accident, he was driving with a well-broken team, belonging to his wife, the Princess.

The coachman, a Wallachian, lost command of them, the Prince stepped forward to assist him, a rein broke, and the poor fellow was thrown to the pavement.

The Princess is represented as a charming person, of French birth, formerly known as a pleasant *feuilletoniste*, and the companion of Balzac, Gauthier, Gavarni, and others. A recent pamphlet of hers, calling attention to the condition and attitude of Wallachia, has revived recollection of her old status. The funeral obsequies have crowned the week with a sad pomp of plumes and sable hangings.

The circumstances of the death recall vividly the last hours of the Duke of Orleans; and this memory brings to mind the recently published will

of the Duchess—full of piety, tenderness, and royal resolve. We may venture to cite a portion of it:

"This is my will. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In dying I commend my soul to God, and in the name of Jesus Christ I implore His infinite mercy, praying him to receive me in the eternal abode, there to reunite me to those for whom I have mourned upon this earth. I leave my maternal blessing to my beloved sons, and pray the Lord to guide them through this life, to give them prosperous days, and to grant them eternal felicity when they shall have nobly fulfilled their destinies here below. I bid them here a last adieu, while thanking them for the happiness they have contributed to my existence. I entreat the Queen to accept the last expression of my respectful gratitude. I bid farewell to my mother, to whom I owe so much; to my brothers and sisters, for whom I have ever felt sincere affection; to my mother's family, whose tender hospitality has lightened the bitterness of exile of my sons and myself; to my friends and servants, whose fidelity in the midst of misfortune has inspired me with grateful attachment; and, finally, I bid farewell to France, which I have loved so much, and where the happiest years of my life have glided away. I recommend my sons never to forget that the fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom, that it is a guide and beacon in prosperity, and a stay amidst misfortune; to remain ever faithful to the precepts of their childhood, and continue steadfast, likewise, in their political faith. May they observe it both by their constancy in adversity and exile, and by their firmness and devoted patriotism when the course of events shall restore them to their country. May France, restored to her dignity and liberty, may constitutional France reckon upon them to defend her honor, her grandeur, and her interests; and may she find once more in them the wisdom of their grandfather and the chivalrous qualities of their father. They should ever bear in mind the political principles which have made the glory of their House, which their grandfather faithfully observed upon the throne, and which their father, as his will and testament bears witness, had ardently adopted. His last directions have been the guiding rule of their education."

And in conclusion she says: "Whatever the place of exile where my days may close, and whatever the tomb I may happen to find, I request my sons, and in their default, my heirs, to have my remains conveyed to France whenever our family may return to it, there to deposit them in the mortuary chapel of Dreux, beside the tomb of my husband. I here close my last will with an assurance of pardon to all such as may have offended or afflicted me, and with an entreaty to all those I may in my turn have offended or pained, not to retain the memory thereof. My last words are for my beloved sons—a prayer and a blessing.

"HELENE, DUCHESSE D'ORLEANS."

We read this will in a Paris paper. Do the censors sleep? Or has the Breton ovation quieted any Imperial distrust?

You have read of that triumphal progress—how Brittany and all La Vendée forgot their traditional loyalty and became Napoleonist. You have read, if you have kept in the track of the Paris correspondents, of the fête days at St. Cloud, at Compiegne, and of the gay bathers and the bull-fights at Biarritz. You have seen, too, how the long-promised ruin which, in the opinion of some of your overwise journalists, was to overtake the Mobilier and France, and make such financial crash as should carry all despotic Europe with it into bankruptcy, has been staved off, and off, and lingered and retired, till now even shrewd income-seekers are placing faith in French stocks, and the Bourse is all sunshine.

The revival of trade here must be a sad disappointment to those who prophesied with such large and ludicrous persistency the utter hollowness of French credit. Of course a great many fond and amiable old gentlemen must find their political economy theories blighted; it was made so very clear that M. Pereire was another Law, and the Mobilier another South-Sea scheme, and Louis Napoleon a despotic trifler with edge tools. Now we are not going to annoy or provoke good republican susceptibilities with any defense of oath-breaking, or Louis Napoleon's conduct generally; but we do say that he has put a large sagacity and a most unwavering firmness into his pilotage of France through the year past; and though the army and outsiders may have been more struck by his adroitness and shrewd policy during the progress of the Eastern war, yet the wonderful stanchness and far-sightedness of the man have been put to a far more critical test, and won a larger triumph, in combating the threatened monetary crisis of the year past. To call him knave persistently may gratify a certain red zeal for republicanism; to call him simply Mr. Bonaparte, as some comical Democrats religiously do, shows pretty cherishment of crushed hopes; but to call him fool and simpleton implies a besotted ignorance that would be pitiable if it were not malicious.

WE shift the topic. We have a little story to tell of the daughter of a French beggar—showing that beggars are sometimes rich. Every beggar must have his permit in France, and wear his medal, with official stamp, authorizing his vocation. Thus much of preface. The story, which is, after all, only an incident, is magnified as the French only know how to do, and begins in this romantic way:

A *curé* (which means priest) came up one day from his country parish to Paris, weary and footworn. He was neither afraid of railways nor had dread of coachmen or steamboats; but he was poor. Yet our priest brought with him fifteen hundred francs in gold. He presided over the little parish church of San Clothilde, and in San Clothilde he trusted; he prayed to San Clothilde; San Clothilde was his saint of saints. He decked her altar as he could; fresh flowers withered before it; cheap tinsel ornaments were lavished on it. But one day, in the little poor-box which one may see iron-bound and iron padlocked in all the country churches of France, the *curé* found a little packet containing fifteen hundred francs in gold pieces, and a line written upon the paper which inclosed it, saying, "For San Clothilde."

So, with this money scrupulously unbroken, the parish priest walked to Paris to purchase a marble statue of his patron saint.

It is a small sum to pay for a marble statue—most of all in Paris. But this the *curé* did not know. He went straight to a young sculptor, who was a son of an old parishioner of his, and told him how the money had come in strangely, and

how much he desired a marble statue of the saint.

The sculptor consented to supply it, and to send one of his pupils down to the village on the Loire (we had forgotten to say the priest came from the Loire banks) to prepare the chapel for its reception.

The good priest went his way gratefully. A month after the pupil of the sculptor came down to prepare the chapel: the statue was to come in a fortnight's time. The young sculptor had wrought the subject before the visit of the *curé*, and availed himself of the occasion to dispose of—lost labor. A Paris sculptor's student would be young, of course, and gallant, of course. So it happened that, "as he worked at the vault of the chapel of San Clothilde, there came there for worship more village maidens than ever before;" but chiefest among them one brown-eyed girl, with more the air of Paris *salons* about her than of Loire banks, found place in the regard of the young sculptor.

He was awed by the earnestness of her devotions, but he was bewitched by her beauty. From looking he grew to loving; and she from looking to liking.

So the chapel reparations went gayly on: the brown-eyed girl constant at her devotions; the sculptor constant at his work. The statue in due time came down from Paris, and was inaugurated with all the festal attractions which the old priest and his parishioners could plot in aid of the ceremony.

The young sculptor, a looker-on now, saw the brown-eyed girl duly make her appearance, alighting now from a sumptuously-furnished carriage, and attended by a gray-haired old gentleman, who walked with a crutch, and escorted her to the shrine of San Clothilde.

Was this to be the last feasting of the eye upon that fairy figure?

The ceremony ended, he came forward to bid the old priest adieu; that very evening he must turn his back upon the Loire banks, perhaps forever.

The good priest said, not so soon: he must go with him to dine with the excellent M. Marcel, the richest patron of the parish: he must see Mademoiselle, who was another Saint Clothilde. "Hist! there she goes!" and the priest pointed out the brown-eyed fairy who had tempted his stolen glances from the chapel scaffolding.

Of course he staid: admired, of course: trembled, of course—as what should a poor sculptor, not yet established in reputation, have to say with the daughter of a rich *proprietaire* upon the Loire banks?

Yet the glances in the church had paved the way for acquaintance: the good priest engrossed the good Monsieur Marcel: and the lover and the loved—what should they do?

Yet the time for leave-taking came, and the young man had not yet conquered his timidity: she always the heiress; he always the poor sculptor.

How is all this to end?

Fortunio, who writes the Courrier in the *Nord* newspaper of Brussels, ends it in this way:

Good Monsieur Marcel takes the young sculptor's arm. "You love my daughter there?"

"Madly."

"You are afraid to speak?"

"She is rich; I am poor."

"This is all your objection?"

"Absolutely."

"What if she were a beggar's daughter?"

The young sculptor does not lose his self-command; the brown eyes forbid. "I would ask her hand."

Brown-eyes come nearer.

Papa Marcel says, "You can take her; but first see—here is my medal. My name is upon the books of the police; I am a licensed beggar; my fortune has come in this way. The fifteen hundred francs which bought the marble statue of San Clothilde came thus. I could not marry my daughter to a duke, though she is rich enough. There is a prejudice against beggars. You are young, clever; we are both artists—you with the chisel, I with my crutch. Will you marry my daughter?"

The brown eyes fell.

But they lifted again; and the pretty *paroissienne* became a sculptor's wife.

And out of such flimsy material as this our Paris *confisseurs* will cook a story; and we, for want of better, repeat it.

Let us skip suddenly to England, to Lord Derby and his sale of horses. It is an affair that has made talk. You know, or should know, that Lord Derby is a lover of the turf; that without any triumphant successes he has for nearly a quarter of a century bet largely upon stock of his rearing. Indeed his losses within a twelvemonth past have been put down at an enormous figure. The other day he advertised sale of his stud. We do not recall the particular wording of the announcement, but the understanding seemed general that he was about to retire from the turf, and dispose of his whole stock. Whereupon the *Times* (which is fighting his administration with desperate lunges) moralizes, and preaches (editorially) in this fashion:

"Lord Derby's Stud.—*Serious Imputations.*—No inconsiderable portion of the English public will feel sincerely rejoiced to hear that the Prime Minister has determined to quit the turf, and no longer give the sanction of his high office to the very questionable people and transactions whose existence is wrapped up in that simple and rustic monosyllable. We have nothing to do with Lord Derby's private concerns, and if when he quits the Treasury Bench he likes to return to the turf, that is a matter for his own good taste and feeling on which we shall never venture to intrude. But we must say we have felt it as very greatly to be regretted that a nobleman occupying the position of Prime Minister of this country should lend the influence, not only of his high rank, but of his political station, to patronize and promote among the people of this land a taste for an amusement to which is directly traceable more misery, more ruin, and more demoralization than to any other lawful pastime. When the Prime Minister shall have retired from the turf, the apprentice who robs his master's till, the clerk who embezzles his receipts, or the butler who pawns his plate can no longer allege in excuse for their peculation their devotion to a sport which they carry on under the sanction of the name of the Prime Minister of England. Something, therefore, has been gained, on the supposition always that Lord Derby is sincere in his resolution to retire from the turf, at least till the term of his Ministry is expired. We say on the supposition that Lord Derby is sincere, for there are circumstances connected with the sale to

which persons familiarized by some experience with the ways of this wicked world might tend to cast a doubt on the subject. Our readers may remember some time ago a bitter complaint in our columns from a correspondent who seemed to be not without some reason for his exasperation. The complaint of our correspondent was that the possessors of celebrated studs were in the habit of advertising the sale of the whole of them, that by this means a large assembly was collected, and persons were induced to travel long distances to attend the sale, which turned out only to be a means of getting rid of all the inferior stock, every thing that was good being bought in on account of the owner."

It sounds not a little curiously to hear the *Times* newspaper, which devotes annually so much of space and of money to the heralding and illustration of affairs of the turf, taking suddenly this grave, Scotch turn; quite as extraordinary, indeed, as if we were to find one of our own newspapers at home, which had been constant and earnest in its condemnation of a pugilism and dead-rabbitism generally, suddenly illuminating its columns with full telegraphic reports of the last fight between Jem Hyer and Dick Poole.

Yet such things happen. The *Times* has a heart (if it can only be reached) to sigh over the brutalities of horse-racing. Our papers, too, have hearts; at least they say they have. The Palmerston journals all kept alive this sudden morality for a week; the administration organs meantime commending the patriotism of a Peer, who, for the better fulfillment of his ardent public engagements, was willing to forego the ennobling pleasures of the turf. They congratulated the country, while they condoled with "the Derby."

At the end of a week, however, it appeared from actual account of sale, that his lordship had no intention whatever of retiring from the ring, and that all the horses that had any chance at all of securing winnings had been bought in by his lordship, who had succeeded in disposing of his inferior animals at a very handsome figure.

The *Times* has ceased preachments against horse-racing, and the Derby organs are silent.

The whole matter has made very abundant talk in the Jockey Club. This turf talk reminds one that Fox, the rival of Pitt, was as much addicted to sporting as the present Premier; almost as unlucky too; yet it is recorded that, on a famous Newmarket day, in April, 1772, he won something over fifteen thousand guineas. On becoming a member of Lord North's administration, in 1783, Fox, too, advertised the sale of his stud, and professed to retire from the turf. The sale was in his case a *bona fide* one; but only a few months after he purchased a new stud, and appeared again upon the Newmarket course in October of the same year: and here a king's messenger found him to command his presence at court.

Apropos of betting—do you hear (it is true) that one hundred and fifty thousand francs are staked upon the chess match between Morphy and Harrwitz among the denizens of the *Café de la Regence* alone? The last game won by Morphy, being sixth in their order, has particularly delighted Parisian observers. "He electrified," say they, "every one by giving the Prussian checkmate *par une série de coups foudroyants.*" Needless to say that the chess *Café* (*de la Regence*) has been thronged latterly past endurance. The illness of the Prussian player leaves us, as we write, still in doubt as to the issue of the match.

Shall we say any thing of the fearful establishment of a Russian force in the near port of Villafranca, upon the Sardinian coast? Essentially a very unimportant business arrangement between the governments of Russia and of Sardinia; but by the noisy hue and cry of the lesser London journals bloated into a transitory importance. A Mediterranean port had been ceded; a new Sebastopol was to be founded; the highway to India cut off; and unceasing gasconade of this sort, until knowledge of the simple facts of the case shamed the alarmists into reason.

The truth is, for the better training of steam commanders, or for damage to Austrian lines, Russia has determined to establish steam communication between Odessa and various ports in the Mediterranean for the transport of mails and passengers. The boats of the line will very naturally stop at Constantinople and the Greek ports, perhaps also at Smyrna; they will thus be thrown into direct competition with the long-established line of the Austrian Lloyds.

An entrépôt for refitment, etc., was needed in the West, and Villafranca, which has a pleasant harbor lying a few miles east of Nice, was solicited for this purpose of the Sardinian Government, and the necessary right secured.

The affair has been the occasion of a good many gallant periods, but has now faded entirely from view.

Now that all is so dull hereabout in the war way, it is pleasant to refresh one's self from time to time with the piquancies of life in India or in China. Just now we have been regaling ourselves with this private letter of an English woman at Hong-Kong.

What a very sorry time her husband must have had of it! She says:

"He has a friend living about one mile and three quarters off, whom he often goes to see before breakfast, and takes a short cut across the hill to his residence; but he always goes armed with his revolver and prepared for emergencies, knowing well the temper of the Chinese just now. Last Tuesday (June 15) he set off for his morning walk, and I was sorry to see it begin pouring with rain soon after he started. Toward nine o'clock I was made aware of his return by our little dog (who had accompanied him) rushing up stairs; and soon after he himself walked in, but such an object that I never can forget—the blood streaming down both sides of his white face, and the color of his hair quite hidden in a mass of blood and dirt, though he had taken the precaution of going to the bath-room first, and changing his clothes and washing himself, so as to frighten me as little as possible. Moreover, he was bent double with pain, and could scarcely move from some extensive injury in his side. I sent for a medical man at once, who came very quickly and examined him; but the side was such a complete smash and so swollen that he could not then tell if any ribs were broken. It seems that three Chinamen suddenly set upon him, though he was in a measure prepared for them too, and even had his hand on his pistol at the time he met them; but, he says, their agility of movement quite astonished him, and, with a most instantaneous spring, the first man was pinioning both his hands by the wrists. But with a strong wrench

he threw him off, and started back a pace or two to fire. His pistol was almost close to the wretch's breast when he pulled the trigger, and the cap missed fire. With a yell of triumph they all rushed toward him, when he sprang down the side of the mountain path to gain time to recock his revolver; and in turning round to fire his revolver a second time, his foot slipped, and he rolled over and over down the side of the ravine into a watercourse, all among the bed of rocks, and was completely stunned and wedged in there. One of the gang fell too, and, to make matters worse, came down with his whole weight on his chest. The two other men followed very quickly, and of course he was at their mercy then. The wretches first began pounding his head with stones, and broke it open in several places. Then they put mud in his eyes to prevent his seeing their faces, and so recognizing them afterward, and one—the man at whose breast he had fired—hit him a violent blow with his fist just between his eyes; but, strange to say, he did not lose his consciousness for more than a few seconds, and kept his senses clear to the last. Two men held down his hands, and one knelt on his chest and rifled his person. Of course they took every thing—pistol, watch, ring, even his handkerchief—and I only wonder they left him any clothes, or left him alive to tell the tale; but I suppose they were satisfied with their booty, and so made off before they were surprised. One circumstance seems to me most providential. The Chinaman who fell down the hill, when he got up, had a huge knife handle in his hand, but no blade—that must have been broken off in the tumble—and he spent some time in looking for it among the grass. Had that weapon been whole and sound, he might have cut off my poor husband's head with it, taken it to Canton, and obtained the head-money. Since this attack he has made up his mind to have a good big dog at once from England, to be his walking companion. Fire-arms are not to be depended upon in this damp climate, and if he had only had a faithful dog with him on this occasion, I fancy it would have created a diversion in his favor. So will Mr. —— be so good as to be on the look-out for a thorough-bred Newfoundland pup, and by next mail I hope Mr. —— will be able to write to him himself about shipping and forwarding it. My mind seems so full of this one subject that I can scarcely think of any thing else; but I can not finish my letter without saying how sincerely I hope you are all well. What nice weather and delicious spring produce you must be having at home now, while we are grilling out here."

It is wrong to smile at such a letter; but really if the poor fellow could take his walk home after the pommeling, and step into the bath-room for a wash and a change of clothes before appearing to his wife, with his head "broken open in several places," we have great hopes of his ultimate recovery.

We trust, at any rate, that the Newfoundland pup may arrive early.

And while we are upon letters we will give you sight and reading of another in different strain. You have heard of poor British curates; perhaps you have pitied them; but here comes forward a resolute man, who not only refuses our pity, but insists that it would be highly injudicious to raise the pay of curates lest the Church might be overrun with drapers' clerks! Hear him:

"I am, Sir, a curate receiving £130 a year for taking the sole charge of a parish, the rector of which receives from £800 to £1000 a year, and as it is rent of land, it has increased very considerably of late, and is worth, in the opinion of competent judges, from £1200 to £1400 a year; and for doing the whole duty of that parish, since my rector is an invalid or absent, I receive £130 a year, and yet I consider myself well paid. I am almost in the position of a gentleman having a private fortune of £130 a year; I am my own master; my work is undefined, to be measured solely by my own conscience; and as I have an objection to cross-questioning my parishioners, prying into their affairs, or intruding into the privacy of their homes, it becomes very light indeed—no more than what at college I should have called 'taking a constitutional.' I have, perhaps, a funeral once a week, which takes half an hour at the most, and as I fix the time when it is to be in the churchyard, it need not interfere with any arrangements of mine, or cut up my morning, afternoon, or evening. I can go away for a few days at any time, but must be at home on Sunday, and go to church twice on that day, which if I were not a clergyman I should do, and, when there, it is surely no great hardship to read aloud the prayers, instead of mumbling them, as I should do if I were a layman; and as for the two sermons, if I am able to compose them, it is an agreeable amusement or employment in the evenings, something like writing half a dozen long letters, two sheets crossed; if I am not able to compose them, the copying two out will take perhaps six hours. My work, therefore, resolves itself into my being obliged to be in church punctually to the time appointed twice every Sunday—and for that work I receive £130 a year. If your correspondents can inform me what profession, trade, or labor will, thus, independently of ability, pay its followers more liberally, not only I, but many hundreds of thousands in England will, I am sure, feel obliged. And now, Sir, I don't know whether you are aware that it is possible for almost any man, provided his known character is reputable, whether he be draper's assistant, lawyer's clerk, journeyman tailor, carpenter, butcher, or farm-laborer (I mention these, for I am personally acquainted with such men now in the church—men of no genius, and of still less education and cultivation), to get ordained a minister of the Church of England with no more than a three years' preparation, which preparation need not, I think, cost more than £50 a year. Suppose, therefore, that every curacy was raised, as is proposed by some writers, to an average which would, I believe, make them £250 a year—so that any body, provided he could get ordained, would be certain for life of an annuity of £250—what would be the result in the present pressure of an overcrowding population? Why, such an expedient in fifty years would ruin the kingdom or burst like a bubble; for nowadays, since 'the schoolmaster has been abroad,' every body is a clerk, and to buy such an annuity could easily find three £50 or £150."

We should think this a man not likely to have his forenoons "cut up" by funerals. And if his sermons are "something like two *such* letters crossed," we should fancy them more "agreeable" in the writing than the hearing.

We hope his "known character is reputable," and can entirely agree with him when he says that the work he does "is very light indeed."

YET another letter we have here, of a truly tragic cast. It is from an artist in Algeria, who conceived the strange idea of photographing an execution. It appears that a family of Arabs (one of them a Sheik) had been convicted, and very properly condemned to death, for a most atrocious murder in the vicinity of Algiers.

Our letter-writer says:

"The crowd of men was immense, and as the rays of the rising sun fell upon their upturned swarthy faces it was painful to see the earnest and even frightened expression of their countenances. I had been present not long before at an execution in France, which thousands had assembled to witness; and the recollection of the jests and laughter I had then heard made the dead silence on the present occasion more impressive. I at first thought that this silence was owing to the number about to be executed, yet I could not reconcile this interpretation of it with the reports I had heard of the indifference of the natives to human life. I asked the driver of the wagon if such silence was usual, and learned from him, half a native himself, the reason. The Arabs are followers of Mohammed, and believe that their bodies after death will, by means of the tuft of hair they leave on their otherwise shaven heads, be conveyed by their prophet into paradise. Now the head, which is completely separated from the trunk by the action of the guillotine, can alone, according to their belief, be placed in paradise; and as the body must be left on earth, they conclude (what is perfectly natural, seeing the nature of their paradise) that this arrangement will not contribute much to the owner's gratification. I have since heard that when the native chiefs executed a man by cutting off his head the executioner invariably left it attached to the body by a bit of flesh, with a view to obviating the inconvenience referred to above. . . . . The criminals were not brought on the scaffold together, but led up one at a time. The first was the Sheik, who seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. So rapidly was he bound to the plank and thrust under the axe that I had barely time to insert the plate-holder, and get the instantaneous movement into order before the sharp edge descended and his head rolled into the basket. This picture was quite successful, and so was the second, but the third presented a dim appearance; the fourth was nearly, and the fifth and sixth were wholly invisible. How to account for this I know not, unless the atmosphere around the scaffold became in some way affected by the blood, the odor of which was distinctly perceptible to me."

FROM this odor of blood let us relieve ourselves by a little sketch, from personal observation, of Mr. Spurgeon, and his preaching. You have heard enough of him, surely, and have enough of curiosity to read our notice kindly:

"In person, Mr. Spurgeon is short and stout; his face is large and soft, well-developed in the lower part, and with an overhanging forehead. His countenance is devoid of color, and he has a quantity of neatly-arranged black hair. His voice is penetrating and powerful, but strongly accented with an English provincial twang, and he uses a profusion of gesture and dramatic action. Lately, Mr. Spurgeon preached without any gown, and was not assisted by notes or MS. Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit style is eminently theatrical. He uses his hands and arms forcibly, frequently alters his position, addressing himself now to the right hand, now to the left, and occasionally turning almost entirely round in the pulpit. In the colloquial and conversational parts of his sermon—which are of constant recurrence—he changes his voice, and gives the dialogue in varying tone and accent, to suit the circumstances of his *dramatis personæ*. The discourse, consequently, becomes more of an oration, or of a lecture illustrated with action, than a sermon. The words are embellished with a profusion of gestures, starts, sudden uprisings, and downward movements, which seem very remarkable to those accustomed to the gravity of demeanor which is generally presented in a Presbyterian pulpit. The introduction of two stanzas of poetry into the prayer was generally remarked as a very singular feature. In the course of his sermon Mr. Spurgeon presented the following picture of the Day of Judgment: "I think I see the judgment-seat and the resurrection-day. A mother with her children are standing there. Three or four of her little babes are saved for endless glory. Their little bodies have put on immortality and life; and where are you who have been permitted to live longer? The stars are falling from heaven, the sun is changed to darkness, and the moon into blood. But, lo! there is silence in heaven, and a voice is heard, 'Gather my elect from the four winds of heaven!' Your mother is about to be taken into the company of the blessed forever. 'Mother!' shrieks the son, 'I can not be separated from you forever. Save me! Oh, save me! make intercession to the Judge for me. He will hear thy cry, though he will not hear mine!' 'My son,' she will reply, 'I directed thy feet to God when thou wast young. On my breast you lay when my prayers went up to God for your soul. I taught you to lisp the name of Jesus, and your lips to utter his precious name. Do you not remember how, when you grew older, I taught you the way to heaven? But the time came when you scorned a father's prayers and mocked a mother's tears. But now your mother says, now, my son, it is changed. I can weep no more now, for I am glorified. I can pray no more for you now, for prayers are useless here. You are justly lost. You are damned, and I must say Amen to your condemnation.'"

THERE has been latterly an International Congress at Brussels, to discuss questions relating to literary and artistic property. You know this, of course. You know it has been in no sense governmental; you know its proceedings have carried no more weight with them, legally considered, than if they had been held in the chamber of a private publisher of Edinburgh or of New York.

And yet those proceedings have a weight: they have a weight as embodying masses of opinion, and opinion of those supposed to be best entitled to speak in regard to the subject at issue. These international congresses are, in fact, the committees of nations, made up of those specially informed, and eager to bring to light all that may have a bearing upon the particular object of the assemblage.

It is not a little remarkable that the kingdom of Belgium should have become the arena for these international meetings. Within the past ten years there have assembled within her borders the great Peace Congress, the Statistical Congress, the Health Congress, and now the Literary and Artistic Congress.

It has been alleged that, in causing to be summoned in Brussels this last Congress, Belgium has desired to make honorable amende for her old sins of book piracy; for in this matter you must know that the publishers of Brussels have, in years gone, out-pirated all the publishers of the world. We can recall well the time when, as we journeyed eastward from France, we found in the delightful little capital over which King Leopold presided the last book of Lamartine, or of Dumas, as the case might be, for one fourth or one fifth of its price at Paris. To us, who made no books, it seemed a charming cheapness; but the Didots and the Balzacs were righteously enraged.

Yet Belgium did no worse than the rest of the world, save that she did a bad thing more promptly and better. Surely a nation was never better situated to seize upon and reproduce the literary work of a neighbor. Separation was by an imaginary line; distance was nothing; language was the same. Only across the channel, in England, were half a million of readers at least who desired French books, and who could procure them from Belgium at one fourth the price demanded in France.

Naturally enough the publishers of Belgium, who had invested largely in presses, were startled at the project of an international copyright. But justice prevailed, and French authors were secured their own.

What was the result? Did the trade of Belgium break down? We have a few statistics for answer. In the year 1845, the year of largest business prior to the Copyright Act, the book exportations of Belgium amounted to the value of 1,667,000 francs. In the year 1856, the first after the establishment of an international law upon the subject of literary property, the exportations of Belgium amounted to the value of 1,305,710 francs.

Does any one suppose for a moment that fewer books would be printed in America if British authors were allowed right in their works? Does any one suppose that the profits of publishers would be less?

But we are not going to plunge into any argumentation upon so dry a subject, so far gone as we are with our gossip.

We defer talk till we see the *Compte-rendu* of the Congress; and all further talk till the month to come.

Editor's Drawer.

IN this, the first Number of the new Volume, the Drawer would be pardoned for a brief interview with its troops of contributors and friends. The talking must be, like the handle of a pitcher, all on one side; but if the Drawer understands itself —and, as the Court said, "she thinks she do"— the interview can be made agreeable.

The Drawer is very grateful to its friends all the world over for their favors. The life of it is in the kindness of those who love good things, hear them, tell them, write them, and send them to the Drawer. The source is inexhaustible. Of this we need no better evidence than the increasing supply which pours in with every returning month; so that, from the rich stores that are furnished, the labor is to select those that are the most refreshing to the reader. Some of this abundance overflows into *Harper's Weekly*, a Journal of Civilization, that is fast finding its way into every nook and corner, so that it carries the same cheerful face and sunny smiles abroad that the Drawer wears and gives. Good-humor is one of the first elements of civilization. The Drawer is therefore a true civilizer, and a better reformer than many who wear the name.

The Drawer has on hand a large number of admirable contributions — capital anecdotes, incidents of young and old—from the bench, bar, and pulpit; from senates, fields, and streets; the humors of the day—which will appear as soon as circumstances will admit. In the mean time, send every thing that will make this winter glorious summer; every thing to cheer and not inebriate; every thing to make the heart merry, which the Bible says is good, and we believe it all the way down to the bottom of the Drawer. But send us nothing that will give even a momentary pain to a living soul; nothing to wound the sensibilities of relatives or friends; nothing that will be regretted by-and-by, when old accounts are settled. The Drawer is to gladden, not to grieve. It will not intentionally hold a line that any good man reads with regret. It means to be sunshine in every house it enters; to be welcomed always with a smile. And here it opens itself and another volume.

MR. EDWARD EVERETT was not known as a humorist until he made so many good hits at the Springfield Horse Fair last fall. It is due to the distinguished statesman and orator that at least one of his witticisms should go down to posterity in the Drawer, and we therefore cite the following passage from his speech on that occasion:

"The noble qualities of the horse seem, indeed, to have made an impression upon the most brutalized of our own species. I suppose it is this, if it were worth while to attempt to account for the freaks of a madman, which led the Emperor Caligula to erect a marble stable for his horse, Incitatus, to provide him with an ivory manger, with housings of imperial purple, a breast-plate studded with diamonds and pearls, and then to elevate him to the dignity of the consulship. This seems, to be sure, a mere freak of madness; and yet, I am inclined to think that at that time it was a better choice than could have been made out of the venal courtiers and factious pretorians of the imperial court; and I believe, Sir, had it been put to the vote throughout the Roman empire, then coextensive with the civilized world, they would have decided that they had a better consul in the horse than in the Emperor. [Laughter and applause.] Sir, they had been too familiar with the rapacity of the tyrants who chased each other over the stage, dagger in hand, not to be pleased with the elevation of a ruler who took nothing but oats out of the public crib—[Laughter]—a ruler, Sir, who, while the reins were with him, would at least have given them a 'stable' administration. [Renewed laughter.]"

A NORTH CAROLINA contributor enters next:

"Hamilton C. Jones, our Supreme Court reporter, is not unknown to the world of humor beyond the borders of the Old North State. His 'Cousin Sally Dillard' has been read and enjoyed almost every where, and has outlived numberless imitations. Mr. Jones is now well advanced in years, yet he is an active, laborious man, and as genial a companion as ever. Like all true humorists, he has a keen perception of the genuine arti-

cle, and enjoys the severest joke when made even at his own expense. He tells the following on himself; and although it has suffered in its present hands, I think it worthy of preservation:

"The Calabria settlement in Rowan County, North Carolina—rather contemptuously denominated 'Callobry'—in former days was a wild, helter-skelter, unlettered people, true to their old *Dutch ways*, and true as steel to the candidate of their choice on election-day. Ham had several times been elected to the State Legislature, and always with plumping majorities from 'Callobry.' Presuming upon his personal popularity, in the contest between Judge White and Mr. Van Buren he took the field for White, and *stumped it* through the county. At the hatter's shop, the head-quarters of Calabria, he addressed a large concourse of the *natives;* and having his whole soul in the business, he laid himself out—told his best jokes, ridiculed the 'little bald-headed magician,' rung the changes upon extravagance and taxation, and played on his harp of a thousand strings to catch the popular ear. But, as he told us himself, he soon found it was *no go*.

"Never was any thing more flat that the Presidential election of 1836. Nowhere could the people be waked up to take an interest in it; and eminently so was it on the occasion to which we refer.

"Finding all efforts vain to get up a breeze, our friend fairly gave up the effort in despair. One of his old friends—a leader and main stake—sympathizing in his friend's evident mortification, and thinking it necessary to make the *amende*, or explanation, beckoned him off, and opened the subject thus:

"'Old hoss! we don't know nothing down here about White and Van Borem, nor we don't care a bit fur 'em; but s'pose you cum out yourself?'

"'What! for President?' said Ham.

"'To be sure,' said his friend; 'why not?'

"Well, Ham said it would never do for *him* to say he was not fit for the office, for his friend would have sworn he knew better than that; and being aware that, in those days, nothing could be done without treating, he replied that he was 'too poor a man.' 'Cris,' says he, 'my money would give out before I had treated half the nation.'

"'Egad,' said Cris, 'I didn't think of that! I s'pose it does take a sight of money to go the rounds in one of these big elections?'

"He looked as if he thought a hopeless darkness was about to settle on the fate of all concerned. At length his face brightened up as a new hope dawnen upon his fancy.

"'Egad,' says he, 'Jones, I have it! If you can't come out for President, s'pose you come out for Sheriff!—we'll all go for you down here.'

"Ham didn't canvass much more in that campaign; but it is said he made amends for it in the next. He had lots of fun with Cooney, but whether he was laughing at his comrades or with them never could be determined."

MISSOURI follows with some fine sketches:

"My piscatory friend, Bob, had never been out of sight of our majestic Mississippi River until last fall, when the notion strongly possessed him that a trip through the Atlantic cities would be pleasant and profitable. On reaching New York he straightway put up at Gunter's. Among his friends in St. Louis he had frequently asserted that his principal object in visiting 'the East' was for the purpose of eating some salt-water fish fresh from the ocean. Accordingly he took the earliest opportunity to enter the restaurant, and, with nervous haste, called for 'fish.'

"'Salt or fresh, Sir?' asked the waiter.

"Bob, imagining that the distinctive terms implied salt-water or fresh-water fish, with some impatience replied,

"'Why, *salt*, of course!'

"During the waiter's absence to fill this order, Bob smacked his lips with joyful anticipation at the prospect of soon realizing his brightest gastronomical hopes. The dish was speedily prepared and set before him, when, to his utter chagrin and sore disappointment, he recognized the well-known form and snuffed the familiar odor of a dastardly pickled MACKEREL! Fearing (as he honestly alleges) to expose his ignorance, he philosophically swallowed his indignation *and* the fish, firmly resolving to make up for his mistake at dinner-time. With exemplary patience Bob awaited the arrival of one o'clock, at which hour he seated himself at the same table at which he had taken breakfast, and being waited on by the same waiter—Mike—he called for the same dish:

"'Fish!'

"'*Mackerel*, Sir?' inquired Mike, innocently enough.

"'No! consarn you! Give me some *fresh* fish!' at the same time inwardly muttering, 'You can't catch this sucker a second time with *that* bait.'

"An enumeration of the various kinds of ocean fish on hand resulted in the choice of halibut. And on nothing but 'halibut' did Bob luxuriate during the balance of his stay in New York. He 'allows' that there is a vast difference between fish fresh from the 'briny deep' and fish fresh from the *brine*.

"THIS affair of Bob's was brought to my mind the other day when I happened to be looking over a parcel of old letters written by a young American friend on his travels in Europe. With your permission, dear Drawer, I append a couple of extracts from his correspondence, showing one of the difficulties to be encountered by tourists who enter *la belle France* without possessing the slightest knowledge of its language:

"'On reaching Paris I took up my abode at the Hôtel de Blanque, where a comfortable apartment is furnished me at the cost of several francs per diem. My meals I take at the restaurant that happens to be nearest at hand when I feel hungry. This arrangement works admirably; for I may stroll throughout the city without troubling myself about being home at meal-times, as eating-houses abound. In many of the streets every other house is a restaurant or a *café*. On the second day of my arrival, finding myself in a remote part of the city at my usual dinner-hour, I stepped into one of these establishments, that announced itself, in gilt letters over the door, as the "Restaurant du Cheval." A bill of fare was handed me. I selected a dish styled "*potage de fourrage*," which I found to be excellent; then a "*cheval fricassée*," which was delicious; winding up with a "*pâté de cheval*," which was superb. I retired from the house well pleased with my meal; but for the life of me I couldn't guess whether the dishes I had been devouring with so much gusto were beef, mutton, or pork. To satisfy a natural curiosity, I brought home one of the bills of fare,

and consulted my French and English dictionary on the doubtful points. You may imagine my horror and disgust on discovering, after a careful examination of my lexicon, that I had actually been enjoying an unusually hearty dinner composed entirely of *horse-meat!*

"'I assure you that in future I will give the "Restaurant du Cheval" a wide berth. As a matter of precaution I have purchased a small pocket-dictionary, which I shall hereafter always keep about me. I have already learned to eat *frogs*, and to relish them; but this French fashion of dining on *horses* doesn't exactly suit my ideas of the uses to which that noble animal should be put.'

"In a subsequent letter my facetious and unfortunate friend describes his ingenious escape from a similar fate to that above narrated:

"'Then toward the north of France by the Brussels Railroad. Took dinner at Amiens. This city is noted for many things, the principal of which are its *pâtés de canards*. On seating myself in the restaurant I called for one of those pies, and was about to dive into it with avidity when the idea struck me that I might as well find out what the word "*canard*" signified. My horse-meat dinner was fresh in my memory, and I had no notion of being caught again in the same way. Accordingly I took the precaution to consult my pocket-dictionary. As sure as I'm a sinner the following definition appeared therein:

"'CANARD—A Duck; a *Water-Spaniel!*

"'I congratulated myself upon the foresight that had provided me with so convenient an interpreter as a pocket-dictionary; yet now was in nervous doubt whether in reality a "duck" or a "water-spaniel" lay hidden beneath the crust of the tempting pie under my nose. I naturally hesitated about tasting the dish—my hunger almost overcoming my scruples. Several times I was on the point of digging into the savory mess, *dog or no dog;* but the power of principle invariably overcame the promptings of appetite, and at length I pushed the suspicious *pâté* out of reach of my susceptible olfactories. Vainly I looked around the room in search of somebody to whom I could confide my dilemma, and from whom I could get an answer in plain English as to the materials which composed my intended meal. None but jabbering Frenchmen met my view. I had not eaten a bite since breakfast—it was now three o'clock—and the gnawings of my stomach excited my envy toward the frog-horse-and-dog-eating people that surrounded me. I felt inclined to "lick" some of them on the spot; but, my better judgment intervening, I merely licked my chops instead.

"'Necessity is the mother of invention. My ravenous appetite finally suggested to my mind a method of settling my doubts on the point in question. I sagaciously hit upon the original and excellent plan of cutting the pie open in order to discover its contents. I did so. An undeniable "drum-stick" and an unmistakable duck-wing were immediately disclosed. Setting my remarkable reasoning faculties to work upon these facts, I speedily arrived at a triumphantly satisfactory conclusion. As fowl's wings and drum-sticks do not, as a general thing, appertain peculiarly to water-spaniels, I shrewdly decided in my own mind that the dish before me must be—something else.

"'Whereupon I demolished the duck-pie, and left upon my plate a monument of bones in commemoration of my victorious solution of a very difficult problem.'"

THE Old North State sends again:

"Governor S—— was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent, and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and, with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner and said:

"'Jem, the danger is past; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?'

"To which Jem replied:

"'Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech I don't believe I did!'"

THE city of Cincinnati is the source of the following, which is as well done as any thing we have had in many a month:

"DEAR DRAWER,—I have been one of your most 'devoted admirers' from the day you commenced *drawing* in the good things from all parts of our 'glorious Union,' *pushing* them to every quarter of the globe, and *leaving* them to make glad the hearts of your millions of readers. I have often noticed that the 'Queen City' was far behind in furnishing contributions for you. I hope you will notice this letter some day (don't care which way), for the express purpose of seeing if your readers in 'Porkopolis' can pen any thing better than pigs. Do urge them to try something besides lard, and if they have not many ribs to attend to they will spare a little time for you, and then smoke hams and Havanas in peace. I have not seen any thing lately in the Drawer about the 'little folks,' and the next time you fill a page or column about them, perhaps you will insert the following:

"Little Johnny was the pride and pet of his parents—a bright, blue-eyed 'six year old.' His father, one morning after reading a chapter in the Bible, asked him what a famine was. His quick reply was: 'A cob without any corn on it.'"

FROM Virginia we have the following:

"At a meeting of our Legislature several years ago, some scheme of internal improvement was under consideration. A member from one of the Valley Counties, who, though an intelligent man, was rather fond of making long speeches, had taken the trouble to write out a speech upon the question, filling thirty or forty pages of foolscap paper, which he proposed to deliver. Unfortunately for him, however, the question was called up one day while he was absent and disposed of. Determined that his labor should not be in vain, and that the public should not lose the benefit of his views, he took occasion a few days afterward, while the House was in Committee of the Whole upon some other measure, to 'deliver himself.' As he proceeded the members, one by one, rose and left the house, until finally there was quite 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' Some five or six members had remained, and one of them arose to a point of order. At this juncture Mr. N—— arose and remarked: 'I hope the gentleman will not insist upon the point of order, but will permit the gentle-

man from —— to finish his *soliloquy*.' Strange to say, the gentleman from —— did finish his speech.

"A MARRIED woman was brought before one of the justices of the county in which I reside, charged with the larceny of some pewter plates. After hearing the evidence, and deciding that the woman was guilty, he ordered that ten lashes should be inflicted upon her husband, who was then and there present, giving as a reason that the Scriptures declared that man and wife were one flesh, and as the wife was the weaker vessel, it was right that the man should bear the penalty. For the honor of my native county I am glad to be able to say that this happened a long time since; but it undoubtedly did happen, as the records of the county show that a suit was brought by the husband against the justice for damages."

THIS is from away down South, and is darky all over:

"Some time in the spring of '57 the steamer *St. Nicholas* 'opened' in this city with a caliope—the first one ever heard in these parts—causing the greatest consternation among the servants, most of whom supposed they must now give an account of their sins sure enough. But one of them, a girl, stood and listened for some time, and at last walked into the house and expressed her opinion thus:

"'Missus, I don't b'leve dat ar's Gabriel, 'cause I a'nt 'feard a bit; *but if it is him, he's playin'* "*Wait for the Wagin,*" *sure's you're born!*'"

AN ODE

ON THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER "MEDORA," WITH THE LOSS OF ALL ON BOARD, FEBRUARY 29, 1836.

COME all kind husbands, now behold
A scene which makes my blood run cold.
All loving wives, pray now appear,
In solemn mourning, drop a tear.

Come, let us weep for those that weep
For their lost friends plunged in the deep;
And let us now all take some part
In grief which breaks the tender heart.

'Tis now these lines I bring to view,
The captain and his vessel's crew,
* * * * * * *
And how and when they lost their lives.

On Tuesday morning, as we do hear,
The *Medora* from the canal did steer;
'Twas east-northeast they her did steer,
Bound for Oswego, as we do hear.

They had not sail-ed long before
The winds did blow, the sea did roar,
Which caused each heart to lament full sore,
And strive to gain some port on shore.

The winds increas-ed all the night,
Which did the seamen much affright;
The captain says, "With us 'tis o'er:
We never more shall reach the shore!"

Thus one by one on board was lost,
Till eight poor souls were drowned at last;
Were drown-ded, buried in the deep,
Which causes many for to weep.

On Thursday morning 'twas cold and clear,
The 12th of November, as you shall hear,
'Twas early at the dawn of light,
When the *Medora* appeared in sight.

Scarce could one to the *Medora* go,
The billows over her did flow;
Her people plunged in the deep,
Which causes many for to weep.

Her masts were broke, her men were gone,
Her hull was left to face the storm,
The people from the country round
Came flocking to the doleful ground.

The shores were lined both far and near,
To see what they could find and hear;
At last some friends they did appear,
Inquiring for their children dear.

Near little Stony Creek were found
These bodies four, which there were drowned;
Were drown-ded, buried in the lake,
Which causes many a heart to ache.

On Wednesday morning, at break of day,
Two men were found upon the lake,
And from the water we did them take,
And carried them to a solemn place.

Their names we now would here describe,
One Thaddeus Clark we can't deny,
There was Mr. Hezekiah Morse,
Who from the water we took first.

The other names you soon shall hear,
'Twas Charles M'Dade as doth appear,
Lay in the *Medora* all the while,
We searched upon the shore for miles.

There's one more name for to describe,
'Tis Mr. Doozenbury drowned;
He was the last that came on shore,
But yet we looked and searched for more.

And when their bodies we did find,
It was a dreadful solemn time,
To see the people flocking round,
To see the corpses on the ground.

But oh! how dreadful to relate,
There's *four more* men lays in this lake,
Lays floating this wide lake all o'er!
Which grieves their parents' hearts full sore.

But oh! how dreadful 'tis to hear
The parents mourning far and near,
For their poor children lies in the deep,
Which causes many for to weep.

Altho' these lines which I've enrolled,
'Tis not one tenth that can be told,
Who lost their lives in all that gale,
And found at last a watery grave.

Upon our upper lakes, we hear,
There's many a friend and parent dear
Was swept into the foaming deep,
Which causes many for to weep.

Come all ye seamen far and near,
Come listen to these lives so dear,
Before with you it all is o'er,
You sink at last, to rise no more.

I hope you will in time prepare
To meet your God, where'er you are,
Whether by water or by land,
When he shall give the dread command.

A CALIFORNIA gentleman writes to the Drawer a little one that is very good:

"At a Democratic meeting held here last night, a certain windy orator was introduced to the crowd, and began a speech. A sturdy miner persisted in calling out, at the top of his bent, 'Jones! Jones! Jones!' This was the very man who was speaking, and the President so informed the calling miner, who, with great disgust, replied, 'Oh, git out! *He's* the same little skeesick that told me to call for *Jones!*'

"Jones was not the least disconcerted by this revelation; but, when order was restored, pushed on."

A BOSTON barrister mentions a court incident that will bear repeating here:

"A young lawyer before Judge —— had occasion, in support of a motion that he made, to con-

tend that his client was dead. The Judge asked him what reason he had for believing that his client had deceased. The young limb of the law mentioned several very unsatisfactory reasons, and wound up by saying: 'And furthermore, your honor, I received a letter from him a few days since, in which he stated that he was dead!' The Judge smiled, the bar smiled, and the young lawyer subsided."

This is very well for five years old. It comes from Louisiana, where the happy mother writes:

"When Willie was five years old I often amused him by taking from its shelf a 'Pictorial History of America,' showing him the illustrations, and relating the incidents they were designed to represent. One day a quantity of cotton-wool was lying near us. Willie had been busy with the snowy heap, and presently he came to my side, a paper soldier-cap on his head, a wooden sword in his hand, and the bosom of his frock—for he had not yet been advanced to the dignity of 'unmentionables'—filled with cotton.

"'Look, sister!' he cried, 'I am General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans!'

"'General Jackson!' I exclaimed, laughing at the comical appearance he presented. 'How so, Willie?'

"'Why,' he said, his blue eyes spreading with wonder as he clapped his little hand on his well-wadded chest, '*don't you see my cotton breast-works?*'

"The same dear little fellow said to his sister one night when he saw a mist around the moon: 'Oh, Eee'—a pet name for her—a sadness stealing over the little uplifted face, 'the moon has its crown of thorns on to-night!'"

And this is good for Charley, a California youngster:

"Winney, the District Attorney, rode up to a tavern at the county town when Court was in session, and Charley was on the piazza ringing a bell right lustily. The lawyer was powerful hungry, and observing that the people did not go in to dinner at the first ringing of the bell, asked Charley if they rung two bells for dinner at that house.

"Charley looked at the bell, and then at the lawyer, and then at the bell again; and with eyes all aglow, answered,

"'They ring *this* bell two times.'"

A version of the following story appeared some years since in the St. Augustine *News*. It has died with the *News*. It is "true as holy writ," and too good to be lost in oblivion:

"Some days after the 'corps d'armée,' led by General Gaines from Louisiana to Florida, was relieved from the log-pen in which they had been cabined and cribbed by the Seminoles, and was safely encamped at Fort King, while the valiant Captain Thistle—who, at the head of a 'gallant band of heroes bold,' had come all the way from the Opelousas—was taking his matutinal walk in the environs of the encampment, as usual, 'like Turk or Tartar, armed to the teeth,' double-barreled-gun in hand, rifle-carbine slung over his shoulder, a brace of double-barreled pistols (this was before the days of revolvers), bowie-knife and tomahawk in belt, and two small pistols in the breast-pocket of his hunting-shirt, he met with General Clinch.

"'Good-mornin'! good-mornin', Gineral!' says the Captain.

"'Good-morning, Captain!' replied the General. 'Why you are a complete walking armory, Captain!'

"'Yes, Gineral, so they calls me in camp.'

"'Well, Captain,' says the General, 'I should really like to know how you manage to fight all your guns.'

"'Gineral,' answered the Captain, 'you do me proud; I'll examplify it to you immedintly.'

"So, without more ado, he fired his gun right and left, laid it down before him, unslung carbine and fired direct in front, then drew bowie-knife with his right hand, with the left drew a double-barreled pistol, fired to the right, and was in the act of half-facing to the left to fire the other barrel, when the General, almost convulsed with laughter, cried out,

"'Stop, stop, Captain, for Heaven's sake, stop; you'll alarm the camp! I see it now, I see it all; but, Captain, tell me what do you do with the little pistols?'

"'Oh, Gineral,' says the Captain, 'them's for the little Ingins.'

"The redoubtable Captain was subsequently made Uncle Sam's guardian angel of live oak and other ship stuff, in East Florida, and while in that capacity cut such pranks before high heaven as made his brother angels sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

"He, that is the Captain, '*first invented*' a gun or swivel to be carried on and fired from the back of a horse or mule; and when it was suggested by an artillery officer that the recoil would be distressing to the animal, he answered that 'it would not rekile a bit, or if it did, the rekile would be more for'ards than back'ards.'"

"A great-uncle of mine, one of the early graduates of Dartmouth College, used to relate the following:

"'In some of the earliest days of the college, during the presidency of one of the venerable Wheelocks, it was frequently unsafe for any one to ride outside the town to any considerable distance on account of the danger of attack from hostile Indians, as well as from wild beasts, as the town was still closely hemmed in by the dense, primitive forest. But one pleasant afternoon in autumn, the venerable President was observed jogging out of the village on his little *poddy* black horse, on one of the thoroughfares leading into the woods; no further notice was taken of the circumstance until just before dark a noise of alarm heard in the street attracted all the citizens to see what was the matter, when, behold, the Doctor hove in sight, bending over his horse's neck, his hat off and his white hair streaming in the wind, and belaboring his horse's sides with a stout cudgel, at the same time shouting at the top of his voice, "*Bear and nine cubs! bear and nine cubs!!*"

"'As soon as he could recover his breath he hastily explained to the alarmed by-standers that at the corner of a certain corn-field, but a little distance from the village, they would find the objects of his terror, which had disputed his further progress and for more than an hour kept him *at a stand*, afraid even to turn and fly. The citizens hastily armed themselves and proceeded to the well-known spot to secure the game, and avenge this outrage on the highest dignitary of the place. But no bear

was to be seen; the field had been newly cleared up, and the tree tops and limbs burned on the ground; and at the corner indicated by the Doctor stood, in threatening attitude, the blackened stump of a large *white birch*, with those of several smaller ones immediately around it, and which, from one point of view, did indeed *bear* a close resemblance to the varmints in question.

"'Thus ended the affright, and, in the multitude of similar alarms at that day, both real and false, the affair was soon forgotten. But the President was, at the time, filling the chair of Professor of Mental Philosophy in the college, and the recitation of the senior class in this department, a few days after the above incident, chanced to be on the *emotions*, the particular topic of the day being the emotion of *terror*. As was his wont in conducting these exercises, the Doctor called upon each member, in due order, to give *extempore* an illustration of the emotion of terror. Accordingly, one named a ship foundered on a lee-shore, the surf beating around her, passengers and crew hanging to the bulwarks and shrieking for help, when no help could be afforded them. Another named a burning house, and a delicate female on the roof with outstretched arms, begging for succor when no ladder could be found to reach her. Some drew their illustration from the bloody scenes of savage warfare so common and so true, too, at that day; and so on, some one thing and some another, to the end of the list, except one, a lazy little wag, the youngest in the class, a mere stripling, who had never made his voice heard in that department of study; but the President, noticing an unwonted look of intelligence in his bright eye, in his very blandest tone of voice, said, "Now, George, can you give us an illustration of this emotion that will compare with those we have just heard?"

"'The boy instantly sprang to his feet, and hastily running his fingers through his hair to dishevel it, he bent forward and threw himself into a position, as he well knew how to do, to imitate "old prex," and, with both hands raised and fingers spread, exclaimed, with his eyes and every feature and muscle fixed as in extreme terror, "*A bear and nine cubs! bear and nine cubs!!*"

"'Even the Doctor was forced to admit that this, manner and matter included, was the best illustration of the emotion that had been given, and the poor boy's standing was not a little elevated by this his first success.'

"The same great-uncle, before mentioned, was, in his day, a Baptist clergyman, and was a good deal distinguished for his gift at off-hand or *extempore* sermonizing, which peculiar kind of preaching many of that persuasion, even at the present day, deem the only kind of preaching that *is* preaching. At a meeting of his Association once, in the town of W——, a young and aspiring brother, and not a little conceited withal, had contrived to obtain the appointment as preacher of the annual sermon. Elder M——, as the oldest minister in the Association, was seated in the pulpit and assisted in the preliminary exercises. Soon the time came for the sermon. The youngster arose, opened the Bible, read his text, and, with a great flourish, made a *splurge* to begin his discourse, but, after several trials, became confused and finally broke down entirely, whispering in the ear of the aged elder as he sank back on the sofa beside him, '*You* must speak to them, Father M——, I can't say a word.'

"The old gentleman immediately arose to the desk, and without opening the Bible or naming the chapter and verse of the text, said, 'Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out,' and merely added, 'It isn't necessary to enlarge upon this subject, brethren, the application is obvious.' It *was* an entire sermon of itself."

Old Jacob J—— was a shrewd Quaker merchant in Burlington, New Jersey, and, like all shrewd men, was often a little too smart for himself.

An old Quaker lady of Bristol, Pennsylvania, just over the river, bought some goods at Jacob's store, *when he was absent*, and in crossing the river on her way home, she met him aboard the boat, and, as was usual with him upon such occasions, he immediately pitched into her bundle of goods and untied it to see what she had been buying.

"Oh now," says he, "how much a yard did you give for that, and that, and that?" taking up the several pieces of goods. She told him the price without, however, saying where she had got them.

"Oh now," says he, again, "I could have sold you those goods for so much a yard," mentioning a price a great deal lower than she had paid. "You know," says he, "I can undersell everybody in the place;" and so he went on criticising and undervaluing the goods till the boat reached Bristol, when he was invited to go to the old lady's store, and when there the goods were spread out on the counter, and Jacob was asked to examine the goods again, and say, in the presence of witnesses, the price he would have sold them at per yard, the old lady, meanwhile, taking a memorandum. She then went to the desk and made out a bill of the difference between what she had paid and the price he told her; then, coming up to him, she said,

"Now, Jacob, thee is sure thee could have sold those goods at the price thee mentioned?"

"Oh now, yes," says he.

"Well, then, thy young man must have made a mistake; for I bought the goods from thy store, and, of course, under the circumstances, thee can have no objection to refund me the difference."

Jacob being thus cornered, could, of course, under the circumstances, have no objection. It is to be presumed that thereafter Jacob's first inquiry must have been, "Oh now, where did you get such and such goods?" instead of "Oh now, how much did you pay?"

The late General John M'Niel, brother-in-law of President Pierce, formerly surveyor of the port of Boston, talked of for Governor for New Hampshire, a prominent politician, was Major-General of the militia of that State, and a man of high military bearing. In the war with Great Britain he had received an honorable wound in the knee that caused it to be stiff during his life. Like all other war-wounded veterans, he was proud of his scars. At one of his military reviews a distinguished politician, who had recently risen into notice, observing the General's lameness, remarked:

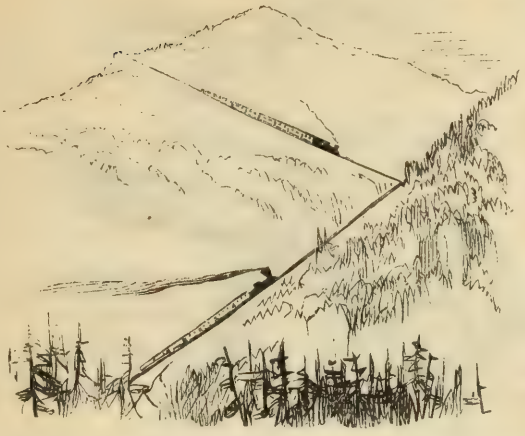
"I perceive you have a stiff knee, General. How did you injure it?"

The General was piqued to think that any body should be ignorant of so memorable an event as his wound, and, looking at him with great contempt, responded:

"Fell off a horse, Sir! You never read the history of your country, did you?"

Arrowsmith's Panorama of Western Travel.

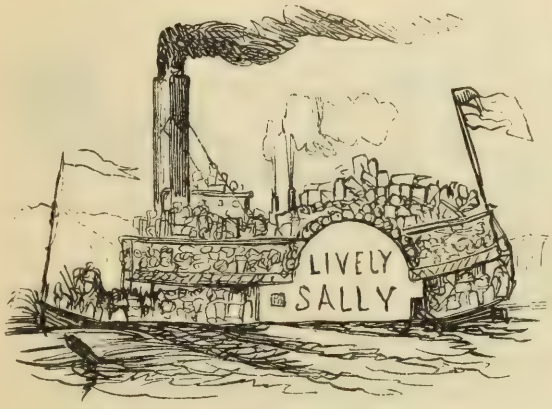
[*DESIGNED FOR EXHIBITION IN ENGLAND.*]



The Alleghany Mountains.—Railroad in distance.



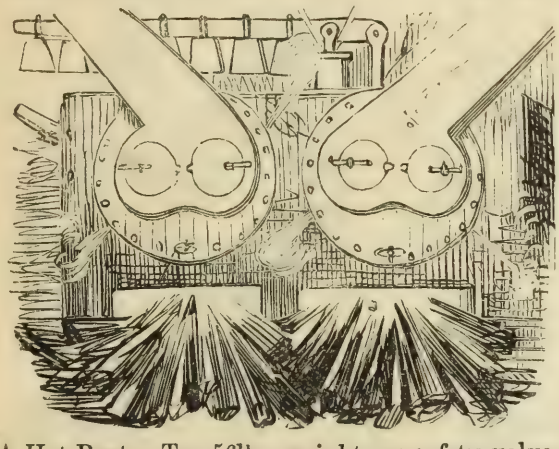
Pittsburgh on a clear morning.



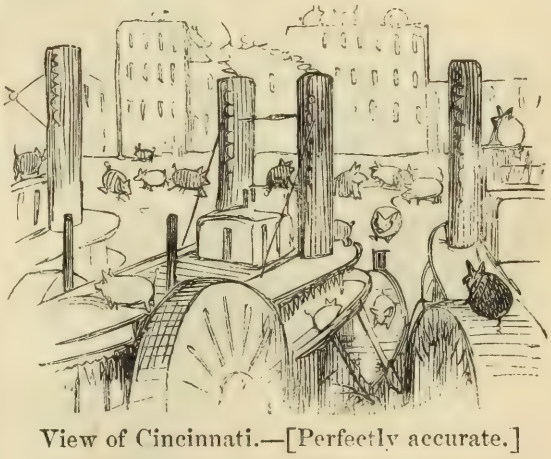
Western Steamboat, with full cargo.



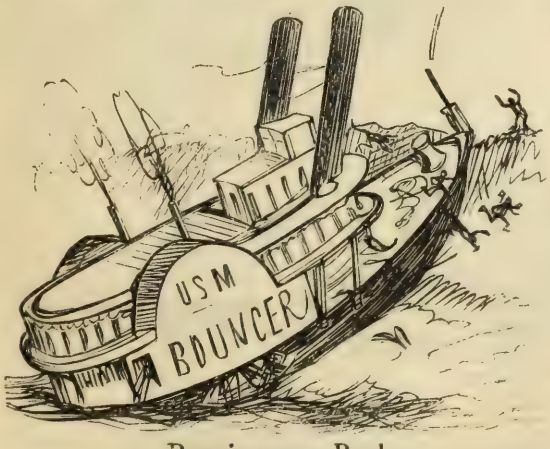
Engineer on duty: two feet water on lower deck.



A Hot Boat.—Ten 56lbs. weights on safety-valve.



View of Cincinnati.—[Perfectly accurate.]



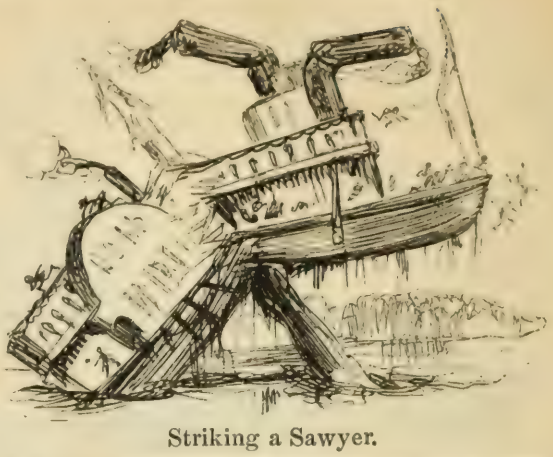
Running on a Bank.



Going over Falls of Ohio.—[Not exaggerated.]



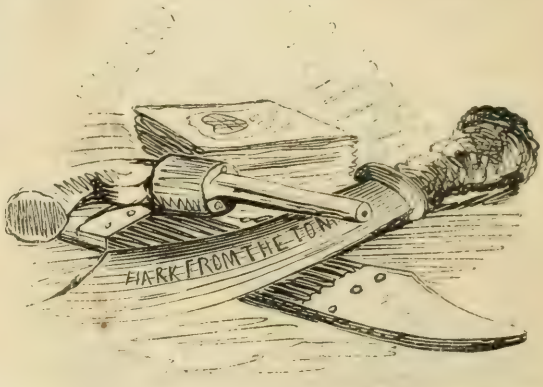
Crossing Flint Island Bar at low water.



Striking a Sawyer.



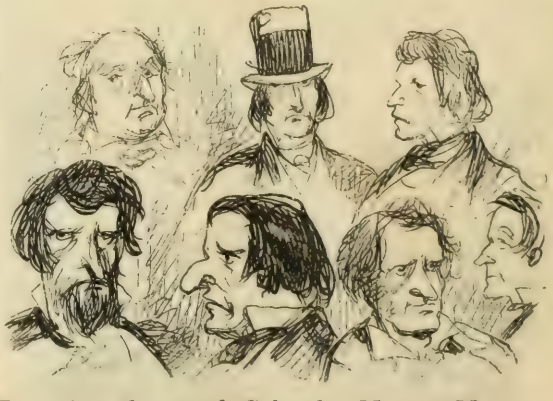
Curious effect produced on Steamer by running aground.—[A frequent occurrence.]



Sketch of Baggage belonging to Southern Gent, who occupied Stateroom with Arrowsmith.



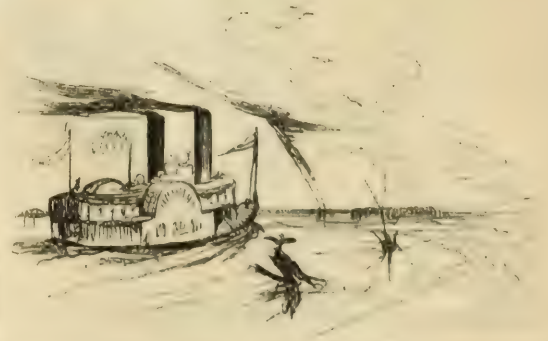
Scene at Dinner-table.—Every man for himself.—[This sketch is very correct.]



Portraits of several Colonels, Majors, Members of Congress, etc.—Found on board Steamer.



View of Steamer's Bar.—[Have we a Bourbon among us?]



Panoramic view of Scenery of the Mississippi, from Cairo to New Orleans.

Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1, 2, and 3.—Dinner Costume, Children's Dresses.

THE DRESS illustrated on the preceding page is adapted for a dinner, carriage, or opera toilet, or any occasion where full dress is not required. It is of pearl-colored taffeta. The corsage is half high, closely fitting, and with round waist. The skirts are double and very full; the upper one made tunic-fashion; the under one, deep behind, is rather short in front, so as to display the slippers. The ornaments consist of a plaiting *à la vieille* of the same material as the dress, bordering the neck, sleeves, and the edges of the upper skirt, and *bretelles*, formed in the same manner. This trimming is made of graduated width. The sleeves are full and long, falling below the tips of the fingers, and are cut to a point, which is finished by tassels. The shoulders are ornamented in the same way at the point of the openings, on the outside of the sleeves, which are divided through their entire length. The sides of the opening are connected by crossings of ribbon to match, which form lozenges on the under-sleeves; *passementerie* buttons are placed on the crossings. The under-sleeves are of muslin, very full, with narrow insertions, running lengthwise.

The BOY'S COSTUME consists of a black velvet jacket, cut with rounded corners, and confined only at the neck. The sleeves, rather short, and full below, are trimmed with fancy buttons; the cuffs being of plaided velvet, with a waved edge. The skirt is of plaid, with a deep border of black velvet; gaiters, and plaided stockings. A salmon-colored sash, with long ends, passes over the shoulder. The collar is turned over a cord and tassels. The sleeves are puffed, with English cuffs turned over. The pantaloons are of Nansook. The cap has a white plume.

The GIRL'S DRESS is of blue-bird-egg-colored merino, with a V-shaped plastron. It is trimmed with silk *passementerie* fancy buttons and a "Tom Thumb" fringe. The skirt has a border of silk to match, with pipings of the same, arranged as shown in the illustration. The sleeves are short, and frilled.

DRESS CAP.—A triangular piece of black velvet, bordered with a cherry and black satin ribbon, in blocks, with a deep frill of black lace thrown over it in front. A loose twist of cherry and black ribbon is placed on the crown, circular shaped, ending in a tie with long floats.

HOME CAP.—Of blonde and crape. The front of crape, gathered; narrow blonde edging; Marie Stuart point, formed by a plaiting *à la vieille*. A crape bow is placed on the crown, with long strings edged with lace.

Gray silks, so much hitherto in vogue, are giving way to those which are plaided, or checked, in bright colors—apropos of which, we should mention a very unique *sortie de bal*. It is of white merino, circular, with two plaided scarfs, tied in a bold bow at the back; thus forming a *hood*, which is faced with white silk. The unequal lengths of the scarf droop down the back, ending in rich fringe. In front they fall at each side of the neck; and if the garment is closed, may have a bow or a cord loop over a button to match.

We have seen a very pretty collar for gaslight, made of an open net-work of white bugles, with the centre of each mesh occupied by a large white bead, and fringed with bugles.



FIGURE 4.—DRESS CAP.



FIGURE 5.—HOME CAP.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CIV.—JANUARY, 1859.—Vol. XVIII.

TROPICAL JOURNEYINGS.—By ORAN.



THE return from Portobello to Aspinwall was accomplished with a dash of the pen. We set sail——we arrived. But embodied in that dash were certain incidents which it will be necessary to relate in order to the full understanding of certain circumstances which are to follow. Of first importance was an acquaintance formed with Colonel Totten, the Chief Engineer, and Mr. Center, the General Superintendent, of the Panama Railroad.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

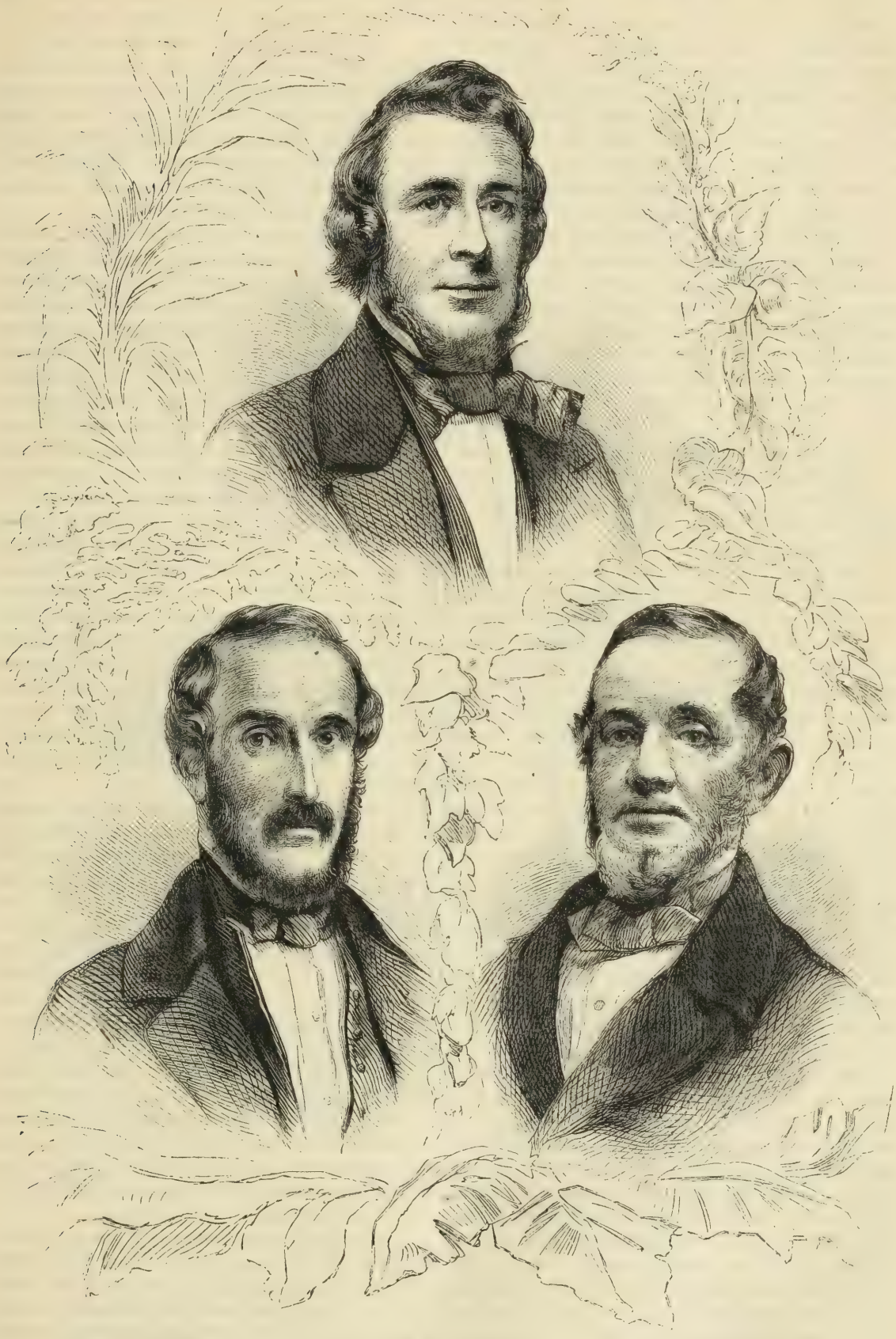
Every body ought to know what the Panama Railroad is, and where it is—for *every body* reads the papers. Every body may have had either a neighbor or a friend, and perhaps dozens of them, who have traveled over that road. Perhaps the reader has been over it himself. He may know that, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, three bold merchants of the city of New York, after obtaining a contract from the Government of New Granada, memorialized Congress on the subject, and obtained a charter for the protection and prosecution of the work, and that in seven years afterward the road was completed. But *every body* does not know the stupendous and almost desperate character of that undertaking, the means by which it was accomplished, the perils and privations encountered, the labors undergone, the skill, energy, and courage displayed by the pioneers and builders of the Panama Railroad.

Colonel Totten was one of the pioneers of that work. From its inception to its completion upon him rested the responsibility of its location and construction. He shared the dangers and the sufferings of the builders, and led in the labor and the toil. During the voyage just alluded to I had an opportunity of conversing freely with him upon the subject of this road. I listened with deep interest to its history from the early times to its glorious and successful present. From that and subsequent conversations with him and with Mr. Center—who had been engaged upon the work for several years, first as Vice-President, and more recently as Superintendent—and from documents, letters, books, and sketches, to which I had access through their united kindness, I am enabled to impart the results in the form of a brief history, which, before traveling over the road with the reader, I shall take the liberty of laying before him.

The project of a great interoceanic communication across the Isthmus of Panama had been agitated for centuries, the whole commercial world was alive to its importance, and coveted its advantages. New Granada, unable herself to attempt so great a work, had freely offered the privilege of so doing to any nation rich and brave enough to undertake it, well knowing the benefits which must accrue to her own citizens thereby. England had looked toward the project with longing eyes, but quailed before the magnitude of the labor. France did more, surveyed and entered into a contract to establish it; but too many millions were found necessary for its completion, and it was lost by default.

Events at last occurred which turned the attention of the American people to this transit, viz., the settlement of the northwestern boundary, by which we came into possession of Oregon, and the war with Mexico, which added California to our possessions. But while the accession of these territories was of the highest importance to us in a national point of view, their distance rendered them almost inaccessible to the class of emigrants who usually settle our new domains, as well as inconvenient to the proper administration of law and government. Still, urged on by that pioneering spirit which seems inherent in the blood of the American, and invited by the prolific soil and genial climate of these distant possessions, and a prospect of a new and enlarged field for commercial pursuits, large numbers of our people migrated thither around Cape Horn. Congress, however, in 1848, in order to render these countries more accessible, authorized contracts to be entered into for the establishment of two mail lines of steamships, the one from New York and New Orleans to Chagres, and the other, to connect with this by the Isthmus of Panama, from Panama to California and Oregon. The inducements to invest in these projects were not sufficient to attract the favorable attention of capitalists, and the contracts were taken by parties without means, who offered them for sale, and for a long time without success.

Men were at last found bold enough to venture upon the enterprise. Mr. William H. Aspinwall secured the line on the Pacific side, and George Law that on the Atlantic. In the Atlantic contract there was comparatively little risk, and a promise of almost immediate remuneration, as it connected with the cities of Savannah and New Orleans, and terminated at the portals of the Pacific Ocean. But the Pacific contract was looked upon by the generality of business men as a certain sequestration of a large amount of property for an indefinite time, with a faint prospect of profit; and the wonder seemed to be that so sound a man as Mr. Aspinwall should have engaged in it. But it soon became evident that he expected no great profit from the steamship line, *per se;* but that, with those enlarged and far-reaching views for which he is so justly noted, this line was only a part of the great plan which he had conceived, the remainder being embraced in the bold design of a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. And at this time he, with Mr. Henry Chauncey and Mr. John L. Stephens, entered into a contract with the Government of New Granada for the construction of that work. Mr. Chauncey, like Mr. Aspinwall, was a large-minded and public-spirited capitalist, whose integrity and straight-forwardness were undoubted. Mr. Stephens possessed an experience in the country through which the road was to pass, and a knowledge of its geography and its inhabitants, gained by practical study and observation. These three gentlemen were associated together for the prosecution of this great enterprise, and shortly after, Mr. Stephens, accompanied by Mr. J. L. Baldwin, a skillful and experienced engineer, made an exploration of the route, and decided upon its entire feasibility, dissipating the fears entertained by many that no line could be established without such heavy grades as would interfere materially with the paying character of the undertaking, by the discovery



JOHN L. STEPHENS. WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL. HENRY CHAUNCEY.

of a summit gap no more than three hundred feet above the ocean level.

A formal contract was then entered into with the Government of New Granada, on the most favorable terms, for the exclusive privilege of constructing a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. Among the most important concessions by the terms of this contract was one guaranteeing that all public lands lying on the line of the road were to be used gratuitously by the Company; also a gift of 250,000 acres of land, to be selected by the grantees from any public lands on the Isthmus. Two ports, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific

(which were to be the termini of the road), were to be *free* ports; and the privilege was granted of establishing such tolls as the Company might think proper. The contract was to continue in force for forty-nine years, subject to the right of New Granada to take possession of the road at the expiration of twenty years after its completion, on payment of five millions of dollars; at the expiration of thirty years, on payment of four millions; and at the expiration of forty years, on payment of two millions. Three per cent. was to be paid to the New Granadian Government upon all dividends declared. The entire work was to be completed within eight years, and a sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars was to be deposited at its commencement, as security for the fulfillment of the contract, but to be refunded, with interest, on the completion of the road within the given time.

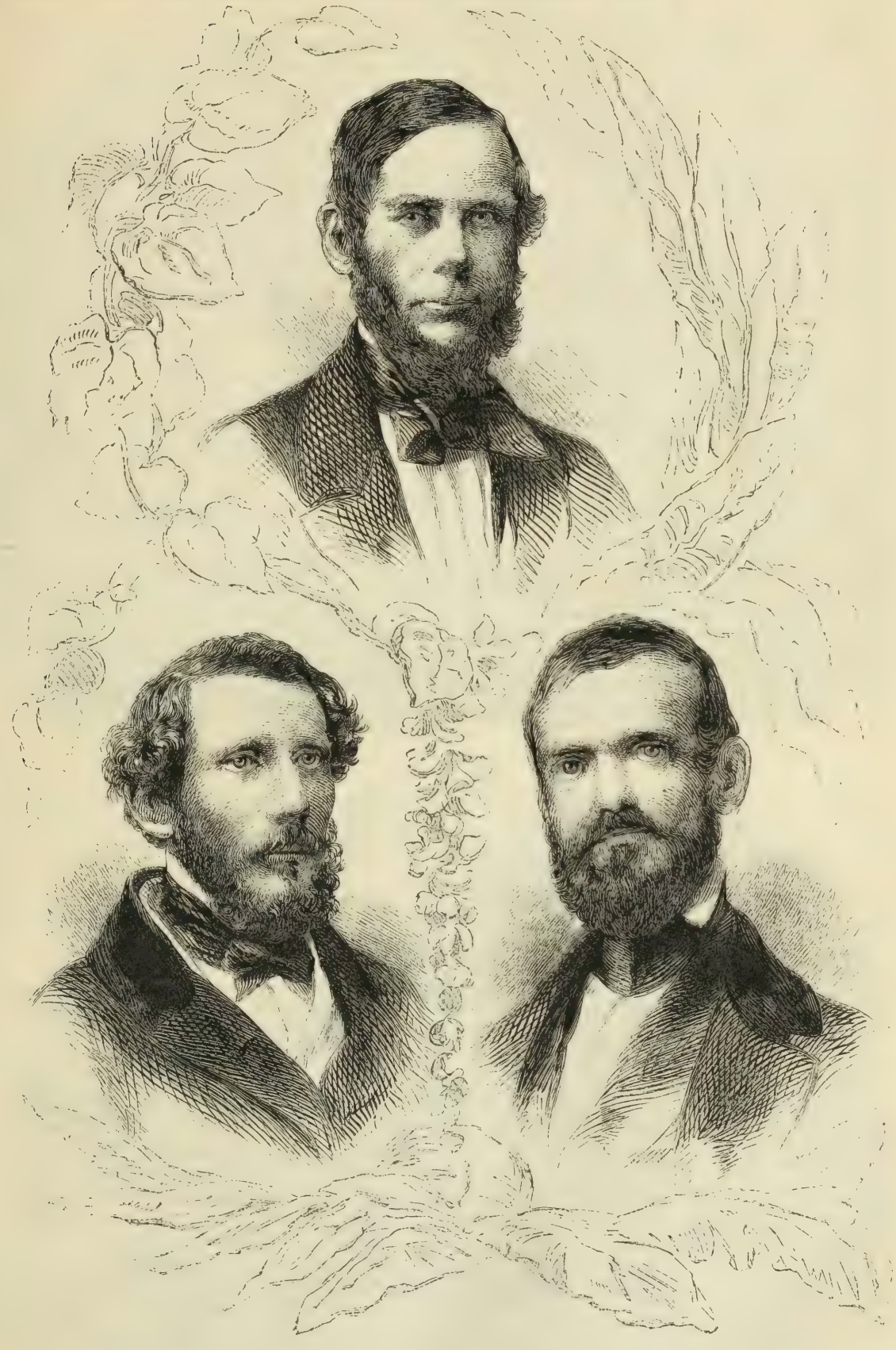
Up to this period calculations for the ultimate success of the undertaking were based upon the advantages it would afford in shortening, by many thousand miles, not only the route to California and Oregon, but to China, Australia, and the East Indies, and in the development of the rich, but then almost inaccessible, countries bordering the whole Pacific coast. At this time, however (the latter part of 1848), the discovery of gold in California, with its accompanying tide of emigration across the Isthmus of Panama, changed the prospects of this projected road; and, from an enterprise which looked far into the future for its rewards, it became one promising immediate returns from the capital and labor invested, and in which the people, as well as the Government of the United States, must be immediately and deeply interested. A charter was now granted by the Legislature of the State of New York for the formation of a stock company, under which one million dollars of stock was taken—the original grantees having previously transferred their contract into the hands of this Company. A large and experienced party of engineers, under the command of Colonel G. W. Hughes, of the United States Topographical Corps, were sent down, in the early part of 1849, to survey and locate the line of the road. The result of their work not only confirmed the previous reconnoissance in regard to the entire practicability of the railroad, but another summit gap was discovered by Mr. J. L. Baldwin, thirty-seven feet lower than that previously established by him, and a line was run from ocean to ocean not exceeding fifty miles in length. The Pacific terminus of the road was located at the city of Panama, on Panama Bay, and the Atlantic terminus at Navy Bay, on the Atlantic shore.

The character and geographical position of the country through which the line of the road had been carried was such as might well have made the hardiest projectors shrink from attempting its construction. The first thirteen miles, beginning at Navy Bay, was through a deep morass, covered with the densest jungle, reeking with malaria, and abounding with almost every species of wild beasts, noxious reptiles, and venomous insects, known in the tropics. Further on, though some of the land was so fair and beautiful that the natives called it *Paraiso*, the greater part of the line was through a rugged country, along steep hill-sides, over wild chasms, spanning turbulent rivers and furious mountain torrents, until the summit ridge was surmounted, when it descended abruptly to the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Situated between the parallels of 8° and 9° north of the equator, a sultry tropical heat prevailed throughout the year; nearly half of which time the country was deluged with rains that, if they would not seriously damage the works, were certain to impede their progress, and add greatly to the arduous character of the undertaking. The whole Isthmus, though covered with the most luxuriant vegetative growth, possessed little or no timber sufficiently durable to be of use in the construction of a permanent work. The native population, composed of a mongrel race of Spaniards, Indians, and Negroes, were too indolent and unaccustomed to labor to be depended on to any great extent. The resources of the country were entirely inadequate for the support of laborers. Men, materials, and provisions were to be transported thousands of miles. And yet, despite all these obstacles, the dim glimpses of which had, at a previous time, caused European capitalists to shrink back with fear, our bold operators at once, and earnestly, pushed forward this stupendous enterprise.

In the early part of 1849 a contract was entered into with Messrs. George M. Totten and John C. Trautwine for the construction of the road. The services of these gentlemen had been solicited by the Company, not only on account of their previously established reputation as skillful and successful engineers, but from having only a short time before been engaged upon a work of considerable magnitude in a neighboring province—the "Canal del Dique," connecting the Magdalena River with the Caribbean Sea at Carthagena—they had, consequently, a large experience in the character and resources of the country, and the conditions necessary to the success of such a project. The contractors at once proceeded to the Isthmus with a large force, and commenced the final location of the road.

Basing their operations upon the reconnoissance of Colonel Hughes and party, a native town called Gorgona, on the Chagres River, about thirty miles from the Atlantic, was selected as a point for the commencement of the work. This place was chosen on account of the facilities it afforded for communication with the Atlantic by the River Chagres, which was supposed to be navigable to this point for vessels of light draught, by which men, materials, and stores could be transported to a central point on the proposed road; and, on the completion of the Pacific section, traffic between



JAMES L. BALDWIN. GEORGE M. TOTTEN. JOHN C. TRAUTWINE

the two oceans could at once be established, while the Atlantic section might be completed at the leisure or convenience of the Company. To this end two steamboats of very light draught were dispatched to Chagres for the navigation of the river. It was soon ascertained, however, that it was impossible to make use of these boats, drawing only from fourteen to eighteen inches of water, and that even the native bongoes and canoes were capable of the service only by great labor and exposure. In addition to this, the rush of California travel, which was then directed through this river as far as Gorgona, had so raised the hire of the native boat-

men that the expense of river transportation was enormously increased. It was, therefore, determined to change the point of beginning to the Atlantic terminus of the road.

Mr. Trautwine, after a careful survey of the whole line of coast from the mouth of the Chagres to the harbor of Portobello, had located this terminus at the Island of Manzanilla, on the eastern shore of the Bay of Limon, or Navy Bay, where the city of Aspinwall now stands. It was also found that—instead of a secluded and rarely visited region where laborers and materials such as the country afforded were comparatively inexpensive, as was the case when the contract was framed, and had been time out of mind—it was now swarming with emigrants from all parts of the globe, *en route* for the land of gold. The conditions under which the contract was entered into were changed, the whole *morale* of the country had assumed an entirely different aspect, and it was evidently impossible to continue the work under the arrangement agreed upon. A fair representation of these things being made to the Company by Messrs. Totten and Trautwine, they were released from their obligations as contractors, and retained as engineers; the Company having determined to take charge of the construction themselves.

The plan of commencing at the Atlantic terminus being approved, Colonel Totten left for Carthagena to make arrangements for procuring an increased supply of laborers. Mr. Trautwine, in company with Mr. Baldwin, as chief assistant-engineer, then proceeded to Manzanilla Island with a small party, and commenced clearing in the month of May, 1850. This island, cut off from the main land by a narrow frith, contained an area of a little more than one square mile. It was a virgin swamp, covered with a dense growth of the tortuous, water-loving mangrove, and interlaced with huge vines and thorny shrubs, defying entrance even to the wild beasts common to the country. In the black, slimy mud of its surface alligators and other reptiles abounded; while the air was laden with pestilential vapors, and swarming with sand-flies and mosquitoes. These last proved so annoying to the laborers that, unless their faces were protected by gauze vails, no work could be done, even at mid-day. Residence on the island was impossible. The party had their quarters in an old brig which brought down materials for building, tools, provisions, etc., and was anchored in the bay.

Thus situated, with a mere handful of native assistants — most of the original forty or fifty having previously deserted, on account of the higher wages and easier life promised them by the Transit—Messrs. Trautwine and Baldwin struck the first blow upon this great work. No imposing ceremony inaugurated the "breaking



RUNNING THE LINES



THE FIRST SHANTY.

ground." Two American citizens, leaping, axe in hand, from a native canoe upon a wild and desolate island, their retinue consisting of half a dozen Indians, who clear the path with rude knives, strike their glittering axes into the nearest tree; the rapid blows reverberate from shore to shore, and the stately cocoa crashes upon the beach. Thus unostentatiously was announced the commencement of a railway, which, from the interests and difficulties involved, might well be looked upon as one of the grandest and boldest enterprises ever attempted.

Work upon the island was now fairly commenced. A portion was cleared, and a temporary store-house erected from the materials on board the brig. On the 1st of June Colonel Totten arrived from Carthagena with forty natives of that province as laborers for the work. These were descendants of the old Spanish slaves, a peaceable and industrious race, and, from having been employed on the works in Carthagena for several years, proved a valuable accession to their forces. He was accompanied by Mr. John L. Stephens, the President of the Company, who was on his return from Bogota, where he had been to obtain some important revisions in the contract. With their increased corps the clearing progressed rapidly; but the rainy season soon setting in, the discomforts to which they were subjected were very great. The island was still uninhabitable, and the whole party were forced to live on board the brig, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Here they were by no means exempt from the causes which deterred them from living on shore, for below decks the vessel was alive with mosquitoes and sand-flies, which were a source of such annoyance and suffering that almost all preferred to sleep upon the deck, exposed to the drenching rains, rather than endure their attacks. In addition to this, most of their number were kept nauseated by the ceaseless motion of the vessel. Labor and malarious influences during the day, exposure and unrest at night, soon told upon their health, and, in a short time, more than half the party were attacked with malarious fevers. Having neither a physician nor any comfortable place of rest, their sufferings were severe. At this time the hull of a condemned steamboat—the *Telegraph*—lying at Chagres, was purchased, and sent down as a residence. This proved a vast improvement upon the accommodations afforded by the brig, but still annoyance from the insects was at times almost insupportable.

In the latter part of June Mr. Totten again left for Carthagena to procure more men, and Messrs. Stephens and Trautwine returned to New York to digest further plans of procedure. The work was left in charge of Mr. Baldwin, who continued the clearing with his crippled forces until the latter part of the following month, when Mr. Totten returned with fifty

more laborers. Surveys of the island and adjacent country were now pushed vigorously onward. It was in the depth of the rainy season, and the working parties, in addition to being constantly drenched from above, were forced to wade in from two to four feet of mud and water, over the mangrove stumps and tangled vines of the imperfect openings cut by the natives, who, with their *machetas*, preceded them to clear the way. Then at night, saturated and exhausted, they dragged themselves back to their quarters in the *Telegraph*, to toss until morning among the pitiless insects. Numbers were daily taken down with fever; and notwithstanding that the whole working party was changed weekly, large accessions were constantly needed to keep up the required force. The works were alternately in charge of Messrs. Totten and Baldwin—one attending to the duty while the other recuperated from his last attack of fever. In the month of July Mr. Trautwine returned with a surgeon—Dr. Totten, a brother of the Colonel—and several assistant-engineers. About fifty Irishmen also arrived soon after from New Orleans.

The line had already been located for two and a half miles, and decided upon for two miles farther. It was so laid out as to strike a range of small hills half a league from the terminus, when it again stretched into the deep morass. The distance now required to be traversed from the work to the terminus was so great, and attended with so much fatigue and loss of time, that it was determined to erect a shanty for Mr. Baldwin and party in the swamp. The lumber for this was dragged on the backs of the men for more than three miles. Here was erected the first dwelling-house, built of rude boards, high upon the stumps of trees, to raise it above the waters of the swamp; and in the heart of this dank, howling wilderness our hardy pioneers took up their abode.

Large parties of mechanics and laborers were now constantly arriving from Jamaica, Carthagena, and the United States, so that the quarters on board the hulk were no longer adequate to house them. The insects had greatly diminished in numbers as the clearing progressed, and shanties were erected on the high ground before alluded to for the accommodation of the laborers. In August, 1850, the work of construction was commenced at this place. Another station was also established eight miles distant, opposite to the native town of Gatun, on the bank of the Chagres River, which was navigable to this point; and two of the Company's vessels arriving, laden with machinery, building material, and stores, they were debarked here, and the work of piling and grading was carried on from this station toward the terminus. The number of men now employed on both stations was between three and four hundred, among whom were many mechanics. The construction and surveys for a time progressed with vigor, and comfortable dwellings and hospitals were erected; but sickness, caused by exposure to the incessant rains, working waist-deep in the water, and in an atmosphere saturated with malarious poison, soon made such sad inroads among them that, in a few weeks, more than half their number were on the hospital records, and, either frightened by the fevers or seduced by higher wages offered on the California Transit, so many of the remnant deserted that the work came to a pause. Here the bravest might well have faltered, and even turned back from so dark a prospect as was then presented to the leaders of this forlorn hope; but they were men whom personal perils and privations could not daunt, whose energy and determination toil and suffering could not vanquish. Even in this apparent cessation of labor they were not idle; but pushing off into the neighboring islands and provinces, they collected recruits in such numbers that but a few weeks had passed before the work was again forced onward. Colonel Totten now assumed the direction of the work, and Mr. Center, the vice-president of the Company, repaired to the Isthmus to co-operate with him in the rapid advancement of the enterprise, so that by December over a thousand laborers were employed. With the commencement of the dry season the sickliness abated, the hospitals were soon cleared, and by April, 1851, a large portion of the road between the terminus and Gatun was completed. The line had been located to Barbacoas, sixteen miles farther on, while Mr. J. C. Campbell, assistant-engineer, was actively employed in extending the location toward Panama, and work had been commenced at several intervening points.

Docks had been constructed at Navy Bay, and vessels were almost daily arriving from Jamaica and Carthagena with laborers, and from New York with stores, machinery, and materials for the road. On the first day of October, 1851, a train of working cars, drawn by a locomotive, passed over the road as far as Gatun. In the following month two large steamships, the *Georgia* and *Philadelphia*, arrived at the open roadstead of Chagres with passengers from the United States *en route* for California *via* the Chagres River transit; but the weather was so tempestuous that, after several lives had been lost in attempting to effect a landing, they were forced to take refuge in the harbor of Navy Bay. It was then proposed that, instead of waiting for fair weather in order to return to Chagres, the passengers should be transported over the railroad to Gatun, from whence they could proceed up the river in bongoes as usual. There was not yet a single passenger car on the road; an accident like the present had never been included in the calculations of the Company. Every objection was, however, soon overruled by the anxious emigrants, over one thousand in number, who were then disembarked and safely transported on a train of working cars to the Rio Chagres at Gatun.

At about this time the affairs of the Company

in New York looked very dark and unpromising. The first subscription of one million dollars of stock was expended, and the shares had gone down to a low figure. The Directors were obliged to keep the work moving, at an enormous expense, on their own individual credit. Never since the commencement of the undertaking had its supporters been more disheartened; but on the return of the *Georgia* to New York, carrying news that the California passengers had landed at Navy Bay instead of Chagres and had traveled over a portion of the Panama Railway, its friends were inspired with renewed hope, the value of its stock was enhanced, and the steadfast upholders of the work were relieved from the doubts and anxieties that had well-nigh overwhelmed them.

Up to this time the settlement around the terminus at Navy Bay had been without a distinctive name: it was now proposed by Mr. Stephens, the President of the Company, that it should commemorate the services of one of the originators and unswerving friends of the road. On the 2d of February, 1852, it was formally inaugurated as a city and named ASPINWALL. The works during this season progressed with rapidity, for great numbers of laborers were constantly arriving, and the mail-steamers, which now came regularly to Navy Bay, as regularly, on their return, carried away the sick and disabled. By March the road was completed to a station on the Rio Chagres called Bujio Soldado, eight miles beyond Gatun, and passenger trains ran in connection with every steamer; by the 6th of July it was pushed on to Barbacoas, at which point the course of the road was intersected by the Chagres River, making a total distance from the city of Aspinwall of twenty-three miles.

Thus far the work had cost much more than was anticipated; and in the hope of constructing the remainder more economically, it was decided by the Board of Directors to complete the road from Barbacoas to Panama by contract. Accordingly an agreement was entered into with Minor C. Story, as principal, to complete the work. The death of the lamented President of the Company, Mr. John L. Stephens, took place at this time. From the very inception of the original contract he had devoted to the enterprise his active and intelligent mind with a zeal that knew no faltering. Much of his time had been spent amidst the dangers and hardships of the wilderness through which it was projected, and his loss was deeply deplored by the Company. Mr. William C. Young was appointed his successor.

The work under the contract for construction had been commenced by the attempted erection of a bridge across the Chagres River at Barbacoas. The river at this point was about three hundred feet in width, flowing through a deep and rocky channel, and subject to sudden and resistless freshets often rising forty feet in a single night: the bridge was nearly completed when one span was swept away. Work was again commenced upon it, as well as upon several sections of the road between this point and the Pacific terminus. At times there was a force of several hundred men employed; but they were mostly Irish, unable to endure the effects of the climate, and being also badly cared for, their numbers were soon so thinned by sickness and death that the contractor found himself unable to accomplish any part of the contract for the price agreed upon. The work faltered, and at last stopped almost entirely; so that when a year had expired, not only was the bridge still unfinished, but not a tenth part of the work under the contract was completed, and the Company were obliged again to take the enterprise into their own hands and carry it on by the same system pursued before the unfortunate contract was entered into. Mr. Young now resigned the Presidency, and Mr. David Hoadley (the present President) was appointed his successor—a gentleman who deservedly enjoys the respect and confidence not alone of the company which he represents, but also of the entire commercial community.

Valuable time had been lost from the delay occasioned by the non-fulfillment of the late contract. Not disheartened, however, the Company now redoubled their exertions, determined if possible to retrieve the error. Their working force was increased as rapidly as possible, drawing laborers from almost every quarter of the globe. Irishmen were imported from Ireland; Coolies from Hindostan; Chinamen from China. English, French, Germans, and Austrians, amounting in all to more than seven thousand men, were thus gathered in, appropriately as it were, to construct this highway for all nations. It was now anticipated that, with the enormous forces employed, the time required for the completion of the entire work would be in a ratio proportionate to the numerical increase of laborers, all of whom were supposed to be hardy, able-bodied men. But it was soon found that many of these people, from their previous habits and modes of life, were little adapted to the work for which they were engaged. The Chinamen—one thousand in number—had been brought to the Isthmus by the Company, and every possible care taken which could conduce to their health and comfort. Their hill-rice, their tea and opium in sufficient quantity to last for several months, had been imported with them—they were carefully housed and attended to—and it was expected that they would prove efficient and valuable men. But they had been engaged upon the work scarcely a month before almost the entire body became affected with a melancholic, suicidal tendency, and scores of them ended their unhappy existence by their own hands. Disease broke out among them, and raged so fiercely that in a few weeks scarcely two hundred remained. The freshly imported Irishmen and Frenchmen also suffered severely, and there was found no other resource but to reship them as soon as possible, and replenish from the neighboring provinces and

Jamaica, the natives of which (with the exception of the Northmen of America) were found best able to resist the influences of the climate. Notwithstanding these discouragements, and many others too numerous to be narrated within the compass of this brief sketch, the work continued to advance, so that by January, 1854, the summit-ridge was reached — distant from the Atlantic terminus thirty-seven miles, and eleven miles from the city of Panama.

Simultaneously with the operations toward the Pacific, a large force was established at Panama, under the superintendence of Mr. J. Young, one of the Company's most efficient and energetic officers, and the road was pushed rapidly onward, over the plains of Panama, through the swamps of Corrisal and Correndeu, and up the valley of the Rio Grande, to meet the advancing work from the Atlantic side; and on the 27th day of January, 1855, at midnight, in darkness and rain, the last rail was laid, and on the following day a locomotive passed from ocean to ocean.



DAVID HOADLEY, PRESIDENT ALEXANDER J. CENTER, VICE-PRESIDENT.

During the dry season the early morning of the Isthmian climate is indeed delicious. So I thought as I sallied forth for a walk on the one following our arrival from Portobello. Heavy dews had deepened and brightened the rich hues of the landscape, and permeated the air with their grateful coolness; the sun had not yet risen, and the golden colors of the Eastern horizon, where they joined the deep purple of the mountains, appeared like a great conflagration, burning paler and paler as the eye followed it upward, until it faded into the cool blue of the surrounding sky.

My course soon brought me to that part of the island shore where the railway leaves it and crosses over the frith to the swamps of the main. At this point the channel was about two hundred yards in width, broadening rapidly to the eastward into a miniature archipelago, with a dozen little islands lying upon its surface, like emeralds upon a mirror. To the westward it again expanded into a wide placid basin, only separated by a narrow belt of foliage from the waters of the bay. The shores on every hand were skirted with a dense growth of mangrove bushes, which drooped deep into the water; while, looking directly onward through the vista opened by the railway, a tangled forest was seen that seemed interminable.

The track crossed the channel on an artificial isthmus built originally of piles and cribwork, and afterward filled in with stones and earth. At about its middle was a sluice-way several yards in width, through which a connection between the waters of either side was maintained. By the edge of this sluice-way sat a little native boy fishing, who, as I came near, displayed a string of a dozen little fishes, brilliant with all the colors of a rainbow. In shape and size they resembled the sun-fish of our Northern lakes. Some were bright blue, striped with silver and gold; others crimson, barred with blue; some with irregular dark spots upon a silver ground; some entirely green, and

others of a delicate orange color. Scarcely two were marked alike; but all were curious and beautiful, and the little fisher, turning them around in the sun cried, "*Flores del mar! dos reales por todas!*" and swashing them down into the water, he again held them out, dripping and glittering, for inspection. *Two rials for the "Flowers of the Sea!"* I gave him a *medio* for the beautiful name, and pushed on toward the main land shore for an exploration among the mangroves; but soon found that, with the most strenuous efforts, only a few steps could be accomplished. Growing like the banyan of India, the branches of the mangrove frequently turn downward, and, interlacing again, take root and form a barrier, requiring the stout hatchet or *machete* to overcome. Many branches of those trees overhanging the water were loaded with a sort of crustaceous deposit, which proved, on examination, to be genuine oysters, varying in size from half a dime to a quarter of a dollar, and as sweet and palatable as "Shrewsburys." Several pounds often hung upon a single bough. Submerged by every tide, they were as fat and jolly as possible, and no doubt if, instead of being suspended, they were put to bed like our Virginian oysters, their increased size would soon leave no fault to be found with them.

It was my purpose to have taken the regular nine o'clock train this morning for Panama; but on visiting the office with that view, I had the fortune to meet there my recent *compagnons de voyage*, Messrs. Totten and Center, who suggested that, while my luggage could go on in the usual way, I might accompany them on a tour of inspection which they intended making over the road in a hand-car immediately after



THE HAND CAR.

the departure of the train. To this proposal I gladly assented, and at about half past nine a comical little low-boxed car, about six feet square, was rolled up in front of the office. Two brawny natives, stripped to the waist, standing on the after-part, worked a double crank, attached to the axles, by an upright contrivance in the centre. In front was a single seat, just raised enough to permit the pedal extremities of its occupants to swing clear of the track. Mounting upon this, with our faces set toward the Pacific, away we skimmed over the ground at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. It would be difficult to conceive a mode of conveyance more exhilarating than a well-manned hand-car. Seated on the front, and out of sight of the propelling power, you seem almost to fly by your own volition; by a word you go swiftly or slowly, and when you add beautiful scenery, pleasant companions, and a perfect day, the enjoyment passes expression.

Away we sped, over the frith and through the swamp, until the tall forest of Mount Hope came into view. This was upon a spur of highland, through which the railway passed by a deep, long cut. On the left, near to its summit, a space of a couple of acres, flecked with small white points, revealed the site of Mount Hope Cemetery. Dense foliage surrounded it on every side, marked by the mourning plumes of the cocoa and the palm. The place was selected for a burial-ground shortly after the commencement of the road, and many victims to the hardships of the work and the climate were borne and buried there by their heavy-hearted comrades. But those days of trial have passed, and the long grass waving over their graves tells of the years since then. A few were recent, and marked by simple stones; among them several of strangers, and two or three of the officers of the U. S. Home Squadron. One at the lower side, under the shade of a lofty palm, was pointed out to me as the grave of the lamented Strain, whose sufferings and heroism, as the leader of the ill-fated "Darien Expedition," are still fresh in the memory of his countrymen. Strange was the providence that returned him, almost to the very scene of his terrible experience, to finish his journey of life.

Whirling through the hill, which was cleared at several points and bore marks of recent cultivation, we again stretched away into the marsh, and began to bring into view the wondrous wealth of the Isthmian forest. For a space of fifty feet on either side of the solid track embankment the original growth had been swept away, and was replaced by a rich display of



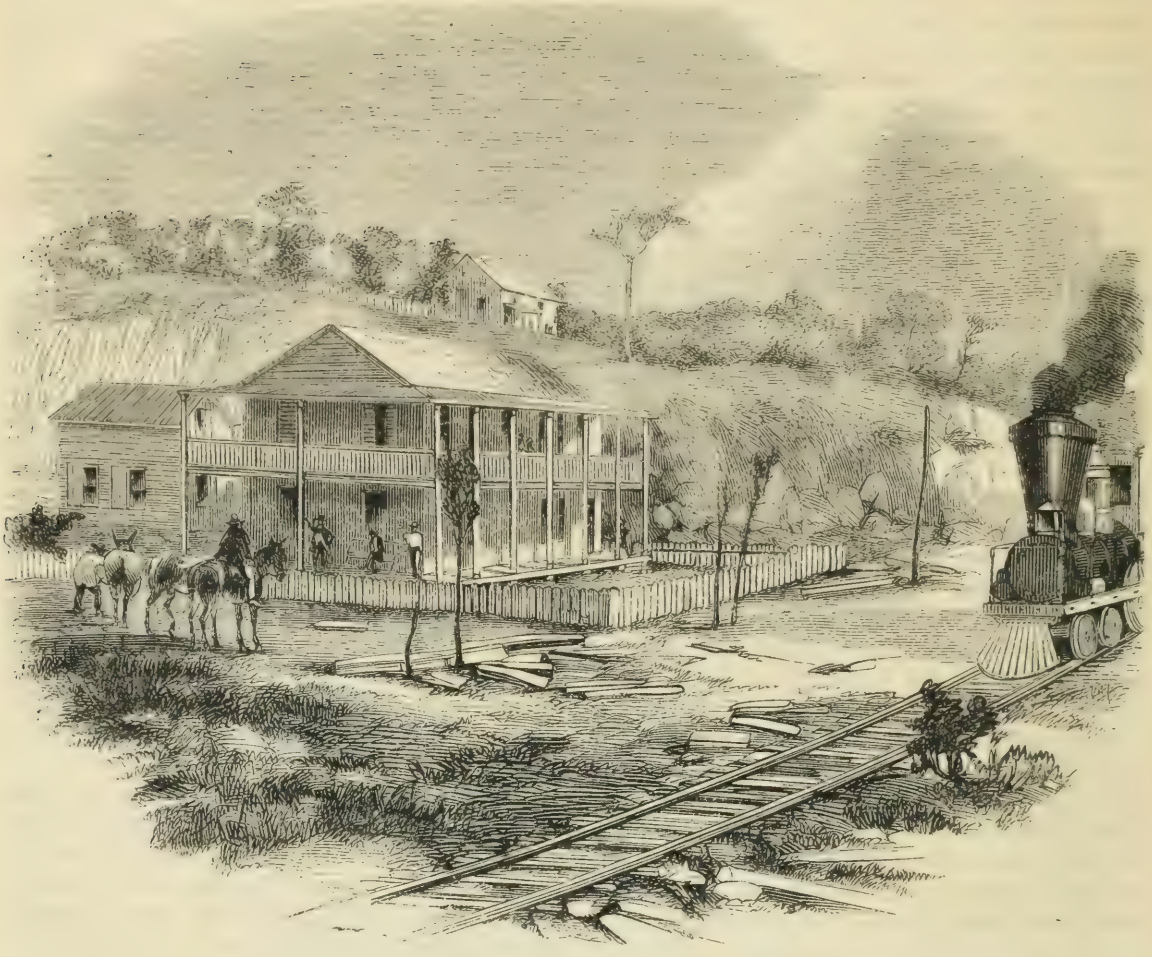
MOUNT HOPE.

aquatic plants, through whose broad, shining leaves myriads of callas and long, slim-petaled pond lilies struggled out to fill the air with delicious perfume. The low and recent vegetation along the track was walled in by a primeval growth of a variety and luxuriance that almost defies description. Palm-trees, slender and tall, from under whose crowns hung long scarlet and yellow tassels; palms, low and huge, with trunks scarce lifted above the slimy ooze, sending out graceful pinnate leaves half a dozen yards in length; great cedro and espabe trees, towering up like giants for a hundred feet, then sending out strong arms that almost grasped each other across the clearing, their trunks covered with thick vines and parasites; these, and many other varieties, were so closely set and interwoven together that the eye failed to penetrate into the depths of the forest. The great number and variety of parasitic growths constantly attracted my attention. Almost every tree and shrub supported more or less of these treacherous leeches, in form and size ranging from what appeared a simple tuft of grass to an enormous growth whose branches often exceeded in magnitude the poor victim from which its nourishment was drawn. One specimen had wound itself around what must have been a large and thrifty tree; but unable to support itself under the close embrace and exhausting demands of the parasite, it had decayed and fallen, leaving the well-conditioned leech, though a mere shell, upright, and so like the original tree, that, except for occasional apertures which disclosed the hollowness within, this villainy might at a little distance have escaped detection. Many bore beautiful and fragrant flowers. There was one curious variety, the seeds of which, deposited in the ordure of birds upon the highest trees, sent long fibrous tendrils, without a single twig, down to the earth, where it again took root, growing until it occasionally attained a diameter of five or six inches. Often trees so decayed that otherwise they must have fallen, were, by these supports, retained in position for many years. The smaller ones, combining pliability with great strength, are much used for cordage by the natives. Trailing vines and blossoming creepers were in great profusion and luxuriance, enwrapping the trees, and hanging in variegated festoons from their branches.

As we proceeded, every moment new, and, if possible, richer varieties of vegetation passed in quick review, until I almost lost myself in wonder and admiration. At about three miles from the terminus we cut off a bend in a small, sluggish stream called the Mindee River; its waters, almost concealed by the overhanging verdure, were said to be swarming with alligators. Along its banks the tall and graceful bamboo, that giant of grasses, added a new beauty to the scene. In the immediate vicinity of this stream some of the lands were dry enough to be susceptible of tillage. Two or three native huts were seen on a little clearing near the road, surrounded by patches of plantains, bananas, Indian corn, and sugar-cane; but it was only a moment before we were again scouring through the marsh.

The vegetation was now varied and enriched by a species of the palm, from the fruit of which the palm-oil of commerce is extracted. It differed but little from the tasseled variety, except that it attained a greater size, and instead of the gaudy tassel bore immense clusters of scarlet nuts about as large as a lime. The clusters, shooting out from the trunk of the tree just underneath its foliage, hung by a single stem, and were often two and three feet in length, contrasting vividly with the surrounding verdure. Riding along at our ease upon a firm, well-ballasted track, the gorgeous vegetative display that met our eyes on every side was enjoyable to the last degree; but, underlying it, the slimy pools and yielding ooze upon which, by almost incredible expense and suffering, it had been built, were too often seen not to realize how differently it must have impressed the hardy men who sacrificed health, and even life, in carving through this wild region, and constructing a solid causeway upon its treacherous surface.

At a little after ten o'clock the seventh mile-post was passed, when we emerged from the swamp, and came out upon the eastern bank of the Rio Chagres, which stream is here about fifty yards in width, and making a great curve, opens beautiful vistas through the dense forests, up and down its course. This bank of the river is formed by a ridge of low hills across the foot of which the railway runs. A few yards from the road, on the high ground to the left, were the buildings of the Gatun station; on the opposite shore of the river was the ancient native town of Gatun, composed of forty or fifty huts of cane and palm, situated on the edge of a broad savanna that extended back to a range of hills a mile or two distant. This place is principally worthy of mention as a point where, in the days by-gone, the bongo loads of California travelers used to stop on their way up the river for refreshment; where "eggs were sold four for a dollar, and the ground rent for a hammock was two dollars a night." It was also here that the native inhabitants of the country had their first view of a locomotive engine. On the completion of the road to this place a day was appointed for running an engine over it. The natives on the work having informed their friends far and near of the expected event, an immense concourse of men, women, and children were assembled at the station on tip-toe of curiosity, to see the fabled monster, concerning whom their ideas were by no means definite. The growling of the engine was at last heard in the distance, and in a moment more it came in sight, coughing out volumes of black smoke, and spirting jets of steam from its sides; the excitement was intense, when the engineer suddenly turned on his whistle, and the entire multitude took incontinently to their heels and plunged into the river



GATUN STATION.

and the depths of the surrounding forest. In a few moments, however, finding no one killed, they rallied, and from a respectful distance sent forward their native priest to examine and report upon *el animal*. The padre soon returned with an assurance that it was no *animal*, but a *machina*, in the interior of which, securely chained, a veritable demon worked the crank by which it was propelled. This solution proved entirely satisfactory, and is said to pass current among many in the interior to this day.

Pursuing our course, which lay along the base of an irregular line of high lands that rise up from the eastern side of the valley of the Rio Chagres, we came in a few moments to the Rio Gatun, a tributary of the Chagres, and crossed it by an iron truss girder bridge of ninety-seven feet span; the dense swamp foliage continued to wall us in, while, rising out of it close on our left, two fine conical peaks, four or five hundred feet in height (called Tiger and Lion hills), attracted the eye by their regularity of outline and the dense and gorgeous character of the forests with which they were covered. We occasionally passed small gangs of natives engaged in clearing away recent growths along the track with their *machetas*. The *macheta* (a sort of hiltless broadsword, from two and a half to three feet in length, and about two and a half inches in width, heavy, straight, and pointed, with a handle of wood or bone) is a universal accompaniment of the native of this country—with it he cuts his path through the tangled forest, builds his hut, clears his little plantation, plants his crops, cultivates and reaps them. It is usually his only weapon of defense or offense; and, from the boy of fifteen to the old and gray-headed man, you seldom find one waking or sleeping without his cherished *macheta*. The rapid growth of vegetation upon the road was said to be a source of no little trouble, as it required clearing along the whole line several times during the year; but it eventually proved beneficial, as stout roots were sent out in every direction, interlacing underneath and around the embankments, adding greatly to their firmness and stability.

At the base of Lion Hill we passed another station with a fine clearing on the high ground behind it. The stations on the road, uniform in size and appearance, are located four miles apart across the whole line, each occupied by a small party of men under a superintendent who has charge of the work and repairs of his particular section.

Leaving Lion Hill the vegetation became less dense and more decidedly aquatic in its character. Large patches of canebrake, liliaceous plants, huge ferns, low palms in great variety, and scrubby mangroves rose out of the dark pools by the roadside until we came to the next station called Ahorca Lagarto, where the land, still low and level, was again covered by a noble forest growth. Just beyond the station we

halted beneath the shade of a huge *ceiba*, known as "Stephens's tree." This Titan of the tropics measured not less than five yards in diameter at its base, including the broad plane-shaped roots that extended out on every side like buttresses, and towering up without a branch for nearly a hundred feet, supported a canopy of foliage full fifty yards in diameter. A luxuriant growth of vines decorated the trunk, and, winding out upon its branches, hung down like a thickly woven curtain upon the tree tops below. A little reconnoissance rewarded us with several fine specimens of the *orchidaceæ* with which the trunks and branches of many of the trees were studded. Scarlet and purple passion-flowers were occasionally seen, and the delicate



STEPHENS'S TREE.

sensitive plant, with its feathery pink blossoms, covered the cleared ground like a carpet.

Occasionally, during our journey, we had been regaled with the notes of sweet singing birds, or the harsh screams of the parrot and the toucan; but the sun, being now near the meridian, pouring down his rays in true intertropical style, the most profound silence prevailed. With one consent all things animate had sought the deepest shades of the forest. Even the quivering leaves seemed to shrink from the fervent heat; but our stalwart natives, although exposed to its full glare, to which was added severe and continued exercise, were, with their half-hour rest, apparently as fresh as ever.

Again pushing onward, in a few moments I was startled to find ourselves passing through what appeared the overgrown ruins of some ancient city. Walls, watch-towers, tall columns, and Gothic arches were on either hand; and it was really an effort to realize that Nature alone, with a lavish and fantastic hand, had shaped this curious scene out of myriads of *convolvuli*. Whole groves of trees were covered in by them so that they appeared like huge fortifications. Tall stumps of palm, thirty or forty feet in height, were firm columns of verdure, and when they leaned together, as in several instances was the case, great Gothic arches were formed. So dense was this enshrouding web of creepers that not a tree nor a branch could be recognized through it over a space of several acres; and the whole of this wondrous display was decorated with bright blue trumpet-shaped flowers.

Leaving behind us the city of verdure, we brought into view a chain of high, densely-wooded hills on our left, and, winding along its base, passed a new station called Bujio Soldado, opening on our right a fine view of the Rio Chagres; and, about a mile farther on, passing through a fine quarry of freestone, where thirty or forty natives were at work blasting and hewing it for building purposes, we came to a pretty little cottage on the edge of the steep river bank by the road-side, which, from having been a favorite residence of the late J. L. Stephens when on the Isthmus, still bears his name. Here we stopped for a moment. The cottage was a low, wooden building, almost buried in by flowering vines. A stately palm cast its shadow across the little garden, rich in fruits and flowers, with which it was surrounded. From the piazza in the rear beautiful views up and down the river were visible; while, across, the high opposing bank stretched back in a broad plateau, covered with low palm, from among which occasional tall trees shot up, until it met a range of distant hills. It was here that Mr. Stephens, whose fame as a traveler and writer is world-wide, and whose later life was spent in developing this great railway enterprise, loved in his intervals of labor to rest in his hammock



AT BUJIO SOLDADO



STEPHENS'S COTTAGE.

and enjoy the luxuriant beauties of the surrounding landscape.

Continuing our course with occasional view of the river, which winds like a great serpent along this tortuous valley, we soon came to the native town of Bueno Vistita ("Beautiful Little View"). This was a collection of thirty or forty rude palm huts skirting the track, and occupied by the families of native laborers on the road. A few native women, bareheaded, in long heavily flounced muslin dresses (off at the shoulder), and a naked "picanniny" astride the hip, formed the principal feature of the population; while the balance seemed made up of pigs, chickens, and children, in a charming state of affiliation. Very few of the aborigines of the country are found on this portion of the Isthmus, the inhabitants being for the most part a mixture of Spaniard and Indian There are, however, many Africans and half-breeds, descended from the old Spanish slaves of this province, or imported from Carthagena and Jamaica. The former, usually peaceable and industrious, cultivate little patches of land, and occasionally raise a few cattle. But the latter are a restless, turbulent set, requiring a strong hand to keep them in subjection; being, however, hardy and athletic, they have been much employed as laborers on the road.

A couple of miles more of forest, intersected by one or two small tributaries of the Chagres, and we arrived at Frijoli. This station was superintended by a Mr. M'Clellan, famed along the line as a taxidermist and general collector of *curios*. As we were momently expecting to meet the train from Panama, and as lunch-time appealed stoutly to each one of us, it was determined to unship our car from the track and test the hospitality of the superintendent—also, if possible, to explore his collections.

Here, as well as at most of the stations, was a bright little garden where the roses and rhododendrons, pinks and pansies of our northern clime defied comparison with the orchids, fuschias, and passifloras of the tropics; and there were radishes, lettuces, and cucumbers that had no competitors. The first object that met our eyes on entering the gate was a *small boa constrictor* about ten feet in length, lying directly across the path. After the first shudder, it was gratifying to notice a couple of deep *macheta* cuts through the neck of the beast, and to assure ourselves that life was extinct, though a vicious quivering of the tail secured to the reptile a wide berth. M'Clellan met us at the door with the air of a man laboring under considerable excitement, which was naturally attributed to his encounter with the specimen in the garden. Nothing could have been farther from the fact; he had discovered, only a few yards from his house, a rare variety of the humming-bird in the act of forming its nest. True, the *boa* turned up on his way thither; but a couple of his natives soon dispatched *him*. That was a common affair; but the *hummer* was probably still at his work—if we liked he would show us. Catching his enthusiasm, we followed to a jungle of low palms, where, upon cautiously pushing aside a few branches, he discovered to us a brilliant crested *trochil* spinning swiftly around a bent leaflet of palm in circles of a foot radius, that soon narrowed to the centre, when the bird darted out of sight. Drawing near to examine the result of these novel movements, we found that the ingenious little fellow had weighed down the end of his



AT WORK.



THE SINGING HUMMER.

leaflet with bits of mud until it was sufficiently bent to form a shelter, and secured them by serving it around with threads drawn from the fibrous spatha of the palm. It had already begun to form its tiny nest upon the inner surface. If this was not the result of experience and calculation, how wonderfully like it were the ingenious instincts here displayed! As we retraced our steps toward the station a steam whistle was heard in the distance, and in a moment the expected train swept by, leaving us a comparatively clear track for the rest of our journey.

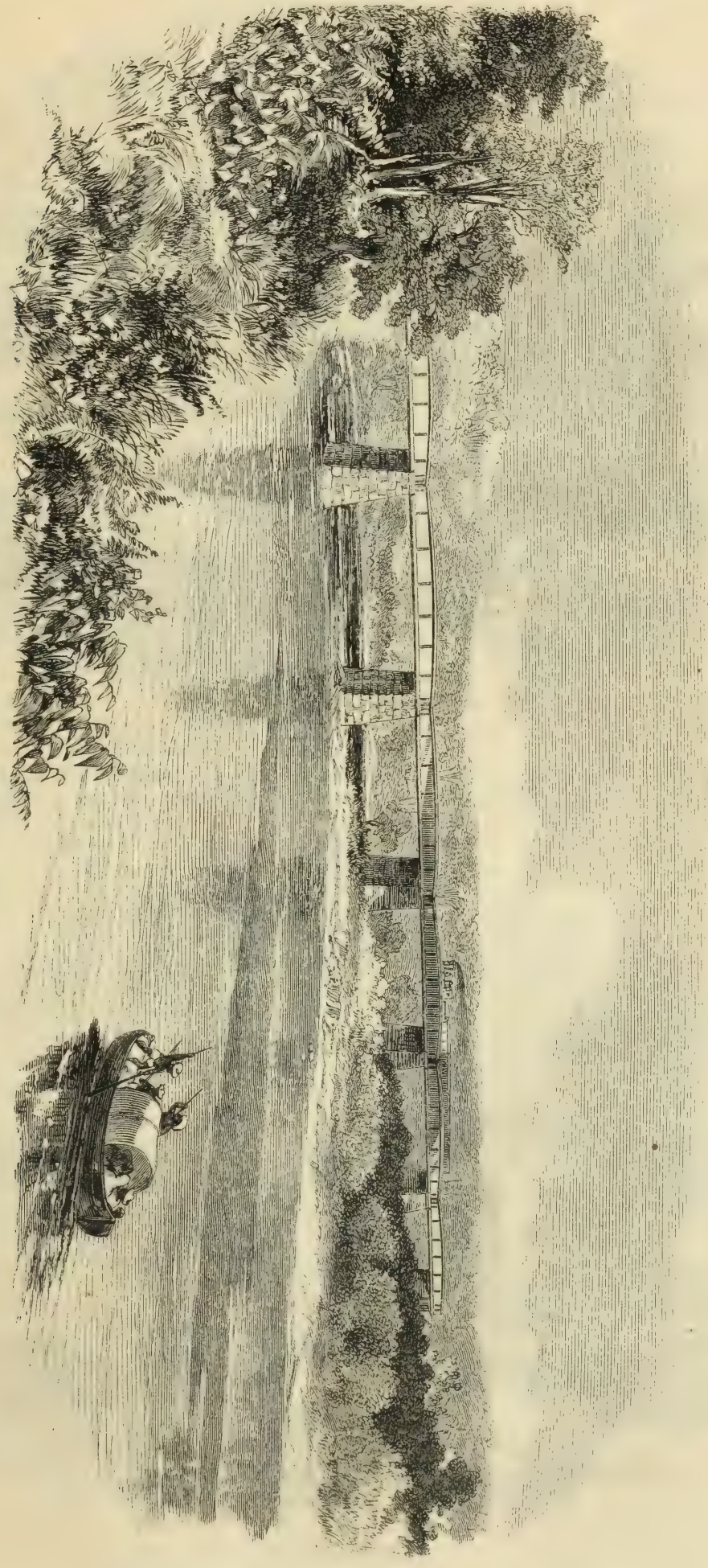
After a satisfactory lunch we had the pleasure of examining stuffed specimens of several richly-colored varieties of parrots, toucans, orioles, trogans, tangers (blue and scarlet), and hummers. Among the latter was a little dark-brown specimen said to have a beautiful song. A singing humming-bird has not been generally noticed in works upon ornithology; but I was led the more readily to credit its existence from having heard an account from Mr. J. Bell, the celebrated American taxidermist, of a singing hummer which he discovered on the Isthmus of Panama a year or two previous. Its notes were said to be somewhat like those of the wren, and exceedingly sweet and musical. All of Mr. M'Clellan's birds were procured in the immediate vicinity of his station. He had also a live toucan—a dark scarlet-breasted bird about the size of a pigeon, with a heavy serrated bill measuring seven inches in length. Its manner of feeding was very curious. Picking up a bit of banana on the point of its huge beak, by a sudden jerk he would throw it up half a yard, and as it fell catch it, deep in his throat, with perfect certainty. It also made extraordinary motions over the water-dish when attempting to drink. The habits of the toucan in this respect were noticed by the early Spanish American priests, who, averring that this bird in drinking made the sign of a cross over the water, called it "*Dios te de*" ("God gives it thee"). We also saw several fine skins of the *cougar* (or Isthmus lion, as it is popularly called), of the *tiger cat*, and *tapir;* but these animals, though common in the vicinity, were seldom seen near the line of the road.

A curious encounter with a large male cougar was related as having occurred a short time previous—Dr. Gallaer, surgeon-in-chief of the line, while driving over the road in a hand-car one morning, suddenly turned a curve near this place, and discovering a full grown *puma* standing upon the track only a few yards off. The headway of the car was so great that retreat was impossible. Driving on with increased speed, the animal was stricken down and so injured as to be incapable of resistance. On a careful examination the poor creature was found to have been *stone-blind.*

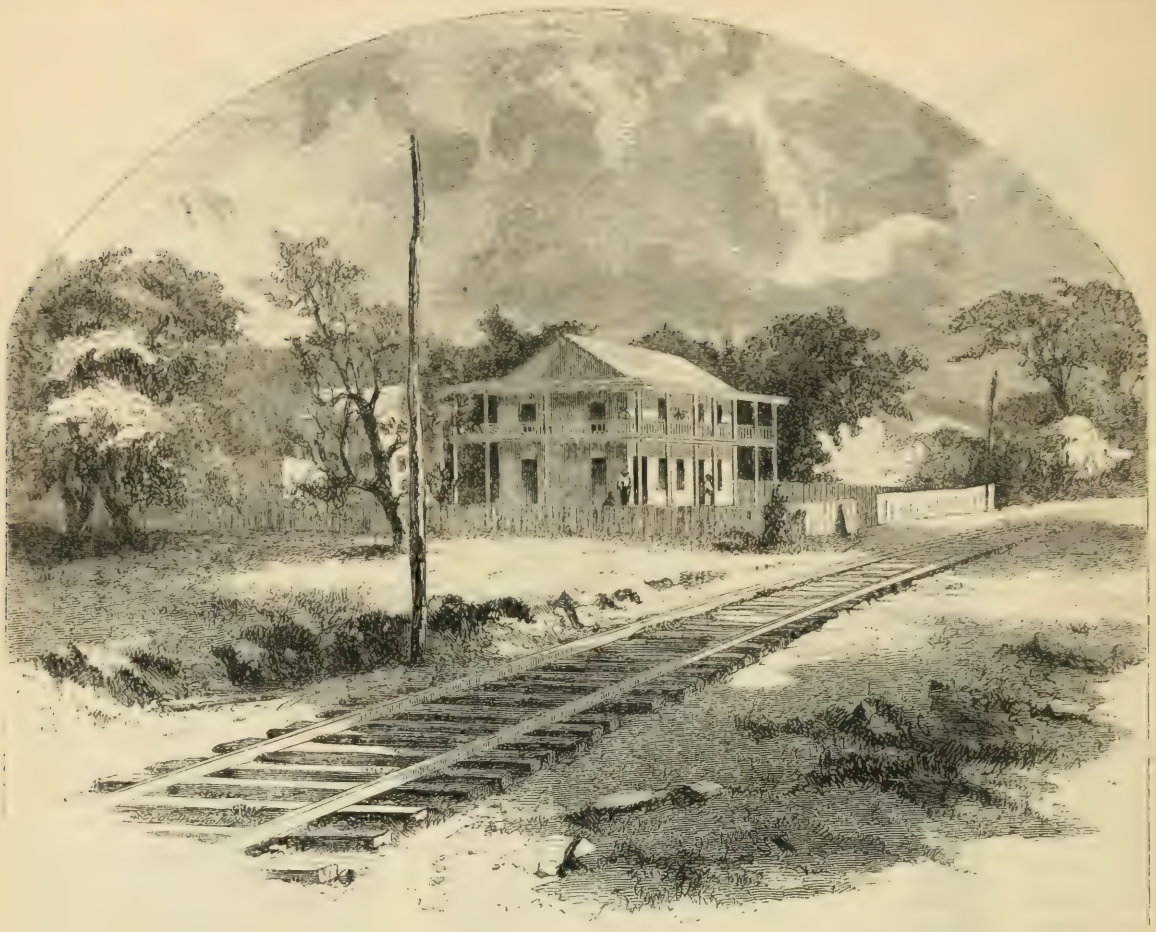
Leaving Frijoli, we passed several fine fields of Indian corn nestled under the hills, and, towering up amidst the overhanging forest trees, whose tops, crowned with scarlet flowers, appeared like great bouquets set into the surrounding verdure. Dense groves of palms, loaded with fruit, and superb displays of convolvuli, were also seen along this section for a couple of miles, when we approached the lofty banks of the Chagres River at Barbacoas, and crossed over it by a huge wrought-iron bridge six hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth, standing forty feet above the surface of the river.

This bridge—said to be one of the largest and finest iron bridges in the world—was composed of six spans, of over a hundred feet each, built of boiler iron, with a top and bottom chord two feet in breadth and one inch in thickness, and joined together by a web of boiler iron nine feet in height at the centre, and seven feet at the ends. The track was laid on iron floor-girders, three feet apart; and the whole structure was supported by five piers and two abutments of hewn masonry, twenty-six feet wide and eight feet in thickness, increasing in the proportion of an inch to the foot down to their foundations, which were constructed of piles and concrete.

After crossing the Chagres, instead of low grounds and virgin forests, a beautiful stretch

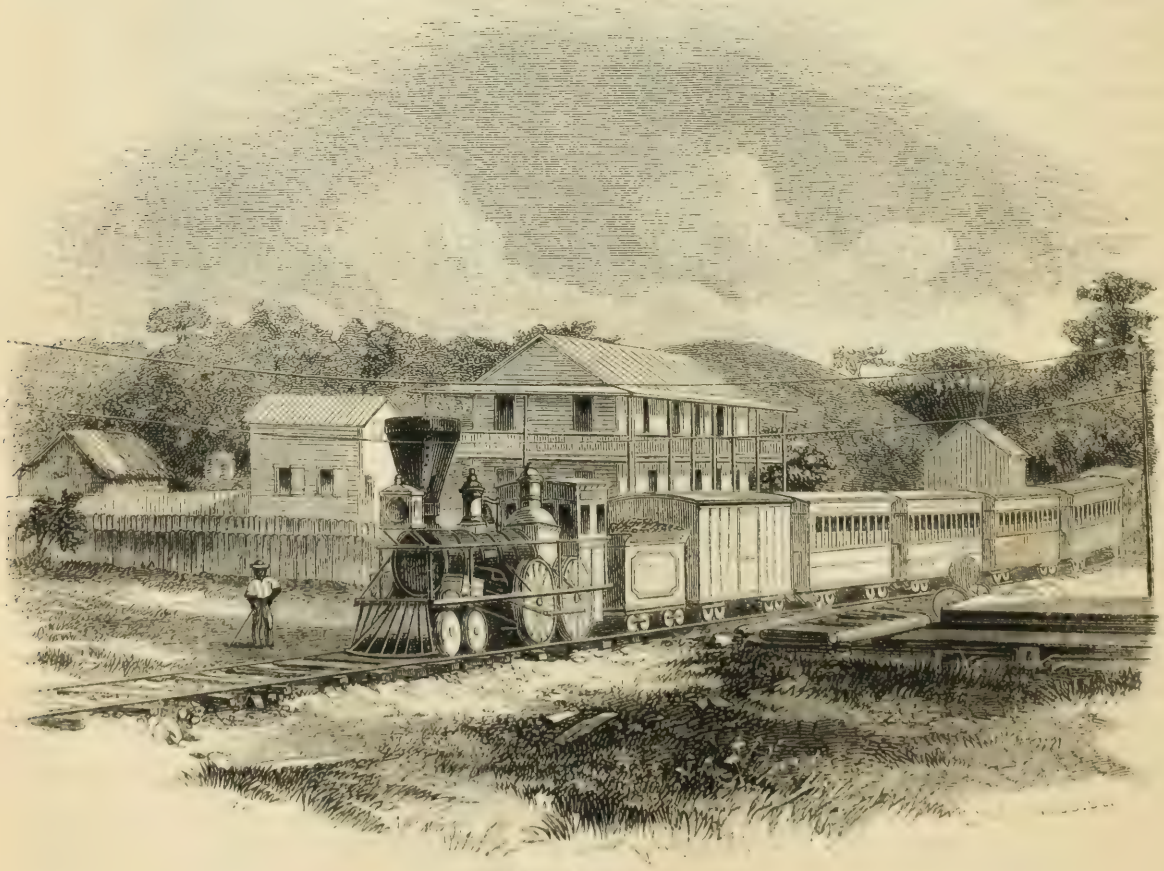


BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER CHAGRES, AT BARBACOA.



MAMEE STATION.

of meadow land, bounded by high, precipitous hills, met our view; while the river, broad and swift, curved around like a horse-shoe through its deep channel on the left and behind us, dis-



SAN PABLO STATION.



AT MATACHIN.

playing along its banks groups of a gigantic species of the caoutchouc-tree, that broke the outline of dense palm and cocoa groves. The cultivation of the land at this point is said to date back more than a century, and to have been worked originally by the Jesuits.

At about half a mile from the bridge we passed the San Pablo Station, and a little farther on a fine quarry of recent volcanic rock; from thence, through occasional cleared and cultivated land, to the station at Mamee and the native town of Gorgona, noted in the earlier days of Chagres River travel as a place where the wet and jaded traveler could worry out the night on a raw hide, exposed to the insects and the rain; and in the morning, if he was fortunate, regale himself on jerked beef and plantains.

The road then leaving the course of the river, passed on through deep clay banks and rocky cuts, presenting little novelty beyond the magnitude of the labor expended upon them, until sweeping around a hill the beautiful meadow lands of Matachin were opened to our view. Here, rising in their stateliness, the classic sheaves of the royal palm shed an air of Eastern beauty over the landscape. A native village dotted the foreground. On our left, the waters of the Chagres, broadened at this point by its greatest tributary, the Rio Obispo, was seen through the ceiba groves that skirted its banks; while on our right, and before us, the scene was bounded by a group of conical hills, covered with short grass and studded with palms. The completion of the Panama Railroad in 1855 was here celebrated with great ceremony and rejoicing, and the corner-stone of a monument to its originators and constructors was erected upon the crest of the highest and most beautiful of these hills.

The railway has several side branches at Matachin, and is the usual point of meeting for the trains from either terminus. As there is usually a little delay on such occasions, the natives take advantage of it to traffic with the passengers. Almost every hut displayed something for sale. One had a couple of tiger-kittens tied to a stake near the entrance; another, a sloth and a pair of ant-eaters; a third rejoiced in the ownership of a pet crocodile; while monkeys, parrots, and parrakeets, cakes, *dulces*, and a variety of tropical fruits, were exposed for sale on every side. Nor was this all; near the track on our right was a little cottage, containing a Yankefied combination of saloon, variety store, and dwelling, kept by a Frenchman, who was supposed to keep every thing that every body wanted.

From Matachin, passing along the base of "Monument Hill," we entered the narrow valley of the Rio Obispo, and, crossing its waters twice by stout iron bridges within the distance of a mile, passed the Obispo Station, and continued along the course of the Obispo River over a fine rolling and luxuriant woodland, where the delicious wild mango, the zapote, the nispero, and the guava were frequently seen; also occasional native huts, surrounded by cultivated fields.

From the station at Obispo we had been gradually ascending on a grade with a maximum of sixty feet to the mile. Continuing to rise, we passed the Empire Station, and reached the "summit," or highest elevation of the rail-



MONUMENT HILL.

way above the mean level of the two oceans. Here was a little native settlement called Culebra, noted as the terminus of the railroad in 1854. Then, passengers arriving at this place by the cars from the Atlantic shore were compelled to mount upon mules and flounder on through heavy sloughs and rapid streams, along the borders of deep ravines, and over precipitous mountains; exposed to drenching rains in the wet season, and a broiling sun in the dry; not unfrequently attacked and plundered by banditti, by which the road was then infested, until, after a whole day's labor and peril, they arrived at Panama, only twelve miles distant.

Culebra at that time was a thrifty place, boasting of two or three hotels imported ready-made from the United States, into which often more than a thousand men, women, and children were promiscuously stowed for a night. There were also twenty or thirty native huts, about twelve feet square, each of which was considered of ample dimensions to house a dozen wayworn travelers, only too thankful to find a spot of dry ground upon which to spread their blankets. But its glory had departed, and not a vestige of its former prosperity remained except an old sign that some pitying hand had rescued from the ruins, and stuck in the crotch of a neighboring tree. Painted in large, grotesque characters, it ran thus:

THIS WAY GENTLEMEN, FOR WARM MEALS
I AM GOING TO OLD JOE PRINCE'S

"Old Joe" was the enterprising negro owner of the largest hotel in Culebra, and his curious old sign alone remains to mark a spot never to be forgotten by the Isthmus travelers of that time.

From Culebra, pursuing our course through a deep clay cutting, from twenty to forty feet in depth and nearly a third of a mile in length, we entered upon the Pacific slope by a descending grade of sixty feet to the mile. As we advanced the surrounding scenery was bold and picturesque in the highest degree. Lofty conical mountains rose on every side from among the irregular ridges that form the upper boundaries of the valley of the Rio Grande. Our course lay across steep rocky spurs, and deep ravines between them and along their precipitous sides. High embankments and heavy cuttings were frequent. Here, also, the vegetation was profuse and gorgeous. Tall forests covered



BASALTIC CLIFF.

the whole landscape as far as the eye could reach.

At about a mile from the summit the road plowed along the side of a huge basaltic cliff, whose great crystals (nearly a foot in diameter, and from eight to twelve feet in length), lying at an angle of about forty degrees, with a clear though broken and jagged outline, seemed almost to overhang and threaten the track below. This curious formation can not but strike the beholder with admiring wonder, from the regularity and beauty of its crystallization; and with awe, when he reflects upon the gigantic internal forces that have resulted in its upheaval. It is one of the few known examples in the world where the natural perpendicular which basaltic formations always assume (which is so beautifully seen in the celebrated Fingal's Cave at Staffa) has been so rent and displaced. But this whole region gave evidence that great, and comparatively recent, volcanic forces had been instrumental in its formation. There was no continuity in the mountain ranges. Conical peaks rose up on every side; marine shells and coral were found on their summits; the strata of the rocks they exhibit, exposed by the cuttings of the railroad, were all volcanic. Those great crystals of basalt—firm and compact, but easily dislodged—had been made to form the foundation and ballasting of a large portion of the road along this section.

The Rio Grande, at this place a narrow and noisy torrent, was winding along through the dense forests below us. The caoutchouc-tree, with its tall, gum-stained trunk and verdant crown; the caoba and the malvicino trees rose up, like lords of the land, over the endless growths of palm and the innumerable varieties of other tropical woods that interwove below them. After nearly three miles of this, we came to the beautiful undulating valley of *Paraiso* (or Paradise), surrounded by high conical hills, where nature, in wild profusion, seemed to have expended its choicest wealth.

On we went, over ravines, and curving around the base of frequent conical mountains, gradually descending, until low lands and swamps, with their dense growths, were around; and we saw, looming up before us, the high, bald head of Mount Ancon, whose southern foot is washed by the waters of the Pacific Ocean. On our left rose *Cerro de los Buccaneros* (or, "the Hill



PARAISO STATION.

of the Buccaneers"), from whose summit the pirate Morgan, on his marauding march across the Isthmus in 1670, had his first view of ancient Panama, and where he encamped on the



TERMINUS AT PANAMA.



PARAISO.

night previous to his attack and pillage of that renowned city. Crossing by bridges of iron the San Pedro Miguel and Caimitillo, narrow tide-water tributaries of the Rio Grande, we passed the Rio Grande station; and from thence, through alternate swamp and rolling savanna, until the muddy bed of the Rio Cardenas was crossed; where, leaving the Rio Grande to the eastward, we brought into view a fine stretch of undulating country around the base of Mount Ancon, enlivened by native huts and cultivated fields. A mile beyond us the long metallic roofs of the railroad buildings at the Pacific terminus were seen peeping out from a grove of cocoa-trees; and a little beyond them, and to the right, the cathedral towers, the high tiled roofs, and dilapidated fortifications of the city of Panama; while, through the intervening foliage, occasional glimpses of the "ever-peaceful ocean" assured us that our transit across the Isthmus was nearly accomplished; and in five minutes more we were safely housed in the spacious passenger dépôt of the Railroad Company at Panama.

THE PEOPLE OF THE RED RIVER.

NOW, while all eyes are turned toward the Northwestern gold discoveries, and a route overland is under discussion, a few facts regarding the intervening country between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, and illustrations of its people, have an additional interest above their novelty.

For the last two months our streets in St. Paul have been filled with the wild, picturesque groups of our northern neighbors, the Pembinese and Selkirkers. We see their strangely-accoutred ox-trains, shaggy ponies, and wolfish-looking dogs; but there is a something in the air of their free, firm step, and bold, yet graceful, abandon of carriage, with their nobility of stature, that awakens, at the first glance, an interest in their story. That they have a story you can read in their bronzed features and the long floating *chevelure* that waves around their shoulders. Their dark, coarse blue coats, glittering with a savage profusion of enormous buttons of polished brass; their long, waving sashes of the brightest red, and jaunty little caps, half Tartar and half French; even their loose trowsers of English corduroy or some dark woolen stuff, if not of elk or bison skin, down to the quaint and dingy moccasins wherewith they clothe their feet, savor of the wild, wondrous, and romantic. Such, indeed, their story is. No novel ever written upon the scenes of the far Western wilds and hunter life could equal the thrilling wildness and strange truth of their brief history.

The various hues of their complexion, from that of the dusky Indian with his arrowy raven



ENCAMPMENT NEAR ST. PAUL.

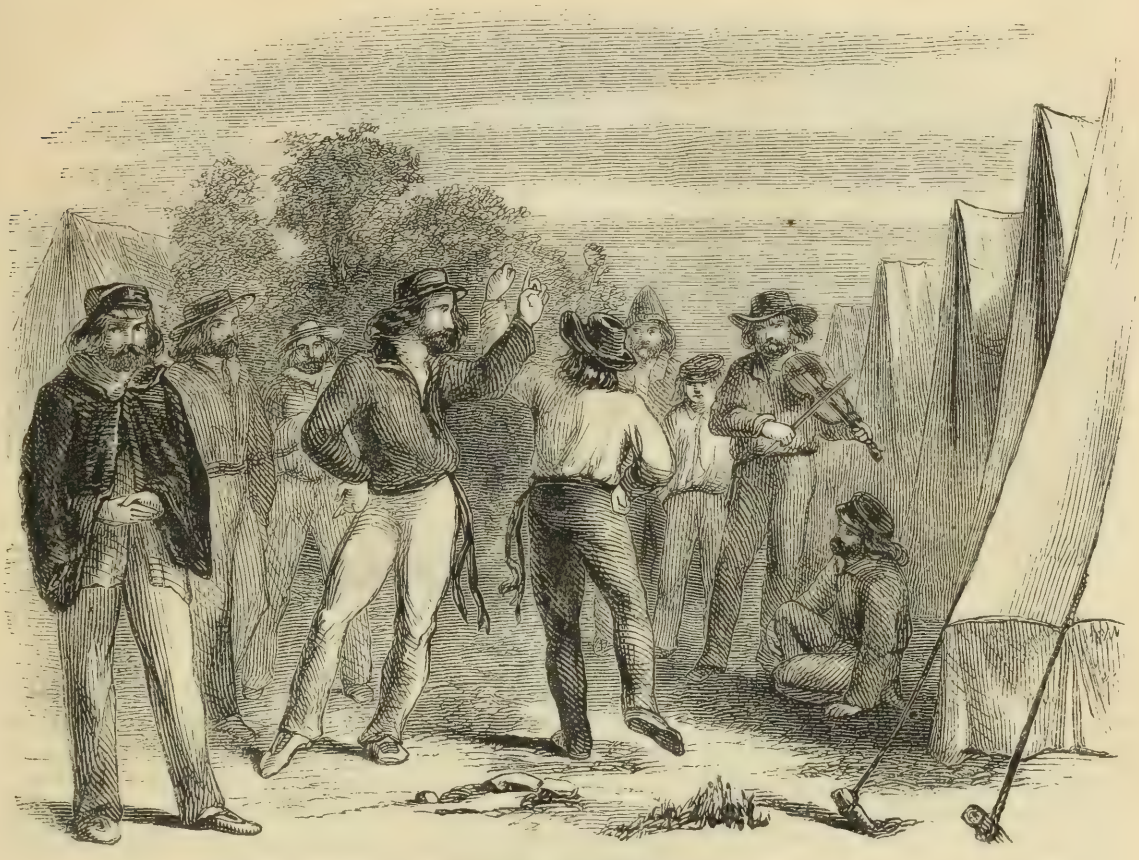
hair, up through all the intervening tints of dingy browns, to the ruddy cheek and blue eyes of the fair-haired Gael, proclaim the intermingling of the Caucasian with the blood of the aborigines. Within the circle of their camp is heard a strange melange of languages, as diverse as their parentage. You may hear French, Gaelic, English, Cree, and Ojibewa, with all the wild accompaniment of mingled accent, soft and musical, abrupt and guttural, in such strange, startling contrasts as flings an additional interest about the mysterious people. With their mother's blood they inherit all the native love of the wild and adventurous life incident to the savage; while to the blood of their fathers can be traced those demi-social habits and inclinations which they evince although entirely shut out from contact with enlightened society by their remote geographical position.

There is a vast country, beautiful, fertile, and pleasant, stretching far away from around the sources of the Mississippi and Red Rivers to the head fountains of the Saskatchewan. This great valley, between the Rocky Mountains on the left, and the high plateau on the right that divides the waters of the Hudson's Bay from those flowing north into the ocean by the River M'Kenzie, is the great Buffalo Range of North America. It is wealthy in soil, vegetables, minerals, and game; and is the home, for part of each year, of these semi-civilized Americans.

More than a century ago the French traders, enterprising and eager to extend their traffic and their dominion over the New World, had penetrated beyond the tributaries of Lake Superior to Lake Winnepeg. On an old English map "by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to his Majesty," dated in 1762, we see that the French had a fort called La Reine at the junction of the Red and Assinaboine rivers; but on the map of De L'Isle, Paris, 1703, fifty-eight years earlier, we see their forts scattered all along the



PEMBINESE AT SUPPER.



CANADIANS AND BOIS BRULES.

tributaries of Hudson's Bay. The commanders, or clerks, as they were called, who occupied these isolated forts or posts scattered through the interior of the vast wilds of the northwest, lived in all the barbaric dignity of the feudal barons, and ruled with no less despotic sway over their retainer-like bands of *voyageurs* or *courriers du bois*—as their Canadian employés were called. There were times, however, when, released from all restraints, these men gathered at the posts—seasons of rest between their arduous duties of collecting peltries or transporting supplies. To such times, when indeed they held high revel, they looked forward as a reward for the many hardships and difficulties they had to encounter during their excursions into the depths of the boundless wilds.

Then the song rang out in clearest notes upon the air, and strange wild tales of hair-breadth escapes and wonderful exploits were told; then, too, to the stirring music of the violin, they danced with Indian maidens. The bowl went freely round, till mirth grew furious and fast, and only the end of night ended their orgies and mad debauchery. Intermarriage with the natives was encouraged by the officers of the fur trade, as it made the *courriers* more dependent upon them, and was a sure way to keep them in the country. The offspring of these *courriers du bois*, who were quite numerous, together with the descendants of the *gens libres*, or free people, as the Canadians who had deserted from the French traders called themselves, were styled *Bois-brulés* (Burnt-woods), from their peculiar complexion.

After the English possessed themselves of Canada there was a Saxon element mingled in this new race. In the beginning of the present century Lord Selkirk, a Scottish noble, conceived the idea of peopling this vast and fertile valley with a colony of his countrymen. In 1811 he obtained a grant of land from the Hudson Bay Company, of which he was a member. The pioneers, to prepare for the main colony, began, in 1815, to build some houses and a mill; but a rival to the Hudson Bay Company, known as the Northwest Company, sent men disguised as savages, who drove the colonists from the place. They retreated southward, within the United States boundary, to a place called Pembina (pronounced Pem-bin-naw), an abbreviation of the Ojibewa word *Anepembinan* (high-bush-cranberry—*Oxycocus verburnum*, which thereabouts grows in abundance). They returned to their lands in the spring, but again to be repulsed; and only after years of bloodshed and shocking cruelties were they permitted to enjoy their lands in quiet.

The bitter strife was stopped by the union of the rival fur companies in 1821. The colony numbered 200 souls in September, 1815, says Mill, in his History; now they number over 10,000, by natural increase and immigrations—chiefly Scotch, Swiss, and English. While this country was in possession of the French traders they carried their commerce along the valleys of the great rivers of Lake Winnepeg, and thence, descending the tributaries of Lake Superior, made their way through the natural channels of the great lakes to the Atlantic



CHURCH AND MISSION-SCHOOL AT PEMBINA.

coast. When the English, or Hudson Bay Company, took possession of the traffic, the outlet of the fur trade was turned northward, by the more difficult and unnatural channel of Nelson River, which empties into Hudson's Bay.

But as the great wave of Western emigration rolled up the valley and tributaries of the Mississippi, leaping the barriers of prejudices purposely heaped by the fur-trading monopolies to debar settlers from the rich fields from which they were reaping such golden harvests, and our settlements approached the frontier, the nearness of a market for their furs and peltries induced the Red River colonists and hunters to seek a new outlet, over the level prairies and down the Valley of the Mississippi, to St. Paul. Within the last few years this trade has increased, from one or two trains of thirty or forty carts each, to long winding caravans of hundreds of carts drawn by oxen and horses. This season over eight hundred carts, loaded with furs and skins, came into St. Paul from those far northwestern valleys.

Even the Hudson Bay Company have at last availed themselves of the superior facilities of the heretofore ignored routes to our market, by sending over sixty packages of furs and pelts, taking in return cattle, mules, and implements of agriculture. This is a great concession, and argues well for the future increase of traffic with this vast country, stretching away to the very base of the Rocky Mountains.



BOIS-BRUILÉ BOYS.



CAPTAINS OF TRAINS

While they were encamped near St. Paul, in my frequent visits and conversations, I became quite well acquainted with many of the Bois-brulés, Frenchmen, and Selkirkers, as the Scotch are called. I found them gay, cheerful, and sprightly, full of fun and frolic, hearty laughers, fond of singing and dancing, and withal having a childlike unaffectedness of manner and conversational *naïveté*, really as fascinating as unexpected. One day when wending my way to the camp, noticing an old, gentlemanly-looking Bois-brulé, with a handsome face, toiling like myself through the hot sunshine toward the prairie, I loitered purposely for him to overtake me. He returned my salutation very politely, and we began to chat. He was tall, with silvered hair, and although a little bent by age, stood quite six feet. He had a soft and musically sweet voice, and spoke English with elegance.

After a few minutes' talk by way of mutual introduction, he told me, with childish simplicity, that early that morning he had bought a trunk of a dealer at the far end of the town, and had carefully suspended by a cord from his neck the key, as the trunk locked with a spring, to prevent the key being locked inside. But, unfortunately, the very precaution he took was the means of doing what he wished to avoid; for while reaching over the trunk in packing the lid fell and caught the key within. He was just returning from the dealer's, where he had been to borrow a key, as he had other trunks with locks similar. But, to the old man's surprise and mortification, the shopman refused to lend him one, fearing he would not return it; but invited him to send his trunk down, and have it unlocked there. There was no alternative. But the old man's *honor* was touched sorely; and his eyes flashed fiercely as he said, "I suppose he thought I would *steal* the key; but I would not *do* it—*I would not do* it!"

I went to his camp with him, and the trunk was brought out of the tent; but, to his great disappointment, none of my keys would fit it. While one of the camp boys was catching and harnessing an ox in the shafts of the wooden cart, fortunately—by the help of the cord which was still attached to the key, and by a little ingenuity—I succeeded in drawing it out, much to the old man's delight and gratitude; and when I placed it in his hands, they were tremulous with pleasure. From him I learned many interesting little facts about their manner of life, hunting, camping, trading, etc.

At the settlements at Red River farming and the usual avocations of civilized life engage about one-half of the population, who are mostly of Scotch or European blood. Their religion is usually Protestant, the greater number being Presbyterians; the rest, Methodists and Episcopalians. The Bois-brulés and Canadians, with their descendants from their more recent intermarriages with Indian women, are of the Catholic faith, and gain their subsistence by hunting.

Their dwellings, as well as those of the agricultural portion of the colony, are scattered over



BAKING BREAD.

the country between and along the banks of the Red and Assinaboine rivers, from their confluence southward, beyond the international boundary, into Minnesota. The neat little white frame and log cottages, with their well-cultivated garden spots and field inclosures, have an air of charming and quiet repose, while, in the distance, the grazing troops of cattle and horses dot the plains with gentle animation. Here and there a wind-mill, or a pointed church-spire, lends an additional and suggestive beauty to the landscape. Here they live in peaceful simplicity, and in all the rural quiet of their ancestral village hamlets among the Highlands of Scotland.

The life of the hunters is just the reverse of this quiet simplicity; their time is alternately spent in the excitements and adventures of the chase, or in indolence and festivity. While the products of their last excursion holds out, they are the gayest of the gay. They nightly dance to the fiddle or to the drone of the bagpipe; or with gambling, drinking, song, and amatory sports, help the whirling hours speed by.

As spring advances, however, they go to work in real earnest, to be ready for the opening ex-



IN CAMP.



AN OX-TRAIN.

pedition against the buffalo. As they are all taught the use of their rude implements, the building of new carts and repairing of old ones, fill the settlements with the rattling of a thousand hammers. These carts are curious and ingenious contrivances, built entirely of wood; not a nail, or screw, or particle of metal being used in their construction. But such is their strength and durability that they last for several years, and carry heavy loads on journeys of a thousand miles every season. Harnesses are manufactured of raw hide cut into strips and adjusted to fit any ox. The old ones are mended up; buffalo skins are stitched into tents, and put in readiness for the long trip and sojourn across the plains.

At length, usually about the 1st of June, the appointed day for starting arrives. Sometimes over a thousand of their carts are gathered together and go out in a single train, stretching far off over the waste of prairie, like the caravans in the Eastern stories. They are accompanied by the women and children, who pitch the tents, and attend to the cooking and other light duties about the camp.

The hunters elect captains, and the camp is divided into bands under them; while a chief captain, or commander, controls the whole company. The captains form a council, and adopt rules to govern the camp, which are usually obeyed to the letter. The following were some of the rules of the camp, as determined at Pembina, in 1840:

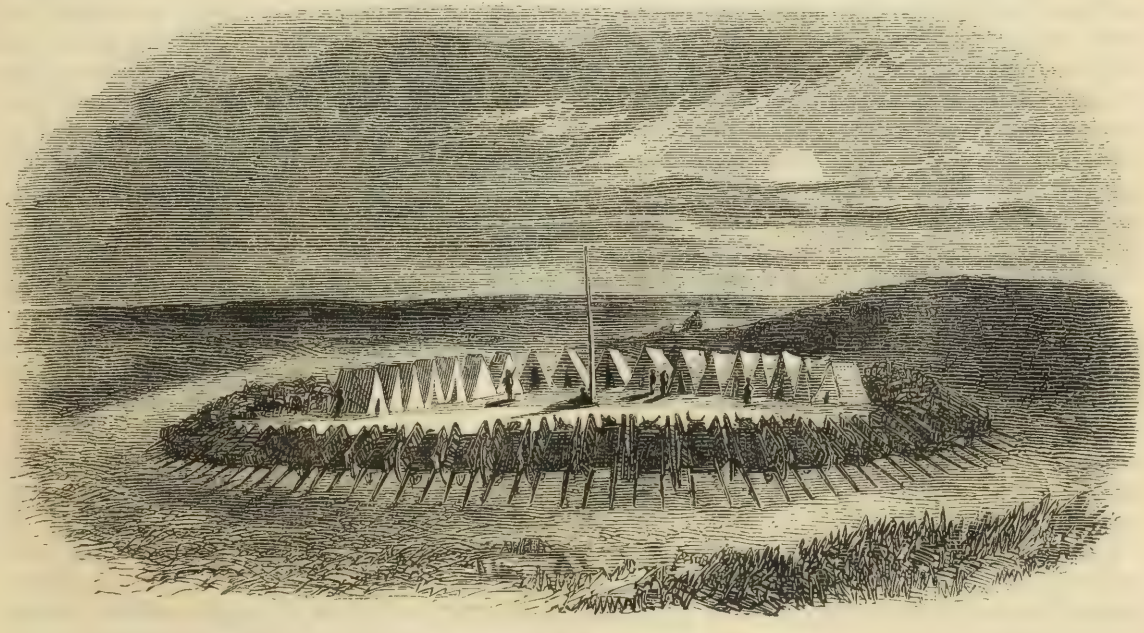
"1. No buffalo to be run on the Sabbath-day.

"2. No party to fork off, lag behind, or go before, without permission.

"3. No person to run buffalo before the general order.

"4. Every captain, with his men, in his turn to patrol the camp and keep guard.

"5. For the first trespass against these laws, the offender to have his saddle and bridle cut up.



ENCAMPED FOR THE NIGHT.

"6. For the second offense, the coat to be taken off the offender's back and cut up.

"7. For the third offense, offender to be flogged.

"8. Any person convicted of theft, even to the value of a sinew, to be brought to the middle of the camp, and the crier to call out his or her name three times, adding the word '*Thief*' at each time."

When they halt at night the carts are arranged in the form of a circle, with the shafts projecting outward; and within this wooden cordon the tents are pitched at one end and the animals tethered at the other extremity. Sentinels, who are regularly relieved at intervals, patrol the camp; and not unfrequently the hunter's sound slumber is broken by the alarm-cry to repel the stealthy attack of the treacherous Yanktons. Raising the flag is the signal for starting in the mornings, and when struck at evening is the signal to halt and encamp.

Thus regulated, they proceed to the "buffalo ranges" upon the Cheyenne, or the plains of the more distant Saskatchewan, where thousands are frequently met with in a single herd. The avant-couriers or scouts ascertain their probable numbers and position, and report to the commander. The camp is formed, and the hunters prepare for the onslaught. Mounted upon their fleetest and best-trained horses, they advance regularly under command of a leader, cautiously covering themselves from the herd by every advantageous inequality of the ground till near enough, when the cautious tread is changed to a dashing "Charge!" At full gallop they sweep down upon the unsuspecting and startled troop, pouring a deadly broadside volley into their shaggy flanks. The frightened beasts scatter, mad with terror. The scene that ensues does indeed baffle description. It has been likened to a field of battle. The sward is torn up, and great clouds of dust rise from beneath the beating hoofs of flying buffalo and pursuing horsemen; the roaring of the fleeing herd and the mingled trampling of their many feet pervades earth and air, while the ground trembles as if from an earthquake shock. In the course of a day sometimes more than a thousand are slain. The hunters follow the herd at full gallop, loading and firing at full speed. The hasty charge of powder is settled by a blow against the saddle, and the bullet is dropped from the mouth upon it without any wad.

The wake of the hunters is marked by mounds of dead buffalo, and the torn and trampled plain is deluged with blood. The carts follow and remove the carcasses to the camp. The hides and tongues are first removed, and such of the meat as can be used, for much is unavoidably spoiled by the heat, is secured. Part is dried, and the balance is made into pemmican, by boiling the tallow of the buffalo, and mixing with it shreds of meat. Sacks of raw hide are then made, into which the preparation is poured in a fluid state.

After the tongues are cured and the robes dressed the labors of the expedition are ended. They return to their homes, where they remain till the opening of the September hunt, which lasts till they can carry the meat home frozen. Then they indulge in another season of luxurious indolence.

QUEBEC.

IT was a warm, hazy morning in July when, with portfolio and pencil, I sallied out of Palace Gate and sauntered down through the suburb St. Roch toward the banks of the St. Charles, to make my first of a series of sketches of notable things and places in and around Quebec, that quaint old town in the far northeast, partly lying upon a rocky cape within solid walls built long ago by cautious Frenchmen, and partly spreading out over the neighboring slopes and levels.

To the visitor from the States every thing in Quebec appears queer and strange. There is so much unlike the objects of his daily experiences at home, that he feels a consciousness of being in a foreign country. The men and women, though wearing familiar faces and bearing familiar costume, appear unlike the men and women of his own land, for their ways are different; and the language that falls upon his ear is a salmagundi, composed of all British tongues, largely mixed with the corrupted Gallic spoken by the *habitans* all over the selvedge of Canadian settlements along the St. Lawrence from the Thousand Islands to Anticosti. Narrow, tortuous streets bewilder him; the high-peaked roofs, with great projecting eaves all glittering with tin, speak to him of deep winter snows; the modest *calèche* is clustered with associations of by-gone years when the lordly Governor, or Intendant, rode out from his palace in a vehicle no more stately; the priest and the soldier, met upon every highway in the town, remind him continually of the prime elements of power in Church and State; and the massive walls that inclose the old city, with their five ponderous and dissimilar portals, the grand battery of heavy cannon, and the almost impregnable citadel crowning the loftiest eminence, present pictures of a rude age, full of the coarser sentiments of feudal power and barbaric life. All these external novelties, combined with the unfamiliar ideas of the internal mysteries of nunneries, and cloisters, and monastic life, wedded to the most stirring historical associations and natural scenery extremely beautiful and picturesque, render Quebec the most attractive city on the continent for the curious, pleasure-seeking appetite of the traveler.

We (two young ladies and the tourist) had just returned from a voyage up the Saguenay, the *Chicoutimi*, or "bottomless river" of the Algonquins, that wonderful river whose deep, black waters flow into the St. Lawrence many a league below Quebec, through towering mountains, bold and bleak, that in ages past were evi-



JAQUES CARTIER'S WINTER HARBOR.

dently cleft by an earthquake for more than sixty miles to make a channel for this cold and solitary stream. The impressions of that grand scenery — scenery which no summer tourist should omit to view—were yet vivid in our memories; and the works of men's hands in the old city, so angular, imperfect, and commonplace, appeared painfully tame for a while. But a new pleasure came with the associations of past times, and a sojourn of a few days in Quebec, looking, listening, and sketching, produced exquisite enjoyment. The limited space allotted to a Magazine article compels me to omit more than half of my sketches of interesting objects in Quebec and its vicinity. In choosing from them subjects for publication, I have, with the exception of two or three, selected only those that have historical relations.

The first point of interest to which my steps were directed was the peninsula of Stadaconé, formed by a great bend of the St. Charles River, and where, in a little estuary, Jaques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, passed the winter of 1535–'36, and in the spring left one of his small ice-shattered vessels to rot in the ooze. On my way I stopped to sketch the Marine Hospital, a magnificent building of cut stone, standing on the neck of the peninsula near Cartier's Bay. The foundation was laid by Lord Aylmar, in 1832. The edifice cost over one hundred thousand dollars. The exterior is of the Ionic order, having the proportions of the Temple of the Muses near Athens. It contains Roman Catholic and Protestant chapels, apartments for the respective clergymen, and wards for six hundred and twenty patients. The institution is supported by a tax of one penny a ton on each vessel arriving from sea, and a portion of the emigrant tax. In front of the building are ample promenade grounds for the convalescents, inclosed by a stone wall and iron railing. The entire premises contains an area of six acres.

Leaving the Marine Hospital, I went to the General Hospital near by, one of the oldest of the public establishments in Quebec, whose character and history we shall consider presently. While sketching its front I was joined by a resident of Quebec, who, the evening before, had kindly offered to guide me to the spot where a part of the Indian village of Stadaconé stood, and where Cartier and his companions wintered and suffered. Leaving my sketch unfinished, we crossed the St. Charles in a log-canoe, made our way through the ship-yards to

the open plain of the peninsula, and sat down to rest upon the bank of Cartier's winter harbor, whose margin was fringed with a hawthorn hedge. It seemed hardly sufficient to have contained within its bosom that seed of French empire in America.

Cartier anchored in the St. Lawrence, opposite the present village of Beauport, in September, 1535, and Donnacané, the King of the neighboring savages, proceeded from Stadaconé with twelve canoes filled with a train of warriors, to hold a parley with the mariner of St. Malo. The interview was mutually agreeable. Donnacané took Cartier's arm and placed it gently over his own neck in token of confidence and regard. Cartier returned the compliment in the same form, and after they had partaken of bread and wine together they separated. Donnacané, pointing toward the narrowing of the great river between the lofty promontory of Stadaconé, whereon the ancient capital of Canada now stands, and the high banks of Point Levi opposite, pronounced the word Quebec (Ke-bec), which, in the Algonquin language, signifies "narrowing." From that hour the word became a proper name in history and geography.

Cartier proceeded with his ships into "a little river," which he called St. Croix, the St. Charles of to-day. In the bay which forms the subject of our sketch he moored his small vessels for the winter, and Donnacané came from his town with a train of five hundred Indians to welcome him. Cartier did not tarry long. He was told of a larger village far up the great river, called Hochelaga (now Montreal), and, in spite of the dissuasions of Donnacané, who portrayed great perils that would surely beset him, the mariner proceeded, in one of his smallest ships and other vessels, to explore the mysterious regions. It proved a most interesting voyage, and Cartier and his followers returned to the St. Croix at the middle of October, highly delighted with their knowledge and adventures. Those who had remained had, meanwhile, erected quite a strong stockade at the foot of the rocky promontory of Stadaconé, on the spot where the old church of Nôtre Dame, in the Lower Town, now stands.

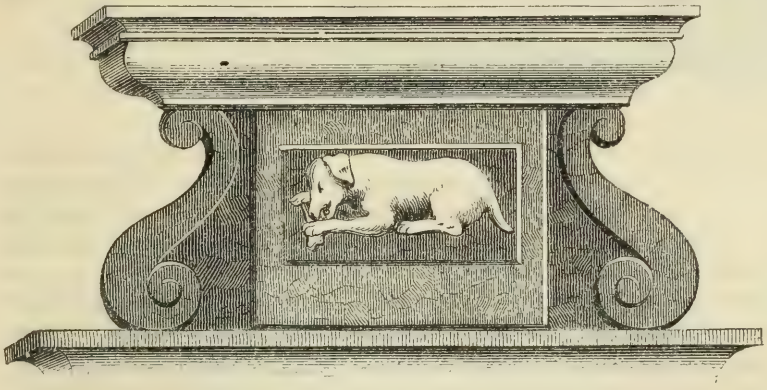
A terrible winter ensued. Five-and-twenty of the Frenchmen perished with cold and sickness, and all were prostrated at one time. And before spring Cartier had reason to doubt the sincerity of the friendship of Donnacané; so, one day, at the beginning of May, he seized the chief, the interpreters, and two other Indians who had come on board his ship, hoisted sail, and departed with them for Europe, leaving one of his smaller vessels behind. Ten years ago some money-diggers, searching in the bottom of the bay for treasures supposed to have been lost by Cartier, brought up, from far down in the mud, some timbers of that ship. They were carefully preserved in the Quebec Museum



RUINS OF THE INTENDANT'S PALACE.

for a while, when they were accidentally destroyed by fire.

[Since writing the foregoing I have received from Mr. John Laird, of Quebec (who was building the ship *Storm King*, seen in the sketch of Cartier's Winter Harbor), a piece of the oak timber of Cartier's vessel, lately taken from this bay. In his letter accompanying the wood, Mr. Laird says, "There is not the least doubt of its being what it is supposed to be, as the man found, at the same time, a small *chain plate* of very ancient pattern that could not have belonged to any modern vessel." I have deposited a part of this timber among the collections of the New York Historical Society, where the curious may see it.]



THE GOLDEN DOG.

When passing up Craig Street, on my return to breakfast, I observed quite extensive ruins upon an open space in the rear of some stores, and was informed that they were the remains of the palace of the Intendant—an officer who was next in power and influence to the Governor-General. It was not, indeed, a palace, but its comparative size entitled it to the name. It was built of the black lime slate with which the locality abounds. The roof was covered with tin, and its wood-work was solid oak, within and without. On the north side, and extending to the St. Charles, was a fine garden. On one end was the store-house of the Crown, and on the other the colony prison. In this palace all the deliberations concerning the province were held; and when those who had the chief management of the police and civil power met there the Intendant presided. When affairs of great consequence demanded a general council the Governor-General usually attended. After the conquest of Quebec by the English, in 1759, this building was neglected. It fell into decay, and its ruin was completed in 1775, when Arnold was blockading the city. He established a body of troops in it. These were soon dislodged by shells thrown from the garrison which set it on fire. It was nearly all consumed; and in the great conflagration of the suburb St. Roch, in 1845, the destruction of its wood-work was completed.

One of the most noted (and the last) of the Intendants, next to M. Talon, was Bigot, who was distinguished for his avarice and public frauds. Many traditions of him yet exist, and apocryphal stories concerning him have assumed the form of history. Bigot made exorbitant drafts upon the French treasury for the ostensible purpose of carrying on the fortifications of Quebec, until one of the queens of France, it is said, began to suspect that the walls, commenced during a former Intendant's administration, were built of gold. His estimate for the annual expenses of the colony, in 1759, was over three millions of livres.

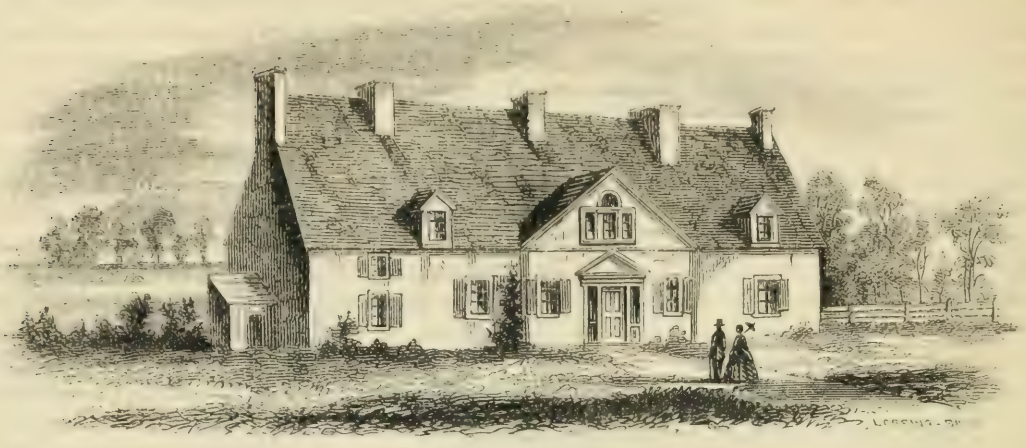
Among other traditions connected with Bigot, is one concerning the *Chien d'Or*, or Golden Dog, that may be seen over a window of the Post-office, near Prescott Gate. The gilded dog, in high relief, is upon a slab of black lime-stone, upon which is the following inscription:

> "Je suis un Chien qui ronge mon os,
> En le rongeant, je prends mon repos,
> Un jour viendra qui n'est pas venu,
> Ou je mordrai, qui m'avra mordu."

It is said that the house was built by Monsieur Philbert, a wealthy Bordeaux merchant, who lived in Quebec when Bigot was Intendant, and that the figure of the dog, and the inscription, were intended as a lampoon aimed at Bigot, whom Philbert hated. The exasperated Intendant was revenged. He hired an officer of the garrison to stab the impertinent merchant. The murderer was pursued by a brother of the



THE HERMITAGE.



MONTCALM'S HEAD-QUARTERS BEAUPORT.

victim to Pondicherry, in the East Indies, and there slain.

A better authenticated story than this is that of the Hermitage, or *Chateau Bigot*, the ruins of which may be seen in the forest about two miles from the hamlet of Bourg Royale, at the foot of the mountains seen northward of Quebec. It was built by Bigot as a residence for his mistress. Being deep in the wilderness, he believed her to be secure from all intrusion. But the jealous and watchful wife of the Intendant discovered the secret, and soon found means to have her rival poisoned. The house was then abandoned; and during the siege of Quebec by Wolfe, in 1759, the ladies of the capital found safe refuge there. Bigot went to France at that time, where he lost his fortune and his liberty, and the chateau of his mistress fell into decay. Thick shrubbery has grown up around and within its broken walls, and nothing but the lines of some walks and a few very old current bushes show that the hand of cultivation was ever there.

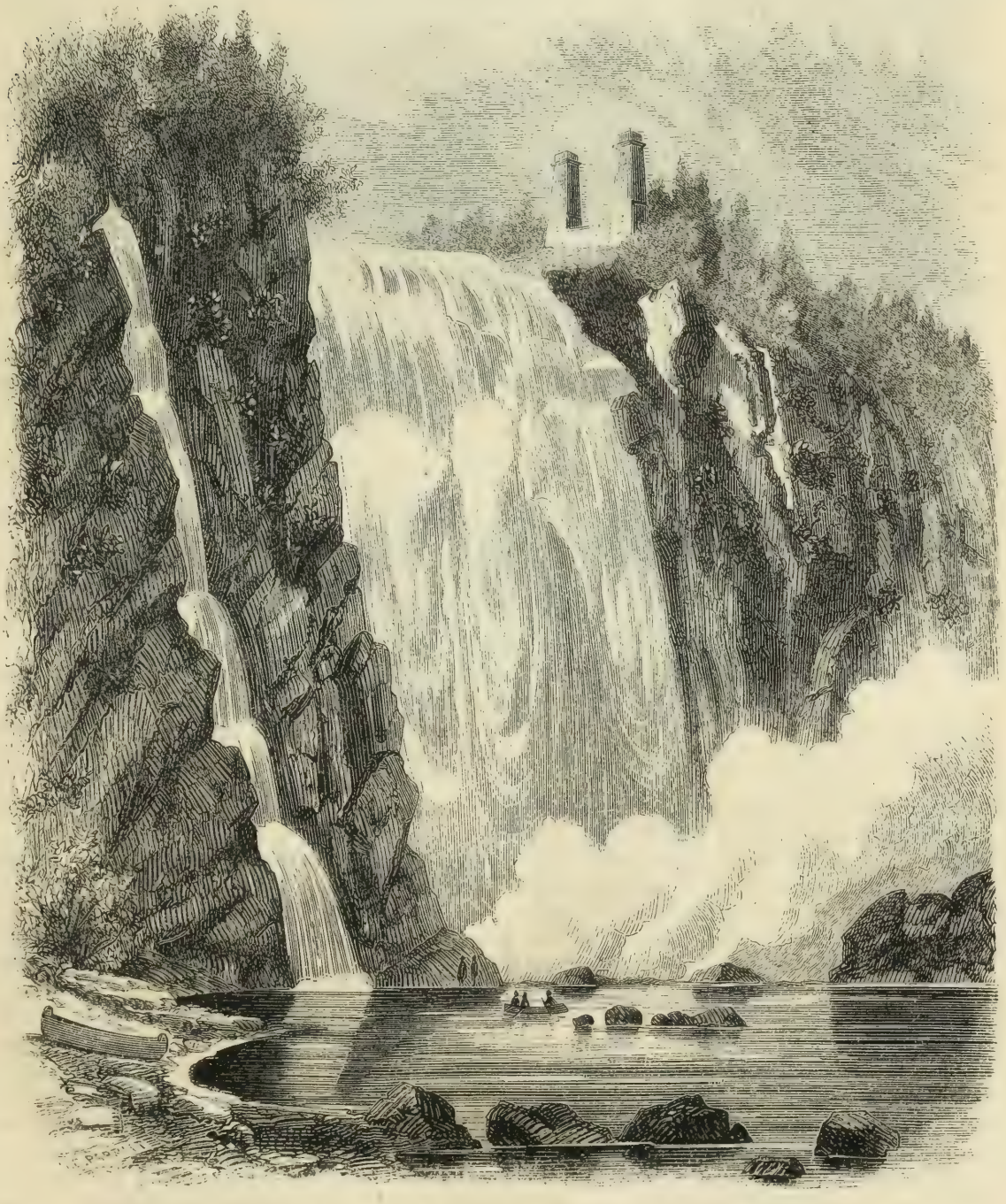
After breakfast we started in a barouche for the Fall of the Montmorenci. The lowering aspect of the morning had changed to bright sunshine, and the ride upon that fine road was delightful. After crossing the St. Charles over Dorchester Bridge, the road is Macadamized all the way. On both sides are pleasant embowered residences for about two miles, where, crossing a stream, the old Canadian village of Beauport is entered at a gentle slope. The one-storied houses are nearly all alike in size, form, and feature. They stand obliquely to the street, to let the drifting snow pass by; and to each is attached a narrow strip of land, extending in the rear, and each containing thirty acres. The village is upon an elevation known as the Heights of Beauport, whereon Montcalm established his fortified camp in 1759. The house which he occupied at that time as his head-quarters is yet standing and inhabited, upon the land of Colonel Gugy, a short distance eastward of his Beauport Mills. It is a stone building covered with stucco, and commands a



MONTMORENCI HOUSE.

fine view of Quebec and its environs. In the vicinity of this house, and near the Montmorenci, are slight traces of the French works.

Near the west bank of the Montmorenci is a restaurant where refreshments may be had at prices ruinous to a shallow purse, and sparkling ice-water for only half a dime a glass. The keeper hires from the owner of the property the legal right to charge each visitor twenty-five cents for the privilege of following a pleasant pathway through sloping meadows and along shaded fences, to a zigzag road that leads to the bottom of the almost perpendicular bank of the St. Lawrence, near where General Monckton with grenadiers and other troops of Wolfe's army landed, and had the first conflict with the forces of Montcalm. We paid all charges, and, guided by a lad a dozen years of age, made the descent, and by a winding way among lumber and along the river's edge, an eighth of a mile, we reached an admirable position to view the Montmorenci Fall from below. Recent rains had filled the river to the brim, and the cascade was both beautiful and grand. The waters descend in a bright fleecy sheet, twenty-five yards in width (unbroken except by an enormous rock half-way down), into a gulf about two hundred feet below. From brink to base the sheet is covered with sparkling foam; and from the caldron rises mist continually. This, in winter, forms a huge cone of porous ice, sometimes a hundred feet in height, and when the river below is hard frozen a lively spectacle is exhibited, for scores of people may be seen upon the mist-hill slowly climbing to its summit or shooting down it upon sleds with arrowy swiftness. The banks on each side of the fall rise many feet above the crown of the



FALL OF THE MONTMORENCI, FROM BELOW.



THE NATURAL STEPS, MONTMORENCI.

cataract, and are nearly perpendicular, presenting bare rocks at the base and covered with vegetation and shrubbery on the summit.

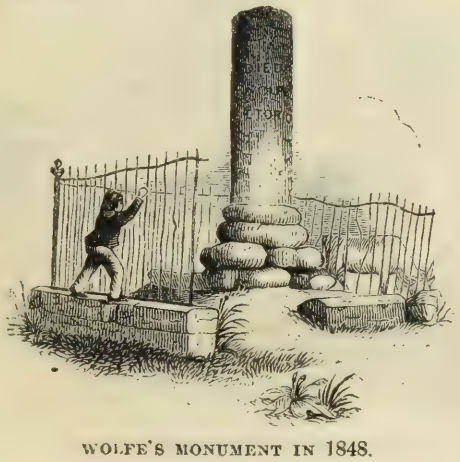
Two or three years ago a suspension-bridge was constructed over the fall by which passengers might look into the gulf below. It hung over that fearful spot but a short time. The first persons (a man and his wife and child, in a cart, on their way to visit a daughter in one of the nunneries in Quebec) who attempted to pass over it after it was opened to the public lost their lives. The supporting cables were drawn from their shore-fastenings by the weight upon them, and the whole structure, except the towers, with its living burden, fell into the boiling caldron and disappeared forever. The towers yet stand, mementoes of a sad calamity.

We climbed the steep banks along the zigzag road in the meridian heat of the sun, and rested in the shade of a pleasant grove near the residence of the Seigneur of Beauport. It is an elegant old mansion, close by the bank of the Montmorenci, at the fall. It was built by General Haldimand, the last Governor of the Province of Quebec, before the union of the Canadas, and was named Montmorenci House. There the Baroness Reidesel (wife of the Brunswick general who came to Canada with Burgoyne in 1776) and her family were entertained for several weeks by General Haldimand in the summer of 1782; and there the Duke of Kent,

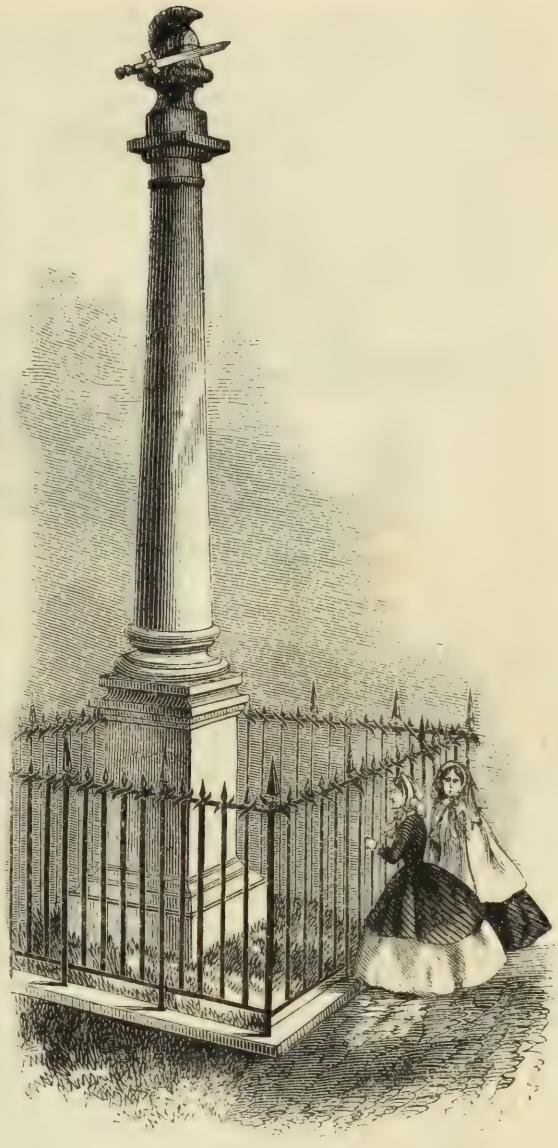
father of Queen Victoria, resided while he was a sojourner in the province. It is a most delightful spot, commanding a fine view of Quebec and the country on the south side of the St. Lawrence, the harbor, and the beautiful fertile Isle of Orleans, which divides the river into two broad channels.

After making a sketch of Montmorenci House we returned to the restaurant, and proceeded through fields and down a wooded slope, led by the same boy-guide, to the Natural Steps, a section of the banks of the Montmorenci, three-fourths of a mile above the fall. The rocks are so called because they exhibit a series of rectangular gradations resembling stairs. They are composed of shaly limestone, and supposed by some to have been formed by the abrasion of the waters, and by others to be original in their shapes. For an eighth of a mile the river rushes in irregular cascades among these rocks, in a very narrow and tortuous channel, its surface white with foam, and here and there sending up fleeces of spray. On the bald rocky bank we sat, watching the rushing waters, and made an early dinner of sandwiches.

We were leisurely ascending the wooded slope from the river, picking wild flowers by the way, when the rumbling of distant thunder warned us of an approaching storm. We hastened to the barouche and started on our return. Darker and nearer grew the clouds in the northwest, but I ventured to make the sketch of Montcalm's house in the presence of the coming shower. A favoring current bore it northward, and we escaped; but other clouds now came rolling up from the horizon, some audible with thunder, and others beautiful and magnificent in form and hue, until all the firmament westward of the zenith presented a glorious aerial panorama of grand moving shapes and wonderful combinations of colors, for the bright sun was blazing behind the gorgeous screen. Our day's journey was not finished, and we kept on, not without apprehensions of a drenching, for away beyond Lorette on one hand, and over the Chaudière on the other, we saw the rain-vails upon the hills. But "fortune favors the brave," and under its wings we were sheltered. We recrossed Dorchester Bridge, and ascending to the *Chemin de la Grand Allee*, the destined Fifth Avenue of Quebec, we alighted at the toll-gate and walked out to Bonner's Field, on the Plains of Abraham, to view the new monument erected upon the spot where Wolfe fell at the moment of his victory, on the 13th of September, 1759.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT IN 1848.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT IN 1858.

This monument stands upon the site of the old one which the public-spirited Lord Aylmar caused to be erected a quarter of a century ago, but which had become shamefully defaced by the hands of relic-seekers, who were carrying it away in their pockets and reticules. It was of granite, about ten feet in height, surrounded by an iron railing. I give a sketch of it as it appeared when I visited the spot in 1848. The new monument is a beautiful Doric column made of granite blocks, crested with a Roman sword and helmet, and bearing upon the eastern side of its pedestal the following inscription, which records its history: "This pillar was erected by the British Army in Canada, A.D. 1849. His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G.C.B., K.C.H., K.C.T.S., etc., Commander of the Forces, to replace that erected by Governor-General Lord



MARTELLO TOWER.

Aylmar, G.C.B., in 1832, which was broken and defaced, and is deposited beneath." On the western side is the inscription upon the old monument: "Here died Wolfe victorious, September 13, 1759." It is surrounded by an iron railing, so constructed with sharp hooks and spears as to prevent any future incursions of the Goths and Vandals.

Nearer the old city walls and the bank of the St. Lawrence the mounds and ditches of the French lines are visible, and these are all upon that elevated plateau that remain to tell the student of history that this is classic ground. The level ground occupied by the English army early in that eventful struggle when Gallic power gave way to British strength, is now devoted to the barbarous sport of horse-racing, and occasional parades of the soldiers of the garrison.

We did not linger long upon the Plains of Abraham, for the sun was near the horizon when I finished my drawing of the monument, and I wished to make a sketch of one of the four Martello towers erected at different distances across the heights of Quebec from the St. Lawrence to the St. Charles. These towers have cannon mounted upon their summits, with which the Plains might be swept, and are so constructed that, if taken by an enemy, they can easily be laid in ruins by heavy shot from the garrison; while on the opposite side, facing the open country, the walls are of immense thickness. We passed the one here delineated on our return to the city, and entered the town by St. Louis's Gate at early twilight, hungry, and wearied by our day's rambling, and thankful for the bounteous table, parlor sofas, and soft, tidy beds that we knew awaited us at Russell's. It was Saturday night, and we rejoiced in the approach of a day of rest.

Sunday morning dawned gloriously. The air was cool and invigorating, and no cloud was in the sky. At nine o'clock we went to the French Cathedral on Market Square, and found scores of worshipers and strangers thronging the vestibule, the aisles, and stair-cases. An officer in the appropriate uniform led us to a gallery fronting the nave, from which we had a comprehensive view of the whole magnificent interior. This church edifice was erected under the auspices of François de Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec, who was a zealous prelate and judicious patron of learning. It was consecrated in the summer of 1666, with imposing

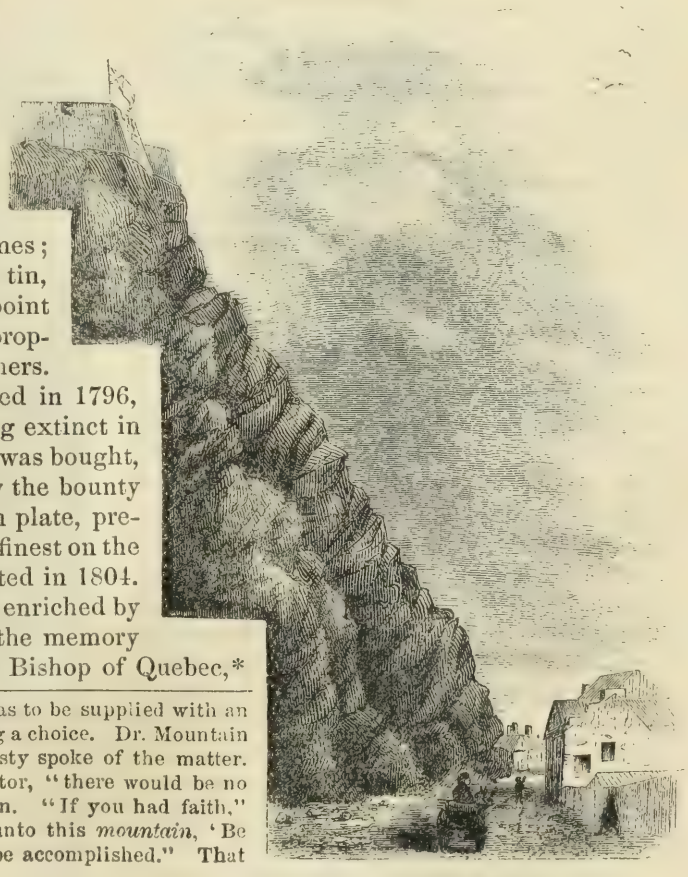


CHURCH OF NÔTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES

ceremonies, under the title of the *Immaculate Conception.* The building is two hundred and sixteen feet in length, and about one hundred and eighty in width, and has within it four chapels, two in each aisle. The lofty ceiling is elegantly vaulted in stucco, and the floor and galleries are sufficiently spacious to accommodate a congregation of four thousand souls. This church suffered severely when the English batteries at Point Levi hurled shells upon the town previous to the battle that gave Wolfe the victory in 1759. Much of the Lower Town was destroyed, and the Cathedral was set on fire and so shattered that it was almost a total ruin. Of all the interior decorations and many fine pictures only one of the latter was saved from hopeless mutilation. That was the present grand altar-piece, representing the Conception, after the style of Le Brun. After the Province was ceded to Great Britain the church was renovated, and the pictures that now enrich it were placed there. Among them the finest are, the Apostle Paul in his ecstatic Vision, as related in 2d Corinthians, painted by Carlo Maratti; the Saviour ministered unto by Angels, by Restout; the Flight of Joseph and Mary, a copy; the Redeemer on the Cross, by Van Dyke; the Nativity of Christ, copied from Annabel Carracci; the Saviour outraged by the Soldiers, by Fluret; the Day of Pentecost, by Vignon; the Holy Family, by Blanchard; and portraits of St. Anna and the Holy Family.

We remained in the French Cathedral during the performance of the ritual service, and then repaired to the Cathedral of the Church of England, near by, whose chief front, with an inclosed and shaded area, is on Garden Street. This is said to be one of the most perfect and pleasing specimens of architecture in the Province. It is built of gray sandstone, one hundred and thirty-six feet in length, and seventy-five in breadth. It stands upon high ground, with one front upon the Place d'Armes; and its tall spire, covered with bright tin, is a conspicuous object from every point of view. The ground was once the property of the Récollet or Franciscan fathers. Their church and convent were burned in 1796, and the order soon afterward becoming extinct in Canada, this portion of their property was bought, and the church edifice was erected, by the bounty of the Government. The communion plate, presented by George III., is said to be the finest on the continent. The church was consecrated in 1804. It contains very little ornament, but is enriched by two fine marble monuments, one to the memory of Dr. Mountain, the first Protestant Bishop of Quebec,* and the other to the Duke of Richmond, one of the governors-general, who died of hydrophobia. A fine chime of eight bells summons the people to worship, and as we entered the area in the front we saw the performers busy with the ropes, making a harmonious tintinnabulation.

In the afternoon I strolled alone out of Hope Gate, down to the Lower Town, and visited the ancient church of *Nôtre Dame des Victoires*, which fronts upon the little market-place. This church, as we have observed, stands upon the site of the fort constructed by Cartier's men in the autumn of 1535. The ground is much lower than it was at that time. It is one of the oldest church edifices in the city, and was erected previously to 1690, for in that year, amidst the joy caused by the defeat of the English forces under Sir William Phipps, who besieged Quebec, the fête of *Nôtre Dame de la Victoire* was established, and ordered to be annually celebrated in this church on the 7th of October, that being the day on which the first intelligence of the coming of the English was received. On that occasion M. De la Colombière, the Archdeacon, preached an eloquent discourse. Twenty-one years later, when news of the shipwreck of an English fleet under Sir Hovenden Walker, on its way to attack Quebec, was received, this second victory, as the inhabitants called it, was celebrated as little less than miraculous. Again the eloquent voice of Colombière was heard, and the church received the name of *Nôtre Dame des Victoires*. Kalm, who visited Quebec in 1749, says of this church:



CAPE DIAMOND.

* It is said that when the See of Quebec was to be supplied with an incumbent the King was perplexed in making a choice. Dr. Mountain was present on one occasion when his Majesty spoke of the matter. "If your Majesty had faith," said the Doctor, "there would be no difficulty." The King asked him to explain. "If you had faith," replied the witty divine, "you would say unto this *mountain*, 'Be thou removed into that *see*,' and it would be accomplished." That Mountain was moved accordingly.



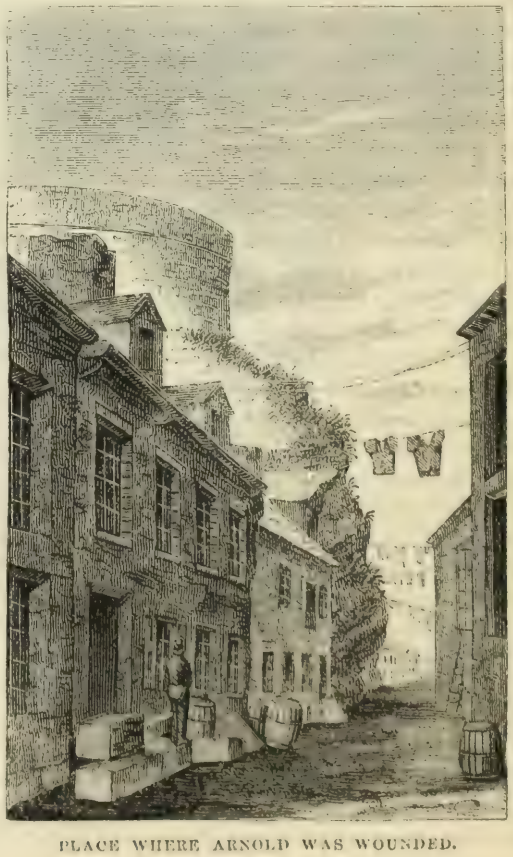
PRESCOTT GATE (OUTSIDE).

"It has a small steeple in the middle of the roof, square at the bottom and round at the top." It was nearly consumed by fire during Wolfe's bombardment, when a great portion of the Lower Town was destroyed. It was afterward repaired, and assumed its present form. It is the only church in the Lower Town. The interior is quite plain. In a little chapel in a northern wing is a full-size figure of Jesus entombed, and upon the walls are a few inferior paintings.

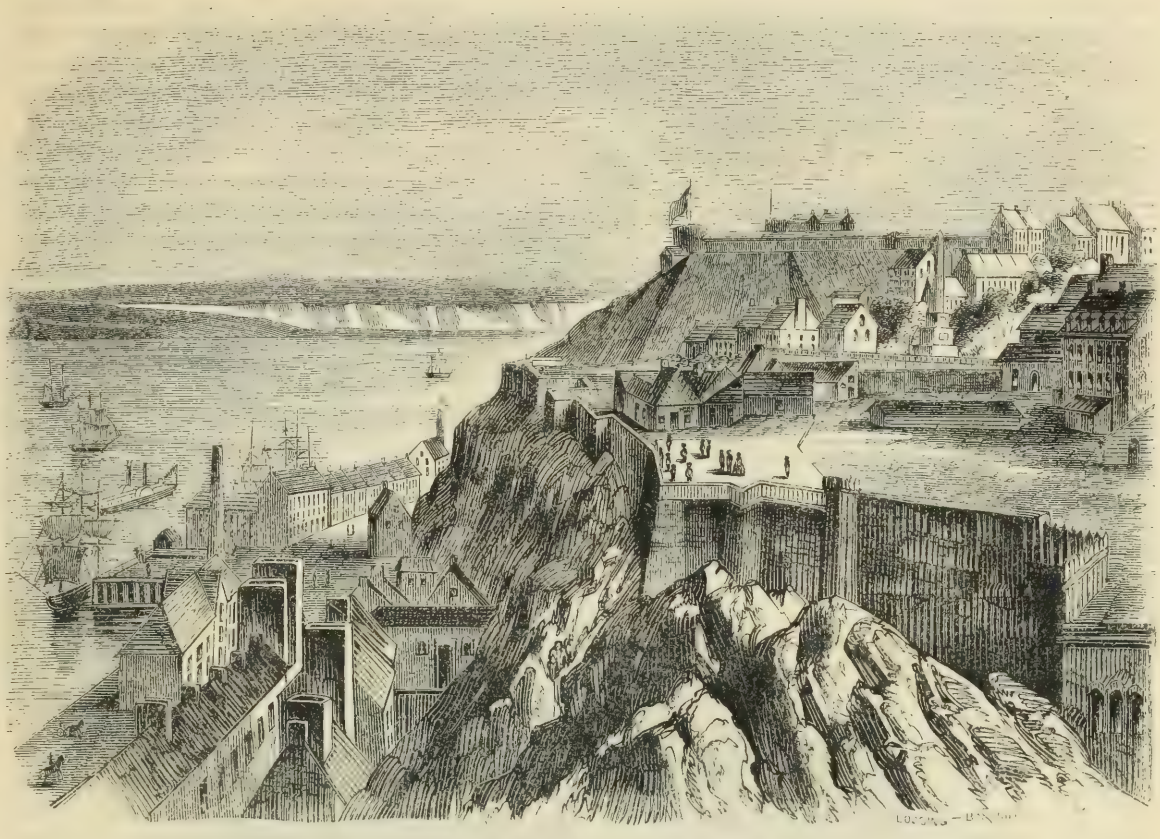
I continued my walk in the Lower Town to Champlain Street, and along that avenue at the foot of Cape Diamond to the Ordnance Wharf, at Pres de Ville, the place where General Montgomery was killed when attempting to carry a British battery there, on the morning of the 31st of December, 1775. The declivity of black limestone slate, sparkling with quartz crystals and crowned by the citadel, is here about three hundred feet in height; and the space between its base and the St. Lawrence was so narrow that some of the precipice has been cut away to make room for the street. It was at this narrow place that the British had erected a battery. Montgomery had formed a plan of assault upon Quebec that promised success. General Arnold, with one division, was to pass through the suburb St. Roch, and carrying a battery on the St. Charles, at the *Sault au Matelot*, make his way into the Lower Town; while Montgomery was to lead the other division down Wolfe's ravine, and along the St. Lawrence, take the battery under Cape Diamond, and, making his way into the Lower Town, also join Arnold in forcing a passage into the Upper Town through the portal since called Prescott Gate. At the head of his men, in the face of a driving snow-storm, just at dawn, Montgomery was making his way. He had passed the palisade in front of the battery, when a single discharge of grape-shot killed him instantly, and slew or mortally wounded several of his officers and men. Arnold, on the other side of the town, was wounded, and carried to the General Hospital; and after a desperate struggle for several hours, during which time many of the Americans were killed or made prisoners, the conflict ended, and Quebec was saved to the British.

I intended to continue my walk to Wolfe's Cove, where that commander landed his invading army, some distance further up the St. Lawrence; but evening was approaching, and I made my way back through the Lower Town to St. Paul Street, and visited the place, under the Grand Battery, where Arnold was wounded. The then open shore of the St. Charles is now covered with streets and houses, connecting the Lower Town with the suburb St. Roch. Nothing of its former aspect may be seen except the rugged declivity.

I walked to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Roch—a modern edifice, very spacious, and situated upon an open space fronting toward the *Vacherie*, former possessions of the Jesuits. It is well finished within, and contains several good pictures from the pencils of Restout, Virmond, Chalis, Vignon, Blanchard, and other



PLACE WHERE ARNOLD WAS WOUNDED.



DURHAM TERRACE AND THE CITADEL.

French artists. In the sacristy is a portrait of Bishop Plessis, a great benefactor of the church. Here I rested for a while in the midst of a score of men and women on their knees in prayer, and then entered the city through Palace Gate, the portal that opens toward the St. Charles.

At evening, accompanied by my traveling companions, I went up to Durham Terrace, the resort of the citizens during the summer twilights. It occupies the site of the old Castle of St. Louis, the residence of the governors-general of Canada for more than two centuries. It was destroyed by fire in 1834, and since then the spot has been reserved as a public promenade. The old castle was a fine stone building, over two hundred feet in length. It stood near the precipice; and on that side its walls and spacious gallery were supported by solid stone buttresses. These yet remain; and the platform of Durham Terrace, from which fine views down the St. Lawrence, and of the shores opposite, are obtained, occupies the place of the old broad gallery. We were there just at sunset, when the terrace was filled with men, women, and children; and we lingered until the vesper light had faded, for the evening air was delightful.

Monday morning was as bright and beautiful as that of the Sabbath; and at four o'clock I was upon the wing. When the first rays of the sun flashed over the hills of Point Levi I had finished a sketch of the Place d'Armes and its surroundings. The most notable of these is the Court-house, the English Cathedral, and the large building containing the Quebec Library, the Collections of the Historical Society, and the Museum. The Court-house, on the north side of St. Louis Street, is a large modern structure, its arched entrance approached by two flights of steps, and its interior arrangements ample for the accommodation of the courts and appropriate offices. The Quebec Library, which contains upward of six thousand volumes, was founded in 1779, when Governor Haldimand contributed one hundred volumes of valuable works as a nucleus. This library and the Collections of the Historical Society and Museum were in the Parliament House when it was destroyed by fire, and both suffered severely.

From Durham Terrace I went to the Palace Garden, a little southward, where stands a tall monument of granite, erected to the memory of the opposing heroes, WOLFE and MONTCALM, who both perished in battle near by, a hundred years ago. This garden was formerly a part of the grounds attached to the old Castle of St. Louis, and the portion where the monument stands is finely shaded with ornamental trees. The corner-stone of the monument was laid, with imposing ceremonies, on the 20th of November, 1827, when Earl Dalhousie was Governor-General of Canada. It was erected under his auspices, and the ceremonials were chiefly conducted by the Freemasons. These were invested with peculiar interest by the presence of the venerable Master Mason, James Thompson, one of the few survivors of the battle in which the two great leaders fell. He was then in the ninety-fifth year of his age, and walked firmly to the spot, wearing the regalia of his mystic order. At the request of the Governor

he performed the usual ceremony of giving three raps with a mallet upon the corner-stone, and then retired, leaning upon the arm of Captain Young, of the 79th Highlanders, whose pencil produced the chaste design of the monument. The apex is sixty-five feet from the earth, and upon the pedestal is the following inscription, written by Dr. J. C. Fisher, then a Quebec editor:

WOLFE. — MONTCALM.
MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM
FAMAM HISTORIA
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT
A.D. 1827.

For these few lines, which mean in English, "Military Virtue gave them a common death; History, a common fame; Posterity, a common monument," Dr. Fisher was awarded a golden medal.

After breakfast we left the city for another ride into the country. The Indian village of Lorette, eight miles distant, was our destination. We crossed Dorchester Bridge, and, turning to the left, followed the winding course of the St. Charles three or four miles along a fine road fringed with hawthorn hedges, and leading us by many pleasant mansions. There are two villages at Lorette, occupying both sides of the St. Charles at the Fall, one containing French *habitans*, the other half-breed Indians, who claim to be lineal descendants of the ancient Hurons who welcomed Jaques Cartier more than three hundred years ago. The former village had but little interest for us; and I stopped and sketched the Lorette Fall before entering the latter, and viewed the water-works near by, from which Quebec is supplied with wholesome beverage.

The Indian village of Lorette is upon part of a reservation of sixteen hundred acres, owned

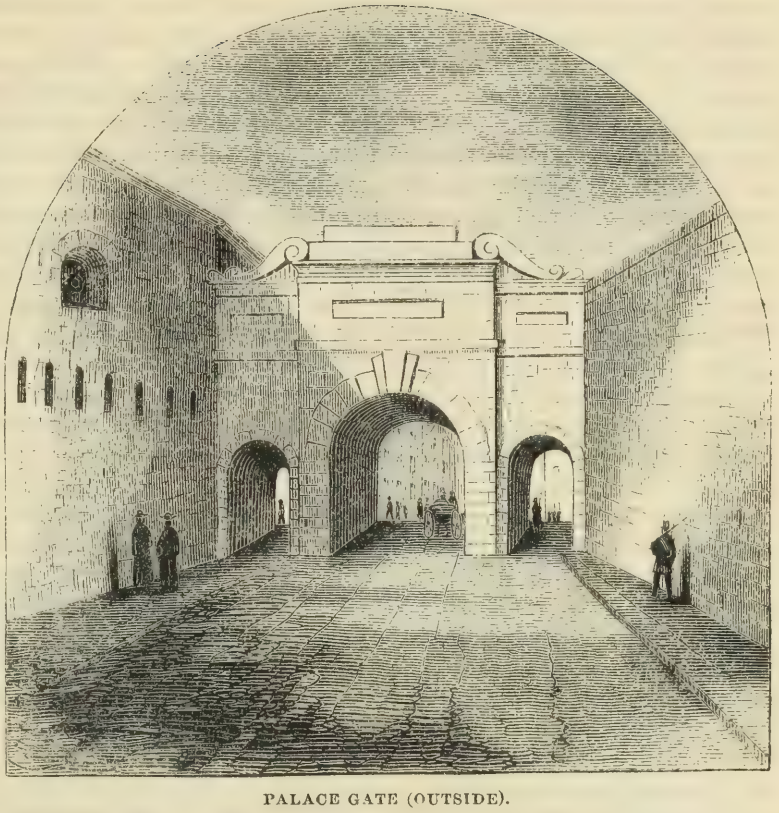


WOLFE AND MONTCALM'S MONUMENT.

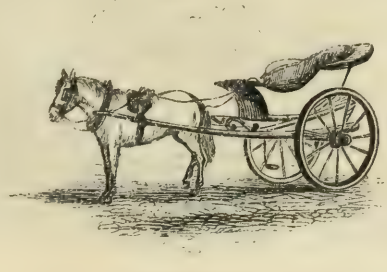
in common by the tribe, which numbers now about four hundred souls. The village exhibited evidences of thrift and comfort. In addition to the proceeds of their cultivated lands, the Indians derive quite a revenue from traffic, and each person receives annually from the Government one blanket, three yards of cloth, and some powder and shot. They are all Roman Catholics, and speak the corrupted French language of the province. They have a neat parish church, similar in form to that of *Nôtre Dame des Victoires*, in the Lower Town of Quebec; and upon the green in front of it is a small cannon.

The chief of the tribe, Paul Ondawanhout, was absent, but returned just as we were about to leave the village. He is seventy years of age, but appeared as robust and youthful as most men at fifty. His queen, Marguerite Lawinonke, aged seventy-one, was at home, and kindly sat for me to sketch a full-length portrait of her. They live in a comparatively fine house, and are reported to be rich. Upon the table in the reception-room were various articles of Indian manufacture for sale, and thereon lay a splendid cap, made by the queen for her husband. It had a blue skull and scarlet band ornamented with silver and bead-work, and decked with a profusion of swan, owl, and eagle feathers. Their son, Paul Tahourhenche, was present, and placed the cap on his own head that I might sketch it. In so doing I delineated a profile of the heir-apparent to the throne of Lorette, who may worthily wield the sceptre, for he is an intelligent man, and a graduate of the Seminary at Quebec.

While I was sketching the "palace" nearly all the women and children of the village flocked around me with wide-open eyes of wonder; and when they saw the features of the queen and prince upon my paper they indulged in much quiet merriment. One of them appeared to be the wit of the village (and she was quite a belle in relative appearance), for her remarks always elicited abundant laughter. In one of these merry moods we left them, and returned to Quebec by the way of Charlesbourg, through a beautiful and highly cultivated country, with the glittering capital continually in view, delighted and edified by the events of the morning.



PALACE GATE (OUTSIDE).



A CALECHE.

The calèche is an "institution" of Lower Canadian cities and villages, and my companions were desirous of a ride in one. To accompany them myself implied the necessity of being the driver, for the narrow seat of Jehu upon the splashboard will not permit companionship upon it. So, engaging a gentle horse, I assumed the elevated position of coachman, and, with as much skill as possible, drove out at Palace Gate, not without some secret misgivings as to the result of my adventure. I experienced too much of a baby-jumper motion, without its ease, to be comfortable, but gallantry forbade an abandonment of my position. A dyspeptic man might have been benefited, but I felt too conscious of having worked my passage to desire a repetition of the service. Fortunately, the road we took was smooth. It was the way toward Beauport, and the termination of our ride in that direction was the Lower Canada Lunatic Asylum, near that village, where we were politely received by Mr. Wakeham, the warden of the establishment, who first conducted us over the premises, and then to the palatial residence of Dr. Douglass, one of the principal proprietors of the institution.

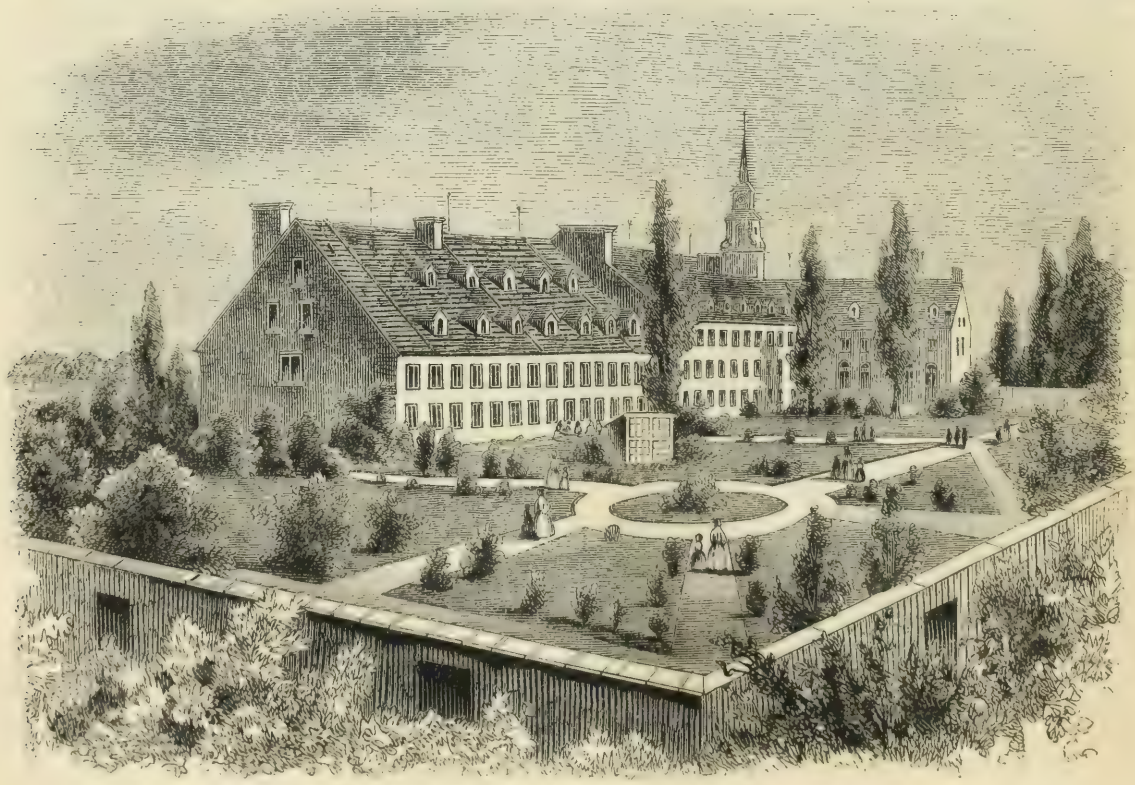
The Asylum edifice is very spacious, thoroughly ventilated, lighted, and heated by the best modern arrangements for the purpose, and stands in the midst of a beautifully shaded lawn. It is enlivened, on three sides, by a considerable stream called the *Rivière des Tau-*

pières, which affords an inexhaustible supply of water. Every arrangement for the health and comfort of the patients appears to have been adopted. The system of treatment seems to be perfect and efficacious; and we were informed that the number of cures effected there is equal to those in any similar establishment in the world. There were between 350 and 400 patients under the roof, and cleanliness and order every where prevailed. We left the establishment deeply impressed with the holiness of that Christian charity which furnishes these homes for the unfortunate.

From the Insane Asylum we rode back to the suburb St. Roch, and down Prince Edward Street to the General Hospital, on the bank of the St. Charles, opposite the peninsula of Stadaconé. It is one of the most ancient and interesting of the semi-religious benevolent institutions in Quebec. It was founded in 1693 by Monsieur St. Vallier, Bishop of Quebec, whose portrait, hanging in one of the private rooms of the hospital, I was permitted to copy. The object of the institution was the relief of sick and disabled poor of all descriptions. It is in charge of the nuns of St. Augustine, a separate and independent community.

It was toward evening when we reached the public court-yard of the Monastery of the General Hospital. I left the ladies in the calèche, and entered the building to obtain some desired information. With some difficulty I made my wants known to a swarthy old French invalid, who led me to a small upper room, with a grated partition on one side. He rang a bell and retired, when a beautiful nun, of Irish birth, appeared behind the screen. After a few moments' conversation, I asked and obtained the privilege of introducing the young ladies into the establishment. We were directed to another apartment; and at the entrance to a large ward, wherein were many infirm women, we were met by four nuns, dressed in the white summer costume of the order, their foreheads entirely concealed by a white vail. One of them was the Mère St. Catherine (the Lady Superior), a young French woman, who could not understand English. Two of the other sisters could, and they were our interpreters. They all kindly accompanied us to the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, and other parts of the establishment, except those wherein a strange foot never enters.

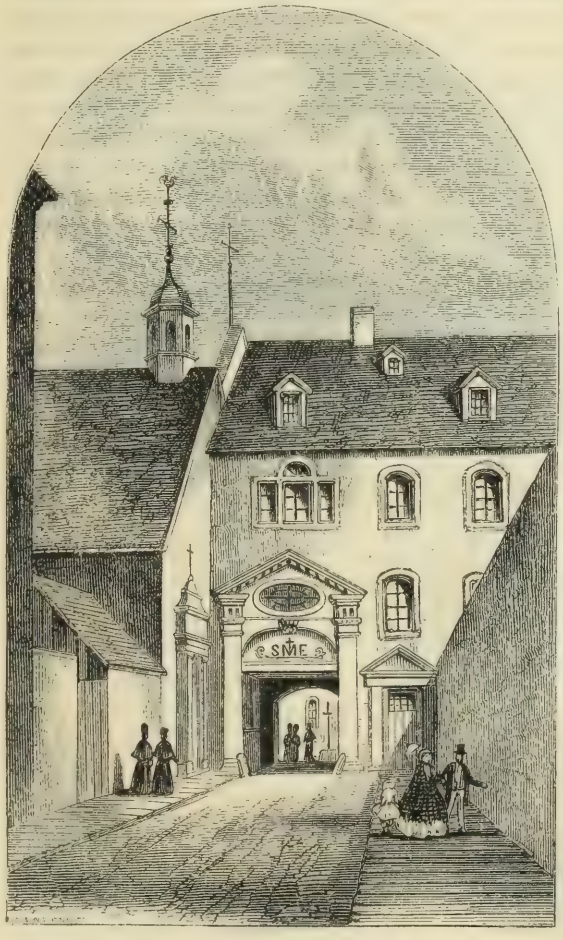
Within the chapel lie the remains of the founder of the hospital, and also those of the Reverend Mother, Louise Soumand, the first Superior of the convent; and in a small court adjoining it is the cemetery for the nuns, where we saw many graves, with small black crosses at the head of each. At the present there are sixty-three professed nuns in the establishment; and all that we saw appeared happy. They have the entire charge of the hospital and school. In the former, there are between seventy and eighty inmates; and, in the latter, from sixty to eighty boarders. In addition to these duties the nuns make church ornaments, from which a considerable revenue is derived. They are not allowed to go out of the establishment, but have a large garden attached, in which they recreate. This is seen in our picture of the Monastery of the hospital, which shows the appearance of the building as long ago as the siege of Quebec by the Americans, when Gen-



MONASTERY OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

eral Arnold, and many of his companions in arms, were carried thither from the field of battle, and experienced the kindest treatment.

After spending an hour very pleasantly with these ministering angels of mercy, we returned to Russell's, and, early the next morning, we were again upon the wing. We first visited the Chapel of the Seminary of Quebec, to view the fine paintings there, and were highly gratified. These are sixteen in number, all religious subjects, of course, and all exhibit great excellence in design and execution. I had a letter of introduction to one of the faculty of the seminary, who, after my companions had left for a second visit to the French Cathedral, conducted me over the whole establishment, including the new college buildings, which are of immense size and superb design, and not yet finished. This institution was founded in 1633, by Monseigneur de Laval de Montmorenci, the first Bishop of Canada, and was intended chiefly as an ecclesiastical institution. When the order of Jesuits was extinguished the members of the seminary threw open its doors to the youth of the country generally, and secularized the establishment in a great degree. Twice during the lifetime of the founder the buildings were burned, and the older ones now bear marks of great age. Attached to them is a beautiful garden, covering between six and seven acres of ground in the heart of Quebec, and filled with an abundance of fruits and flowers. The limits of this brief article will not allow even an outline sketch of the character of this great establishment, and it must be sufficient to say that, as an institution of learning, it ranks among the first on the continent.



ENTRANCE TO THE SEMINARY OF QUEBEC.

On leaving the seminary I sketched the picturesque narrow entrance to it from Market Square, in which, on one side, the high inclosure wall of the French Cathedral is seen, and then made a drawing of the Jesuits' barracks, an immense pile on the other side of the square, which was formerly a college of that order, but is now used by the Government as a lodgment for soldiers. Kalm, speaking of this building (which occupied a great quadrangle with a large court within), as he saw it in 1749, says: "It has a much more noble appearance in regard to its size and architecture than the palace itself, and would be proper for a palace if it had a more advantageous situation. It is about four times as large as the palace, and is the finest building in the town." It was forfeited on the suppression of the Jesuits. At the Conquest it was regarded as Crown property, and most of the noble old trees of the surrounding gardens were destroyed, that a parade-ground for troops might be made.

Being joined by my companions, we went to the Ursuline Convent, furnished with an admission key in the form of a letter of introduction from one of the priests at the Bishop Palace. But the chaplain of the institution was engaged at the confessional, and we ascended the *glacis* near the precipice of Cape Diamond, whence we obtained a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence and its vicinity below Quebec. Traversing the pathway upon its summit, along the margin of the dry moat, we obtained glorious views also of the country beyond the St. Charles, and through an opening in the hills of Bonhomme and Tsounonthuan caught distant glimpses of the bleak and solitary ranges through which the gloomy Saguenay flows.

By perseverance we found our way to the walled avenue leading to Dalhousie Gate, the massive portal to the citadel. There we were placed in charge of a young soldier from the Crimea, who pointed out every place of interest within the walls. The highest point is Dalhousie Bastion, from which is obtained the finest view of the city, harbor, and surrounding country. The St. Charles is seen winding through a beautiful undulating plain at the northward; and the spires of the parish churches of Beauport, Charlesbourg, and Lorette, with the white cottages around them, form a pleasing feature in the landscape. The citadel and its ravelins cover about forty acres; and the fortifications, consisting of bastions, curtains of solid masonry, and ramparts twenty-five to thirty feet in height mounted with cannon, extend entirely around the Upper Town. Upon the cliff called *Sault au Matelot* is the grand battery of eighteen thirty-two pounders, commanding the basin and harbor below. At the different gates of the city sentinels are posted day and night, and in front of the jail and oth-



THE URSULINE CONVENT.

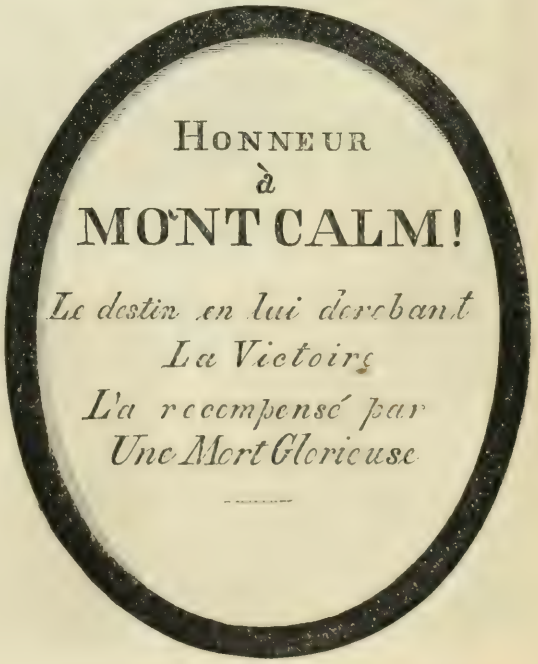
er public buildings the solemn march of military guards is seen.

From the citadel we returned to the Ursuline Convent on Parloir Street at an appointed hour, and were courteously received by Father Le Moyne, the chaplain, who invited us to his parlor, where many pleasing works of art, most of them executed by the nuns, were shown to us. Among the most interesting pictures was one of the original building of the convent, surrounded by the forest that then covered most of Cape Diamond and its slopes, and dotted with Indian wigwams. We were also shown some very fine water-color sketches made by the pupils of the school; and one, representing the entire group of buildings in bird's-eye perspective, drawn by one of the nuns, was kindly presented to me by the chaplain. From it our engraving was made. In a glass case upon a table was the skull of the Marquis de Montcalm, with its base inclosed in a military collar. His remains were buried in the garden of the convent, and when they were disinterred a few years ago the skull was thus preserved.

From the chaplain's parlor we were conducted to the chapel of the convent to view the fine



MONTCALM'S SKULL.



MONTCALM'S MONUMENT.

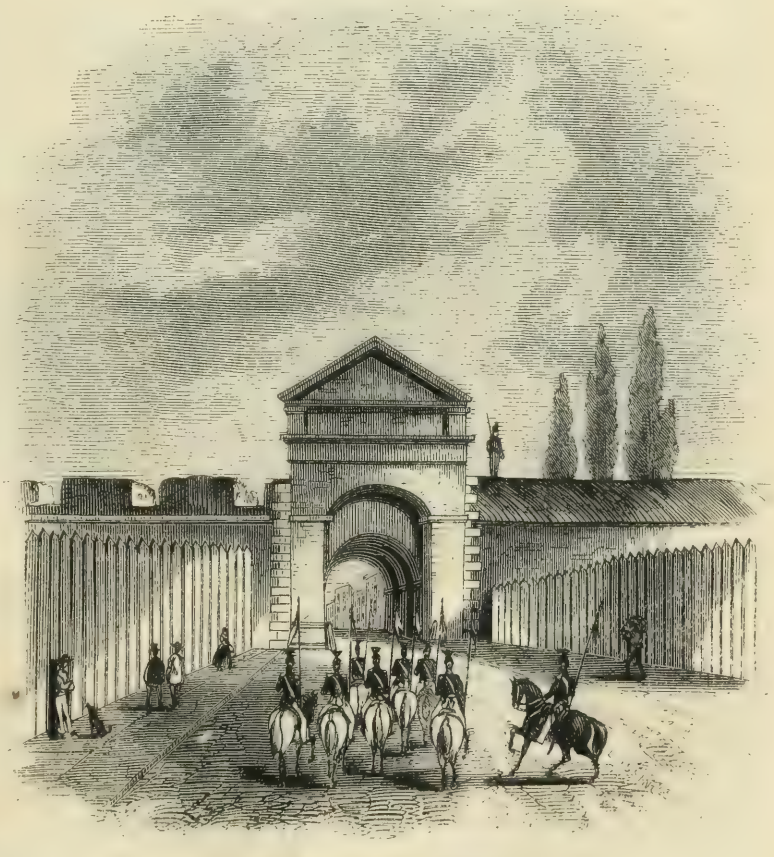
paintings upon its walls. Some of these are considered the best works of art in Quebec. One of great size, high merit, and immense value, by Champagne, represents Christ sitting down at meat in Simon's house; and over the grand altar is another meritorious picture of the Birth of Immanuel. Upon the wall of the chapel is a small mural monument, erected by Governor Lord Aylmar in memory of Montcalm, containing in French the following inscription: "Honor to Montcalm! Destiny, in depriving him of victory, recompensed him with a glorious death!"

This convent, as well as that of the Hôtel Dieu, situated near Palace Gate, owes its origin to the appeals of the Jesuits in Canada. It was founded in 1641 by Madame de la Peltrie, a young widow of Alençon of rank and fortune, who came to Canada for the purpose in 1639. On a cold winter's day, nine years after the building was completed, it was destroyed by fire. The nuns, then fourteen in number, escaped, and were generously received into the convent of the Hôtel Dieu. In 1686, during the performance of High Mass, the convent again caught fire, and was consumed. Nothing was saved, and again the nuns, then twenty-five in number, became pensioners upon the bounty of those of the Hôtel Dieu, with whom they had made a solemn covenant of friendship. Their home was soon rebuilt, for, being an institution especially devoted to the education of females, its prosperity was considered to be a matter of public importance. Such is still the chief business of the establishment, and its school has long been considered one of the best in the province. Their system of education embraces all the higher branches, with various accomplishments, together with domestic economy. There are now about two hundred and forty pupils, one half of whom are boarders. Attached to the institution is an elementary charity school, of about one hundred and sixty scholars. The house of the foundress, into which the nuns were received while the convent was first rebuilding, remained upon the premises until 1836.

After leaving the convent of the Ursulines I proceeded to make sketches of the five gates of the city. I had that of St. Louis about half finished when a couple of soldiers came along and informed me that no one was allowed to take views of any portion of the fortifications without consent of the town major. "Then I will ask his consent," I said, as I closed my portfolio. But that resolution was changed when one of the soldiers, as they turned away, said, in a low tone, "He'll not get it." Believing the prohibition to be the fossil of some ancient necessity, suspended by red tape, I chose to disbelieve the soldier and to remain in ignorance of the regulation. So I kept away from the town major, secretly resolving to play Samson, and carry off the gates of the city, "bar and all," while the Philistines slept. At peep of day next morning I went out, and before the red-coats were stirring sketched the other four portals, commencing with Hope Gate, which overlooks the mouth of the St. Charles. At noon I went up to finish my drawing of St. John's Gate, and had just completed it, when a sentinel upon the wall again enlightened me concerning the prohibition. "All right," I replied, as I closed my portfolio; "I have the whole five;" and jumping into a calèche, was soon taking a quiet lunch at Russell's, totally unconscious of having wronged the realm of England. Be assured, most loving cousins, that no barbed Russ or cuirassed Gaul shall know the momentous military secrets which I obtained while delineating those portals of your walled provincial city; for—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

We of the "States" have no idea of ever storming Quebec again. We have learned to our hearts' content that those gates and walls are very strong. Lamb's thunder-bolts, hurled from his ice-battery in bleak December, '75, fell as harmlessly upon the gates of St. Louis



ST. LOUIS GATE (OUTSIDE).



HOPE GATE (INSIDE).

and St. John as those from heaven upon the forehead of the great bull mammoth; and the leaves of Palace Gate were only opened to allow a detachment of the garrison to rush out and capture the surprised Dearborn and his party, who were keeping watch and ward over it until strength should come to open it from without.

And here the pen and pencil of the tourist must rest. It would be delightful to allow



ST. JOHN'S GATE (INSIDE).

them to travel on, for we visited many other things and places in and around Quebec. But I may not here delineate or describe them all. On the pages of a volume only could full justice be done to the subject. And so I will conclude these brief sketches of our impressions of the ancient capital of Canada by advising all summer tourists to spend a week there; for, as I said at the beginning, Quebec, in its actualities and associations, is the most interesting town on the continent.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

I.

IN the fall of 1848 I was traveling on horseback in Kentucky.

One evening, just as the sun was sinking beyond the finely tinted woodlands, I observed, at some distance before me, a traveler of tall and distinguished appearance pursuing the same road with myself. He was clad in black, a wide hat drooped above his forehead, and his shoulders were nearly covered with long, dark locks of hair. I was looking at him with some attention, when all at once my gaze became riveted to his figure. He had paused upon a little hillock, removed his drooping hat, and bowed low and gravely to the vacant field extending to the right of the road! Ten steps further I became aware, however, that in this I was mistaken—his grave and ceremonious salutation seemed to have been directed to a fine old mansion which rose above the woods at the distance of half a league.

Having accomplished his bow, which was full of grace and dignity, the stranger replaced his hat upon his head, and slowly disappeared at a turn of the road which led into a little wooded dell. I followed, vainly puzzling my brain for the solution of this singular adventure, when, having reached the bottom of the hollow, I all at once perceived the horse of the strange traveler tied to the bough of an oak-tree near the road. A moment afterward I caught sight of the unknown. He was kneeling beside a tombstone within a small brick inclosure overgrown with moss and creeping plants.

I have had too much grief myself not to respect the exhibition of it in others; and, despite my curiosity and surprise, was about to ride on in silence, when, suddenly rising from his knees, the stranger turned toward me, and in a moment we had recognized each other. It was my old friend and school-fellow, Henry Hastings.

Our greeting was warm and cordial. To my surprise I discovered in him not the least indication of mental alienation, and a quarter of an hour after our meeting I had accepted his invitation to spend the night with him, and had reached his abode. It was a species of hunting lodge, buried in the wildest depths of the hills; and here—forgetting for the time the entire outer world, listening to no sound but the subdued growl of some noble deer-hounds, or the low, sad murmur of the great oaks and pines—here, I spent an entire week, which I shall always look back upon with a strange interest.

At first Hastings preserved a complete silence upon the events of his life since our former acquaintance, and I respected his calm sadness too much to directly question him. He doubtless divined my curiosity, however; and one dreamy afternoon, while we were sitting upon a peak of the neighboring mountain, he gave me the relation which I was so anxious to hear. Drawing from his bosom a locket which was attached to a slight steel chain, he opened it and showed me a tress of golden hair.

"In this curl is clasped the history of my life, friend," he said, with calm sorrow. "'Tis only a woman's hair,' as poor Swift wrote once; yet it is this which has made me what I am. God rules us all. He makes us very weak, that, in our weakness, He may make His own strength perfect. To one comes joy and laughter; to another tears. I accept my part, and bow to Him who is Lord of all."

After a moment's silence, which nothing interrupted but the patter of the golden leaves as they tinkled away, my friend proceeded with his narrative.

II.

"I came of what is called in England 'a good family gone to decay.' My pockets were quite empty, that is to say, but I was a gentleman. Do not let us deride it; it is something.

"At twenty-one I found myself an orphan without connections; the small resources which had given me my education expired with my father. I looked around for the means of daily bread. Through the kindness of some friendly people, who, no doubt, pitied the poor orphan boy, I obtained the situation of teacher in the family of Colonel Singleton, of Singleton Hall, the old mansion which you saw me bow to some days since.

"I was received on my arrival with great cordiality by Mrs. Singleton and the younger members of the family, Colonel Singleton and his eldest daughter being temporarily absent. The Hall, as you saw, was a spacious old mansion, with numerous dependencies; and the estate upon which it stood was of great extent and value, though burdened, as I afterward heard, by a large debt. Mrs. Singleton exerted herself to make me feel perfectly at home, like the excellent and tender-hearted lady which she was. and I awaited tranquilly the appearance of the lord of the manor and Miss Singleton.

"They returned in three or four days, riding in a fine chariot and four, then still in fashion. Colonel Singleton was a stately, pompous old gentleman, and his greeting to me was scrupulously ceremonious and courteous; but there was something, I know not what, of a disagreeable character in his manner. But I did not look at him; a vision which appeared behind him absorbed my whole attention. It was the figure of a young lady half reclining upon a pillow, and framed, as it were, in the wide door-way of the chariot. I have seen much beauty in my life,

but never any human creature half so lovely. The girl was apparently about seventeen; her figure slender, but exquisitely graceful. Her hair, curling in profuse ringlets of a pale gold color, brushed against cheeks almost as white as snow, and just tinted with a faint red. My gaze was riveted above all, however, to the eyes of the young lady—large, melting, violet eyes—filled with the rarest nobility and sweetness. Indeed, every feature of this face expressed something beautiful and noble; an unspeakable truth and innocence glowed in eye and lip. As I think of her now my poor, cold pulses leap; then my heart sinks—for she is gone.

"But to my narrative. From that moment I loved Phœbe Singleton with my whole heart and soul, as the knights of the Middle Ages loved. Do you think it strange? There are those who discredit love at first sight, who deny its reality. To such my experience has been denied. I loved this woman from that instant with unspeakable earnestness; out of her presence I scarce lived. I loved her with my whole heart and soul and being; from that autumn evening when she passed before me like a beautiful dream the young girl was my fate.

"And what was I? The question came to me often like a bitter fiend, and touched my shoulder, and laughed and jeered at me. I was a poor, homeless orphan, without friends or 'social position' of any possible description. I loved with a deep, unchangeable devotion—whom? The daughter of the rich and influential gentleman who paid me for work done for him! But then my pride rose up, and the sneering fiend retreated. Was I not as good a gentleman as Colonel Singleton; and did he not know as much? Was I poor? It certainly was unfortunate; but there the matter ended.

"The world laughs at pride, friend, and laments the fate of its possessors. But it is the shield of many a homeless chevalier!

III.

"Two days after Colonel Singleton's return a new actor in the drama appeared at the Hall. This was a gentleman of the neighborhood, named Fitzhugh, who drove up in a splendid equipage drawn by a magnificent pair of bays, and from the first moment I discerned in him a dangerous and determined rival.

"He was certainly not to be despised. Of elegant person, possessed of greater wealth than any other gentleman in the county, and bearing a worthy name, he was a suitor of whom any young lady might have been proud; and, if rumor spoke the truth, more than one damsel had been anxious to become Mrs. Fitzhugh. Scheming dames had paid court to him—scheming mademoiselles lavished on him their most seductive smiles—but Mr. Fitzhugh had nearly reached his fortieth year, and was still unmarried. No damsel had possessed sufficient skill to entrap him, and induce him to relinquish his splendid bachelor existence for the more sober delights of matrimony. He still hunted the fox, and drank deep, and drove fast horses, and laughed at the elderly ladies and the young damsels. He would speak of the former to his cronies in a manner which they would scarcely have relished; the latter would have liked his allusions to them even less.

"Just before my arrival, however, the fortunate and persecuted gentleman had found his feelings all at once strangely interested and moved. He saw Phœbe Singleton, and for the first time encountered a young lady who did not care to attract his attention, and exhibited no desire even to make his acquaintance. I think his love grew from pique in the first instance—he desired to reduce this sole rebellious fortress—but finally his feelings became seriously engaged. To know her intimately, and find out all the rare and exquisite delicacy of her organization, was to wonder at and love her deeply, and this love now possessed Mr. Fitzhugh.

"I soon found—as Fitzhugh paid visit after visit at brief intervals—that in Colonel Singleton he had a powerful friend. That gentleman was strongly in favor of the match, and at times exhibited his approbation in a way which must have made the cynical Fitzhugh, on his return home, more than once shrug his shoulders and sneer. As to Mrs. Singleton, this serene lady preserved toward the suitor of her daughter a calm politeness simply; the keenest observer could not have declared whether she approved or objected to his attentions. I fancied I heard more than once in the drawing-room, after his departure, the voice of Colonel Singleton raised in stately and irate remonstrance with his wife, but the lady was perfectly tranquil and immovable. She continued to treat Mr. Fitzhugh with something very much like a polite indifference.

"Such were the feelings of Colonel and Mrs. Singleton, and now you will probably be curious to know in what light the attentions of Mr. Fitzhugh were regarded by the young lady herself. Did she encourage or discourage him?—did she love him, or was he indifferent to her?—and what was the result of that private interview which Mr. Fitzhugh one morning solicited and obtained in the great drawing-room? All these questions, friend, are answered by three simple words: *Phœbe loved me!* Yes, yes, she loved me! Yes, this supreme joy has been my portion—this, at least, has been my treasure!—and though fate wrest from me my brain, my memory, my life, yet this will still remain the crowning glory, lighting up the 'deepest deep' of misery and despair! I break out into rhapsody, but bear with me. This is the sole oasis in a life arid as the deserts of the East. How such a gift as this pure woman's love was mine I know not; doubtless a kind Heaven sent it me. Perhaps this tender heart was filled with pity for the poor orphan without kindred blood, alone in the wide, wide world; and doubtless from this pity and sympathy ripened to flower and fruit her faithful love. I know not, however; but this I do know: at the end of three months the heart of this true woman was my

own. I had never uttered a single word of love; we rarely met, and then for an instant only; but in the fresher color of her cheek, the light of her eyes, the buoyancy of every movement, I discerned with inexpressible delight the secret of my happiness.

"With this change in Phœbe's appearance, with her increasing beauty and freshness, so to speak, Mr. Fitzhugh's passion more than kept pace. His visits grew rapidly more frequent, and at last scarcely a day passed in which he did not make his appearance. I think he believed his suit prosperous, such was the high estimation in which a long series of victories had induced him to hold himself.

"The decision soon came. One morning he requested a private interview in the drawing-room: an hour afterward he came out and rode away. Phœbe did not appear at dinner, alleging a violent headache, and I read the result in Colonel Singleton's frowning face.

"Mr. Fitzhugh had been discarded!

IV.

"For some days Colonel Singleton's ill-humor amounted almost to ferocity. Every trait of his overbearing character had been enlisted in favor of Phœbe's match with Fitzhugh—his pride, ambition, love of wealth, and doubtless, also, the encumbered state of his own property, had magnified in his eyes the value of the suitor's.

"His treatment of Mrs. Singleton was almost rude. Nothing but self-pride and shame prevented him from treating the lady, who seemed to regard the result indifferently, with actual want of common courtesy. As to Phœbe, he would not so much as look at her; and this alienation of father and daughter, caused, I was firmly convinced, by myself, plunged me into the most cruel suffering and indecision.

"What ought I to do? For a week, during which Mr. Fitzhugh did not renew his visits, I debated daily, hourly, the proper course for me to pursue. Should I stay at Singleton Hall? Was it honorable for me to remain thus in a false position, tacitly practicing a deceit upon *my patron;* regarded by him as a simple employé, but really loving and beloved by Miss Singleton? I was not long in coming to the conclusion that to remain longer would be wholly inconsistent with sincerity and uprightness, with that honor which my father had taught me; and I sternly resolved to tear myself away from this great temptation. I made this resolution, I think, at least a score of times. But, alas! the weak heart, the trembling nerve recoiled. You will never know, unless you are placed in a similar position, the whole weakness of the human heart—the inability of aught whatsoever to oppose the strength of a deep, all-absorbing love. The bare thought of going away forever, and never looking again upon the woman I loved, made my cowardly heart die within my breast. At an earlier period I might have conquered by a tremendous effort, and sternly performed my duty; but now, when the presence of this young girl had become a necessity, as it were, of my existence—when her smile, her greeting, the chance touch of her hand as she leaned upon my arm in entering or issuing from the chariot, were the life-blood of the passing days for me, now I had no longer any strength. I could not leave her! With clenched teeth and heaving bosom I acknowledged my cowardly weakness, and revolved some other scheme for reconciling my conscience and my love.

"I saw but one. It was to acquaint the young lady with my feelings; to formally demand her hand from Colonel Singleton, and then—I dared not think of the result. But, at least, I should place myself in my true position; in either event Phœbe would be bound by nothing that I would refuse to hear of, and fate might determine the rest. This was the course I would pursue. Two weeks afterward I was in the same state of sullen excitement. I had not had courage to carry out my plan. Had it not been for one of those accidents, as they are called, which so often decide human affairs, I might have gone on in the same way for a lifetime.

"One evening I was walking in a wild part of the forest stretching around the Hall—indeed it was not far from this place, friend—when suddenly raising my eyes from the ground, upon which they had been moodily fixed, I saw Phœbe a few yards from me. She had strolled away, like myself, without any definite object, and that fate—call it what you will—had brought us to the same spot. Even now, after the lapse of so many years, I recall every detail of her dress perfectly. A light hood drooped over her forehead, framed, as it were, in sunny curls, and the blue dress she wore defined clearly her exquisitely graceful figure. When she became aware of my presence a quick blush invaded her cheek, and the unconscious movement of her hand, held out toward me, showed that the encounter was not displeasing. Thus commenced this interview, which determined the complexion of my entire after-life; and thus, far from the outer world, alone by ourselves, we wandered for hours through the dim pine forest—this forest here, which even now seems haunted ground to me, for I hear in every whisper of the mountain trees a voice that is gone.

"Of the details of that interview I shall not speak—I could not. There are treasures of the memory too sacred to be revealed to the dearest friend—secrets which should never be unvailed. The sighing wind bore away into the depths of the forest the whispered words which told me that I had long been dear to one of the purest hearts that ever beat in human bosom; and I knew then that it was my homeless and lonely life which had touched the true woman's heart.

"She was weeping on my shoulder when a furious exclamation startled me, and, raising my head, I saw Fitzhugh standing before me. He had evidently been hunting, for his gun was in his hand, and some hounds followed him. Chance had thus directed *his* steps, too, to the spot.

"What followed his exclamation occurred, it seemed to me, in a single instant. I was only conscious of a wrathful shout, of my reply in a tone far more haughty than his own, for the devil of rage was aroused in me, and then we closed in a mortal struggle. As we grappled a loud explosion shook the forest, a burning iron seemed to pass through my shoulder, and a scream so piercing that it rings still in my ears followed like a terrible echo. I fell at full length on my face, losing all consciousness; but as my senses left me I thought I saw Phœbe fall covered with blood, Fitzhugh attempting, without success, to catch her fainting form in his arms.

"Two days afterward I became conscious for the first time. I woke from my stupor in a darkened room of the Hall. I awoke, but it was only to toss and turn, burned up by a horrible fever. This fever lasted nearly a month; then slowly I returned to life, as weak as a child, but with my senses about me. From good Mrs. Singleton, who nursed me with grave care, I learned what had followed the accidental or intentional discharge of Fitzhugh's gun. The charge had passed through my shoulder, a chance shot slightly drawing blood from Phœbe's neck. Some laborers in an adjoining field had borne me to the Hall. Phœbe was unhurt. I drew a long breath of relief at this intelligence; and soon after the departure of the good lady the young girl herself appeared at my bedside.

"In a moment she had caught my thin pale hand, pressed it to her lips, and covered it with tears and kisses. Falling upon her knees at the bedside, she buried her face in the counterpane, and a long, deep sob forced its trembling way from the bottom of her heart.

"I was about to speak, and beg her not to be disturbed upon my account, when suddenly the door again opened, and Colonel Singleton, motionless, flushed with passion, and with lips tightly compressed, stood upon the threshold. The next moment he had entered the chamber.

V.

"Suppressing every exhibition of anger, and assuming an air of cold ceremony, he approached, and bade me good-morning. Phœbe rose hurriedly to her feet, and threw upon her father a glance of the most tender entreaty. I knew that her look was an appeal to him in favor of myself.

"'I desire to have a few moments' conversation with Mr. Hastings, my daughter,' was his sole reply, 'and must beg you to retire.'

"'He is very weak—his fever has not yet—pray do not excite him, father—' were her broken words, as she slowly retired. And I was left alone with my visitor.

"'So you are recovering, are you, Sir?' he said, between his teeth; 'you are recovering?'

"'I believe so, Sir,' I replied, looking calmly at him.

"'Don't you think it would have been better if you had died, Sir?' he continued, in a tone of bitter sarcasm; 'then, perhaps, the grave might have hidden your dishonor.'

"'I have been guilty of no dishonor,' I said, coldly; for his tone began to arouse in me a scorn and passion which was more than a match for his own.

"'Not guilty!' he cried. 'Do you presume to say, Sir, that you have not taken advantage of your position in my family to practice upon the innocent and unsuspecting nature of a child? Do you deny that you have held clandestine meetings with my daughter? Do you think to trick me into the belief that you have not, for your own sordid ends—'

"'Colonel Singleton!' I said, haughtily, 'do you realize our respective positions? Have you forgotten whom you are addressing, and where you are?'

"'Don't bandy words with me, Sir!' he cried, wrathfully; 'and do not presume to think that I am the dupe of your acting! You've a long story ready, I have no doubt—your "feelings were beyond your control"—you "are not responsible!" I tell you, Sir, that your deception is useless! You have dishonored an honorable name; your father, if he was alive, would spurn you from his presence! Sooner would I let my daughter look upon a felon than ever see your face again!'

"He paused in his passionate outburst; with purple cheeks, flashing eyes, and lips writhing feverishly. My own passion was growing with his own. I felt my pale cheeks suffused with blood; my nerves seemed to stretch, and tingle, and grow strong; the blind rage which I felt, thus lying powerless before insult and unmanly outrage, for a time deprived me of the power of utterance. At last this anger yielded to scorn; a haughty coldness succeeded; and, raising my finger, I said: 'Colonel Singleton, you have addressed me as gentlemen do not usually speak to sick men, lying powerless before them in their own houses. You have charged me with sordid motives, with dishonor. I scorn to bandy insults with you, Sir; I make a simple statement. I entered your house as an honest gentleman, agreeing to perform an honest employment for my daily bread. I saw your daughter, and loved her before I was aware of it; was there crime in that, Sir? As soon as I discovered this feeling I determined to leave your house, fearing the appearance even of deception more than misery or death. I was weak—young men have been weak before, Sir, in this world—I staid; but never did the slightest indication of my feelings pass my lips. The meeting with Miss Singleton in the woods was wholly accidental—a statement you may or may not believe, as seems proper to you. I told her what I had always concealed—that I loved her. It was the result of sudden feeling, not of sordid calculation, Sir; an hour later I should have asked her hand of her parents. You would have refused. I should have left your house. That is all, Sir; I foresee your reply, an insult. Well, Sir! insult me! strike me! Take advantage

of my weakness, and of the fact that you are her father! I shall not resist, Sir; but woe to this would-be-murderer, my rival!'

"His reply was a passionate outburst. 'False! every word false! No, Sir, you can not trick me! Don't lie there frowning at me, Sir! I say I am not to be wheedled by your falsehoods—the forged explanation of a designing adventurer! And, pray, what do you mean to do now, Sir? Perhaps to inflict chastisement upon *me?*'

"These abrupt words were caused by a movement on my part. Sick with scorn and anger, I left the bed, feeling a supernatural strength, and began to dress myself.

"'And pray what does your lordship design now?' repeated the enraged old man; 'so your sickness was all a sham?'

"'I design leaving your house, Sir,' I replied, faintly, but with inexpressible disdain. 'Were I to stay, your roof would fall and crush me!'

"'And where are you going?' he said, gruffly, but less violently; for I think my miserable weakness shamed the little manhood in him.

"'That is my own affair—any where, so it be out of your house.'

"'Your money shall be sent—'

"'Send nothing, Sir. The bread it bought would choke me!'

"And I went on dressing—feebly, but moving with a strange strength. In fifteen minutes I had completed my toilet, taken my hat, and left the chamber. As I passed Colonel Singleton I saw in his eyes a sullen anger, shame and pity mingled; but he did not arrest me with a word of opposition or apology. At the foot of the great stair-case I staggered from weakness, and, striking against the wall, made my wounded shoulder bleed afresh. By an immense effort I still stood erect, however, and tottered onward, smiling bitterly.

"Then commenced a sort of dream-life. I walked in my sleep, as it were, and saw strange visions. Faint and staggering, I was about to issue from the front door when I was aware of figures crowding around me. One of these figures was that of a young girl, who hastened quickly to my side with a wild, terror-stricken look, unutterably anxious and miserable. In an instant I felt her soft arms around my waist, and my head drooped, like a wounded bird's, on her bare white shoulder. Then, through the mist which enveloped every object, I saw the flushed and angry face of an old man, and the sad, unhappy face of a lady. The man and the woman seemed to carry on a violent altercation for some moments, in the midst of which the bosom upon which my pale forehead leaned was shaken by wild and passionate weeping. Next some servants hastened to me—the young girl fainted in the arms of the elderly lady—and then I was placed in a chariot and driven some miles. Suddenly, in passing a tall gate-way, I recognized the residence of Fitzhugh, and before I knew it I was standing in the fine drawing-room. The master of the mansion entered as though prepared to greet some stranger, but when he saw me started and trembled.

"'What do you wish, Sir?' he said.

"I pointed to two old Revolutionary broadswords, arranged in the form of a trophy on the wall, and muttered hoarsely:

"'I wish to return this wound in my bleeding shoulder, which you treacherously gave me.'

"'Treacherously, Sir!'

"'Yes, treacherously! The swords!'

"And I staggered toward him.

"'Impossible!' he muttered.

"'Coward!' was my answer.

"'I will not fight with you,' the figure seemed to say, retreating as I advanced. 'You look like a ghost, Sir, if you are not one in reality.'

"'The swords! the swords!' was all I could articulate.

"'Sir, I have naught against you,' was the coldly ceremonious reply; 'naught but your greater success with a lady. You have naught against me. The discharge of my gun was wholly accidental, as you may understand from the fact that it wounded Miss Singleton. With that young lady, or her affairs, I have nothing to do. We are no longer enemies, Sir. Go—I will not fight with you. Or, as you are plainly laboring under fever, stay here in my house as long as it may suit your pleasure. I'll not fight with an invalid.'

"My reply to these haughty and ceremonious words was a vague grasp at the swords, which threw me from my balance, and I would have fallen had not the figure caught me. At the same moment the coachman came in hurriedly, and I heard him say that I had ordered him to stop for a moment at Mr. Fitzhugh's. He was anxious about me. His master had bade him convey me to the country tavern near by.

"And thither I was conveyed.

"I lay tossing for a month with a horrible return of my fever, and I had many visions. More than once these visions took the shape of her whom I loved more than my life; and at such times an inexpressible calm diffused itself through my agitated pulses—I lived.

"One day I rose, pale and weak, but grew rapidly stronger. I found my trunk in my apartment, and the landlord delivered me a sum of money from Colonel Singleton, which I sealed up and directed to the parson of the parish—marked 'Charity.' Three days afterward I entered a stage which passed, gave my last piece of money to a servant-maid who had nursed me, and left the place.

"My only treasure was a piece of paper which I had one day found in my clenched hand when I awoke. On this paper was written, in Phœbe's hand, the word 'Forever.'

VI.

"So ended this portion of my life.

"From that moment I became a wanderer in many lands, following many employments such as my education fitted me for. All I desired

was daily bread. 'Tis enough, friend, when it is honestly earned.

"My life had settled down into a tranquil sadness; once only had I reopened my bleeding wounds. It was when I wrote upon a sheet of paper, 'Forever,' inclosed the slip containing the same word in Phœbe's handwriting, and directed it to her at Singleton Hall. Thus I was bound to her, but she was free.

"Then one day, after four long years had passed, I came to this part of the country again. As I passed the old Hall looked forlorn and deserted. I stopped at the tavern where I had lain in my illness. The landlord had quite forgotten me. While I was talking to him a fine equipage drove up, and Fitzhugh descended. He was much stouter; indeed he seemed bloated by over-indulgence in wine. He did not recognize me, and soon departed with his letters, which he had stopped to procure at the wayside post-office.

"In reply to my careless questions in reference to him, the landlord informed me that he was the richest man in all the country, and was going to be married soon to Miss Singleton. 'Miss Singleton?' I asked; 'who was she?' 'Well, she was Colonel Singleton's daughter; he lived at the big house I had passed on the right of the road. He had spent the winter with his daughter in Cuba for her health, and they were coming back in two or three months, when the young lady was going to marry Squire Fitzhugh.' I thanked the landlord for his information, and retired to my apartment.

"Once alone, I gave myself up to the most cruel despair. It may seem strange to you, but as long as I was convinced that Phœbe would never marry I was calm, even happy. But now she was about to become the wife of my rival. When I saw her again, if I ever saw her, she would be *Mrs. Fitzhugh*. The thought goaded me to despair, and, taking a desperate resolution, I determined to go straight to Cuba, demand her hand, and then if I was refused—but I did not resolve further. This, at least, I would do. And now you will ask, why had not I taken this step before? Alas! I know not. True, my whole proceeding was irrational, contradictory, senseless. But when has man acted with consistency? Shakspeare is criticised for the indecision and inconsequence of Hamlet's career. It is inexplicable, we are told. Friend, if it were explicable it would be false to nature. For man is not a rock; he is the foam on the wave, tossed hither and thither by every wind.

"My indecision was conquered by the intelligence I had received. Not for an instant did I imagine that Phœbe had forgotten or proved false to me; and on this conviction I would act. I would go to her father, tell him that I loved her and that she loved me, and ask her hand in marriage. In the far-away land whither they had gone perhaps the prejudices of the home neighborhood would not act so strongly. The love of a faithful heart might move even the callous breast of age and worldliness. At least I would go, and leave the result to Heaven.

"I had means sufficient for my purpose, and, obtaining from the landlord the address of Colonel Singleton in the island, hastened to the sea-board.

"Fortune favored me. On the day after my arrival at the port a quick-sailing bark set out for Cuba, and I stood upon her deck. A full breeze bore the vessel onward like a sea-gull, and we were soon out of sight of land.

VII.

"I come now to a portion of my life—to an event—which I never look back to without a nervous tremor. If my voice trembles, bear with me.

"'God is great!' say the Orientals, summing up their fatalistic doctrine in three words. May He who reads all hearts preserve me from this terrible and awful refuge of despair! But once I was a fatalist.

"To finish with my narrative, however. The bark sped on her voyage, and with every passing hour I discerned more and more the balmy softness of the south, the languid and dreamy influences which hover over the tropics. Stretched upon the matting of the deck I would gaze at the grand sunsets, trace out the brilliant constellations—the Archer, the Great Bear, the Pointers, indicating the eternal guide of mariners—or, lost in dreamy reverie, let my thoughts wander far away to the sunny land where a maiden of the north was roaming amidst orange-blossoms, and musing, it might be, of one who loved her better than his life. Many days thus passed, and we neared the tropics with favoring winds and a clear sky. One morning, however, when I rose, the captain informed me that we would probably have a storm in the course of the day, and advised the passengers to carefully secure their loose effects to prevent injury from the ship's rolling. An old sailor standing near declared, after an examination of the heavens, that the storm would be nearer a 'harricane,' and as the day passed on his prediction seemed about to be realized. The storm grew gradually from a cloud no larger than a man's hand to an immense murky canopy torn by furious winds, and laced with dazzling flashes of lightning. When night came on, the ship was scudding under bare poles before the tempest which every moment increased in fury.

"The greater number of the passengers went below, terrified by the vivid lightnings and the awful crashes of thunder; but a few hung about the hatches with fearful curiosity. I alone remained beside the captain; for in this wild disorder of the elements I experienced a strange pleasure. I followed the rapid and skillful evolutions of the sailors with deep interest; but ere long this interest was directed toward another object with painful intensity. This was a disabled bark, which bore toward us with frightful rapidity, and which every flash of lightning revealed rushing closer and closer—tossed into the air like a leaf, or wallowing like

a wounded animal in the trough of the sea; but ever nearer, nearer!

"I gazed at the unfortunate vessel, which the fury of the tempest had thus left almost a perfect wreck, with gloomy curiosity. One of the masts had been cut away, or had gone by the board; and this huge piece of timber, which hung by a mass of the rigging, beat like an immense battering-ram against the half-submerged gunwale, threatening every instant to stave in the side of the vessel. The deck was filled with sailors and passengers, some of whom had climbed the prow, and clung there in spite of the fury of the waves; and I could almost see the pallor of death upon their features. That pallor was not greater than my own. A strange, wild thought came to me. It seemed to me that more than mortal vision was given me. My heart sank, and then throbbed like an engine. Nearly fainting, I clung to the shrouds, and dashed my hand across my forehead to clear away the horrible imagination which racked me with torture.

"Suddenly I heard the stentorian voice of the captain shouting a quick order to the sailors.

"'What will you do?' I cried, as the disabled bark darted toward us like lightning.

"'Down with the helm! If she strikes us, both are gone!'

"It was too late. Before the helm would obey the wheel a tremendous roar was heard—one of our masts crashed by the board—and then, in the twinkling of an eye it seemed, our cut-water struck the laboring bark midships.

"I was hurled into the tangled rigging of the broken mast; and then, by a blinding flash of lightning, I saw—may Heaven preserve me from another such spectacle!—I saw the ill-fated bark, with its swarm of awe-struck faces, go down; and among those faces—the realization of my wild and horrible fancy—among those faces I saw those of Phœbe, her father, and her mother!

"I can scarcely tell you what passed thereafter. The sight of that delicate form standing upon the deck of the doomed vessel, then the bursting asunder of the bark beneath her feet—this almost deprived me of my senses. One thing I discerned, however, clearly: it was in my power to die with her.

"As the vessels struck I threw myself toward the woman I loved better than my life. I caught a portion of her dress and drew her into my arms. Then the hurricane, with its mighty surges, its thunder, lightning, and wild revel of death, passed over me—a crash, a roar as if the foundations of the earth were rent asunder—and clasping the inanimate form to my heart, an immense wave rolled over me, and I lost consciousness.

"In ten minutes, which seemed as many centuries, I opened my eyes. I was lying on the deck of the bark. Some of the sailors had drawn me on board by a portion of the rigging, which had become twisted around my body—and, with me, they had drawn what my grasp, vice-like as fate, inexorable as death, had clung to and strained to my bosom—the body of a woman!—the form which—

"There, friend—don't mind me. But at times comes this swelling in my throat—I seem to see her again—I—I—you see, friend, a spar had struck her bosom—it was all dabbled with blood—her dress and pure white bosom—and she nestled to me even in death, smiling. I had in my grasp a tress of her hair—that beautiful golden hair—"

As he uttered these broken words the voice of my poor friend faltered and shook, his bosom heaved, and, turning away, he covered his eyes with his hand, from beneath which rolled two large tears. I preserved the silence of sympathy and respect, and in a few moments the anguish of the narrator had spent itself, and he was calm again. He concluded his relation in the following terms:

"You have all now, friend. A few words will fitly terminate this history, in relating which I have experienced a bitter pleasure. With that stormy night ended my life on earth—the only life which is life indeed—the life of the heart. The tempest abated, the ship held her course, and we arrived at our destined port, from which I immediately took ship back to my native land. Ere long I reached this spot; but on the way, as here, I saw nothing but that one image—only that dead woman lying by my side—only the pale sweet face close to my own, with its smile—as it smiled when we committed her to the wandering deep.

"From that southern voyage I brought back but one recollection—this smile; but one memento—the tress of hair which had remained in my hand when I fainted. I stopped before the tavern yonder, and the first face I saw was that of Mr. Fitzhugh.

"'Good-morning, Sir,' I said, calmly. 'I see you do not recollect me.'

"A sudden flash of his eye showed me that my voice had recalled every thing.

"'Perfectly, Sir,' he said, with great hauteur—'Mr. Hastings.'

"'Have you heard lately from Miss Singleton?' I said, inclining.

"'I have not, Sir,' was his reply, in a tone of greater hauteur than before.

"'No wonder,' I added; 'poor thing! she was lost, with all the crew of the vessel in which she sailed, including Mr. and Mrs. Singleton. See, Sir, this is a lock of her hair. I tried to save her.'

"I held the tress up before him: the bright golden ringlet shone in the sunshine. He almost staggered.

"'Sir, are you sane?' he cried, turning as pale as death.

"'Yes,' was my reply. And I related all that had occurred. He left me in silence, and I think he loved her too. A year afterward he died of the saddest intemperance.

"And now, friend, you have my life, such

as it is. I thought I would relate it, for it is an experience unusually sorrowful. Yet I do not mourn—I think I am even content. I came hither and bought this little lodge—I salute, every day, the house in which she lived, remembering happier hours—I kneel by the grave-stone which I have erected yonder in the little family burying-ground, with its simple inscription, 'Phœbe—Forever.' She is with me still.

"I do not complain. All the bitterness of my grief has passed—the sad and soothing recollection of a true woman's love remains. I live here with my hounds and my books—I try to be useful when I can—to be innocent. I know not: I do my best. I wait for the moment when the Master shall call me, and hope to see in heaven her who should have been my wife—who nestled to my bosom in that perilous hour of shipwreck, and died in my arms, resting upon my heart."

Such was the narrative of Henry Hastings. Strange human life!—and sad as strange!

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the villages that whiten the rocky and deeply indented coast of Massachusetts were not as they are now. No telegraph wires stretched above them, and no iron rails ran through them, to drop idlers in their most secret places. Each village was an isolated community, governed by its social necessities. Little visiting passed between it and its neighbors. Now and then one of its young men would stray away, and come back with a strange wife; or a young woman would induce some inhabitant of another region to settle down by her for the sake of marrying her. But the parties were considered foreigners to the day of their death, and then were generally carried back and buried in their native place.

Where I lived there were no Christmas legends. No stories came down to us of the mistletoe bough, the Yule-log, the wassail-bowl, and boar's head. "Baxter's Saint's Rest," and "Edwards on the Will," were the standard books for the old; and we young ones had primers, "The Christian Drummer," "The Penitent Robber," and "Milk for Babes, or a Catechism in Verse." Little Christmas cheer we found in any of them!

On the 25th of December, 1620, English mothers might have wished each other and their children, with a smile and a tear, "Merry Christmas!" At any rate the mild sarcasm was in vogue with us children, their descendants. We rose early in the morning of that day, and clamorously wished "Merry Christmas" to every body. We received many pennies in return, but the pastime was soon over, and the day became as dull as any other day; duller to me, for I was forced to celebrate it after a fashion which my mother, who was a Lady Bountiful, had devised.

She had a list of friends who seldom sat at rich men's feasts. Their sphere was narrow—they were perhaps what Kingsley calls "minute philosophers"—but their hearts were better than the hearts of the heroes which the world has anatomized and impaled in songs and epics. They were alike fervent and impartial on the annual measles and fevers, the corn crop and the religious revival. They could expatiate with equal interest on a birth or a death; whether the child was "marked," or the coffin mahogany!

Christmas, at our house, was set apart for their entertainment; and I, a child, was lugged into the day's duties. If the weather was fine the day before, my mother sent me in the chaise, with Bill, our hired man, for a driver, with the invitations. They were always accepted, for they were always expected.

From year to year the party changed. One of the old people in the interval might die, but a new member would be added, and the list was always full. As it is with the king who never dies, so with the poor. They die! They live! I remember all those festivals. But here is one in its particulars.

Invitations had been sent to Miss Polly Le Brun; to the widow Chandos and her sister, Miss Carter; to Mrs. Saunders; to Jane Buck, and her grandfather, Mr. John Buck; and George Washington Jones.

The day began well for me. Mother had given me a bead work-bag, in blue and red, as a reward for the merit she expected me to attain before night. It was hilarious weather. A white frost cobwebbed the frozen ground; the passing wheels chinked a pleasant music as they rolled through the ridged ruts; and horses and oxen were enveloped in powdery clouds of vapor. The old red barn glistened with sun and frost, and the gray walls of the house looked modestly glad. It was very cold, and log fires of oak and birch were snapping and blazing in the lower rooms. All the rocking chairs in the house were ranged round the parlor hearth, their chintz-covered cushions well shaken and their frills smoothed. Two new snuff-boxes—with beautiful pictures of the Prodigal Son, in a blue dress coat and knee breeches; and Joseph and his Brethren, all respectably dressed—filled, one with yellow snuff, the other with black, had been placed on the mantle-shelf. The kitchen chamber had been arranged for me and for what mother called "my company"—to wit, Jane Buck and George W. Jones, both of whom were young people. The kitchen was well cleaned, for chance visitors were expected there; and sundry bundles were piled up in the buttery waiting their arrival. Mother and I were dressed and ready for the company. She had on a dark merino dress, with sleeves very full at the shoulder, and wadded, and tight to the arm from the elbow to the wrist; a long, full, black silk apron; and a lace handkerchief tucked about her throat. Her beautiful hair was simply twisted, and held up by a huge fan-topped comb of filagreed tortoise-shell. I wore a claret-colored glazed woolen frock, trimmed with gilt buttons, and a high-necked white cam-

bric apron. My hair was "shingled," and the white skin contrasted with the short black bristles. Mother had sent Bill with "Old Gray" and the yellow-bottomed chaise for the guests; and by half past ten they had all arrived.

Miss Polly Le Brun came first, as she lived the greatest distance from us. She was arrayed in a black satin bonnet, trimmed with great bows, and a somewhat frayed black silk cloak. Underneath it was a bright figured coarse calico dress, fashionably made. She wore high-heeled morocco shoes, and her feet were very small. She was a favorite at our house, and generally staid with us a few weeks every winter. Miss Polly was a decayed gentlewoman, and had connections which were her pride. She had traveled too, for in her younger years she had visited rich relatives in Connecticut and Maine. These visits were the romance of Miss Polly's innocent life. She had picked up bits of family history—a love affair or so, and some tragic morsels that she never was tired of repeating to me after we retired at night; for it was my privilege to sleep with Miss Polly, and I was never tired of hearing her, although I generally fell asleep in the middle of each story. She was very small in person, and very neat. How she contrived to dress herself nicely, for six weeks together, with the contents of a small blue-and-white cotton handkerchief, which comprised her baggage, was a great mystery to me. Her nose looked like the beak of a parrot, and her breath whistled through it very loudly when her mouth was shut; her finger nails were always in a moulting condition. Nobody enjoyed our dinners more than Miss Polly. She was the kindest-hearted creature in the world, but she could not help feeling superior to the rest of our visitors.

Mrs. Chandos came next, with her maiden sister, Carter. Mrs. Chandos was a large, coarse-featured woman. She wore list shoes, and made no more noise than a cat in walking. The sisters were dressed alike in mourning calico, with white streaks running over the ground like lightning. They wore stiff muslin caps, bound on with black ribbon. Miss Carter was an echo of Mrs. Chandos. When she said "Yes," Miss Carter said "Yes" too. And if one laughed, so did the other. They were always knitting mixed yarn, and I had to wear the shapeless stockings—and ugly enough they were. Mrs. Chandos seated herself in the best corner, adjusted her knitting sheath, and took snuff—not by smelling it, but by laying it up in large pinches inside her nose. She then said to mother, "This ere is the tenth Christmas, marm. Your father, that helped my old man to his pension, invited me to his house just ten Christmas-days, too; and then he died, good as he was. Lord-a-marcy! how much better the punkins were then than they are nowadays!" Miss Carter said "the punkins were dreadful poor nowadays; but the squire's garden sarse always tasted better than other folks'." Mother sent to the corn-house for a specimen of the great Cape Horn squash to show them. She told them that the kind of squash was as good as the ancient pumpkin, and that they should have some of the seed to sow in their garden patch. Said patch was nearly as large as a bed-blanket, and its space was much encroached on by the old well, whose sweep towered above their humble roof. "The marvelous man!" said Mrs. Chandos; "what won't they have next!" and "*What* won't they have next!" said Miss Carter. I left them simmering in happiness, and went in search of Mrs. Saunders. I found her in the kitchen. Good Mrs. Saunders! Thou wert a noble and patient martyr! Were I a Catholic I should call thee Saint Saunders! What a nice smell of pennyroyal and spear-mint there was about her! Even when she came in the spring to make our annual mess of soft soap, and dabbled in bones and ashes, and hung over the witch-like caldron, the herby smell never quite left her. "It hung round her still." With what tenderness she called me her "little dear!" and smoothed, or tried to smooth, my stubbed hair with her hard hands. She felt any kindness shown her, and tried to repay it. She had brought my mother some little presents from her two or three starveling acres which she tried to take care of herself, while her lazy, ugly husband smoked his pipe and hiccoughed, the day through, on the old settle in their red-raftered kitchen. The presents were lumps of turpentine in clam-shells, which she said was good for inflammation and bruises, and for drafts for the feet when any of us had a fever, which the Lord forbid! and turkeys' wings, bound with red flannel, which she thought would save boughten brooms, and answer for sweeping the ashes in the chimney corner. A few gnarled sour apples and some sweet herbs completed the gift. Mrs. Saunders wore a blue woolen gown, spun and dyed by herself. Her gray hair was not covered by a cap. Her face shone with soap and water; and she beamed all over with goodness. She tried to conceal her cares and troubles, and met every eye with a smile. She had only two long eye-teeth to show her friends; and the contrast between her forced smile and her care-worn face was indeed pitiable. She would not sit in the parlor, but wanted to help in the kitchen, and was very much in every body's way, she was so flurried and anxious. Old Mr. Buck, the miller, was there too, and was regaling himself with cheese and gingerbread, his favorite relish. He was a captious old man, and found great fault with the "select men" of the town. "They didn't do right, according to Scriptur." George Washington Jones had not ventured from his chair by the door. In case of any great embarrassment he could rush out. He was a lad of twenty, the son of a brutal father, who had nearly cuffed his wits out. Mother presented him with a two-bladed jack-knife soon after he came, and he changed it from pocket to pocket continually; he was so delighted with it, he was

almost miserable. Jane Buck I carried up stairs, and placed in a chair by the fire. She was in a chilly condition; her fingers were long and red, her face pinched and blue, and her figure drawn up as if she were in misery. Her hair was almost white, and tied so tight at the back of her head that its roots round her forehead were turned into pimples. She wore a new red-and-yellow calico frock, and a little shawl was pinned over her shoulders.

I brought out my small dishes and all my treasures, but she yawned over them. I could detect no expression of interest in her face, except when the fire blazed up a little higher, and her hands, which she held over the blaze, turned still redder with the heat. No one had ever told me that the poor girl was half demented; but I had the feeling which children always have for that class of unfortunates. She was repulsive to me; but I did my best to amuse her, although I thought it very hard on my mother's part to expect so much of me.

I was in despair, and on the point of crying, when the thought struck me of inviting George Washington up stairs. I found him in the barnyard, whittling. He accepted my invitation reluctantly. Jane blushed a little when he came in; he dropped his hat under his chair, and giggled. He eyed my playthings with contempt, and said, "Them's for little gals." He offered Jane a red apple, but she shook her head; so he took a great bite from it and put it back in his pocket. He edged up to the fire by degrees, and kicked the brands spitefully, and then grew talkative, and finally succeeded in interesting Jane in an account of what he called a "blind bile," which he had had on his arm, and which kept him from hunting rabbits for a month.

I was glad when we were called down to dinner. It was all arranged on the table at once. There was chicken stew and chicken pie, a roasted goose and spare rib. The vegetables were mashed, and the sauces very strong and sweet. We had for dessert boiled custards, apple-dumplings, dried fruit stewed in sugar, and currant and elderberry wine.

Gran'ther Buck and Jane sat together. Mrs. Saunders sat as far back from the table as she dared to without the fear of toppling from her chair, and losing her dinner between the table and her mouth. George Washington held up his knife and fork, resting the handles on the cloth. Mrs. Chandos and Miss Carter looked solemn and longing, and Miss Polly watched my mother, eager to help her, as she was the carver and waiter. It was pleasant to see the hunger of the company. Gran'ther Buck, the edge of whose appetite had been dulled by his relish of cheese and gingerbread, was very polite, and handed the dishes about unremittingly, upsetting one now and then. Mrs. Chandos and Miss Carter accepted every thing, and Mrs. Saunders refused every thing. She had no occasion for any thing, she said; but she ate all that my mother quietly put on her plate.

"Gran'ther," said Jane Buck, "the mill's going to-day; I hear it."

"She's a poor creetur," said Gran'ther, apologetically, from behind a chicken leg.

Miss Polly made a hasty motion, and laid her knife down; but she caught my mother's pitying eye, and took it up again.

"Marm," said George Washington, "gimme more cramberry sarse. I'm going to Nickerson's Swamp next week, and I'll fetch you a peck on 'em." And, "Marm, would you like a skunk? Dad says they are better'n goose when they are stuffed with sage and innions, and apple sarse goes along."

Mother said she would like the cranberries, but declined the skunk.

Mrs. Chandos asked mother if she had forgotten how to make Injun meal dumplings; they ought to have been in the chicken stew, she said, instead of flour dumplings. Still, Mrs. Chandos had eaten heartily of the light crust which composed part of the stew.

"I am sure, Marm, you have got plenty of yeller meal," said Gran'ther, "for your Bill took away ten bags yesterday from my mill. But corn ain't what it used to be; it's only fit for creeturs' feed."

The dinner was finished at last. They all rose together, and put their chairs against the wall, and then looked at mother. She told them that at five o'clock tea would be ready; in the mean time they must make themselves comfortable.

Miss Polly, who, like most mercurial people, needed little naps, went up stairs to indulge herself with one. Mrs. Chandos went into the parlor, followed by Miss Carter; they resumed their knitting.

Gran'ther and George strolled off somewhere to take a nap—probably in the hay-mow—and Mrs. Saunders went into the kitchen to help wash the dishes. I begged mother to send for one of my schoolmates to come and pass the afternoon with me. She consented; and when Emma came we went up stairs together with Jane Buck, and our play amused the poor girl. When we got tired of playing (it was after four o'clock, and the shade of evening was creeping over the house), Jane Buck was snoring in her chair, and Emma and I went down stairs. Mrs. Saunders was in the kitchen fanning herself with a turkey's wing, and mother was cutting out some garments for her to take home and make up. I went into the parlor. Miss Carter was by the window. She nodded her head toward Mrs. Chandos, not wishing me to disturb her. I looked at Mrs. Chandos, and felt impelled to get near her. Her eyes were wide open, and her hands were clenched; her yarn was broken, the ball had rolled on the floor; the snuff-box had fallen from her lap, and the spilled snuff made me sneeze violently. But Mrs. Chandos did not stir—she was dead! I looked at Miss Carter. She caught my scared eyes and came forward quickly. The sight broke her heart, but she made no noise; she

only wrung her withered hands, and then she picked up the ball of yarn and tried to wind it again. I called my mother. She gently led Miss Carter from the room, and all that could be done was done for the bereaved woman. She died before the next Christmas, and the family, whose name was in the "Memorial," became extinct.

Miss Polly hurried down stairs, full of compassion, but with a look which seemed to say, "What could we expect? she was so very old!" But Miss Polly was only three years younger than Mrs. Chandos!

Gran'ther Buck wiped his forehead when my mother told him of Mrs. Chandos's death.

"John Chandos was a good Christian man, though he *was* fond of Hollands; but I guess Mrs. Chandos will meet him in the 'fields beyond the swelling flood.'"

Gran'ther enjoyed his tea, drinking four cups scalding hot, and eating much sweet-cake. Poor Jane trembled with fear, but she brightened up when mother gave her a new bed blanket with a red rose in each corner. Mrs. Saunders went home crying with thankfulness.

And so ended our Christmas Party. Before I went to bed that night mother asked me if I did not think it a happiness to be able to bestow pleasure on those poor friends of hers? I said I was very tired of Jane Buck, and asked her when she thought Gran'ther Buck would die? Whereat she smiled, and sent me to bed. And I heard that night the story of cousin Nancy's marriage, and her bridal present of a silver porringer from Miss Polly.

HINTS ON SELF-CULTURE.

SELF-CULTURE consists in the growth and enlargement of our spiritual nature. If mind is the distinctive attribute of man, the capacity of that mind for self-cultivation is its most characteristic feature. Our Creator has given us great faculties. They are instinct with his life; they bear his image; but in themselves they are mere germs that need wisdom, effort, and watchfulness to secure fullness, harmony, and success of action. Insensibly to ourselves, and without the exercise of voluntary power, it is possible for these faculties to attain a certain measure of development. This degree of expansion, however, is so limited and imperfect as not to interfere with the general law of self-culture. Indeed, it sets forth the fact more prominently that the steady, earnest use of means, sanctioned by the judgment and supported by the will, is the divine method for our advancement. When we see that the mind expands in seasons of unconsciousness—that even dreams perform a mysterious office in arousing latent susceptibilities of the soul or in quickening the spirit of some decaying truth—there is not, in reality, an exception to the law of self-culture. Had not the energy of the will and other active functions of the soul been previously excited and disciplined, we have no ground to suppose that this kind of unconscious growth would have been within the scope of experience. On this subject Nature has not left us in doubt. As God's representative she emphatically utters his will, teaching us that our spiritual faculties are committed to us in stewardship, and that the main purpose of life is to cultivate them for their worth to our personal being, for their service to humanity, for the glory of our Maker.

Accepting this truth, it is well for us to pause on the threshold of so important a discussion and cast our eyes over the range before us. It is the province of self-culture to determine what we shall be; what rank among thinking, acting, moral agents we shall assume; what obstacles shall be removed, what triumphs secured, what immortal glories won. No humbler task is devolved upon it than the execution of God's will as respects the growth of strength and purity in the soul. Whether it shall enrich itself with the treasures of truth, beauty, and goodness in the universe, or sink into eternal bankruptcy—this is the issue to be made, the problem for a life-long solution. Can we conceive of any outward trust so solemn, so momentous? Were we invested with the office of an archangel; were we ordained to exercise a watchful superintendence over a section of God's universe; were the bloom and blessedness of many worlds suspended on our skill—that would not compare with the work assigned us. For no external relation can equal in depth, intensity, and grandeur those nearer and dearer ties that bind the soul to the infinite and eternal. Self-culture looks to the soul as the greatest of created objects. For it, all things exist. For it, stars hold their courses and systems revolve around the throne of Jehovah. For it, Christ died. Taking this broad view of its trust, self-culture, if faithful to its responsibility, embraces all duties, interests, and aims within its grasp. Nothing is too low, nothing too high, to escape its eye. All forms of matter know it as their rightful master, and hasten to yield it service. It is the kingly authority of mind laying its taxes on the whole field of creation, and reaping a revenue that shall add to the magnificence of eternity.

Viewed, then, in this light, self-culture covers the whole scope of intellectual, moral, and religious effort. It involves whatever acts on thought, sentiment, will, taste, affection. It concerns the sensibilities and the conscience. Over what a surface are its means extended! To correspond with the dignity of the work, self-culture has been denied nothing that can promote its end. Divided as material nature is into various departments, and distributed through many shapes of effective instrumentality, they all meet—in their relation to this work—as in a centre, and, with perfect unity, co-operate to accomplish it. The dew-drop and the ocean, the atom and the world, the sphere and the system, science and art, history, philosophy, poetry, experience, religion—all bring their resources into this common treasury. Self-culture, therefore, must be regarded as the chief end of human life. Knowledge, virtue, good-

ness, are not mere conditions of mind, but personal attainments wrought into the texture of our being—made our own breath and blood—by the assimilative processes that self-culture maintains. It is not the abstract idea of knowledge, virtue, goodness, that the imagination is here fixed on; it is these things as our property—elements and constituents of our existence—that we appreciate. Hence, along with the sentiment of veneration for these immortal qualities, there comes another sentiment no less beautiful and inspiring. That sentiment is the feeling of an energetic will, of a mighty struggle, of hardships endured, of antagonistic circumstances subdued, of a resolute and unyielding force calmly and patiently put forth in securing these acquirements.

Every man who devotes himself to the work of self-culture ought to possess his mind with such views as shall fortify him against discouragement and defeat. Obstacles he must encounter, dangers he must meet, sorrow and suffering he must experience. Apart from these no discipline can be complete, no strength developed. But, on the other hand, he must remember that his Creator has bestowed on him a plenitude of power to perform the task. Looking within himself, he finds a soul conscious of a capacity not to be measured. The more this consciousness is cultivated by inward thought, the more acute and intense is its idea of the possible enlargement of its being. Every accession to its knowledge enhances the power of knowing. Every result of experience absorbed into the soul swells the conception of attainability. Thus the faculties of the mind are not only invigorated, but the consciousness that presides over all their functions, and momentarily feeds them with its own vital force, is also quickened into more vigorous activity.

To cultivate ourselves thoroughly and properly, we must devote time and effort to the education of consciousness. By this we mean that the instinct of the soul itself—the instinct of a spiritual existence superior to all its functional exercises, and grander than all its manifested forms—the instinct to which Nature, Life, and Religion make their appeal—is to be strengthened and perfected. The idea of what the soul is—what it is capable of becoming—what it may realize by virtue of the freedom and glory of its inherent spirituality; this central idea is to be brought out into clear, ample, inspiring recognition. And when that is done its rightful authority is to be acknowledged. The nature of this sentiment is such as to give it a commanding power over the operations of the mind, and subordinate every outward agency to its firm sway. It is just here that so much self-culture is defective. The roots of progress do not penetrate sufficiently deep into consciousness. One faculty and another of intellect are cultivated; this or that function is adequately discharged; but the all-pervading temper of a spiritual being is wanting. Knowledge stops short of its end. Experience touches only the surface. The depths of vitality in the soul are not reached. And men become shrewd men, sharp men, competent and available men; but it is all at the expense of the soul. True culture is a different thing. Every step in its progress deepens the assurance of the native grandeur of the soul, and gives a more piercing insight into the vastness of its birth-right. A genuine experience does not rest complacently in a well-poised judgment, a mathematical accuracy of perception, a firmly-braced will, and an executive energy that goes boldly and straight to the determined mark. Faculty and force can not satisfy its demands. Behind all is the sovereign soul, conscious of an infinite stretch beyond these narrow limits, and scorning to be imprisoned within the boundaries of a practiced skill, a delicate tact, a masterly common sense, and nicely-fitted habits.

How, then, does self-culture act on this great reserved force of consciousness? It takes hold of the primal feelings of the soul in its relations to truth, beauty, power, love, and goodness. It throbs a mighty heart into its silent and solitary communings with the universe, that finds its counterpart every where amidst the magnitude and splendor of God's works. In joy, it awakens strange thoughts that tremble through the brain, and stranger feelings that flow forth in tears. In sorrow, it is not crushed, for it has faith in the sorrow that God sends, and it calmly hopes in the awaiting sunshine. Every man of profound experience knows that much of his knowledge penetrates deeper than the faculties that strive to use it. Indeed no small part of it is left unused, so far as outward practicalness is concerned. And feeling transcends faculty still more. Words fail, acts fail to embody any thing beyond a fragmentary portion of our nature. The capacity of the soul is adapted to an ideal life, which, although in unison with the real life around us, yet far overleaps its stern, cramped limitations. Are these hidden agencies lost? If the best part of all we have learned—if the divinest fruits of toil and trial—if the priceless wealth of experience can not be converted into commodities to enrich the world, are they therefore useless and vain? No; the growth of consciousness is worth more than external service. It is a nobler growth than the maturing of intellectual faculties and the perfecting of their social service. To be a man in the hush of the soul beneath the pressure of Infinity—to be a man in the silent, rapturous attitude of thought and sensibility in their heaven-ward look toward God and his Christ—is greater than any exhibition of the purest and truest self to the world. This is the greatness which springs from the growth of consciousness, and all forms of outward manifestation are but faint types of its inward grandeur.

A man ought to enter on the work of self-culture with the conviction that his Creator has given him more power in this direction than in any other. The facts of human life, no less than the principles of religion, sustain and con-

firm the truth of this sentiment. Placed amidst the economy of material nature to perform the two-fold office of supporting our animal existence and contributing to the abatement of the curse on the earth, in so far as Providence contemplates its diminution, man is favored with such aids and auxiliaries as make him competent to subdue the world and enjoy the utmost of its advantages. It is not merely to be a home for his physical and social being. It is to be a home suitable to his probationary condition, a theatre for the exertion of the high attributes of a redeemed spirit, a "*footstool*" to the Throne of Grace. Viewing man in this aspect, we behold him furnished with the amplest endowment of means to gratify his earthly wants. Labor, directed by intelligence, secures its ends, and material nature obeys its mandate as if man were the vicegerent of God. Winds and waters serve him. The exhaling moisture and the returning dew alike fulfill his purpose. And at every step of progress he avails himself of a yet remoter agency, a more recondite fact, a more subtle law, to execute the decrees of his earthly sovereignty. The humblest mechanic now wields a mightier power, by means of machinery, than the kings and queens of antiquity ever exerted, and a factory-boy can perform a task that would have startled Greece and Rome as a miracle of skillful strength. Admit all this; but still the truth stands out that man is a greater agent, working on the materials of his own nature, forming himself in the likeness of Infinite Beauty, training his intellect and affections to the nobility of a redeemed character, than in any of his triumphs over the outward world. The progress of a single mind from childhood to age, if it fulfill the divine plan, presents wider extremes of contrast and suggests the completeness of success much more than all the material advancement made from the rude ages until the nineteenth century. Boast as we may of steam-engines and lightning-telegraphs, the primer of the infant, a nursery-song, a simple token of a work within the soul, is a prouder vindication of man's nature than the wisdom of design and adaptation which they display. Man changes the forest-trees into a habitation of beauty, transforms cotton and wool into clothing, multiplies wonders more rapidly than trade and commerce can diffuse them; and yet, in an hour of thoughtful meditation, of earnest self-searching, of profound moral abasement, he experiences a greater change, and walks forth among his fellows a more impressive wonder than the whole realm of materialism can show. For whatever he does in the outward world bears his earthly image, but the work within his mind is stamped with the image of the Infinite. In the former we call him mechanic, inventor, artist; in the latter we discard the terms designative of genius, and borrow such titles as distinguish the hierarchies of immortality.

But it is not sufficient to feel the presence of a divinely-granted power to effect the work of self-culture. Wisdom is needed to direct its use. There must be a clear, distinct perception of the end to be attained and the means requisite to reach it. What, then, is the true theory of self-culture? A short answer might be given to this question by stating that self-culture consists in the development of the mental faculties in relation to their appropriate objects. No doubt this is true. But it is a partial view of the subject. No discipline, and no perfection of faculty, as such, can meet the claims of a philosophic and spiritual self-culture. Nevertheless this sort of functional education has a great office to fulfill in the history of mental growth, and especially, as a preparatory means of culture, it is invaluable. We know that mathematics and metaphysics cultivate the reasoning faculty. We also know that poetry and other arts appeal to the imagination. There are facts in life that address the sensibilities; while other facts concern us as common-sense, prudential, everyday people. But one should never forget that he has much more to do than to improve a particular faculty. It is not the abstract intellect, trained to discern truth; nor the imaginative intellect, able to perceive and enjoy beauty; nor the expressive intellect, rich in the gifts of a manifold utterance, that can, by itself, constitute him a large and liberal-minded man. Any one of these forms of intellect may give him a specific value in accordance with the scale of appreciation which the world sees fit to apply to talent and genius. True culture looks beyond the utility that fixes the marketable price of brains, and it has a nobler impulse than to make an almanac, grace a college-chair, or fill a place in the world's eye. It feels that mind has higher uses than to get daily bread for the body and serve the purposes of economy and thrift. In the same spirit it aims at something more than the favorable opinions of mankind. Neither worldly success nor worldly distinction is undervalued or neglected, but it rests on the conviction that the soul has an infinitely grander work to perform than to nurse the animal structure or gratify the tastes of society. And in this moral temper it strives to improve the intellect by disciplining all its faculties, by elevating its range of contemplation, by habituating it to communion with great objects. It values facts not for what they are, but because they conduct to principles more valuable than themselves. It lifts itself above the narrow, the local, the minute. It delights in broad, comprehensive ideas; and in a philosophy that seeks to embrace all science, in a philanthropy world-wide and world-encircling, it rejoices with exceeding joy.

The man of true culture is a man in all his faculties. He has insight, reason, imagination, sensibility, conscience, affection. All these are fresh, vigorous, active within him by virtue of the general spirit of intellectual life which animates and informs them. His aim is to develop himself, and in working to this end the whole intellect shares in the sympathy and strength

of a growing nature. On intellect alone he would rely in nothing. He is not a thinking machine, but a thinking soul. To be a calculating piece of apparatus does not satisfy his aspirations in mathematics; nor can he be content to reduce his logical power to the mercantile level of a "counterfeit detector" of bad bank-bills and base coin. A vital spirit he will have in every thing. Taught by experience how fallacious the best reasoning may be that is the product of mere intellect; taught, too, that even beauty changes into deformity if it be simply the creature of imagination, and that conscience easily degenerates into superstition when deprived of the aid of other inward functions; knowing and feeling these spiritual facts, he must carry a great, genial, purified heart into all the operations of the understanding, into every search after truth, into every pursuit of life.

Now this is certainly the method of culture which Nature indicates. It is not its aim to form a handicraftsman of intellect that shall win no higher praise than dexterity, sagaciousness, tact. Good mathematicians, annalists, metaphysicians, artists, are not its heroes and saints. On them and their works it lays no superlative stress. Hence Nature is no formalist. It refuses to put things together in such systematic order as would please our devotees of mechanical mind. Whenever it appeals to the intellect, it is not to the intellect only, nor is it to the intellect for its own sake. But it addresses the whole being of man; and as in what we eat there is a provision for bone, muscle, nerve, blood, and brain, so in its action on thought there is a subtle spirit in its agency that vivifies and strengthens every portion of our character and constitution. Where it offers poetry, there it offers philosophy. Where it has a record of the past, there it has a prophecy of the future. It is no separatist; it tolerates no divorce; it offers to the eye a vast spectacle of unity; and such as it is in itself it is in its influence, calling out the entire mind to its companionship, and stimulating the different organs of sense as well as the various faculties of the intellect to accompany one another in their action. The eye loves the association of the ear. Reason welcomes the fellowship of imagination, and in all the higher class of minds, such as Plato, Shakspeare, Milton in literature, Burke and Webster in statesmanship, they are always found side by side to aid and invigorate each other.

But men love to disintegrate. They must put up truths and facts in parcels, and label them according to their idea of use and value. We try to arrange Nature as we do our libraries—such an alcove for history, the next for law, a third for theology. But Nature will not be forced. Here are the dew-drops; you can frame a system of physical philosophy out of them, and then a beautiful poem. Here are flowers; science turns them to economic advantage, art ministers to the luxury of the rich and to the sufferings of the poor with them, while the Great Teacher finds images for his gospel in their frail loveliness. Nature studies completeness in presenting its phenomena to the mind; and no man can be on fair terms with it, as an instrumentality of culture, except every thing within him respond to its approach.

And how forcibly this method is illustrated in the Bible! Paul never writes as a mere logician. Amidst his closest and compactest arguments how often the great heart, stirred by the pathetic mystery of the Cross, sends a pulsating thrill through the fingers that guide the pen! And if we take the finest specimens of his thought and style—such, for instance, as his speech on Mars Hill, or his eloquent summary of the fruits of charity—we are instantly struck with the fact that no one faculty of the mind more than another is exercised in receiving their wisdom and appreciating their excellence. John, the beloved disciple, is a perfect exemplification of the same law of mind. He is in full contact with the reader. Intellect and affection, reason and sentiment, are summoned into his presence and held under his sway. No one faculty is excited, but the whole nature is moved. With him argument embraces appeal; tenderness blends with strength. The childhood of the kingdom of heaven breathes through that manly voice which proclaims the majesty of love; and the head that lay on the heart of Jesus when the pressure of the world's guilt was there, caught its mighty throb and prolonged its pulses in all its eloquence.

If we would cultivate our minds aright, the methods prescribed by nature and religion must be adopted. And in advance of our efforts we must first have correct views of intellectual power. Too many suppose that intellectual power is located in a fine memory, in a brilliant imagination, in command of language, or extent of knowledge. And so it would be if a beautiful eye were equivalent to a handsome face, or if a good stomach were the necessary consequence of healthy lungs. Strength in one faculty is frequently at the expense of other faculties, like those trees in which an overgrown branch enfeebles the vigor and destroys the symmetry of the remaining boughs. The aim of nature and religion is to build up a force of mind that may distribute itself through any faculty, flow out in any channel, reach any end that is desired. Hence, as culture progresses, the more distinct and definite forms of faculty lose their prominence. We have the clear, convincing reason, but not in mechanical shape and logical routine. So, too, we have beauty and sublimity; but the imagination, in its appreciative or creating offices, disguises itself as a subtle, diffused element, and while its energy is not abated, it yet seems to operate through the other functions of the intellect rather than adhere to its earlier modes of action. The tendency of all sound culture is in this direction; and although it is only the privilege of the select few to attain it fully, yet the instinct of progress is steadily toward it. How little of

the mere dialectician appears in Chalmers, Hall, Burke! How these men transcend the scholastic forms of thought, and seize the great substance for which these meagre signs stand! And if we recur to Demosthenes, what an instant degradation to his intellect should we feel if, instead of the combined force of argument, demonstration, impulse, we had the precise and graceful evolutions that oration-mongers delight to practice?

Our study, then, should be to get at the heart of things, and not rest in their outward shapes. A fact appeals to the understanding. Is it to penetrate no deeper than the comprehending faculty? Is it exhausted when it is received, measured, classified? Facts degrade the mind, if they do nothing more than report the phenomena of materialism and life. They are to advance farther than the outer court of the soul; their best work just begins when the utilities of intellect have been answered. The same truth governs the imagination. Our books teach that the object of images is to give pleasure. Is pleasure the final law of mind? Is there nothing behind the beauty? And is not beauty itself but the passing expression of something more beautiful? If beauty be rested in for its own sake or for the sake of pleasure, it may sensualize the mind, and rob the Creator to magnify the creature. Thus the world is full of the idolatry of facts and the idolatry of beauty. The practical reason and the active fancy are made the slavish ministers to an intellect seeking its own good and rejoicing in its own glory. But God's law rises supreme above all such groveling ways. True culture abides by that law; for it is a law of thought as well as of action. It is a law for the growth of wisdom, no less than for the performance of work. Culture obeys its mandate. Wherever it finds a fact, whether in the clod, in the grass, in gravitation, in electricity, in statesmanship, in literature, it accepts its earthly significance, puts it to economic uses, organizes it in science or morals. But this is not the end. It sinks deeper than the intellect; and, absorbed into the soul, is made the means of lifting it nearer toward the Infinite. Beauty, if faithful to its instinct, follows the same ascending path. Viewed in its relation to mere art, it is earthliness in an attractive garb; it is carnality, separated from grossness, but carnality still in its essential features. But let beauty be taken in connection with the soul; let its office for the intellect be simply a preparation, a girding up of its strength, a flowering forth of its charms for the soul itself; let the image shining in the sky, glistening in the dew-drop, whispering in the wind, deliver the thought, and then inspire prayer and praise with a more wondrous meaning and a diviner rapture, and beauty is transfigured into one of the elect servants of piety, and fulfills an apostleship for Christ.

Let it not be forgotten that the culture of intellect, with reference to its own powers and its practical use in the business and social aspects of life, is one thing, and its culture, viewed in its bearing on the soul, is another thing. We must keep this broad distinction in the foreground of all our thoughts, else our efforts to improve will lack the element of vitality. Nor is it possible for us to attach too much importance to this truth, lying as it does at the root of a rational, consistent, Christian theory of human nature. Culture of the intellect for its own sake proceeds on a false and corrupting idea. It embodies a selfishness that shuts up a noble part of our spiritual being within limits, forbidding all freedom of sympathy and breadth of sensibility. It lowers the mind to the level of a worldly instrument for worldly ends. A man who adopts and acts upon it can never rise above his trade or profession. He may become an adept in his work, make money, attain distinction, but how far superior is he, estimated by the standard of moral excellence, to the dog that churns the butter or the horse grinding the bark? When one's business shows no other productiveness than outward gains, what more has he done than the clods of the field are doing every season? Now it is this use of intellect that characterizes most of the culture of the day. Trades and professions, high and low, learned and unlearned, are actuated by the same spirit. Prudence is mere thrift. Common sense is another name for the instinct that takes the ox or the ass to his master's crib. Tact consists in a quick glance of the eye, a fast step, and a long-fingered hand. Even the higher movements of the age are vitiated by the same sentiment. Three-fourths of the arguments and appeals with which American mind is plied on the subject of education have reference solely to education as a means of temporal prosperity. And many people value godliness more for its promise of the life that now is than for that which is to come.

True culture is actuated by a different motive. It holds the intellect, in all things, subordinate to the soul. Whether that intellect is devoted to trade or literature, whether it concerns itself with mechanical or professional pursuits, whether it writes books or merely reads them, it appreciates skill, knowledge, experience, talent, genius, by its worth to spiritual life. Not that it is unmindful of humbler interests. It values the daily virtues of industry, sagacity, and economy; and if these are not engraven on "tables of stone," it is because they are stamped on all objects around us. Six days of the week preach them. But its faith declares that worldly wisdom needs the presence and power of the spiritual, the infinite, the eternal, to preserve it from decay and death. The knowledge and discipline acquired in contact with men and things, if turned to best account in point of temporal advantages, are yet more valuable in moral use. Business quickens sagacity, opens the mind to instantaneousness of impression, trains to ready action, and establishes a most solid relationship between outward things and inward sentiments. Social ties, ex-

tending over a broader surface and penetrating far deeper into the heart, work to a higher end. The former give to the latter strength and substantialness; the latter give to the former grace and sensibility. But business and society can not employ the ability which they create. The highest wisdom of its highest men it can not make available. Indeed it can not find occupancy and scope for inferior talents. There is always a surplusage of mind that capital, commerce, government confesses its inability to use. Why is this? Why does providence ordain the world to be a means of development, and then, as seemingly dissatisfied with its own plans, refuse to let it gratify the taste, sensibility, power, which it has awakened and formed? Every year the materials of character, of force, of mighty manhood, are produced in greater abundance than all the agencies and activities of the world can engage in their service. Nature delights in mental fertility as well as in material abundance. The counterpart of the luxuriant forest and the teeming plain, of ocean, air, and firmament, crowded with the tokens of overflowing bounty, exists in the spiritual world. Why this apparent waste? Why this vast contrast between possibility and reality? Why are we awakened to a far deeper sense of power in consciousness than of power in action? Why is every sentiment so much more intensified as a sentiment than as a source of outward influence? Why is the soul grander than its revealed life? Providence is in this as in every thing. By such sure signs we are taught that nothing earthly or human can have more than a partial and imperfect agency in awakening and controlling the immortal mind; and furthermore, that when this spiritual principle, trained to a sense of its high offices, seeks to expend itself in work worthy of its grandeur, it is at last driven back on its consciousness of a divine end, on its own heavenward aims and aspirations as the original and final sphere of thought and action. If, therefore, our culture of intellect terminate in intellect, it is a vain and feeble thing, destitute of all genuine vitality, doomed to disappointment and death. What nature teaches must raise us above nature. If by means of knowledge and experience thought and feeling are elevated and chastened, they must in turn elevate and chasten the manhood of our being. The future mind lies latent in the heart; and hence no culture of the intellectual faculties can reach the great fountain of growth. Progress has its reason and end in the moral nature, and intellect depends for its capacity of expansion on sentiment and affection. Nothing is really truth to us until it passes through the intellect and penetrates the very soul. Nothing from without becomes a power within until it enthrones itself in the centre of our nature and blends with the moral majesty of our being. Short of this it must not stop, else the benefit is lost. A book is mere paper if it fail to enter into character. Science, art, philosophy, are childish amusements unless they enlarge and ennoble the spirit, teaching it to be more spiritual. Men may idolize the intellect; but the soul, robbed of its rights, will punish the pride that invades its sovereignty. In that worship no sacrifice is offered, no prayer heard, no praise accepted. It is the worship of self, the most criminal, as it is the most debasing, of all idolatry. A man had better determine to be a demon than try to be a god.

We have seen that the philosophy of culture requires the outward means which nature and providence employ for our personal growth to penetrate through the intellect and grasp the moral consciousness. We have seen that intellect, trained and exercised on worldly grounds and for worldly ends, may succeed in securing both the pleasure and the power which spring from the relations of matter to mind. A compliance with the conditions of thrift, enterprise, skill, talent, has its reward; and by such instruments the showy splendor of a material civilization rise around us. At the same time the separation of the intellect from the moral nature, its concentration in itself, abates its force, perverts its agency, and renders it unfit to accomplish the work allotted to it in the economy of the universe. But there is another view of this subject. Mind is capable of giving as well as receiving. It not only has susceptibilities that are acted on, but it has motives, impulses, volitions, originating within itself and impelling it toward external objects. By virtue of this organization the mind has power to intensify its own action. After placing itself in an attitude to embrace the facts that are embodied in outward things, it can form these materials into new shapes and compel them to subserve higher purposes. It can rearrange and reconstruct, modify and change. By the simple force of suggestion it can argue from the known to the unknown, from the visible and tangible to the abstract and ideal. A hint suffices to open a new world. Above all, it can breathe a wondrous vitality into its own acquirements, and make them much more than mere acquisitions. There is a point in the history of every mental effort at which the receptive exercise of intellect ceases, and at that point all earnest and profound cultivation begins. Then we rise from particular to general ideas, escape from the lower region of the senses, and ascend to the realm of pure and permanent sentiments; see all things less as they appear, and more as they are. Now this is a noble faculty of mind. It is the source of most of our greatest thoughts, and from it proceed the highest energy of will, the most spiritual aspirations, the grand, heroic deeds that renew the wasting heart of the world, and seal its hopes as born in heaven.

It is certainly of no small importance to possess this invaluable faculty. A man who has formed this habit stands on vantage-ground. Poet or not, he has something akin to the "*vision and the faculty divine.*" There is in him a clearness, a force, a depth of insight, to which every thing within the scope of legitimate

thought must yield. Able to discriminate between the incidents of an object and its real features; to mark accurately the line dividing circumstance from character; to take broad, genial, satisfying views, and rest serenely in them; to cast out a prejudice, and realize the sudden widening of the area of inward being; to conquer a falsehood, and feel exultant that one enemy less lurks in the shadows of threatening ill; to soar to the native sphere of truth, and see it in an atmosphere that no cloud has darkened, no storm disturbed—a man able to sustain, control, and direct his faculties in this way, has the heart of nature in his hand, and the resources of the universe stand ready to enrich him. Thinking is to him not so much a labor as a pleasure; and apart from the value of discovering the wisdom of creation, and analyzing the laws of objects around him, he experiences a joy in such investigations that is worth more than the practical results of intelligence. The consciousness of growth, the sense of enlarging strength, is far more inspiring than the assurance of knowledge. In the former, one's manhood lives; in the latter, it finds aids and servants. In the one, it enjoys lordship over itself; in the other, over its circumstances. In this, it walks the earth, feeling the returning gladness of sovereignty over humbler objects, while in that, its whole nature opens to the companionship of higher beings. Not only does "*beauty pitch its tents before him*," but goodness invites him within its tabernacle, and there, amidst those folds that are more gorgeous than hangings of gold and purple, and more resplendent than the many-hued drapery of sunset clouds, he finds the consummation of thought in the silent raptures of spiritual feeling.

Now this power of the mind to animate its faculties, to transfuse a new and mightier life into all its operations and efforts, must be kept prominently in view in all culture. It is not a passive thing, for outward influences to shape and form. It has a self-moulding, a self-stimulating, a self-directing energy, always fresh, always elastic, so long as it is obedient to the laws of its moral nature. Give such a mind the most common materials, and out of them it will rear a sublime architecture. Give it a great thought, and it will organize an institution that shall stand for the creed of ages. A word will swell beneath its impulses until it becomes the faith and hope of nations. A "*still, small voice*" heard in the whispering night, in lonely meditations, in dreams, will be repeated in some oratorio of song, in some outburst of eloquence, and startle the slumber of centuries. No gift does God confer on men like this, the power to incarnate themselves in whatever they do. It is more than talent. It is more than genius. It is the special prerogative of great souls, redeemed from sin, redeemed from self, redeemed from all outward alliances of bondage, standing in a might mightier than themselves, and anointed to the championship of God's high sway over a recovered world.

How does the culture of the day compare with this standard?

Look at the movements of our time, and see what they represent. Look at our patent offices, our trade and commerce, our professions, our institutions, and you mark a wonderful display of intellect, in all its sharpness, rivalry, eagerness, tact, enterprise, and comprehensiveness. Modern civilization is a gigantic demonstration of what can be done, when men are fairly harnessed together in serving each other's wants and promoting common ends. The result is, that social power is vastly augmented, and individual power, except as tributary to society, is diminished. We are educated for mechanical pursuits, for the bar, for the church. Our measure is taken, and we are fitted to our place. Fashion rules every where and in every thing. The gay woman, who adopts every fashionable style of dress, furniture, equipage, is only a type of men in schools, in colleges, in literature, at the bar. All of them recognize the supremacy of fashion, and bow down to it; all of them are believers in the doctrine that they must live for the public, and keep on the kindest terms with its tastes and caprices. This spirit rules the most of our culture; and, to some extent, it must prevail. But in the excess it now exhibits it is a fearful evil, because nearly all our personal power is absorbed in social power. Too many have more reliance on society than on the principles which constitute the strength and safeguard of society; too many have more faith in the church than in God. Our feebleness is thus converted into a means of complacency; we rest on others and are satisfied. In our dependence on machinery we forget its motive power, and in our homage to civilization we put the Gospel out of sight. But what sort of culture is that which is simply and exclusively adaptive to the needs of a fugitive hour; which forecasts the appetites and passions of next year, and labors to suit them; which has no higher moral in its procedures of thought, and in its ambition of action, than in the cut of a coat or the color of a cravat? A true manhood is always more glorious than any present glory. A true manhood, by the necessity of its instincts, its prophetic yearnings, its imperishable ideals, is ever in advance of all existing things. A true manhood is in God's keeping, not at the nod and beck of the world. No grand deeds are the product of the day which they immortalize. No magnificent institutions are from the wedlock of auspicious circumstances. Not by looking at what society wants, but by a profound study of what our nature wants, are we developed in the stature of men. The force of ages combined could not create an impulse sufficient to produce a "Paradise Lost;" but a dream of childhood in its cradle-sleep, a vision of youth in its first ecstasy of love, an image of manhood in some sacred pause of struggling life, may go forth, if God touches the hearts that hold them, and people the firmament with the radiant forms of archangels.

THE RANSOM OF A HERITAGE.

THE coachman drew up the reins, with a long "Whoa!" and said, "Here we are, Sir;" and I stepped for the first time upon the pavement of Ilchester. It was dark out of doors, being eleven o'clock at night, the winter season, and foggy. There was a bright welcoming gleam through the open door-way of the inn, and a companionable radiance with it of all sorts of agreeable supper savors; but I paused on the sidewalk, and while the stage went under its moist archway to lie by till the morning, I turned considerately around several times, as one who has leisure for observation.

And it could not be denied I had leisure. For I had not come to Ilchester to try the sulphur water, to sell by samples for some jobbing-house, to pay a visit of friendship—to do any thing temporary—but to stay the rest of my life.

Not that I was an old man either. My hair was still glossy raven; my eye clear and piercing; my step, allowing for the cramp of a sixty miles' ride in the stage, resolute and elastic. In fine, as years go, I was thirty years old.

Yet, in arriving at Ilchester, I had come to the terminus of my life. My existence still a comparatively new book, but already at the beginning of its last long chapter. And this is such a strange fact in the history of so young a man that it demands explanation, and I give it.

From early childhood I had been looking upon trouble as a familiar household face. Trouble was the Lar of my poor poet-father's melancholy hearth-stone! debt, sickness, failure—yes, absolute want—these were the genii that hovered over his widowed head, and watched my motherless cradle. I was too young when she who bore me died to recall her face; but I ever heard her name mentioned in our sad house with a loving and respectful mournfulness which taught me she was one of the rarest, noblest of women. My father at one time had been well off. A year before my birth he had lived in a home far more comfortable, more luxurious than any thing my infancy knew. As poet, as author, he had been blessed with much more than the usual success of such people. His works had brought him more than fame—money; and I call *that* more than fame, believing that I will be sympathized with by even the most unselfish of bards and head-workers in this world who have felt how infinitely dearer love and home are than glory, and sighed to think how valuable that unattainable gold is, regarded as something which might make love and home possible to them.

Always economical and fond of those simple happinesses which are cheap in the market, my father had saved enough at twenty-nine to enable him to marry a woman of his own tastes, and take her to a cottage on the eastern bank of the Hudson and about forty miles above New York, which was not great in cost, profusely ornamental, or any thing except exquisite in the river view from its piazza and its warm heart-scenery within. His income was enough to give ample answer to the present wants of two such people; and both because God in His goodness might give them more mouths to feed, and because, like the birds, he could not help singing, he continued to make books, poems, reviews, and all the products which bring pay and pleasure. Under these circumstances my father called himself happy. He had reached that sweet place in life where a man meets rest while his day's sun is still behind him, coming up into the zenith, and so does not feel falling over him rest's bad shadow, idleness.

Then, three things happened to my father in one month.

In the first place—I was born. Of a bright June morning the little helpless creature of their love fell on those two young people's breast, and as my father lifted me up into the sunlight that sifted through the viny windows, I seemed so gladdened by it, so quickened, that his poetic mind was struck with the idea that it was a prophecy that I would be a sunbeam to them, a thing of happiness and sunshine to myself. And they called me "Eliodore"—a name scarce ever heard on this side of the sea—"the gift of the sun."

Hardly was the little Eliodore yet seven days old when event the second came to the house of the Armours.

The twenty thousand dollars which my father's industry had saved had been intrusted by him to the care of a man high in his confidence and of large credit with others who were far better financially educated, a broker and banker in New York. He had written my father that this whole sum was invested in bond and mortgage of the utmost reliability. He had made one quarterly payment of interest; but when the next became due, Lionel Armour discovered how, all the time, he had been the dupe of a liar and a villain. For, one happy evening, there was brought to his wife's bedside, where he was sitting with me, the babe, in his arms, a letter, which stopped his caresses and made him turn deathly pale with agony. His banker, turning every item of trust property in his hands into money, the all of widows and orphans, the scanty scrapings of day laborers, my father's long and painfully earned little fortune, had absconded, God knew whither—let us rather say, the Devil—to batten on his villainy.

Nobly did Lionel Armour keep the great darkness of that discovery from the eyes of the woman he loved. It might have killed her.

An old nurse, who staid many years after by the remnant of our family until it had no longer any name to shelter, told me once how my father bore it.

"He kept cheerful in his look," said she; "he used to laugh and play with you by the mother's bed more, if any thing, than he had before; but I used to hear him praying for you both, in his little study, before daybreak, by the hour together, with a voice all stopped up and shaky, which brought the tears into my eyes.

Oh, many a time! many a time! First he'd say, 'O God! my poor wife!' and then, 'Pity—pity the little child!' I tell ye it was too much for me. And every night at nine o'clock he'd bid your mother 'good-night,' and make believe he was tired and must go to bed. Then he'd send the woman that staid to take care of her up to the room, and go and lock himself up in his study, and work among big books and papers, writing—writing often till the sun rose again. I caught him at it once, and took the liberty to ask if it wouldn't sicken him. But he only lifted his pale, painful face, and shook his finger at me and said, 'Not a word of this, Barbara — remember!' Oh, he must have written books on books, those times!"

Such was the story of my old nurse. And when I look at all the old MSS., and the magazines, and the books of that period which bear his impress, I can understand how the necessities of his dark hour burned out his mind and body, like a candle in oxygen, to give light and life to those unconscious unfortunates whom he loved. Well, he has gone to his reward!

Then came the third event. My mother was recovering—she had risen—the physician encouraged her with the hope that she would soon be out again. All at once a relapse took place —fever set in—and with the going out of the month of June she went out from us also—a spirit set free into God's endless summer, before earth's transient one could die and leave her behind for the frosts.

And after this I have heard that my father was a broken man. Her love had been enough for him; when all other things went he was able to say, "How far from the worst which might be!" But now the worst had come; and having no soul left that at the same time could love and understand him, he cared no longer to labor for the maintenance of a house which sheltered only vacancy; and taking me, the ignorant babe scarce yet a month among the troubles it did not know, he retired, with my nurse, to cheap and narrow lodgings in a country town, selling the cottage as one casts away the husk out of which all sweet and fruit have gone.

And in those lodgings did I begin to learn my first lessons of life.

As I had not had imparted to me any thing of the past, and probably should have comprehended it but little if I had, I passed my early childhood as happily as most boys.

Naturally my father was no longer a buoyant man. He did not play with me like some fathers, but he was always kind, and taught me by his side far more than children learn generally until they are children no longer. With his help Latin and Greek became familiar to me. I grew to enjoy the marrow which was inside of those crooked characters that form the dry bones of the old poets and historians. I learned many of the most beautiful things by heart; and by the time I was fourteen, having never been to school nor mixed with boys, I was pretty well fitted for an opening manhood in any state of existence where simple pure-mindedness was a fashion, and bread came for the love of truth and beauty.

But Lionel Armour had cause enough to know that no such existence stood waiting for his son. And seeing him, at the age of fourteen, as I have said, with the promise in his character of such a life of sensitiveness and agony as he, the poet, had been always leading, he determined, as gently as he could, to open the eyes of his child, and prepare him for the future.

One day when he had kissed me approvingly, after a fair translation of Theocritus, and given me one of those gentle, sad smiles which in my good conduct now found almost their only occasion, he took me on his knee and told me this same story which I have been telling you; from beginning to end, interrupted only by my childish tears or outbursts of astonishment, and the choking of his own voice.

Having been reared in that atmosphere of most concentrated passion—books and solitude —when he finished I sat with my little pocket-knife in my hand and its blade opened.

"Father," said I, in a stifled voice of emotion, "what is the name of the man who took away every thing you had in the world?"

"It will do no good to tell you, my son. You must not know. But why ask the question?"

"Because," I answered, my face pale and my lips trembling, "because I will look for him, and when I find him—though they kill me for it—I'll put this in his heart!" And bursting into tears, I held up my little knife.

"Oh, my son! don't speak—don't think so!" said my father, soothingly. "If what I have said affects you in this way, I shall be sorry I have told you. God takes care of vengeance. We must leave it to him. And even were it ours, it is now years since we have heard any thing of the man, and can not possibly find him. So peace, my boy, peace!"

I governed myself with a great effort, and my father went on to tell me a piece of news which was to be my first grief as well as my first start in life, and to which his story had been a preface.

I was not to be such a man as he had been—so ignorant of the world, so unbusiness-like, so ideal, and therefore always poor, distressed, and heart-sick. I was to leave him, to enter the counting-house of a merchant in New York who had consented to take me, and I should gradually work my way up to a fortune, and be, oh! such a rich and happy, such a benevolent and useful man! I should come home every holiday I could get to see him, and then we would have such delightful times together. And meanwhile I must work hard, and try to please God, and my employer, and him; and he would see that I had every thing I needed to make me comfortable.

So my father proceeded, painting in as bright colors as he could the advantages, and lightening the shades of the pain of our separation,

until, to my yet untried boy-mind, curiosity in regard to this novel change somewhat hushed the cries of the young heart that well-nigh broke to leave its only loved one.

In due time the change came. I know now as I could not then what it cost him to pack my little new trunk with a womanly care and tenderness, to see it strapped behind the stage, to hug me as if he would never let me go, and then to hurry from my last kiss into the house, not daring to trust himself with one smile at me from the window.

So I came to New York and began to acquire mercantile habits. I have no doubt that my master, his family, my fellows in business, every body, were as kind to me as the world ever is to boys. But just what to the ancient martyrs was the torture of being flayed and then dropped into boiling water, was the process to me, the shrinking, world-ignorant, unpractical child, of being brought in contact with the rough forms and hard souls of the life at large. It is an old agony; orphans are learning it every day; poor gentlemen's sons know it by heart; it is in the *feuilleton*, the book, the lecture, but it is not hackneyed of its agony yet.

I passed three years—the misery of each cut in two by a semi-annual visit to my father—and at the age of seventeen received my first promotion. I put off the errand boy and his jacket—I put on the collecting clerk and the business paletot appropriate to that youth.

I was proud for my father's sake of this advancement. I thought how cheerfully he would say, "One more step on the road up, my boy!" and as Christmas was approaching I looked forward rejoicingly to the week at home, and saved from my monthly allowance enough to get a present for him in the shape of a very handsome new German work upon Greek Literature, which, of all things, he would most admire.

With a letter, testifying his approval, from my employer, this present of mine for my father, and the same little trunk with which I had left home three years before, I went back to the old village of West-Alton.

The servant that came to the door stepped softly. The family that let the lodgings were in the parlor, but they all talked in undertones; and I felt the blood rush back to my heart as my nurse stole down stairs and kissed me tenderly, saying,

"He is very sick, dear, but we hope he will soon be better."

Ah! and before I went away my father was better; well—quite well—but after that sort which makes not the friends of those who love a man congratulate them, and which opens no mouth to say, "Thank God! thank God!"

Back from the ruins of all I lived for, too mad to know where I was going, I returned to New York, hugging to my breast through all the journey the book that he had never read, but which it seemed as if he must read, and which, therefore, was some sort of a solace to me as connected with him.

And the next day after my return I recommenced my duties as collecting clerk. It was a business which might seem ill suited to such a mourner as I; but I had reached such a state of almost unconsciousness through the stupefaction of the blow that I could have done any thing, great or trivial, without asking whether it was fitting—even without knowing that I did it.

There was a debtor of our house who was just about leaving that morning in a bark bound for Canton, and I must go to him on board the vessel to receive some payment which had been neglected up to this eleventh hour.

I made my way mechanically down to the foot of Old Slip, and passed on board the *Arrow*. All on deck was bustle and noise; the yards were being squared; stevedores were stowing the last parcels of cargo; provisions were passing down to the store-room; and here and there were groups of landsmen bidding good-by to sailors and passengers. Pushing through this throng without knowing, in my bitter abstraction, that I touched them, I entered the after-cabin and found my man. He made the payment I expected, and then, as I turned to go, said, abruptly,

"Young man, will you go to China with me?"

I don't remember whether I knew what I said, but as briefly I answered, "Yes."

There was no time to return to the office. I passed my collection-book ashore to a porter whom I recognized, with orders to leave it at the counting-room of the firm. And they told me on board, days afterward, that the next thing I said was—

"Let me lie down and sleep."

And then, from utter exhaustion, I fell to the deck.

When I woke we were two hours out of sight of land. My benumbed brain was quickened by the bracing air and the novel motion, and for the first time since my father's death I shed tears.

I believe that voyage saved me from death, or, worse still, insanity. Realizing that I had taken an utterly unconsidered step, whose results would be of the most serious bearing upon my future life, I was roused to a sort of compulsory activity of thought. I made inquiries of my friend of the abrupt question as to the place he wished to invite me to in China; and he answered me that he needed a shipping clerk in his office at Hong-Kong—had noticed me in my discharge of the duties of my last situation—was pleased with me, and therefore offered his vacancy. By that strange power of life which the thoughtless call chance was a stranger thus raised up to help me, and to lead me by a way I knew not of into the possibilities of success.

I spent twelve years in China. I reached the age of twenty-nine, and by slow degrees I had risen to a place in the firm, while by business operations of my own I had acquired about fifteen thousand dollars. I had no desire to be

richer; I was weary of the barbarism around me; every muscle, mental and physical, was tired with the ceaseless struggle of amassing, and there was no one in the world whom I loved or who loved me. The only end I now proposed to myself was rest. Not love—not home; those desires had been harrowed out in childhood with their objects by the iron teeth of affliction. If I could but get back to America, seek out some place where I might stay unnoticed, and be quiet there until I had waited my time out—that was all I wished.

I settled my partnership affairs and left China. Reaching America, I heard of the town of Ilchester. It was dead as to business; its society was not disposed to be exacting on the subject of etiquette; and, moreover, it was not many miles from those graves whither, in reverence and mourning, I had resolved henceforward to make my only pilgrimages.

I determined, therefore, to make Ilchester the retreat of the rest of my days. And so I come back to the beginning of my story, where, as you may remember, I stood looking around me as far as I could see in the night, with the air of conscious leisure for a lifetime.

Even in the dark I began to be satisfied with Ilchester. In all the long, wide street—the only one in the place—there was no sound of rattling carriages or night wassailers, though eleven o'clock at night would have been still early and noisy in a city. The dim forms of the long-built houses lay far apart, remote from the sidewalk, at the backs of their deep, elm-shadowed yards, and they all wore a slumberous air—an air of never being searched and vexed by the prying fingers of daylight. Their windows were all black and candleless, telling of dreamless sleep—and this seemed perfectly to fit my mood. What I wanted was at last to stop tossing—to lie down, finally, in forgetfulness of the rough world I had been always grinding against, and Ilchester promised me this oblivion.

Then I followed my baggage into the tavern. But, wonderful to say, even in Ilchester they dream. For in spite of the fatigue of that long stage-journey, and the all-suffusing atmosphere of quiet which characterized the place, as I lay buried in the vast gulf of my great country bed, I saw strange shapes begin to gather themselves out of the fire-light from the hearth which flickered through the shadows of the room, and they grew more and more distinct. At length a limitless sea disclosed itself rolling, tumbling lawlessly all about me, and in my horror I felt myself adrift—tossed I know not whither, without a shore, without a star. But suddenly a little strip of land appeared far in front as sight could reach—forward, still forward it grew toward me, broadening on the sea. At last I was floating in a shallow stream which a lamb might ford, and on the bank stood a pure young girl, with dove-like eyes, and against her bosom leaned a lofty cross. So patient was she, yet so slender—so frail to bear up that toppling weight alone—that my strong heart yearned toward her long-suffering weakness, and in a moment I was by her side, sharing her burden upon my own breast. And as we looked into each other's faces tenderly, lo, the cross began to grow! New beams stretched out from it on every side—it changed shape with weird quickness—it was no longer a cross but a house. And I cried out, in astonishment, "Woodbine Cottage!" Yes; over us both spread the roof under which I was born—the restored home of my father and my mother! Then the young girl and I joined hands, and began to sing a refrain which ran like this:

> "Years unravel what years have spun;
> The web of Ill shall be undone;
> After the shadow comes the sun!"

I remember having dreamed several dreams in the course of my life in which I heard poetry. Once I recollect that I listened, delighted in my sleep, to several cantos of a heroic poem. I have heard songs also, and joined in them; but this is the only dream-rhyme that I was ever able to carry out into the waking life with me. And with this one still breaking, like a fountain, from my lips and my heart, I awoke from excess of joy. Awoke all alone, long after midnight, in that ghostly Ilchester tavern room, and felt myself a changed man. Awoke in all senses—to the rest of faith, sweeter far than the rest of sleep; to hope; to a conviction that something better, holier than I had yet known, was possible in life.

For several hours after I rose in the morning the outlines of that dream were more or less distinct. But they faded out with the growing sunlight, as such delicate night-pencilings always do. Is it well or ill that we so easily lose our conviction of the truthfulness of dreams? I have often asked myself this question, when I thought how the inevitable conclusions of midnight become mere remembered fanciful speculations at noon. The wicked man laughs in the sunshine of his drinking garden at the fearful vision of warning which froze his blood in last night's mysterious stillness and darkness. Perhaps, if its lineaments were still sharp-cut for a day longer, he might be awed into repentance. But, on the other hand, the hypochondriac would become incurably insane if the precipices of *his* dream yawned all day at his feet. The average of all facts is good—doubtless it is best that dreams should fade when we strike the balance of dreamers. In my particular case, however, it was a pity that the first sweet, peaceful thoughts I had known for years should be so transient. At breakfast I mused over their memory, and cherished them sadly, while I knew their promise could never be fulfilled.

Would I like to ride? The Sulphur Springs were but six miles off on a magnificent road; the company was all gone, of course, it being December, but it had cleared off finely since last night, and the drive might please the gentleman. No; I thanked the inn-keeper; I preferred to walk a little about Ilchester.

Should a boy go with me to show the way? Much obliged; but I preferred being alone.

So, with some astonishment at the idiosyncrasy of a man who preferred going on foot to a carriage, and solitude to company, Boniface let me have my own way.

The air was keen but deliciously clear and sweet, and the paths were firm and frosty. I took my walking-stick, wrapped myself in furs, and set out down the long street of the town for my first winter-day stroll since boyhood. Every thing seemed new to me after my dozen years in the tropics. The great, robust, bare elms owning no kindred with those perpetually green ailanthuses and oranges in their suits of papery leaves that I had been so long accustomed to—rosy, warm-clad children replacing the half-naked little sandal-wood urchins of the Sampan women—houses that would not blow over, not being sewed together of bamboos—farm-wagons instead of palanquins. Everybody, every thing was a surprise, a trait in a new world. This novelty was at least a diverting sensation, and I sought refuge in it from my long habit of introversion.

I came at last to the end of Ilchester—the point where the street began to be the country-road again, and there was no longer any defined foot-path by its side. And just at this spot, inside of a neat fence of stone-colored pickets, a modest little house of one story lay half-hidden among bushes and clambering vines. It had an air of refinement and unpretentious reserve which did not characterize the rest of the Ilchester houses, and I began to think seriously of buying it for my hermitage.

I stood still for a moment and looked at it. The front door opened quietly and two persons came out upon the little veranda. I turned away, not to make my observation intrusive, and was about retracing my steps up the silent Ilchester street, when I heard a short, sharp cry of pain, and looked to see that one of the couple upon the veranda had fallen. Instinctively I opened the gate and ran in to offer my unasked assistance.

The prostrate figure was a man, apparently as old as seventy, very much crooked and wrinkled, and of an almost ghostly pallor. His eye, too, had that painful stare of vacancy which told of a mind just flickering in its socket. His unavailing efforts to rise were assisted by a young girl who bent over him, grasping his poor, lean, trembling hands, and trying with all her strength to lift his dead weight from the floor. As I ran toward her the ringing of my feet on the frosty stones of the yard caught her ear, and, throwing back the thick hood which hid her face, she stood erect to see who was coming. At first sight she would not have been called beautiful. Her features were delicate and regular, but they were toned into an expression of premature gravity—a look as of one who has patiently watched long and suffered much. And it takes a great while for a man, even if he can sympathize in the trials which form this style of face, to see any thing like beauty in it. We do not warm toward the saintly girl—a certain earthliness and air of having been in the dew and sunshine are necessary to charm us in a woman. Otherwise—she was perhaps twenty, of middle size, and very gracefully formed, in spite of the testimony given in her face of cares which might have bowed her too early.

I sprang up the steps, and saying, "Permit me!" lifted the decrepit old man in my arms as I would an infant, and followed her into the house.

"Please to lay him on the sofa, Sir," said the young girl, in a musical, almost childish voice. I obeyed, and she continued in a tone of sadness,

"My poor, dear father! I am very much afraid he will never be able to go out any more. For the first time in six weeks I thought it would do for him to take the air. He seemed strong enough to bear a little walk as far as the gate and back, leaning on my arm; but we had hardly got out of the door before his knees bent under him, and he fell as you saw. Oh, you're very kind, Sir, to take such pains. I hope he wasn't heavy?"

"Oh no! very light indeed. Do you think the fall hurt him?"

"I'm afraid it jarred him very much. Father, dear, this kind gentleman wants to know how you feel. Are you hurt, dear?"

The poor old wreck stared at us both, as if trying to collect his senses for a moment, and then uttering an incoherent word or two, became as vacant as ever.

"He's failed very much lately. I see it more and more every day," said the young girl; and though she tried hard to command herself, the tears came into her eyes, and she delicately turned half away to hide them.

"He has had two strokes of paralysis already. You can't think, Sir, how he's changed in the last year. He has been what they call an old man for several years now, but he's not the same being he was last winter. He could walk and speak, and his memory was good; and in the evening, when I read to him, he took as much interest in the books or the papers as I did."

And again the thought of the change was too much for her.

The old man was now beginning to forget his mishap in a quiet, childish sleep, and I saw the immediate necessity of my assistance was past. So fearing lest, the excitement of her distress being over, the young lady should begin to get embarrassed at the needless presence of a total stranger, I begged her pardon for having been so abrupt with my help, and was bowing myself out, when she said, timidly,

"May I ask the name of the gentleman who has been so very kind to my father? I thank you very much, and when he is well enough to speak, he will."

I handed the lady my card. She read it, and her face lighted up so that she was really beautiful, as she said,

"I have often seen that name before—the surname I mean. My father once had friends called so, who lived near Cold Spring on the Hudson. Were you ever there?"

"Is it possible? My father's first name was Lionel."

"I declare! just wait one minute, please;" and the lady's face exchanged its untimely saintliness for a happy, rosy beauty as she clapped her hands and bounded out of the room. In an instant she returned, and smilingly held out a book open by the title-page.

It was my father's first novel! And on the fly-leaf, in that well-known, beloved hand, was written: "With the love of Lionel Armour, the author, to his cherished friend, Stephen Gaston."

"So we are old acquaintances!" spoke we both together in glee, as we shook hands warmly; and I felt the first thrill of sweet, home feeling I had known since the bitter night I came back to New York with my ungiven Christmas present, a waif on the world.

"My name is Eliodore—"

"And mine is Annie."

"I shall always live at Ilchester. We will see each other very often."

"Oh, this is delightful! Before this morning my father and I were all, all alone."

"And so was I. We are none of us so any more."

Promising to come back in the afternoon or evening and see how Mr. Gaston was doing, I went briskly back to my inn, with several more leaves in the last—the Ilchester chapter of my life.

I kept my promise, and called at the Gastons that evening. Nor that alone; for when my stay in the quiet, dead town had grown to weeks, and in spite of overtures from many good and vulgar people who had heard I was a person of some fortune, I made few acquaintances and connected myself with no families, cliques, or congregational bodies. I rewarded myself for this general isolation by spending almost every evening in that little cottage at the end of the street.

And people said that Annie Gaston and myself were going to be married. By people I mean every body but ourselves. Old women, with from two to a dozen daughters lying on their hands in that flat, dull market of Ilchester, out of which, as out of every dead American town, all the enterprising young males who might have been buyers had gone to seek their fortunes in places yet alive, like New York or the "Out West." And these old women said it with a sneer. In their mouths I was somebody whom nobody knew; an adventurer; a person whose pretensions to property (this was true) were greatly exaggerated; and that stuck-up Gaston girl, who thought herself too good to go with Ilchester young ladies, would find out too late what a fool I had made of her. If I had capitulated by marrying the daughter of one of my aged female foes I should have gained nothing, the others being thereby made still more inveterate. Such is the pleasant peculiarity of social relations in Ilchester.

The young girls said we were to be married. They talked of it at school, at their little parties, gossiping over the flounces they sewed the days "they had the dress-maker"—that village oracle, of such means of knowing, such universal circulation, such discreet and delicate mystery. And I had just as lief have the young creatures talk as not, they do it so prettily, so harmlessly. And the few men who, as rare specimens of a race almost extinct, were cherished for memory's and mild flirtation's sake at Ilchester—the little clerks of the two stores where they sold every thing, bedsteads, candy, plows, fans, molasses, and letter-paper—they talked about it, speculating whether the dresses would be bought at Dobb's or Cobb's.

In thus stating the fact that every body said we were to be married, how mortified I am; how much more so I should be! For looking at the matter with the uninitiated eyes of a stranger, how natural, how beneficial and proper does it seem on the face of it, that two persons, gentleman and lady, who liked and admired each other, should be able to walk, talk, and read together, be assisted by each other's counsel, and refined by each other's taste, just as freely and unsuspiciously as if they were of the same sex! And how astonished would this uninitiated one be to hear that, whenever the formation of any such beautiful relations of cultivation and support was attempted, it was not only the young lady's maid and the gentleman's man who bantered one another, as would be expected of such vulgar people, upon their employers' "sparking," but matrons and fathers, advanced virgins and *passé* beaux of society followed their subordinates' elegant example and smelt matches in the kindly association of the friendly young pair! Faugh! Truly this habit of social thinking is a vulgarism to be abandoned to scullions.

But Annie Gaston and I were very little troubled by the gossip of Ilchester. If in the book of Destiny we were indeed entered as "Eliodore Armour and Wife," we did not see it yet, or read any date opposite the entry in the margin. We had become very necessary to each other as friends and advisers, the contingency that might make us lovers had not arrived.

Besides moreover, had we loved, there were two objections which might have been quite serious to our marriage. I had come back to America, not rich by any means, but with just enough to secure me by its interest that rest from worldly contact which was agony to me. And I was still so proud, so morbid, that I could not bear the thought of giving any woman upon whom I imposed my name comforts merely. Moreover, Annie Gaston had duties to her decrepit and imbecile father which seemed to forbid her absorption in wifely cares and pleasures.

But I have taken too long a time to answer the gossipers of Ilchester.

That body of amiable people, gifted with eloquence and leisure, were still more certain that they had guessed right when, toward the coming in of spring, I changed my quarters, leaving the tavern and going to live at the little cottage at the end of the street.

There was abundant reason for doing so besides my own heart-sickness at the public solitude of an inn. My only friends in the world were under the Gastons' roof, but they needed me as much as I longed for them.

Mr. Gaston was every day growing more feeble and childish, and so becoming a burden more and more difficult to be borne alone by the young shoulders of the sensitive and prematurely grave girl, his daughter. She was able to keep but one servant, and that one in every sense a hireling. I therefore resolved that I would share her trial with her. I had done little in my life that could be of service to any body; it was time to begin, that even through pain and self-denial I might make myself worthy of being missed and wept for when I had gone.

Annie consented to let me help her, and I fitted up a little room in the cottage, where I might be within call at all hours of the day and night to soothe her father in his irritable moments; to fetch and carry for him; humor his vagaries, and be his staff to lean upon in the tottering journeys his restless feet were forever making from his bed to the fire, from his sleeping-room to the parlor, and back again. His desire for motion was as likely to be strongest at midnight as at noon, and this eccentricity had nearly worn his daughter to a shadow. Though she was still as patient and uncomplaining as an angel, and would have died without asking to burden other strength than her own, if I had not pressed my help on her.

It was not until I had become quite settled in my new lodging that I began in the least to realize what Annie Gaston was. As a visitor, I had known her as the ever-buoyant little woman in a modest blue-and-brown delaine, with an apron of such spotlessly white nature that it seemed to shed dust and soil as the duck's wing sheds water. I had known her the ever-smiling, the shiningly clean girl, her most tried moments only toning her inextinguishable cheeriness with a patient gravity which made it seem deeper and more lasting, never forgetting to be tidy because she was worried, always fresh and simple, and adorned more with the jewelry of her sweet manners than by any thing born of Tiffany. And on this very account I had greatly undervalued her. I think it is our natural tendency to despise *very* clean and cheerful people. And I suppose I had despised her in a modified, brotherly sort of way.

Not long after I made my abode under the same roof with Annie Gaston did her nature, the real woman in her, begin to vindicate itself. When I came to perceive what she had been bearing night and day for all the years past alone—when I felt myself, the stout, indignant buffeter of bad fortune, the rough-faring stepchild of this world, almost shrinking from the sights, and sounds, and associations that she had met bravely with love in her eyes and prayers in her mouth, it was then that I repented for having ever likened Annie Gaston's soul to a flat, pleasant meadow, and in the exaggeration of my atonement for the wrong set her among the highest of heroic spirits.

Nor was it so much of an exaggeration after all. The girl of twenty who neglects the early blossom of her womanhood, secludes herself from all society where she may love and be loved, puts every dream of a happy home and congenial friendships in the hand of a providence which seems almost certainly taking them to exhale them utterly, and does all this knowingly, with a most refined nature that has the depth to be aware of the measure of its sacrifice, and because she will not let rude hands do a single office for an imbecile, passionate father, is a noblest heroine.

Not a word of complaint—none of fatigue, save when I extorted it—ever helped me to the record of what Annie Gaston had been doing through all her young womanly life. But as gradually the old man became accustomed to my presence, and found me lovingly trying to follow her example of gentleness and self-denying service, he permitted me to share with his daughter many of those labors for his comfort and those forbearances with his strange disposition which had hitherto been devolving upon her alone. And in this experience with him he unconsciously showed me the greatness of that young girl's suffering.

Stephen Gaston was not entirely idiotic. The work paralysis had done for him was rather to make him partially insane, leaving his brain strown in confused masses rather than quite crushed out. At times he would ask to have the newspaper read to him, and sit by the hour with a vacant stare of attention while one of us went through column after column of any thing, no matter what, not comprehending it evidently, but pleased with an occupation which he remembered as an old habit. The Bible, too, he frequently asked for a chapter from. Almost always he said to us—

"Read, 'Have mercy on me, O God!'"

For a whole week together, sometimes, he never spoke at all, but sat in his large easy-chair, with his feet resting on an ottoman, and stroked himself with his shriveled, trembling hands up and down constantly, as if feeling for pockets into which he had put something and lost it. Again, he would be all unrest, listening to no entreaties to spare himself, giving no peace to those poor, tottering legs of his, but wandering, supported by my arm, from room to room, forcing himself painfully up and down stairs, and peering, with a helpless, speechless anxiety, behind beds and under tables. Ask him what he wanted, and he invariably stopped—tried to think—uttered, half-coherently, "Nothing—oh, nothing at all!" and began his wan-

derings again. Stout as I was, at nightfall I was often tired enough to ask myself, with amazement, how Annie Gaston had ever lived through this till I came.

But this mere bodily weariness which my charge entailed upon me was nothing compared with another infliction that accompanied it. At times Stephen Gaston was visited by hallucinations of so ghostly and awful a character that to be with him in the night when they came on was a terror to have appalled any one.

Having had the care of him during one entire day, which Annie spent by my entreaty on her bed—for she was threatened with a lingering fever brought on by her fatigue for him—I undressed him at nightfall, and saw him sound asleep before I left his room. He had been all day more than usually vacant and feeble, and so very easily managed. I congratulated him and myself inwardly on our both having a peaceful night.

At twelve I retired myself, leaving my door ajar that I might hear him if he needed me. My lamp also stood on the table by the looking-glass, with one wick burning dimly. I was soon fast asleep.

It must have been nearly two in the morning when I awoke, with a start, and heard a knocking, at quick intervals, on my door. I leaped from my bed, and right by my side stood Stephen Gaston. He had never come into my room before; some great exigency must have nerved him to the work of tottering all that way without support. I ran to the lamp, lit both wicks, and in the full light saw him with the most fearful expression of madness I ever beheld on human face. His immense black eyes, hitherto so utterly leaden and soulless, now almost swelled out of their fiery-red lids; his long white hair streamed almost upright from his head, and his nostrils were dilated to their utmost.

For the first time in months he had dressed himself; and in such a horrible masquerade! Over his day-clothes he had tightly swathed a sheet about his now almost perfecty erect long figure; a napkin was bound under his chin, and he carried a cane in his hand. But for that face of his, swollen into scarlet fullness and brutality, he would have seemed like one of the dead who walk in wild legends. And he kept hoarsely growling to me, "Come! come! come! Are you ready? I say, come!"

I took him by the arm; I said, soothingly,

"Oh, you have been dreaming; let me help you into bed; lie down here and let me take care of you."

"No!" he answered, savagely; "I will go! Come, I say!"

"Go where? It is raining, and you are not well."

"I am going to the grave-yard. God has just sent for me!" And with a face of the most fearful despair, he added, "I must meet him, and give up my account."

I could not ask further what he meant. Yes—I am willing to confess I was afraid to ask. If his half-palsied tongue had been able to unvail to me more of a mind in such an awful state as that demoniac terror showed it to be, I would not for any reward have seen it. The only method I had was almost with force to make him sit down; and there, all night, I sat up with him, reading the gentlest and most compassionate parts of the Bible to soothe him, and most of all, "Have mercy upon me, O God!"

Toward daybreak he fell asleep. I stole into his room, and saw what his horror must have been when he thought God's awful message came to him; for, to light up the darkness, he had caught up a whole box of matches and fired them all upon the floor. Happily, they had gone out, stifled in their own gas, or he would most like have been burned to death—to say nothing of all the others who slept.

For days afterward, when he spoke at all, it was in language which showed that he believed himself dead and judged. And when this hallucination seemed to be forgotten, other horrid ones succeeded it. Thus, far into the summer did Annie Gaston and I dwell in an almost contagious atmosphere of imbecility or madness.

Truly, after all my long pinings for Lethe, for unbroken quiet, and my hope that I had come to it at last when I was tossed back on this American land, I was far enough from it in this house of the shattered Stephen Gaston.

But, thanks be to God! I came by degrees to know a better rest—the rest which Annie Gaston had dwelt in through all her over-tasked, heart-broken, and blighted young womanhood—the rest which I learned from her—to be merciful and pitiful like God, and therefore, like Him also, never to weary.

It was a new emotion, that rest. I had not included it in my prayer for peace while I wandered. I had meant to be a hermit. God made me a laborer, but gave me sweet wages in the thought that I was taking thorns out of the pillow of one of his most miserable sons. And without a single change in my outward circumstances—no richer, with no more of a home of my own, no less, but still more laborious than ever—not even thanked by the poor old man for whom, for mercy's sake, I did even servile offices daily—I awoke one day to find that a sad, sweet happiness and peace had lit upon me unpursued. I was a thoroughly changed man.

I began even to feel an affection for the wretched, repulsive old man to whom I was making life less terrible. I had even loathed him at first—helped him only because he was one of my father's early friends, and because my manhood could not endure the idea of a mere slender girl bearing his burden alone; and because, perhaps, I was desperate, and let chance lead me to any thing that would keep my thoughts from devouring me. But now I loved him even. It was then that I learned the double lesson which, put in practice, would

make a heaven for us every where. Love the world, if you would do it good; do it good, and you *will* love it.

When was it—my free and out-speaking life-muse goes on to sing—when was it that into the current of this pure peace of thine, this unselfish self-outpouring for the well-being of another, yet another stream of motive than the love of *Stephen* Gaston glided, debouching through an almost imperceptible rill-inlet to which it had come winding unseen over a wide circuit of unexplored territory, hidden between low, overarching, shadowy banks that almost met above it all the way? When was it, Eliodore Armour?

It would be very difficult to say. For as the good master architect does not set the doors that open on his grand high-vaulted chambers and long fair-vistaed galleries swinging around great monumental pillars all blazing with inscriptions, but rather hangs them on the delicate pivots of the small and unobtrusive hinge, so He who builds up the symmetry of our human lives seldom turns the portals to their most beautiful and far-leading passages on the bearing of any conspicuous event, preferring more to hinge them on slight unnoticed circumstances, and make them surprises instead of expectations.

Thus it is given seldom to the soldier to say, "This or that certain exploit was the cause of my glory;" to the poet, "This or that song put me on my height among the immortals;" to the lover, "On such a day, and for such a defined reason, I began to love the beloved."

We often set up monuments to mark what we call memorable critical places of our lives; but rarely are they topographically correct. Our Arcs de l'Etoile are not the true standing-places of our star—they are good only to remind us that we have a star, which shines, however, in far other place and time. Our broken shafts, set up to the memory of dead hopes, are oftenest cenotaphs—the hopes died and were buried many leagues off by the road-side, long ere we had traveled to the point where we have strength enough to raise a column to them.

And I have said all this as a preface to the answer that I can not tell where, when, and how I began to love Annie Gaston, and to know it. It may have been when, on handing me a peach, her soft little hand touched mine, and, though our hands had many a time touched before, for the first gave me an indescribable thrill. Or when we kissed one another good-night, after having often kissed before (for we had been made very intimate by our common labors for the one poor being, her father), and first felt it altogether new and conscious and painfully pleasurable. Be this as it may, there did come a time when I loved her and knew it.

My whole life, with its disappointments, its mistakes, its betrayals, had taught me a lesson of caution and reserve which even my being in love could not make me wholly unlearn. I did not go to Annie Gaston directly, as I would have done in those days before I had exchanged the candid transparent garment of my younger soul for the world's steel-mail, and say to her, simply and passionately, "I love you!" and then bear "No," or thank God for "Yes."

If she valued me as the friend—was grateful to me as the benefactor—loved me as the brother—or either or all of these only—the simple fact of being so regarded by any human creature whom I loved so tenderly would have been the last hold I had on earthly happiness. For she on earth was dear to me alone—the one being I had left from my wrecked life to care for. And the measure of her care for me was necessarily then the measure of my happiness. I was jealous, therefore, of gauging it precisely, since, if I by chance found it upon inquiry less than mine, its real and existing value would be just so far diminished. I shrank from the possibility of paining us both—of infusing a distance and reserve into our relations—and so waited until I could see.

The autumn came, and we were beginning to have fires, I remember, and to sit almost always through the evening with lamps lit and the sashes down. The doctor said that Stephen Gaston would hardly last till the snow fell.

So Annie went about her household duties with a step even more noiseless than before, and a face of fixed sadness. We both expected, from the doctor's view of the symptoms, that another and final attack of paralysis was hanging over the broken old man, and therefore watched his chair and his bed with almost sleepless anxiety, to meet the chill silent-comer Christianly and unsurprised.

It surprised us greatly when we saw a far other change passing over Stephen Gaston in the earlier part of October. His occasional moroseness entirely disappeared. His sleep was more unbroken, and lasted a little longer every night; but the hours of his wakefulness were altogether quieter, more natural, and attentive to things external. His speech, too, became greatly less incoherent—his eye lost its alternating vacancy and wild fire—and I noticed that he seemed to understand what we read him from the Bible, and his lips sometimes moved as if he prayed silently. Annie and I began to congratulate ourselves wonderingly over the doctor's false prophecy—he was even getting as well as ever, we said, and would soon be about again. So the young girl went about singing once more as she took care of the house.

But with all this change in Stephen Gaston, I was totally unprepared to have him call me into his room, as he did one morning, and say, in a gentle, altogether unprecedented tone of affection,

"You have been very kind to me for a long time, *my dear friend.*"

"Have I? Well—I have tried to be—I am glad if it has made you happy."

"Happy?—No, no—I'm not happy; but I love *you*. You're very good—very! Oh, are you a minister?"

"No, I am not—I was never good enough; but why, my friend?"

"Because I feel as if I wanted—to tell a minister something that's on my mind. I'm sorry you aren't one. But let me see—you've been very good to me—God sent you to be—why, that's being enough of a minister! I'll tell *you*."

Seeing how earnest he was, and anxious to unburden himself of some trouble, I let him go on in spite of the fear that so much use of his partly regained powers would exhaust him, and drew my chair closer to his pillow, taking his hand tenderly, as a son might, in my own. He continued:

"I'm a poor, ruined old man. I wasn't always as I am now. I was rich. I lived in New York, and had houses and lands and money. My own old mother was alive then.

"By-and-by she died. After that I didn't care for any thing. She must have kept on praying for me where she'd gone, but I didn't hear her. I wasn't held in by any thing. I forgot her and every thing good.

"I did something awfully wicked. So wicked, I don't know whether God has any mercy for me. Oh! say, do you think he has?"

"For all—for every thing. His name is Love."

"Hear me, then, and I'll tell you what I did. I was a banker."

"I started. What did he say! He did not notice me, but went on."

"I had left with me to take care of a great deal of money—thousands and thousands. It was trusted with me by merchants and servants and poor people, widows, orphans, young people just starting in this world for themselves. *And I ran away, taking it all.* There was one young man, my friend, just a year married."

"What was his name?" I almost shrieked at Stephen Gaston's ear, in an intolerable throe of fierce passions and memories.

The old man covered his face with his hands, and the tears of a half-manly, half-childish grief began to run down his cheeks as he answered, sobbing,

"Lionel Armour."

I jumped up from my seat and ran out of his room. I seemed to be hurried back to the day when I sat on my father's knee, and hearing all his wrong, drew out my little knife and said, "I would stick this in his heart!" And blush not, Brother Man, to own me brother if I tell thee that for one small moment only I questioned with myself if I should not rush back and take the vengeance on that dying old man out of God's hands. I shut myself in my own room. I strode up and down, taking wild, long paces, talking to myself with my teeth shut tight.

But coming by the centre-table, my eye, almost by fascination (so it seemed to me in that state), fell upon the Bible lying there. It was open at the place where I had last read for Stephen Gaston,

"Have mercy upon me, O God!"

And in my soul there came a voice—"It is God that showeth mercy. Who art thou that revengest?"

I turned from the table and leaned against the window-frame, half-stilled. Lucy Gaston, picking the few last asters in the garden for her father's room, looked up at me sweetly with her smiling, pure brown eyes; and the rest of the work was done. The Good—the God-like in me had triumphed.

I went back to Stephen Gaston's room.

"Where have you been?" said he, reproachfully.

"I have been in my room—seeking and finding mercy for you and for me. Forgive me, my friend. I will not leave you again; go on, please."

"Where was I? Oh, yes—Lionel Armour. As I told you, he was my friend. My loving, true friend. He trusted in me—I took his all—all he had made in a hard-working life. O God, forgive me! He is dead, and never can. Never! never! The rest I wronged I do not know; I don't remember even their names. But *his* name—my friend's—it has been eating into my soul these years! It will be the last thing I see when I die! Oh! oh!"

And the old man shook with the power of his anguish. A thought came over me. Perhaps I might comfort him.

"Suppose, Mr. Gaston," said I, gently caressing his forehead, "that his only son were still living, and should come to you, telling you that up to the last night of his life his father never had a thought of hate to you, but prayed you might be forgiven. Suppose the son himself should say that he, too, from the bottom of his heart forgave you, what then?"

The old man looked up with streaming eyes, and said, brokenly, "I should die in peace. But no, no; it can never be. His son is dead; not a word has been heard of him for years."

"Mr. Gaston, look at me! From the bottom of my heart I forgive you; and I am Lionel Armour's only son!"

Stephen Gaston drew his hand across his eyes as if to wipe away a mist—his breath stopped—then he half rose from his pillow, and, taking both my hands in his own, he regarded me for a full minute with a searching gaze out of which all the old vacancy had gone. And at length he said, solemnly,

"Are you telling a dying man falsehood or truth?"

"Truth, as God liveth!" answered I, with the same solemnity.

"And where are your proofs, young man?"

I thrust my hand into my breast-pocket and drew out an old wallet which had lain there every day, close-hugged for those many years. For it was that which my father had carried—the small receptacle of all that very little which his unworldly soul had ever had to do with the profit and loss of human business—the memoranda, the notes, the bills—in all amounting to

perhaps a dozen papers. But it contained the voucher of Stephen Gaston's trust; and when the eyes of Lionel Armour were closed on my utter desolation, I kept it for a monument with me of his sad life and wrongs, oftentimes, in all my wanderings by sea and land, opening it, reading that one receipt with burning lids, and feeding thereby that only human emotion which seemed left me—indignant, silent bitterness.

I culled out the receipt and held it before Stephen Gaston's eyes. He read it, trembling and breathless. And then I folded it and tore it fine, saying to myself,

"For God's mercy's sake—the commemorated forgiveness of the dead—for the sake of Annie Gaston, and my own better spirit."

"Vain! vain!" said the old man, his voice choked to a whisper. "It has gone before me up to judgment."

"But with it your repentance, God's pardon, and the forgiveness of the Armours! Be at peace, my friend."

For a moment he remained with closed eyes, and his lips only moving as if in prayer, then said:

"The blessing of a wicked old man would but curse you, noble child of my bitterly wronged friend! I do not bless you, then; his blessing be upon you; yes, and this hour it is upon you; and the Great One's goes with it. But listen: I right the Armours late, yet much as can be—I right you! *I have never touched a farthing of that money!* It is invested—well, securely; and when the profits came in I said, 'I fear them; they are the price of holy blood!' and I invested them also. The bonds for all your heritage and its increase are in my safe; this key restores them to you."

And as he drew a small worn key from beneath his pillow and placed it in my hand I learned the meaning of all that jealous, wary fumbling, that search from corner to corner which had perplexed me in his more crazed and darkened days.

After a while he continued,

"I seem better—you and Annie—oh, poor, poor child!—think I will live. No! I shall not. This time of better light and speech I know has been given to me only in mercy for this reparation's sake. What if I had died in the dark! what if you were not here! Oh, God! to think of it! It is finished, and I am called. Bring Annie to me."

She came to his bedside, and, with much weeping, heard her father say solemnly that his time was at hand. And then he looked me fixedly in the face and asked,

"Speak truly. I have thought—was I mistaken?—that you love one another?"

"Better than the whole world and life!" I broke forth now for the first, most passionately.

But her only answer was to bury her tearful eyes in my bosom as I clasped her to me.

"I am right, then," said he. "Be kind to each other. Annie, be every thing to him—be life—be happiness—be soul! You know not what we owe him."

Nor should her clean spirit ever know. I put my finger on my lip and shook my head warningly, lest he should impulsively say too much more. And as our lips met in the first love-embrace beside her fainting father's bed, the mark of the secret long burned into my soul, and Stephen Gaston's was wiped out by the daughter's kiss, and I became as though I knew it not.

A week from that day and I alone on earth was left to her. God knows how it has been in my soul to make that all all-sufficient, with much care, and deep tenderness, and idolizing love. For her own, chiefly—yes, also for her forgiven father's sake.

Thus I saw the strange, long-forgotten, and disrespected dream of my first Ilchester night at length fulfilled. And I blessed God for those days and nights of weariness passed for Christian charity and her love beside Stephen Gaston's tottering footsteps, knowing that that light affliction had wrought for me my blessedness in her, and been therefore doubly, yea, unspeakably, the Ransom of my Heritage.

FOUND DEAD.

WHO can walk through bright Broadway
On a sunny noon in May,
When the gorgeous flowers of spring
Bloom and blossom on its pave;
When the gay, unthinking crowd
Rolls in one unceasing wave—
Who can walk nor bless the day
That gave them beautiful Broadway?

Who can? On a cold, clear night,
When the gas sheds bounteous light,
When the shops like brilliant gems,
Set in dark, enameled shrines,
Sparkle forth their many hues
On the golden-lettered signs—
Who through fairy-land would stray,
Walk the pavement of Broadway.

When the yellow sunlight falls
On her cloud-capped marble halls;
When the clash of countless wheels
Mingles with a hundred bells;
When the tramp of hurrying feet
Drowns the marching music swells:
Moonlight, sunlight, morning gray—
All are glorious on Broadway.

* * * * *
* * * * *

It is midnight deep, the time grows old;
It is raining, and sleeting, and very cold.
The slush lies ankle-deep in the street,
And hushed are the sounds of the hurrying feet.
Hushed is the clang of the noisy bells,
And hushed is the sound of the music swells.
Moonlight, sunlight, morning gray—
It is none of these on bright Broadway.

It is midnight deep, and the gas burns low
With a flickering light through the falling snow.
Snow, and hail, and wind, and rain,
Flooding the eaves, and choking the drain.
He who has roof that is weather-tight
Goes not abroad on this dreadful night.
Carriage, nor horse, nor laden dray
Clatters this night through bright Broadway.

Even the beggar a shelter has found;
Not a policeman is heard on his round;
Not a stray light from a cellar shines out,
Nor heard is the sound of a reveler's shout.
Silent and dark as the gloom of the grave,
Chilling the heart be it ever so brave;
Chilling the heart till it ceases to pray,
And heaps only curses on bright Broadway.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Sweep on, ye bitter winter's wind,
Like a fiend on your errand of death!
Strike every living thing you find
With your knife-like, icy breath!
I was cold and hungered an hour ago,
But that has passed away;
The snow may fall, and the winds may blow,
To me it is nothing but play.

I have walked the pavement nights before
As dank and as deathly cold,
When a spot to lie on the naked floor
Would have been a wealth untold.
To-night I am warm, and a dreamy sleep
Is lulling my hunger to rest;
Under this pile of boxes I'll creep,
With the rats an unbidden guest.

Oh, mother! my own, my undying love!
Oh, mother! my lost and true!
Look from your home of light above,
To-night I am thinking of you.
Oh, that this weary life were done!
Oh, that I were with thee!
That the Lord would receive, through his only Son,
A chastened sinner like me!

* * * * *
* * * * *

'Tis the first faint tinge of the morning's dawn
That heralds the birth of a sunshiny morn;
The air is still, and the frozen street
Begins to awake with the patter of feet—
To awake with the sound of the milkman's shout,
As he passes along on his daily route;
But one there sleeps, on the frozen way,
Who will never awake to bright Broadway.

They have found him lying there at rest—
His hands are crossed on his silent breast;
An icy mantle is round his form,
It has covered him in from the pitiless storm.
With a pick and a shovel they loose the hold
Of the ice and the snow on his garments old;
And, staring and stiff, they bear him away
From the sight of the people on bright Broadway.

A cart is his hearse, and a canvas shroud
Hides his pale face from the gaping crowd;
And the jury who come to the dead-house to see,
With a look of disgust take the *usual* fee;
And the Coroner says, in a business tone,
That the body they viewed is—A Man Unknown!
And the verdict is entered the *usual* way—
Found Dead!—in the morning on bright Broadway.

AN AMERICAN IN JAPAN IN 1858.

A CHANGE has come over the spirit of the Japanese dream! When I was a child I had an undeveloped idea that the Japanese were a species of semi-cannibal race, who indulged also in an annual practice of "trampling upon the Cross"—*vide* most school geographies. Three years since it was my good fortune to visit most of their more northern ports, and during those visits I was most agreeably enlightened. I left them with the impression that, though certainly unwarlike in their nature—possibly even timid—they were nevertheless cleanly in their persons, polished in their manners, and well informed as to a despotic form of government and the general preservation of order and quiet. I return now to have these impressions confirmed, and to conceive still higher ideas of their manners, of their social qualities, of their civilization, and of their intellect. I except only the Persians when I say that they are, *par excellence*, *the* nation of the East.

We sighted the high lands about Nagasakie bay at daylight of the 10th July, and as the sun rose, and we continued steadily to near them, their densely-wooded or terraced hill-sides presented a most refreshing contrast to the low land about the mouth of the Pei-ho, at which we have been gazing for the last month. There was quite a sea running as we thus stood in for the narrow entrance, and the ship had considerable motion; but as we shot into the mouth, and found the beautiful heights within half a mile of us on either hand, it seemed as if we were entering upon the bosom of a mountain lake. I can scarcely describe this harbor; it must be seen to be appreciated. Imagine a perfectly straight valley, with high hills on each side, and with an average width of three-quarters of a mile. The ridges of some of these hills run at right angles with the course of the valley, project into it, and thus form other small valleys which, like their ridges, run also at right angles with the harbor. Some parts of these numerous hill-sides, and all of their ridges and peaks, are densely covered with pines, cedars, bamboo, etc., but the most of their area is terraced and kept under constant cultivation. Here and there you see hamlets running back from the surfless beach, and in every direction isolated houses meet the eye. About four miles from the mouth of this valley it takes a short turn, and ends in front of the city of Nagasakie. Now imagine this valley a fourth filled with clear sea-water, and you have the

best idea my pen can impart of "the harbor of Nagasakie." As we steam up its motionless waters the curious Japanese crowd the beach to see the unusual sight, for Nagasakie was only opened to us on the 4th instant, and the *Mississippi*, which arrived a few days ahead of us, is, I suppose, one of the first steamers they ever saw. There she is now, anchored within pistol-shot of the town, and as we round-to near her a boat pushes off to board us.

Our anchor is no sooner down than a Japanese boat is also seen approaching, and as she comes alongside curious eyes look through the ports to examine her strange-looking occupants. The officer of the *Mississippi's* boat comes on board, and then orders his boat to drop out of the way to make room for the Japanese officials. One by one these latter ascend to the quarter-deck, the inferiors first, the superior last. The former range themselves in a line by the gangway, and as the latter steps upon deck they bend gracefully and almost reverently before him. Then they look toward us, as much as to say, "Here is a high personage who is entitled to your respect."

One of the inferiors, the first who came on board, is Kichizuro—Nichi Kichizuro—the Governor's interpreter. He is a fine-looking, honest-visaged Japanese, who speaks Dutch very well, and who has learned enough English, *from books*, since Commodore Perry's treaty, to make himself fairly understood.

We call a Dutch seaman who shipped with us in Norfolk *as an American*, and put him in communication with Kichizuro. The latter bows with Eastern politeness, and says that the high officer, his superior, has come on board with the Governor's compliments to welcome us to Nagasakie. The Dutch seaman translates this, and the captain replies appropriately on the part of the Commodore. Several complimentary speeches now pass back and forth, after which the high officer and suite are asked down into the ward-room, and regaled with two bottles of Frontignac—a sweet wine from the Cape of Good Hope. They now take their departure, with the understanding that the Commodore and suite will do themselves the honor to call upon his Excellency Arawa Ywaminokami, the Governor, in a few days.

In addition to the *Mississippi* we find three other foreign-built vessels at anchor. One of these is a Dutch bark lately arrived from Batavia with a mixed cargo for the Dutch Company who for the last two hundred and fifty-eight years have been allowed to inhabit the artificial island of Desima, and the other two are Japanese vessels-of-war, which were built a year since to order in Holland. One of these is a steam-propeller of about 400 tons, and the other a smaller sailing vessel. As we go on shore and make the acquaintance of the Dutchmen, I will show why these vessels are here, and how the giant Steam is "changing the spirit of the Japanese dream." Come, then; let us go to Desima.

A large crowd got into this our first boat which was to land us upon the soil of Japan. We pulled a few hundred yards over the smooth surface of the harbor and then ran alongside of a stone embankment which the Dutch had built to facilitate the landing of their semi-annual cargoes. Here we got out, walked up the inclined masonry, and were received by a dense throng of Dutch and Japanese. One of the former introduced himself as Mr. Basley, the head of the Company. Another, as Mr. Hardie, engineer of the propeller; and a third as Lieutenant Wichers, of the Dutch Navy, and also an officer of the propeller. The Japanese gazed upon us with friendly and respectful curiosity. Our Dutch friends walked us over their little island and then into the house of Mr. Basley, where they gave us schnapps and hock in abundance.

We were pleased with our walk over Desima. We found it to be a point of land seven or eight hundred feet long by about three hundred wide, around the inshore part of which a curved moat had been dug, and entirely around which a stone wall had then been built. This moat is not very deep, so that Desima is only an island at high water. A single stone bridge spans the twenty-feet-wide moat and connects the island with Nagasakie, and a single wide street runs its entire length and terminates in a beautifully shady and neat flower-garden. Upon the right of this street, as you walk up, is a long range of two-story houses inhabited by the Dutch, and upon the left is a similar row, used partly for dwellings and partly for warerooms. Both of these rows end at the garden, and with it and the broad street constitute "the island of Desima." And it is upon this little spot that "the Dutch in Japan" have lived for the last two hundred and fifty-eight years. There are now about fifty of them here, including the officers and crew of the propeller. As we drank our hock I learned from Lieutenant Wichers and others some interesting items. After bringing their propeller to Nagasakie, the officers and crew remained attached to her for the purpose of giving lessons in steam, navigation, and seamanship, to Japanese officials and others expressly designated by the Emperor. In the mean time they get their regular pay from the Dutch Government, as well as a double amount from that of Japan. Every day they have their different classes, where Japanese are taught the above branches, and where they themselves acquire a fair insight into Japanese tastes, manners, etc. There is no telling how long they may be engaged upon this duty, or how much valuable information they may thus obtain.

"Come out here on the back porch and look on the other side of the harbor," said Mr. Hardie. "See that new frame building with the smoke-pipe rising over it; that is *my* establishment. I have a steam-engine there which was ordered out by the prince of this province, to pump the water out of his coal-mines; but after it arrived, and he found that we should have to go to the mines to put it up, he changed his

mind. They are still so averse to foreigners penetrating the country. I have a brick-kiln over there also, various workshops, etc., etc. You must come over and see me."

We promised to do so, and then got up to visit the bazars and purchase some of the beautiful lacquer ware, etc., for our friends at home. I can not pretend to describe these bazars. I can only say that they are second-floor rooms near the Desima Garden, that they are filled with every thing that is beautiful, and that dozens of Japanese shopmen stand behind their counters to laugh and make signs with you instead of talking, and to sell you their gorgeous ware at marvelously low prices. When I was at Simoda, three years since, we thought every thing was very cheap; now it is infinitely more so. What we then paid a dollar for, we pay thirty-three cents for now. To what is this great difference owing, do you ask? To the difference between the brains of our Government officials. When Commodore Perry made his famous treaty, he was so blind as to stipulate that our dollar should be equal to a Japanese itzabu, the intrinsic value of which coin is about thirty-three cents. Thus a dollar would only buy an article that was worth thirty-three cents. Lately, however, our Consul-General, Mr. Harris, has effected a second treaty, which provides that our money shall compare with theirs according to *weight;* thus a dollar is now worth about *three* itzabu. Hence the difference in prices. It may be imagined that we are taking advantage of this state of affairs to fill our rooms with beautiful and (at home) costly presents for our friends. Were I here now as a merchant captain in command of a small vessel and $10,000 (Mexican), I could load my ship with the most costly ware—ware that would easily realize $70,000 in Europe or America. This rare "opening" has, however, doubtless reached you before this, and we are hourly expecting to see some wide-awake American merchantman sailing into the harbor to take advantage of it.

Would the reader like to see how we buy from these shopmen? In the first place, we take our Mexican dollars to a Government official, who counts them and gives us their equivalent in the paper money of *Nagasakie*—not of *Javan.*

"You must spend it all here," says the interpreter, "for it will not pass at Simoda."

Of course we will take his advice. This paper-money is worth a passing word, if nothing more. It is about as long as a bank-note, half as wide, and is stamped on both sides. It is as thick as thin pasteboard, is made from the bamboo, and is very durable. Upon one side of it is stamped its value in Japanese, and upon the other in Dutch. These values range from ten thalers down as low as the hundredth part of a thaler; and the entire amount of money "out" is called in yearly by the Government, and redeemed with *new* notes. Should the Japanese, however, prefer metallic currency at any time, the Government will take their paper-money in exchange; but such a thing as a "panic" being out of the question in Japan, they prefer the notes, as being more portable.

"Thaler" is the Dutch for a dollar; but the reader must not imagine that they give us but one of them for a Mexican dollar. We get four, plus eight cents, Mr. Harris's admirable treaty having determined that very positively. Our dollar may, therefore, be said to be equal to about $3 25, for the Dutch here are paid in thalers at the rate of 75 cents each; while one of our Mexicans, plus 15 cents, is equal to five thalers. For instance, I and a Dutchman purchase similar articles that cost 20 thalers. I pay $4 60; while he pays $20 \times 75 = \$15\ 00$. Thus we pay but 23 cents for a thaler, and they 75 cents. It may readily be imagined that the Hollanders would not long remain under such a disadvantage. They at once ordered Mexican dollars from Batavia, and are now as well off as we are. Now for the shopping. Attention, ladies!

"*Ycoo-rá?*" ("How much is this?") sings out the owner of a pile of ten-thaler notes at my elbow. The reader must know that we are in the large bazar in Nagasakie (not of Desima), the centre of which is a vast open court (square), and the sides of which are made up of the stalls of the different shopmen, neatly roofed over. Thus we have abundance of light to see the gorgeous wares that are spread before us.

"*Ycoo-rá?*"

The shopman, who has a pleasant face, and who seems more intent upon examining our clothes and buttons than upon effecting a sale, takes out a one-thaler note, and holds up the five fingers of each hand eight times.

"Eighty thalers!" we murmur. "Only *eighty* thalers! only $18 40."

What is that which we think so cheap at $18 40? It is the most magnificent centre-table that can be imagined—such a table as is seen nowhere but in Japan. The Dutch formerly exported them; but as they cost them sixty dollars, and had to be offered in Europe, consequently, at a much higher price, the demand for them was limited. Therefore the exportation ceased; therefore only eight or ten are now made annually throughout the whole empire.

"There are only two of those in Nagasakie!" says the head of the Dutch Company. "If you want any thing in the table line you had better take it."

My friend with the ten-thaler notes having passed on to something else did not hear this remark. Instead of calling him back to enlighten him, I asked where the other was, and bought them both—one to the order of a friend in Shanghai, and the other for myself. I must describe one of them, if only to give the reader an idea of the ware by which we were surrounded. It was a large octagonal centre-table, the surface of which was divided into three equal parts, each one of which furnished a perfect

specimen of one of the three different kinds of "lacquering." Brilliant and massive mother-of-pearl composed the borders which separated these divisions, and contrasted vividly, though not glaringly, with the adjoining grounds. One of these divisions represented the sea; another the cultivated valley; the third the forest, with its beasts and birds. Through the transparent sea fish were to be seen chasing each other, while junks sailed over its rippled surface. In the valley there was a rice-field, with long-legged cranes approaching unwary frogs; and upon the trees of the forest sat brilliantly-plumaged birds. And such a polish as the entire surface had upon it! It seemed almost dangerous to touch it; and yet you might scrub it with a rough brush and sand without leaving a scratch that could not be polished off in five minutes. Truly it is a beautiful specimen of art! It has but one drawback: it is so grandly brilliant that, even in our most elegant drawing-rooms, good taste would say "Cover it with a cloth, to avoid too strong a contrast." Of course all the other work is not as splendid as this; but as soon as *it* is packed away you fail to notice the difference.

Here are other tables that now look as fine, and they only cost ten dollars. Here are glove-boxes, card-cases, lace-boxes, waiters, trays, punch-bowls, cabinets, work-tables, toilet-boxes, writing-desks, cigar-boxes, card-boxes, jewelry-cases, India-ink boxes, and, in short, every kind of box and case that the most vivid imagination can depict. They have all been fashioned after samples imported by the Dutch; and are, consequently, unlike most Japanese wares, as useful as they are ornamental. Then look at these silks and crapes! Dresses which could not be bought at home for thirty dollars here selling for three. Hurrah for the married men! We'll fit out our absent halves for the next ten years, by which time they'll be too old (?) to want a farther supply of fine feathers.

"Don't believe that!" I hear some one laugh; and I therefore put the note of inquiry after "old." Let us purchase some of *the cheap* things. Here are a hundred sticks of fine India-ink at $2 40;* a massive and rich china bowl for 20 cents; three boxes of rose-colored tooth-powder, with looking-glasses in the upper lids, for 2½ cents; silk tassels, cord, scarfs, etc., at $1 50 per pound; beautiful bronze ornaments for a song; and an *infinite* variety of other things that would occupy as much room here as they would in our limited cabins. We will therefore leave them with the remark that it would be hard to select one from even *their* midst which would not be regarded as a "pretty present" by any one at home. I find my pockets emptying so fast that we must also leave the bazar. We are on our way to the Governor's palace to pay an official call. It is the third day after our arrival.

The party consisted of eleven—the flag officer, the captains of the *Mississippi* and *Powhattan*, the fleet-surgeon, the purser, the first lieutenant, the marine officer, the chief engineer, the chaplain, the flag lieutenant, and the flag officer's secretary, and we were all rigged out in epaulets and swords.

We did not land at Desima this time. We pulled past the mouth of the narrow moat which separates it from Nagasakie, and stepped on shore at the stone embankment known as "the Governor's landing." An immense crowd of men, women, and children received us in respectful but curious silence, and followed us wonderingly as we walked leisurely up the clean, wide street. We came first to a wide flight of fifty-eight stone steps, which we ascended, and then found ourselves at the beginning of a long, straight street, which, as usual, was both clean and wide. We walked up this about three-fourths of a mile, and then turning to the left approached a densely wooded hill-side at the base of which was the palace, approachable only by several other flights of stone steps. While passing up our straight street we had two-story houses on either hand, the doors and windows of which were crowded by the excited inmates; for it must be remembered that, although the Dutch have occupied Desima for two hundred and fifty-eight years, still they never left it, nor were Japanese allowed to visit *them*. Hence, with Europeans at their very doors, the people of Nagasakie remained as ignorant of our appearance as if Japan had been a country of the moon. I do not mean that no Japanese ever entered Desima; on the contrary, every Dutchman was allowed a wife, and she, in turn, a female servant; but once entered, they came out no more, except it were to a small house at the gate, where they conversed a short time with the *female* members of their families. The only persons who could enter and depart, as usual, were a selected number of officials, who transacted their business *under each other's eyes*, and then departed at once. The one was a spy upon the other, and every thing that transpired was faithfully reported in writing to the Government.

It was strange to see how even the very animals recognized in us something unusual and alarming. Dogs would bark at us a hundred yards in advance, and then disappear to emerge again and bark fifty yards in our rear; cats, with their singular stumpy tails and startled eyes, watched us from the beautifully tiled walls and roofs; and bulls of burden and horses snorted and became uneasy at our approach. These burdened animals move over the hard street with the noiseless gait of so many huge mice. We were surprised at this until we looked at their feet and saw them shod with grass shoes, which we are told "wear astonishingly long." Nothing can be imagined more neat and cleanly than the houses along our route; or more totally wanting in propriety than the general costume of their inmates. Shocked modesty is an emotion unknown to the Japanese woman,

* The Japanese ink is the best in the world; in value it ranges from one cent to a dollar and a half per stick.

and with the men it is even worse. Clothing seems only to be worn here as a protection from the temperature, or as adding to their appearance; and when any thing occurs to render a change desirable, it is removed with as natural an indifference as attends the pulling off of one's gloves. This total absence of every thing like self-respect is the only unpleasant feature I have observed in these otherwise amiable and remarkable people. Of course I have been speaking of the middle and lower classes—the men of the higher classes being always clothed in rich silks and satins: their wives and daughters we have not seen.

Let us stop at this house and examine its arrangement. We step from the street into a square space about as large as the half of a mattress, upon the ground flooring of which are several pairs of shoes, and three sides of which are formed by the first-story floor. This floor is raised a foot above the ground, and is covered with a beautiful species of matting. Not such matting as comes in rolls from China to be sold in Broadway or Chestnut Street in the spring; but a yielding, thick, cushion-like matting that I never saw any where but in this country. It is made in the shape of a mattress, being *invariably* six feet three inches long, three feet two inches wide, and four inches thick. Rice or wheat straw is first plaited lightly together until the required dimensions are arrived at, and then the top is securely covered by a soft and flexible mat. They are then fitted closely together upon the floor, and this fitting is so perfect as to show a surface as smooth as any carpet. As you walk over them the foot sinks an inch or so, which is any thing but unpleasant. The reader will readily notice one great beauty about this style of matting: should one of them become soiled another is bought for twenty-three cents and put into its place. There is never any danger of their not fitting, for, as I have already observed, they are all of the same size. Nor is this all. When a man wishes a house built he simply says, "I want a house built which shall be of two stories and nine rooms. One room is to spread forty mats, four rooms twenty each, and four fifteen each." Thus is the size of the house regulated by the number of mats. Indeed, in speaking of the length of any thing, they say—"It is five, or six, or seven mats long." A *mat* with them answers the same purpose as a *yard* with us.

I remarked a few lines back that we saw several pairs of shoes upon the ground of the square hole into which the front door opens, or, rather, from before which it *slides back*. Those shoes *belong to persons who are now in the house;* for the Japanese always leave them at the edge of the matting to avoid soiling it, and resume them again when they go out. In the mean time they go in their "stocking-feet." I wonder if the reader ever saw a pair of Japanese stockings? They are made of wadded and quilted cotton, and reach nearly to the knee. They fit very snugly, and, mitten-like, have a slit so that the great toe has an apartment to itself. The thong of their sandals fits into this slit, and, assisted by another across the instep, keeps it from slipping off. Upon the whole the Japanese are infinitely more sensibly rigged about the feet than we are, and, consequently, seldom or never stand in need of the services of the chiropodist. Let us hasten on to the palace!

The extensive flight of heavy stone steps, already mentioned, which leads to the portal of a large court fifty feet above us, is shaded by a magnificent tree, which would not suffer by comparison with our grandest live oaks. Its wide-spreading and grotesque limbs extend their irregular lengths over the entire stone-work, and project even over a portion of the court. As we pass under their grateful protection we close our umbrellas, breathe a fresh, cool breeze, and walk through the open gateway. Crossing the court, which is neatly graveled, we leave walled buildings, appropriated to soldiers, on either hand, and step upon the polished and covered piazza which opens into the outer room of the palace. This piazza is about twenty feet wide, and where it joins the outer room the usual matting commences. This outer room is about fifty feet square, and is occupied by the officers of the body-guard of the Governor. There they sit now, upon the spotless matting, with their pipes, fire-bowls, and tobacco before them, taking it quite easy. Against the partition in their rear is a lacquered rack, supporting the most beautiful spears and pennant staffs; and ranged upon the left side of the door by which we are entering are Yashero and Kichizuro, the two interpreters, who, with several high officers, receive us with profound bows and conduct us through different ground-floor apartments to that in which the Vice-Governor awaits us. There we meet several other profound bows, pass through another room, and finally stand face to face with a tall and aged man, who looks every inch the gentleman, as well as "the one in authority." In his rear is his sword-bearer and a large crowd of two-sworded officials, who follow his example by saluting us with other profound bows; and in *our* rear, and upon our left, crowd the Vice-Governor and others who met us as we entered. Stretching away forty or fifty feet to our right runs the oblong apartment, opening upon a piazza, which, in turn, is elevated some ten inches above a small garden, at the opposite side of which is a miniature lake covered with lilies and overhung by a perpendicular hill-side supporting a dense growth of pines, cedars, and undergrowth—a most refreshing sight for sea-faring eyes.

I must remark here that some portions of the walls of Japanese houses, and most of the partitions which separate the rooms, are composed of sliding panels, which enables them to *throw the whole ground floor into one room* if desirable, and to regulate the size of their windows according to the temperature of the weather. In this case the whole end of the room had been slided back, so that we had abundance of light

and air as well as a beautiful view. These sliding walls are all *papered*, more neatly in many cases than with us. Every day I find that the Japanese have little to learn from us in their social economy.

Between us and the edge of the piazza now ran a long, low table, covered with a snow-white cotton cloth, and having eleven cane-bottomed arm-chairs ranged along between it and the partition. Opposite to the far end of this table were two others, the one a fourth as large as ours, the other smaller. Two arm-chairs were between the first of these and the opposite partition, and one at the latter. The space intervening between the first table and these two latter was about ten feet, and perfectly unoccupied. After bowing the Governor waved his hand with a courtly dignity, motioning the Commodore to the far seat at the long table. We passed up and seated ourselves according to rank. The Governor and a high officer seated themselves at the double table, and the Vice-Governor at the single one. The rest of the officials remained standing in the back-ground, and Kichizuro seated himself upon the matting between the Commodore and the Governor, while Yashero took up a similar position in his rear, between the Vice-Governor and us who were seated lower down. In the rear of the Governor stood his sword-bearer. A Dutch seaman from the *Mississippi* stood near the Commodore to put his words into Dutch to Kichizuro, who then transferred them into Japanese for the Governor. I have already remarked that Kichizuro spoke a little English; but as he was much more at home in Dutch we had brought the seaman to assist in that language.

The Governor was the first to speak. He bent gracefully forward and spoke in almost a whisper. Kichizuro, with inclined body and eyes fixed upon the floor, listened in motionless attention to his smooth-flowing speech. When it was ended he lifted up his head and addressed the seaman. The latter then translated to the Commodore, who replied with happy readiness. The conversation which now followed would doubtless be interesting to the reader, but I must content myself with condensing its sense. It seemed, then, that his Excellency was very glad to see our ships arrive at Nagasakie, and still more pleased to see our particular selves in his mansion. Of course we were equally glad to find ourselves in his country, and greatly pleased to be in his particular society. Smiles, bows, and a general clearing of throats followed this exchange of compliments.

In the mean time oblong lacquer boxes, twice as large as one's head, have been brought in by a long string of noiseless servants and placed before each of us, as well as before the Governor, the high officer (who proves to be the Secretary of the Navy), and the Vice-Governor. They are all alike, and when you see one you see the others. The one before me has four divisions: in one of which is a pipe, with a bowl only half as large as a lady's thimble; in another, a copper brazier containing live coals in ashes; in the third, fine smoking tobacco, very much like the Turkish; and in the fourth, a little copper vase for knocking your ashes into. The Governor takes a pinch of the silky tobacco, rolls it a moment between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, puts it in the diminutive bowl, applies the latter to a coal, takes three whiffs, knocks out his ashes, replaces his pipe, and—is done smoking. We follow his example, but upon a more extended scale.

The conversation now recommenced, just as the noiseless attendants re-entered with a second edition of lacquer trays. The Governor inquired with interest as to the present struggle between the allies and Chinese, and evidently had his sympathies enlisted upon the side of the latter. Notwithstanding this, however, there are no one people who despise another more than the Japanese do the Chinese. I have seen this exemplified myself years since, when our Chinese mess boys would be walking through the streets of Simoda with their heavy shoes, and long tails dangling behind; and I have lately had the impression confirmed by conversation with Kichizuro. The Commodore told the Governor that we were ourselves friendly to China, and that we had only been to the Pei-ho to give both parties the benefit of our friendly advice; at which the old gentleman smiled most pleasantly, and, filling a sakie glass from the last tray, desired the pleasure of drinking our combined healths.

This over, we turned our attention to the contents of trays No. 2, which we found to consist of iced sponge-cake, a second kind of cake, which was any thing but unpalatable, several pieces of brilliantly-colored candy, and a wine-glass for sakie. It may be well here to remark, that this cake and candy combined, of each separate dish, was sufficient in quantity to have overcome even the appetite of a boarding-school boy lately arrived at home, and in quality equal to the best things of the kind which we have in the United States. This sounds strange, but it is true. The Japanese know how to make good things as well as we do.

Being ignorant of the fact that our entertainment was but just commencing, and it being our regular tiffin hour, we entered largely into the examination of the sponge-cake and sakie before the arrival of the third course. Then we were horrified to discover that we had commenced our lunch by eating cake, while delicious stews of mushrooms, chicken-breast, minced partridge meat, etc., now appeared before our blunted appetites.

"Hillo! we've commenced at the wrong end!" exclaimed an alarmed voice. Nevertheless we managed to discover that the different stews were all *delicious*.

Course after course now followed in regular succession, each one being upon fourteen different trays, one of each of which was placed before the Governors, the Secretary, and our-

selves. Finally the arrivals ceased, though not until the long table was entirely covered, and we unable to do any thing but drink sakie and fill our diminutive pipes. This sakie was so fine that I determined to learn all about it. I therefore asked Yashero to tell the Vice-Governor my opinion of it, and to ask him how old it was, and how it was made. The reply was, that it was three years old, that it was made from a peculiar kind of rice, and that there was very little of it. I feared from this last reply that they imagined my object was to get some of it, but subsequently learned that the Governor had contemplated making us a present of several firkins, which caused the discovery of its scarcity. I next told him that in America we had wine that was one hundred years old, and that its age gave it such a value that few people could afford to drink it. At this he seemed greatly interested, remarking that sakie also improved with age, but that it was difficult in Japan to keep it so long. The fleet-surgeon, at this stage of the action, took a package of different kinds of seeds from his pocket, and handing it to Kichizuro, told him to present it to the Governor, enlightening him at the same time as to how they were to be planted, worked, etc. This necessarily occupied some time, and when the Governor had returned his thanks the Commodore got up to take his leave. His Excellency, however, begged us to remain longer, as his opportunities for conversing on such subjects were rare and far between. We therefore resumed our seats and filled our glasses once more with the rare old sakie.

An idea now crossed my mind that was eventually productive of the most happy result. It is against the laws of Japan for the national metallic currency to leave the country; but I knew that said laws had been violated in the case of Commodore Perry, and argued that it was thence not impossible for them to be similarly violated in the case of the present writer. I knew also that the Governor had been one of the most determined opponents of the liberal party who had advocated the opening of Japan, and that the Vice-Governor had occupied the opposite ground with equal firmness. I determined, therefore, to ask the Vice-Governor's permission to purchase specimens of the national coin, and addressed myself to Yashero as follows:

"Yashero, tell the Vice-Governor that in America many gentlemen have cabinets containing specimens of the money of all nations. Some of this money is three thousand years old, and is still in as good a state of preservation as when it was coined. None of these cabinets, however, possess any *Japanese* money, and I should consequently like very much to get a specimen of each of the gold, silver, and copper coins of the country."

Yashero bent himself low, and gave the Vice-Governor a faithful (judging by the length) translation of what I had said; to which the latter smiled pleasantly, and replied, "Certainly; with pleasure!" The next day I paid the following prices for the following coins:

One gold cobank, or "four-itzabu piece" (intrinsic value, $7 16), $1 38 (flat and oval in form); one gold itzabu (intrinsic value, $1 79), 34 cents (oblong); one gold half-itzabu (intrinsic value about 40 cents), 17 cents (oblong silver coin *gold-plated*); one silver itzabu (intrinsic value, 33 cents), 34 cents (oblong silver coin); one silver quarter-itzabu (intrinsic value, 8¼ cents), 8½ cents (oblong silver coin); one copper cash (intrinsic value, ⅛ of a cent), 1 cent (round, with square hole).

Thus I paid only $2 32½ for coin which is intrinsically worth about $9 76. How a Wall Street broker might turn over his Mexican dollars were he here with his bags, and *were there no law against the export of Japanese gold!*

About the time that the Vice-Governor was smiling pleasantly and saying, "Certainly; with pleasure!" the Commodore made a second move, and this time we took our departure. As he was shaking hands and bowing, the Governor remarked that he should like very much to visit our ship, upon which he was begged to fix a day, and the next but one was finally determined upon. We were now shown out with the same attention and form that had attended our entrance; and passing under the shade of the heavy old oak, returned toward our boats.

And now I must say a few words as to the *manners* of these Japanese, upon whom many of our best informed countrymen look down so ignorantly. Our inferiors *as a people* they doubtless are, but they are equally our superiors in general dignity of bearing, in self-possession, and in some of the arts. Look at a Japanese gentleman under any and every circumstance in which you see him, and he is calm, dignified, affable, graceful, and completely self-possessed. People harp loudly upon the quiet air of good-breeding which seems natural to the frequenters of the courts of Europe. Some of our flurried countrymen approach crowned heads with nervousness, and envy those who are *accustomed* to their society their air of easy and polished *savoir faire*. I should like such people to see the manners that we have seen within the last few days.

As we return toward our boats by the same long and straight street which conducted us up, we see a sight which looks much more like Broadway or Chestnut Street than like Japan. What do you suppose it is, reader? Nothing more or less than *a street book-stall*. There are novels (many of them profusely illustrated), works upon the different kingdoms, histories, etc., all ranged one against the other to display them to the best advantage, and at the same time to get as many on the table as possible. I must confess that this sight took us by surprise. We stopped alongside of it, and began turning over leaves, while a curious crowd collected around us.

One must not stop in the streets of a Japanese city unless he is content to be surrounded by a crowd. They are harmless crowds, however, and never take a fancy to your pocket-

book or handkerchief. Sometimes they pull at our buttons; but should one be loose and come off, they look scared, and hand it back to you. I never saw such a passion as there is here for buttons—bright ones. As you walk along the streets women and children rush after you, crying out, "*Boton cashay! Boton cashay!*" (Give me a button!) and even the men often hold out their hands and say the same thing. The consequence is that we often take whole papers of them on shore with us to gratify their simple longing, and—to save our coats. Where they get the word "*boton*" from I do not know. I suppose it, however, to be a corruption of our word. Some of the books at which we now looked were really valuable. There were birds and fish of which the European naturalist has, I suppose, never dreamed. Two of them, a bird and a fish, had a double tail, and were otherwise singular. One of the party said they were *fancy sketches;* but Kichizuro subsequently told me they were from nature. The reader may judge between the two. While upon this subject I may mention that I afterward showed some Japanese friends my fifteen volumes of *Harper's Magazine.* They could not tire of admiring the illustrations, representing so many objects entirely novel to them. But the fashion plates seemed to afford them the greatest amusement. They understood their purport easily, and seemed especially amused with the figures delineated since the introduction of hoops.

Upon reaching our boats we found the tide so low that to get into them we should have to wade through the mud. They were consequently sent on board, while we returned a second time to the bazars. Two hours later we made a second attempt and got on board. Upon gaining the ship we found that the Governor, true to Nipon custom, had *sent the entire remains of our feast after us.* The messenger-boys were therefore called aft and informed that they were at liberty to attack it, and the onslaught that ensued promised several cases of juvenile surfeit.

The day after our visit to the Governor a friend and myself landed upon the side of the harbor opposite to Nagasakie for a ramble over the hills—or rather up the ravines. Each of these ravines has its little stream following a rocky and winding bed, its hamlets along the hill-sides, and its terraced patches of cultivation on either bank of the gurgling stream. The path generally follows the stream, branching off here and there to houses, and finally taking you over the ridge to the commencement of an opposite ravine. They make beautiful and shady walks, and offer interest at every turn. Rare flowers and bushes are on every hand, with here and there some familiar leaf. One of the latter was a singular plant, known in California as "the rock plant." We found it growing in profusion from the side of a stone wall, and gathered several roots.

"If it *is* the same as our California rock plant," said my friend, "the leaves will curl up into a ball, and you may keep it for a year in its apparently dead state; then if you put it in a saucer with water it will soon spread out again and recover both its form and color. They make beautiful evergreens to scatter about a parlor on a winter's evening." That same night we had the pleasure of seeing them all curling up, and the next morning they were like so many half-blown roses. To test them still farther we placed one in a saucer of water, and before the lapse of two hours it had expanded again.

In reading of this ramble which we had now started upon the reader must remember that every thing was strange to us, and that we were strange to every thing. For two hundred and fifty-eight years semi-annual Dutch vessels—one at a time—have been in the habit of anchoring here; but the most that the people could do was to look at them from the beach. *The appearance of Europeans at a distance* may, therefore, be said to have comprehended their knowledge of us; and it is, consequently, not surprising that we should now have been objects of curiosity. As we ascended our broken and rugged path men, women, and children left their fields and houses to gaze wonderingly at us, starting back in alarm if we made a jump toward them, and then laughing and looking ashamed of their groundless fright. The men were the bravest, the children next, then the grandmothers, and finally the younger women. Many of these latter had pretty faces, and all of them were smiling and good-natured. When they thus smiled some of them showed fearfully black teeth, while others might have illuminated a dark room—were it *possible.* I already knew the reason for this difference; it is this: As soon as a woman marries she stains her teeth a brilliant and polished black. If her husband dies she waits a reasonable time, and then cleans them off. This is as much as to say, "Come on, gentlemen! Here's a dashing young widow in the market!" And the gentlemen do "come on" often, as well here as in other parts of the world. Thus it is that every woman in Japan with black teeth is married, while every one with white teeth is either a widow, an old maid, or a young ditto.

I have already remarked that the old maids, as well as their younger companions, were among the last to approach us. It was in vain that we held out the brightest buttons, that we nodded our heads and sang out "*Ohio!*" (Good-morning) in the most pleasant tones; there they remained, displaying their beautiful white teeth and shaking their black hair at us, ready for a run at the first attempt of ours to approach them. I do not wish it to be understood here that we thought them remarkable for beauty. On the contrary, the only attractive points about them were their generally amiable and pleasant faces, their small hands and feet, their white teeth, their black hair, and *their indisposition to approach us.*

"Hold on!" I exclaimed to my companion. "Hold on! Take a seat quietly on this rock, and I'll inveigle them. I'll start their curiosity."

So we seated ourselves, stowed away the remaining buttons, and then I drew out my watch.

"*He! he! he! Ah-h-h!*" exclaimed the crowd, pressing around our rock eagerly. I touched the spring (it was a hunting-watch) and displayed the white porcelain face.

"*A-h-h-h! Ah-a-a-a! A-h-h-h!*"

"*Yoka! yoka!*" (very good) isn't it, John?" queried my companion.

"*Ah-ha-a! Yoka! yoka!*" assented the crowd, from every quarter. I now looked toward the alarmed ones. They had overcome half the distance, but retreated a step as they caught my eye.

"Come on!" I exclaimed. "*Yoka! yoka!*" But they only retreated another step. We therefore pretended to be thinking of any thing else but them, and proceeded to open the back part of the case.

At this point the admiring exclamations became so general, and the crowding around us so energetic, that I knew they must be having their effect. As a grand *finale*, therefore, we opened the works, confident of the result. Nor were we disappointed. The perfect uproar of admiration which followed seemed to dissipate every fear and attract them irresistibly toward the confused centre. They now soon lost all feeling of alarm, and became as free in examining the texture of our clothes, the brightness of our buttons, and the nature of our shoes, as any one else. They all seemed particularly struck with our linen drilling trowsers, with our grass-cloth jackets, and with the stitched bosoms of our shirts. We returned their attentions by making signs that the white teeth of the unmarried women were very pretty, while the stained ones of the married were just the reverse. At this they all laughed, and finally became so sociable and *crowding* that we began to feel unpleasantly warm. We therefore shut up our show, made a feint of catching the nearest child, created thus a temporary panic, and made our escape. We now followed the mountain stream to its elevated source, crossed the ridge, and began to descend the opposite ravine. After walking a few minutes we overhauled three old women, with baskets on their heads, and these tried at first to run from us; but finding their burdens too heavy, they quieted down and suffered us to overtake them. At first they would not look at us, and trembled violently, but after we had given them a button each, and smiled pleasantly as they received them (it is astonishing how far a kind smile goes with these people), they became very communicative, making signs to us that we should accompany them to their village. This we could not do, however, for it was getting late, and we were to meet the boat at sunset. We therefore bade them "*Sarana!*" (Good-by!) and retraced our steps.

As we returned through the little ravine village we were absolutely besieged by the population, all crowding around us, and clamoring loudly for buttons. "*Boton cashay! boton cashay! boton cashay!*" came from every quarter. Old men and small boys, mothers with infants in their arms, and little girls with ditto strapped upon their backs, all threw themselves in our path, and joined in the common cry. The result of all this was, that, when we got on board, we found that we had not only given away all the buttons we had carried for that purpose, but also a number from our coats.

Reader, what do you think of "cut-glass wares" being made here in Japan as well as in Europe and America? Upon one occasion, being invited to lunch with the Dutch commanding officer at Desima, he showed us as nice a cut-glass decanter and tumbler as one would wish to see.

"You don't mean to say that they make such work as this in Japan!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Yes I do! Let me tell you all about it. On the south end of this island of Kiu-Siu there is a small inland sea called Kagosima Bay (Deer Island Bay). At the head of this bay is a city of four or five hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of the province of Sats'ma. The Prince of Sats'ma is a fine-looking, intelligent fellow, liberal in his ideas, and of vast wealth. It is his daughter who is now the *Empress* of Japan. The Emperor has other wives truly, but she is the first, *the Empress*. Well, we obtained permission from Yeddo to visit this city of Kagosima, and took passage in the *Japan*, which I command. We steamed down in a couple of days, and were kindly received by the Prince. He took us over his large foundery, where he has eight hundred workmen employed casting cannon, etc., showed us his glass-factories, where he presented me with these two pieces, and made our time generally pleasant. Yes! cut-glass is made also in Japan."

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

I CAN not write the story with my own hands, but I shall dictate it to a tried and trusty friend; for I must have the public know all that I can tell respecting that strange and mysterious death. My name is Henry Wilde, and I was present when *it* happened. It was a week ago, and in body I have been utterly helpless since that day. I do not think that my intellect was much disordered by the shock; and yet I seem to have lost, in some degree, control over my mind — the power of condensation. Therefore I must tell this story in my own way. If I am prolix—if I linger too much over detail not connected with the act itself—it must be pardoned me.

I am not a young man. I have known Steven Cranston for more than forty years—ever since he and I went to school together in our pinafores. I am forty-eight now. Last week I should have said that he was two years younger; but he stands, to-day, where they do not

reckon ages by earthly measurement. Many who will read these words know what he was as a man—stern, dark-browed, silent, and mysterious. He was all this even as a boy.

At the district school we attended together he seemed to like no one. He might have been a favorite if he would; for he had the most physical courage I ever knew any boy to possess. He literally feared nothing. He had no equal in the various athletic games with which we whiled away our noonings; and these two traits, of daring and agility, are potent to win the suffrages of boys. Any one else possessing them to such extent would have become a loved and recognized leader; but Steven Cranston was too silent, too forbidding and unsocial. No one would have dared in any wise to interfere with him, but he had none of those dear boy-friendships, those brotherhoods of the soul whose memory, in after years, has power to thrill so many old men's hearts and make them happy boys again.

I said he seemed to like no one. I should have made one exception. Nearly opposite to him, on the "girls' side" of the long red school-house, sat Lucia Reynolds, the daughter of one of our wealthiest men. She did not owe her popularity to this circumstance, however. Looking back through the mists of twenty-eight years, I can see Lucia Reynolds as she was at fifteen, and I know that I never saw a fairer face. I met her the other day—a woman of forty-three she is now, and older than her years, with a look of patient waiting in her eyes, a settled sorrow round her lips; a woman to whom you would not even pay that saddest compliment —"She must have been beautiful once"—and I turned my eyes away, and back through the fair country of the past, till I could see her, as I saw her twenty-eight years ago, bending over her desk in Ryefield school-house.

Slight, girlish figure; small but perfect features; eyes of the bluest; delicate rose-tint on the dimpled cheeks; full, smiling mouth—I saw them all in the light and glory of youth, untouched by time. She had a clear, ringing voice, a dancing step, and, better than all, a heart full of love for every living creature; and so every body loved her, and every body included misanthropic Steven Cranston. Indeed, his sentiment for her seemed no mere childish liking. It was more the blind devotion of a Romanist for his patron saint. He would sit and watch her for hours with a look of rapt adoration. Lucia had the heart of a woman, and she could not help recognizing and liking this homage. She accepted, with the graciousness of a gentle queen, the rare flowers and fruit he used constantly to seek for her, and she befriended him in her turn. She was his warm defender when any one censured his coldness and misanthropy, and more than one predicted he would some day win her for his wife.

I never thought so, however. I was five years older than Lucia, and I think I understood her. I felt certain that *he* must be very different from Cranston who would arouse her heart from its long, delicious, dreaming girlhood, and quicken it into womanhood's passionate yet steadfast love. And yet I used sometimes to fancy that he loved her with a man's passion even then. If she could have returned it how different might have been the current of his future! Does it not seem as if there were some lives to which Destiny is pitiless? lips from which the only cup in all the spheres which could work their healing is dashed remorselessly?

When Lucia Reynolds was sixteen I left the place, and for many years I went back there but seldom. I kept up, however, a constant correspondence with my sister Bell, and through her was made *au courant* in all the gossip of Ryefield.

Two years after I left a stranger came to live there—a Colonel Eastman—whose family consisted of an invalid wife and a son, a young man who had nearly finished his collegiate course. When this latter personage came home for his first long summer vacation after the establishment of the family, Bell's letters were quite full of him—he was so handsome, so gallant, so generous and gentlemanly! Soon she wrote that he had made the acquaintance of Lucia Reynolds. She believed that it was nearly a case of love at first sight on both sides. She wrote me that they were always together, that they seemed just suited to each other, and Lucia was growing prettier than ever in her happiness. To one of these descriptions she added, playfully:

"I suppose I'm too bad to break your heart, brother Harry! I remember your old admiration for Lucia; but I seriously hope you won't look as glum as Steve Cranston did when Robert Eastman first came. You would have thought he'd lost his last friend; but he seems to have gotten bravely over it now, and is more cheerful and good-humored than I've ever seen him before. Indeed, I don't know but I shall lay siege to his heart myself!"

I don't remember that I thought much of what Bell said of Steven's glum looks, but I did smile at her allusion to breaking my heart. I could afford to laugh at such things in those days. I loved—no matter; I am not telling my own story. There is a little white stone in Weymouth church-yard, and it is the sole memorial of the only dream I ever dreamed of love and woman! Yet I have not lived a sad or gloomy life. After death comes heaven; and I shall find my virgin bride *there*.

It was early autumn when I received a letter from Bell full of tragic gloom—of sorrow—of desolation. Young Robert Eastman, whom every body liked, had been found dead in the Mountain Road, near the Black Pool—murdered, evidently. No blood had been spilt, but the marks around his throat showed that he had been strangled. He was robbed also, and had doubtless been killed for the sake of a considerable sum of money which he had drawn

from the bank the day before, and was carrying home to his father. As yet, she said, suspicion was directed to no one; but it was so sad—so terrible—just as he had become engaged to Lucia too! It would break her heart; and his poor sick mother had not spoken since.

I was too happy in those days for the story of this tragedy to sadden me as deeply as it might have done at another time; still I felt it keenly for the sake of Lucia, my dear friend and school-mate.

From time to time Bell wrote me of the apprehension of several persons faintly suspected of the dreadful crime, but no evidence could be brought against any of them, and they were all discharged. It was not long before I heard that the poor young man's mother had followed him to his long home in Ryefield church-yard; and, soon after, Colonel Eastman, unable to live on and bear his sorrow in the scene of his double bereavement, sold out and moved away.

It was not till three years after, when my own life's trouble had already come to me, that I saw Lucia Reynolds again. She seemed nearly as old then as she does now. Her mouth was rigid; the look of patient waiting had grown into her far-seeing blue eyes. She never laughed, and she spoke low and seldom.

At the same time I saw Steven Cranston. Over him too had passed some inexplicable change. More glum, forbidding, and unsocial than of old he could scarcely be; and yet there was something in his face, in his manner, which seemed to say that, whereas Hope and he knew each other once, they had parted company forever now.

I did not see much of him or Lucia after that until this summer. I came to my old home last June an invalid. I felt that the free winds blowing over the Connecticut hills would bring me health and healing; and, though my dearest hope is in the Beyond, still I love life—I cherish no misanthropic longing for death. Coming back to Ryefield, I found Lucia Reynolds and Steven Cranston the only ones of all my school-mates who were unmarried and in their old homes. You must bear in mind that nearly twenty-five years had gone by since young Eastman's sudden and terrible death. Lucia had passed all these in Ryefield very quietly. She had not mingled at all in society so-called, but her face was known in the abodes of the poor, the sick, and the sorrowful. She had done much good in her own unobtrusive way.

Steven Cranston had led, rumor said, a wild life during these twenty-five years. A little more than three years after Robert Eastman's death he had gone to sea, and most of his life since had been passed on the ocean and in the different ports to which he had sailed. He had grown rich, though I heard hints of unlawful gain, to which I did not pay much heed. Country neighborhoods are usually more or less given to gossip, and ours was no exception to the rule.

At all events he had come back the autumn before my return to Ryefield, and given out that he had been to sea long enough, and was going to settle down now and end his days among his own townsfolk and kindred. I think people liked him somewhat better than they used. He was a trifle more communicative and neighborly. I can't say that I, however, felt much real regard for him. Yet he entertained me sometimes by his reminiscences of hair-breadth escapes on the high seas and in far-away lands. He was a link between memory and the dead and buried boyhood days, and so we were a good deal together.

It is just a week ago to-day that he rode into the yard on his strong bay horse. I was sitting under the apple-tree.

"Come, Harry," he called to me, "get your horse saddled, and ride out on the Mountain Road. I've a story to tell you madder and jollier and merrier than any of 'em. It's a nice time to tell it, this September morning. Let me see, September the 17th, 1858, isn't it? Yes, it's the best time in the world to tell *that* story."

It struck me while I was throwing the saddle on Black Richard that his manner was very peculiar. It was said that he was a hard drinker, though I had never seen any signs of it before. I thought the brandy might have flown to his head. However, I got ready, and we started on our ride.

If any, unfamiliar with the locality, should read this story, perhaps they would like to understand better the physiognomy of the Mountain Road. In the northwestern part of the town is a very high hill, known in that region as "The Mountain." A road was laid out, in the town's infancy, along the base of this hill. It was the nearest cut then to some of the neighboring towns, but a better one was made a few years ago on the other side of the hill. In some portions of the way it is as utterly solitary as a wilderness. To the right hand rises the mountain, overhanging it, high and steep and frowning. To the left stretch away rugged pasture lots, used only for sheep, rocky, and here and there interspersed with wood. On this road there is little travel, and for nearly two miles there is not a single house save one, ruinous and dilapidated enough now, but which used to be, in my boyish days, the residence of a solitary man called old Wrath Spaulding—a bad and reckless man, in whose very name lurked terror. He died long ago, and I have never heard but that he sleeps quietly enough in his lonely grave in the rear of his old tumble-down house. A little beyond this place—the halfway house in those desolate two miles—and just concealed from it by a turn in the road, is a deep pool at the base of the hill, known to all the townspeople as the "Black Pool." It looks as if it might have been dug out by the giants of dead centuries. Its waters seem fathomless in depth, and one can not gaze down on them as they lie there, black, still, treacherous, without a shudder. It used in other days to be separated from the road by a sort of paling, but

this has fallen down now, and the way is so seldom traveled that no one has taken the trouble to replace it. There is a strange charm in the ruggedness of the scenery, the very desolation of this untrodden road, and I looked around me with a keen sense of pleasure as we slackened our reins and turned into it.

Though it was September, the landscape was still as fresh and verdurous as in July. You could understand the poetical license of the term "living green" as you looked at it. You could almost see the trees grow and the grass spring up. The sky was blue, deep, cloudless, untroubled. The mist, golden and white and rosy, was melting away over the hill-tops, and, it seemed to me, earth, air, and sky were as glorious as when the Father first pronounced them "good." Absorbed in my own thoughts I had almost forgotten Cranston's presence until he spoke.

"I promised you a story," he said, riding up close to my side. "It'll be a queer one—a love story about murder," and he grinned a ghastly grin. "I don't think you ever heard just such a one—a tale with its hero for the teller."

He paused a moment, and the September morning seemed to grow very cold; I think his manner chilled me. Pretty soon he spoke again.

"I don't know as you ever mistrusted that I loved Lucia Reynolds. There was a time, I think, when people imagined that we took a kind of fancy to one another, but nothing came of it, and they gave up the idea. I don't know as there was ever any foundation for it on her side. She must have returned such devotion as mine was with at least a kindly liking. I think she did like me, and on that I built wild hopes. Love does not at all express what I felt for her. I worshiped her. Sullen and morose and gloomy as every body thought me, one smile of hers would make a light bright as heaven in my heart. I would have died, I used to think, for the sole hope that she would weep over my grave. I have kissed, when no one saw me, the very grass that had bent under her light footsteps. I have treasured, like something sacred, a flower that had dropped out of her pretty hair. It was nothing short of madness, but if she *could* have loved me back again I might have been a good man. With her for my guardian angel, I believe I could have won through and scaled heaven. Well, now, I suppose, I shall go to company that's more of my kind than saints and angels.

"I went to see her one day when she wasn't quite eighteen, and told her what she had been to me all my life, ever since the days when she used to sit opposite to me in school, a little eight years old child, in her red dresses and white aprons. I tried to show her the height, and breadth, and depth of my love. I think I made her understand it, as well as her gentle nature could understand the wild passion of mine. She heard me all through, and then she began to cry. I have heard of women weeping at such times, for love and joy and bashfulness, but I knew well enough her tears were not of that kind. They fell fast. They were born of her tender pity—her sorrow at giving me pain—and they answered me as well as words.

"Soon she commanded herself and spoke. She talked like an angel. She told me how much she had always thought of me, and always should. She would be my sister, she said; a fond, loving sister, but such love as I asked for she could not give me.

"*I* wept then, too. It was the last time any tears ever fell from my eyes, but I bowed my head on her lap—I was kneeling at her feet—and the flood broke loose.

"Even after that I did not quite give up all hope. Time, I thought, might work wonders. Any way, she had been the life of my life too long for me to shut her out of my heart. I went on worshiping her, and I comforted myself—it was the only comfort I had—with thinking that even if she did not love me she loved no other. It was just before then that Colonel Eastman had moved to Ryefield, and very soon his son Robert came home to pass the summer. He met Lucia, and they seemed at once greatly interested in one another. It was not strange. He was of her kind—generous, genial, and loving. I suppose they were just suited to each other. Well, I hated him. That was not strange, either. I hated his handsome face, his social manners. I gave to every one of his good qualities a distinct and separate hate; and, because her eyes looked on him with favor, this still, deadly hate grew daily deadlier and more murderous. But I dissembled. I even cultivated his friendship. I was more social and good-humored than I had ever been before, and I began to gain popularity. But the smiles I wore were like flowers growing over a volcano.

"After a while I heard that he and Lucia were engaged, and then I resolved that he should die. I met him just as usual, with this deadly purpose in my heart. I even congratulated him on his happiness. But I watched his every movement, close, close. Soon after there came a time which placed him in my power. He was to come from Windham, one day, with five hundred dollars he had drawn from the bank the day before. He would come this way. I resolved to meet him here. He was not expected until afternoon, but I came early in the morning—I was determined he should not escape me. I stationed myself behind that clump of poplars, near the Black Pool. Lightning has blasted them since. No wonder! I had not been there very long before I heard a horse's footsteps. I looked out, cautiously. It was he. He had started early—perhaps to make the journey in the coolness of morning; perhaps—I gnashed my teeth in silent fury at the thought—perhaps he was in haste to see again his fair betrothed.

"I had laid my plans as coolly as I tell them to you now. I had armed myself, and resolved, as soon as he should reach me, to spring from

my concealment, fell him from his horse, and murder him then and there. Of course there was always the chance that he should defend himself and master me—the yet more dreadful chance that, if I killed him, I should expiate my crime upon the gallows; but, physically, I am no coward. I had made up my mind, and there was no fear that I should flinch.

"But it happened better than I had planned. For once Satan favored his own. Before he reached me he dismounted and tied his horse to the fence on the other side of the way. The animal looked tired, and, I suppose, his master was in the mood to be merciful. Then he came across the road, and sat down in the very shadow of the poplars behind which I, his deadly enemy, was hid. He took off his cap and bared his forehead to the September morning air. Then he drew from his pocket a miniature, and bent over it, lovingly. I was almost near enough to hear him breathe. I could see the features as well as he. Lucia was there—Lucia, with her soft hair, her eyes of violet blue, her bewildering smile. After a moment he pressed it passionately to his lips, murmuring, fondly,

"'Oh, Lucia, my bride, my darling, my dear, dear love!'

"If I had meant to spare his life before, I should have killed him then. *I* might never win her love, but *he* should not live to bask in her smiles—to claim her—to hold her in his arms.

"Softly as a cat I stole from my concealment. Absorbed in his happy thoughts, he neither saw nor heard me, until I stood behind him and my hands were clasped around his throat—tight, tight. Then, indeed, he struggled madly for his life. But I never relaxed my hold. All hell could not have shaken it off. Soon he fell down at my feet—still and stiff, struggling no longer—*dead.*

"I was calm still. I rifled his pockets. I took the five hundred dollars and his watch and tied them, together with a heavy stone, in his pocket-handkerchief and dropped them into the Black Pool. They cleft the dark waters and sank heavily. In an instant they were lost to sight forever. I left the miniature—which I longed but did not dare to keep—upon his person. I gave him, as he lay there, one long, triumphant gaze, and then quietly walked away home.

"But not even yet was my hatred satisfied. The dead man lying there, stark and cold, with his face upturned to the September sun, was yet, to my thinking, better off than I. Gladly, ay, gladly, would I have taken his place, and lain there, dead, but to have once heard *her* lips call me the beloved of her soul—to have carried the memory of her kisses into the hereafter of spirits.

"For a time I half expected to suffer for my crime a felon's doom, but suspicion never seemed to point my way. That afternoon his horse, which I had left as he had tied it, broke from its fastening, and rushed, riderless, home. Then they found his body. The robbery which had been committed seemed to indicate the money he had with him as the motive of the deed, and led to the apprehension of two or three persons hitherto suspected of theft. But they were all discharged; and after Mrs. Eastman had died, and the Colonel moved away, the matter pretty much ceased to be talked of.

"The first pang of remorse I ever suffered was when I saw Lucia standing at Mrs. Eastman's grave. I had not seen her before since *that* day. She had changed in those few weeks so that you would hardly have known her. Her whole face seemed frozen. Her cheeks and lips were ashen; the smiles had all died out forever from her face; the joyous light from her eyes. I loved her so that I would have died, even then, to bring back to her happiness; but I would have seen her die before, if the power had been mine, I would have restored her lover to life.

"Three years after that I went to see her. In all this time I had never once seen her alone. Now I could wait no longer. I had not much hope, yet I longed to tell her again of my love. She came into the room where I waited for her, and stood before me. A mortal terror seized upon me, and seemed to chill the blood in my veins. I read in her cold eyes that she knew my secret.

"'Listen to me, Steven Cranston,' she said, in her low yet distinct voice. 'You have come here to ask my love. Hear what I have to say, and consider whether I am likely to give it. I loved Robert Eastman better than my own life. Every hope I had for all the future centred in him. I saw Heaven itself through his eyes. If lightning had struck him, if sudden fever had drunk up his life, or slow disease wasted it, I would have been faithful to his memory forever. How much more now! You, you who professed to love me and care for my happiness, you murdered him. You took away all the hope I had in the world. I know this from my own sure instinct—the instinct which makes every pulse quiver with loathing at the sight of your face or the sound of your voice. But I could not have proved it against you. Even if I could I would not. I had rather you should live, that, perchance, in some eleventh hour, even your soul may find mercy of God. Besides, the time will come when worse than any mere physical death will be the torture of your spirit. He will be avenged by the remorse which shall dog your footsteps like a fiend.'

"As she said these words her cold gray eyes flashed fire upon me—as you have sometimes seen the lightning flash from the cold gray depths of a winter's cloud. I did not answer her a word—contrite confession, bold denial, were alike impossible. I slunk out of the house like a coward. I have never entered it since.

"Soon after that I went to sea, and I have followed it for more than twenty years. Oh! could I ever tell you what I have suffered?

Nights when I would look into the waters and see, plain as I see it now, this Mountain Road, always with Robert Eastman lying dead and ghastly under the poplars — noons, when the winds going by me would shriek with wild, accusing voices in my ears, and I would wonder that those around me did not hear that pursuing cry, and hang me in their midst as a murderer. Sometimes, where the figure-head of the vessel should have been, I seemed to see Lucia stand —that same withering fire in her cold eyes, and her thin hand pointing down, ever down, to the depths below, and the tortures that waited for me there. Do you wonder I fled from such visions? I came here for rest and quiet, but *he* pursues me still. Night and day his voice calls for blood, for blood. I have told you my story because I could not die with my crime unconfessed, and I am too tired of life to keep my secret any longer. Now you may go and deliver me up to the Philistines."

He stopped. His voice had risen, in the latter part of his confession, to a wild, fierce shriek. A glare as of madness was in his eyes. It seemed to me that it would be but a short step from this excitement to utter frenzy. I strove to soothe him.

"No," I said, "I will not betray you. Heaven is infinite, and there may be mercy yet, even for you. *She* spared you, and so will I. Cry to God, and He may yet hear you."

A wild gleam shot across his face.

"No," he cried, "God's mercy I ask not for —man's mercy I will not have. My hour of doom has come. Fiends wait for me. Twenty and five years ago this seventeenth of September Robert Eastman died by my hand. To-day, to-day his unquiet ghost shall be avenged!"

Our horses had been standing still for half an hour under the trees; but as the last words fell from his lips he struck the one he rode a sharp, quick blow, and dashed away from me. Breathless with terror, I hurried after him. I was only in time to see him throw himself from his horse and plunge into the Black Pool. I sprang to the ground, and rushed to the chasm's brink. As I looked in I had one momentary glimpse of a white, ghastly face on which sat the impress of everlasting despair; I heard one wild cry, "Lost—lost—lost!" and the waters closed over him forever.

I hurried to the proper authorities and told my story. No one dreamed of questioning it. Then I came home and threw myself on this bed, from which I may not soon arise. There are few who could bear such a scene unmoved; and to me, with my nerves already weakened and disordered by illness, it had well-nigh proved fatal. It will be long before I shall cease to see that wild, despairing face—to hear that last cry of mortal agony; but calmness will come back to me in time—if not in this life, in the land where there is no work and no device—where the yew and the willow wave forever over the great city of the silent.

A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store.
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid:
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past;
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LIII.

WHERE WE REMAIN AT THE COURT END OF THE TOWN.

GEORGE WARRINGTON had related the same story which we have just heard to Madame de Bernstein on the previous evening—a portion, that is, of the history; for the old lady nodded off to sleep many times during the narration, only waking up when George paused, saying it was most interesting; and ordering him to continue. The young gentleman hemmed and ha'd, and stuttered, and blushed, and went on, much against his will, and did not speak half so well as he did to his friendly little auditory in Hill Street, where Hetty's eyes of wonder, and Theo's sympathizing looks, and mamma's kind face, and papa's funny looks, were applause sufficient to cheer any modest youth who required encouragement for his eloquence. As for mamma's behavior the General said 'twas as good as Mr. Addison's trunk-maker, and she would make the fortune of any tragedy by simply being engaged to cry in the front boxes. That is why we chose my Lord Wrotham's house as the theatre where George's first piece should be performed, wishing that he should speak to advantage, and not as when he was heard by that sleepy, cynical old lady, to whom he had to narrate his adventures.

"Very good and most interesting, I am sure, my dear Sir," says Madame Bernstein, putting up three pretty little fingers covered with a lace mitten to hide a convulsive movement of her mouth. "And your mother must have been delighted to see you."

George shrugged his shoulders ever so little, and made a low bow, as his aunt looked up at him for a moment with her keen, old eyes.

"Have been delighted to see you," she continued, dryly, "and killed the fatted calf, and —and that kind of thing. Though why I say calf, I don't know, Nephew George, for you never were the prodigal. I may say calf to thee, my poor Harry! Thou hast been among the swine sure enough. And evil companions have robbed the money out of thy pocket and the coat off thy back."

"He came to his family in England, madam," says George, with some heat, "and his friends were your ladyship's."

"He could not have come to worse advisers, Nephew Warrington, and so I should have told my sister earlier, had she condescended to write to me by him, as she has done by you," said the old lady, tossing up her head. "Hey! hey!" she said, at night, as she arranged herself for the rout to which she was going, to her waiting-maid. "This young gentleman's mother is half sorry that he has come to life again, I could see that in his face. She is half sorry, and I am perfectly furious! Why didn't he lie still when he dropped there under the tree, and why did that young Florac carry him to the fort? I knew those Floracs when I was at Paris, in the time of Monsieur le Régent. They were of the Floracs of Ivry. No great house before Henri



IV. His ancestor was the King's favorite. His ancestor—he! he!—his ancestress! Brett! entendez vous? Give me my card-purse. I don't like the grand airs of this Monsieur George; and yet he resembles, very much, his grandfather—the same look, and sometimes the same tones. You have heard of Colonel Esmond when I was young? This boy has his eyes. I suppose I liked the Colonel's because he loved me."

Being engaged, then, to a card-party — an amusement which she never missed, week-day or Sabbath, as long as she had strength to hold trumps or sit in a chair—very soon, after George had ended his narration, the old lady dismissed her two nephews, giving to the elder a couple of fingers and a very stately courtesy; but to Harry two hands and a kindly pat on the cheek.

"My poor child, now thou art disinherited, thou wilt see how differently the world will use thee!" she said. "There is only, in all London, a wicked, heartless old woman who will treat thee as before. Here is a pocket-book for you, child! Do not lose it at Ranelagh to-night. That suit of yours does not become your brother half so well as it sat upon you! You will present your brother to every body, and walk up and down the room for two hours at least, child. Were I you, I would then go to the Chocolate House, and play as if nothing had happened. While you are there, your brother may come back to me and eat a bit of chicken with me. My lady Flint gives wretched suppers, and I want to talk his mother's letter over with him. Au revoir, gentlemen!" and she went away to her toilet. Her chairmen and flambeaux were already waiting at the door.

The gentlemen went to Ranelagh, where but a few of Mr. Harry's acquaintances chanced to be present. They paced the round, and met Mr. Tom Claypool with some of his country friends; they heard the music; they drank tea in a box; Harry was master of ceremonies, and introduced his brother to the curiosities of the place; and George was even more excited than his brother had been on his first introduction to this palace of delight. George loved music much more than Harry ever did: he heard a full orchestra for the first time, and a piece of Mr. Handel satisfactorily performed; and a not unpleasing instance of Harry's humility and regard for his elder brother was, that he could even hold George's love of music in respect at a time when fiddling was voted effeminate and unmanly in England, and Britons were every day called upon by the patriotic prints to sneer at the frivolous accomplishments of your Squallinis, Monsieurs, and the like. Nobody in Britain is proud of his ignorance now. There is no conceit left among us. There is no such thing as dullness. Arrogance is entirely unknown. . . . Well, at any rate, Art has obtained her letters of naturalization, and lives here on terms of almost equality. If Mrs. Thrale chose to marry a music-master now, I don't think her friends would shudder at the mention of her name. If she had a good fortune, and kept a good cook, people would even go and dine with her in spite of the *mésalliance*, and actually treat Mr. Piozzi with civility.

After Ranelagh, and pursuant to Madame Bernstein's advice, George returned to her ladyship's house, while Harry showed himself at the club, where gentlemen were accustomed to assemble at night to sup, and then to gamble. No one, of course, alluded to Mr. Warrington's little temporary absence, and Mr. Ruff, his ex-landlord, waited upon him with the utmost gravity and civility, and as if there had never been any difference between them. Mr. Warrington had caused his trunks and habiliments to be conveyed away from Bond Street in the morning, and he and his brother were now established in apartments elsewhere.

But when the supper was done, and the gentlemen, as usual, were about to seek the macco-table up stairs, Harry said he was not going to play any more. He had burned his fingers already, and could afford no more extravagance.

"Why," says Mr. Morris, in a rather flippant manner, "you must have won more than you have lost, Mr. Warrington, after all said and done."

"And of course I don't know my own busi-

ness as well as you do, Mr. Morris," says Harry, sternly, who had not forgotten the other's behavior on hearing of his arrest; "but I have another reason. A few months or days ago I was heir to a great estate, and could afford to lose a little money. Now, thank God! I am heir to nothing;" and he looked round, blushing not a little, to the knot of gentlemen, his gaming associates, who were lounging at the tables or gathered round the fire.

"How do you mean, Mr. Warrington?" cries my Lord March. "Have you lost Virginia, too? Who has won it? I always had a fancy to play you myself for that stake."

"And grow an improved breed of slaves in the colony," says another.

"The right owner has won it. You heard me tell of my twin elder brother?"

"Who was killed in that affair of Braddock's two years ago? Yes. Gracious goodness, my dear Sir, I hope in Heaven he has not come to life again!"

"He arrived in London two days since. He has been a prisoner in a French fort for eighteen months; he only escaped a few months ago, and left our house in Virginia very soon after his release."

"You haven't had time to order mourning, I suppose, Mr. Warrington?" asked Mr. Selwyn, very good-naturedly; and simple Harry hardly knew the meaning of his joke until his brother interpreted it to him.

"Hang me if I don't believe the fellow is absolutely glad of the reappearance of his confounded brother!" cries my Lord March, as they continued to talk of the matter when the young Virginian had taken his leave.

"These savages practice the simple virtues of affection—they are barely civilized in America yet," yawns Selwyn.

"They love their kindred, and they scalp their enemies," simpers Mr. Walpole. "It's not Christian, but natural. Shouldn't you like to be present at a scalping-match, George, and see a fellow skinned alive?"

"A man's elder brother is his natural enemy," says Mr. Selwyn, placidly ranging his money and counters before him.

"Torture is like broiled bones and pepper. You wouldn't relish simple hanging afterward, George!" continues Horry.

"I'm hanged if there's any man in England who would like to see his elder brother alive!" says my lord.

"No, nor his father either, my lord!" cries Jack Morris.

"First time I ever knew you had one, Jack. Give me counters for five hundred."

"I say 'tis all mighty fine about dead brothers coming to life again," continues Jack. "Who is to know that it wasn't a scheme arranged between these two fellows? Here comes a young fellow who calls himself the Fortunate Youth, who says he is a Virginian Prince and the deuce knows what, and who gets into our society—"

A great laugh ensues at Jack's phrase of "our society."

"Who is to know that it wasn't a cross?" Jack continues. "The young one is to come first. He is to marry an heiress, and, when he has got her, up is to rise the elder brother! When did this elder brother show? Why, when the younger's scheme was blown, and all was up with him! Who shall tell me that the fellow hasn't been living in Seven Dials, or in a cellar, dining off tripe and cow-heel until my younger gentleman was disposed of? Dammy, as gentlemen, I think we ought to take notice of it: and that this Mr. Warrington has been taking a most outrageous liberty with the whole club."

"Who put him up? It was March, I think, put him up?" asks a by-stander.

"Yes. But my lord thought he was putting up a very different person. Didn't you, March?

"Hold your confounded tongue, and mind your game!" says the nobleman addressed: but Jack Morris's opinion found not a few supporters in the world. Many persons agreed that it was most indecorous of Mr. Harry Warrington to have ever believed in his brother's death; that there was something suspicious about the young man's first appearance and subsequent actions; and, in fine, that regarding these foreigners, adventurers, and the like, we ought to be especially cautious.

Though he was out of prison and difficulty; though he had his aunt's liberal donation of money in his pocket; though his dearest brother was restored to him, whose return to life Harry never once thought of deploring, as his friends at White's supposed he would do; though Maria had shown herself in such a favorable light by her behavior during his misfortune: yet Harry, when alone, felt himself not particularly cheerful, and smoked his pipe of Virginia with a troubled mind. It was not that he was deposed from his principality: the loss of it never once vexed him; he knew that his brother would share with him as he would have done with his brother; but after all those struggles and doubts in his own mind, to find himself poor and yet irrevocably bound to his elderly cousin! Yes, she was elderly, there was no doubt about it. When she came to that horrible den in Cursitor Street and the tears washed her rouge off, why, she looked as old as his mother! her face was all wrinkled and yellow, and as he thought of her he felt just such a qualm as he had when she was taken ill that day in the coach on their road to Tunbridge. What would his mother say when he brought her home, and, Lord, what battles there would be between them! He would go and live on one of the plantations—the farther from home the better—and have a few negroes, and farm as best he might, and hunt a good deal; but at Castlewood or in her own home, such as he could make it for her, what a life for poor Maria, who had been used to go to Court and to cards and balls and assemblies every night! If he could

be but the overseer of the estates—Oh he would be an honest factor, and try and make up for his useless life and extravagance in these past days! Five thousand pounds, all his patrimony and the accumulations of his long minority squandered in six months! He a beggar, except for dear George's kindness, with nothing in life left to him but an old wife—a pretty beggar, dressed out in velvet and silver lace forsooth—the poor lad was arrayed in his best clothes—a pretty figure he had made in Europe, and a nice end he was come to! With all his fine friends at White's and Newmarket, with all his extravagance, had he been happy a single day since he had been in Europe? Yes, three days, four days, yesterday evening, when he had been with dear dear Mrs. Lambert, and those affectionate kind girls, and that brave good Colonel. And the Colonel was right when he rebuked him for his spendthrift follies, and he had been a brute to be angry as he had been, and God bless them all for their generous exertions in his behalf! Such were the thoughts which Harry put into his pipe, and he smoked them while he waited his brother's return from Madame Bernstein.



CHAPTER LIV.

DURING WHICH HARRY SITS SMOKING HIS PIPE AT HOME.

The maternal grandfather of our Virginians, the Colonel Esmond of whom frequent mention has been made, and who had quitted England to reside in the New World, had devoted some portion of his long American leisure to the composition of the memoirs of his early life. In these volumes Madame de Bernstein (Mrs. Beatrice Esmond was her name as a spinster) played a very considerable part; and as George had read his grandfather's manuscript many times over, he had learned to know his kinswoman long before he saw her—to know, at least, the lady, young, beautiful, and willful, of half a century since, with whom he now became acquainted in the decline of her days. When cheeks are faded and eyes are dim, is it sad or pleasant, I wonder, for the woman who is a beauty no more, to recall the period of her bloom? When the heart is withered, do the old love to remember how it once was fresh and beat with warm emotions? When the spirits are languid and weary, do we like to think how bright they were in other days, the hope how buoyant, the sympathies how ready, the enjoyment of life how keen and eager? So they fall—the buds of prime, the roses of beauty, the florid harvests of summer—fall and wither, and the naked branches shiver in the winter.

And that was a beauty once! thinks George Warrington, as his aunt, in her rouge and diamonds, comes in from her rout, and that ruin was a splendid palace. Crowds of lovers have sighed before those decrepit feet, and been bewildered by the brightness of those eyes. He remembered a fire-work at home, at Williamsburg, on the King's birthday, and afterward looking at the skeleton wheel and the sockets of the exploded Roman candles. The dazzle and brilliancy of Aunt Beatrice's early career passed before him as he thought over his grandsire's journals. Honest Harry had seen them, too, but Harry was no book-man, and had not read the manuscript very carefully; nay, if he had, he would probably not have reasoned about it as his brother did, being by no means so much inclined to moralizing as his melancholy senior.

Mr. Warrington thought that there was no cause why he should tell his aunt how intimate he was with her early history, and accordingly held his peace upon that point. When their meal was over, she pointed with her cane to her escritoire, and bade her attendant bring the letter which lay under the inkstand there; and George, recognizing the superscription, of course knew the letter to be that of which he had been the bearer from home.

"It would appear by this letter," said the old lady, looking hard at her nephew, "that ever since your return there have been some differences between you and my sister."

"Indeed? I did not know that Madam Esmond had alluded to them," George said.

The Baroness puts a great pair of glasses upon eyes which shot fire and kindled who knows how many passions in old days, and, after glancing over the letter, hands it to George, who reads as follows:

"Richmond Virginia, *December 26th*, 1756.

"Honoured Madam! and Sister!—I have received, and thankfully acknowledge, your ladyship's favour, per Rose packet, of October 23 ult.; and straightway answer you at a season which should be one of goodwill and peace to all men: but in which Heaven hath neverthe-

less decreed we should still bear our portion of earthly sorrow and trouble. My reply will be brought to you by my eldest son, Mr. Esmond Warrington, who returned to us so miraculously out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death (as our previous letters have informed my poor Henry), and who is desirous, not without my consent to his wish, to visit Europe, though he has been amongst us so short a while. I grieve to think that my dearest Harry should have appeared at home—I mean in England—*under false colours*, as it were; and should have been presented to His Majesty, to our family, and his own, as his father's heir, whilst my dear son George was still alive, though dead to us. Ah, Madam! During the eighteen months of his captivity, what anguish have his mother's, his brother's, hearts undergone! My Harry's is the tenderest of any man's now alive. In the joy of seeing Mr. Esmond Warrington returned to life, he will forget the worldly misfortune which befalls him. He will return to (comparative) poverty without a pang. The most generous, *the most obedient* of human beings, of sons, he will gladly give up to his elder brother that inheritance which had been his own but for the accident of birth, and for the providential return of my son George.

"Your beneficent intentions toward dearest Harry will be more than ever welcome, now he is reduced to a younger brother's slender portion! Many years since, an advantageous opportunity occurred of providing for him in this province, and he would by this time have been master of a *noble estate* and negroes, and have been enabled to make a figure with most here, could his *mother's wishes* have been complied with, and his father's small portion, now lying at small interest in the British funds, have been invested in this most excellent purchase. But the forms of the law, and, I grieve to own, *my elder son's scruples*, prevailed, and this admirable opportunity was lost to me! Harry will find the savings of his income have been carefully accumulated—long, long may he live to enjoy them! May Heaven bless you, dear sister, for what your ladyship may add to *his little store!* As I gather from your letter that the sum which has been allowed to him has not been sufficient for his expenses *in the fine company* which he has kept (and the grandson of the Marquis of Esmond—one who had so *nearly* been his lordship's *heir*—may sure claim equality with any other nobleman in Great Britain), and having a sum by me which I had always intended for the poor child's establishment, I entrust it to my eldest son, who, to do him justice, hath a most sincere regard for his brother, to lay it out for Harry's best advantage."

"It took him out of prison yesterday, madam. I think that was the best use to which we could put it," interposed George, at this stage of his mother's letter.

"Nay, Sir, I don't know any such thing! Why not have kept it to buy a pair of colors for him, or to help toward another estate and some negroes, if he has a fancy for home?" cried the old lady. "Besides, I had a fancy to pay that debt myself."

"I hope you will let his brother do that. I ask leave to be my brother's banker in this matter, and consider I have borrowed so much from my mother, to be paid back to my dear Harry."

"Do you say so, Sir? Give me a glass of wine! You are an extravagant fellow! Read on, and you will see your mother thinks so. I drink to your health, Nephew George! 'Tis good Burgundy. Your grandfather never loved Burgundy. He loved claret, the little he drank."

And George proceeded with the letter.

"This remittance will, I trust, amply cover any expenses which, owing to the mistake respecting his position, dearest Harry may have incurred. I wish I could trust his elder brother's prudence as confidently as my Harry's! But I fear that, even in his captivity, Mr. Esmond W. has learned little of that *humility* which becomes all Christians, and which I have ever endeavoured to teach to my children. Should you by chance show him these lines, when, by the blessing of Heaven on those who go down to the sea in ships, the Great Ocean divides us! he will know that a fond mother's blessing and prayers follow both her children, and that there is no act I have ever done, no desire I have ever expressed (however little he may have been inclined to obey it!) but hath been dictated by the fondest wishes for my dearest boys' welfare."

"There is a scratch with a penknife, and a great blot upon the letter there, as if water had fallen on it. Your mother writes well, George. I suppose you and she had a difference?" said George's aunt, not unkindly.

"Yes, ma'am, many," answered the young man, sadly. "The last was about a question of money—of ransom which I promised to the old lieutenant of the fort who aided me to make my escape. I told you he had a mistress, a poor Indian woman, who helped me, and was kind to me. Six weeks after my arrival at home the poor thing made her appearance at Richmond, having found her way through the woods by pretty much the same track which I had followed, and bringing me the token which Museau had promised to send me when he connived to my flight. A commanding officer and a considerable reinforcement arrived at Duquesne. Charges—I don't know of what peculation (for his messenger could not express herself very clearly)—had been brought against this Museau. He had been put under arrest, and had tried to escape; but, less fortunate than myself, he had been shot on the rampart, and he sent the Indian woman to me with my grandfather's watch, and a line scrawled in his prison on his death-bed, begging me to send *ce*

que je sçavais to a notary at Havre de Grace in France to be transmitted to his relatives at Caen in Normandy. My friend Silverheels, the hunter, had helped my poor Indian on her way. I don't know how she would have escaped scalping else. But at home they received the poor thing sternly. They hardly gave her a welcome. I won't say what suspicions they had regarding her and me. The poor wretch fell to drinking whenever she could find means. I ordered that she should have food and shelter, and she became the jest of our negroes, and formed the subject of the scandal and tittle-tattle of the old fools in our little town. Our Governor was, luckily, a man of sense, and I made interest with him, and procured a pass to send her back to her people. Her very grief at parting with me only served to confirm the suspicions against her. A fellow preached against me from the pulpit, I believe; I had to treat another with a cane. And I had a violent dispute with Madam Esmond—a difference which is not healed yet—because I insisted upon paying to the heirs Museau pointed out the money I had promised for my deliverance. You see that scandal flourishes at the borders of the wilderness, and in the New World as well as the Old."

"I have suffered from it myself, my dear!" said Madame Bernstein, demurely. "Fill thy glass, child! A little tass of cherry-brandy! 'Twill do thee all the good in the world."

"As for my poor Harry's marriage," Madam Esmond's letter went on, "though I know *too well, from sad experience*, the dangers to which youth is subject, and would keep my boy, *at any price*, from them, though I should wish him to marry a person of rank, as becomes his birth, yet my Lady Maria Esmond is out of the question. Her age is almost the same as mine; and I know my brother Castlewood left his daughters with the very smallest portions. My Harry is so obedient that I know a desire from me will be sufficient to cause him to give up this imprudent match. Some foolish people once supposed that I myself once thought of a second union, and with a person of rank very different from ours. No! I knew what was due to my children. As succeeding to this estate after me, Mr. Esmond W. is amply provided for. Let my task now be to save for his less fortunate younger brother: and, as I do not love to live quite alone, let him return without delay to his fond and loving mother.

"The report which your ladyship hath given of my Harry fills my heart with warmest gratitude. He is all indeed a mother may wish. A year in Europe will have given him a polish and refinement which he could not acquire in our homely Virginia. Mr. Stack, one of our invaluable ministers in Richmond, hath a letter from Mr. Ward—my darling's tutor of early days—who knows my Lady Warrington and her excellent family, and saith that my Harry has lived much with his cousins of late. I am grateful to think that my boy has the privilege of being with his good aunt. May he follow her councils, and listen to those around him who will guide him on the way of *his best welfare!* Adieu, dear madam and sister! For your kindness to my boy accept the grateful thanks of a mother's heart. Though we have been divided hitherto, may these kindly ties draw us nearer and nearer. I am thankful that you should speak of my dearest father so. He was, indeed, one of the best of men! He, too, thanks you, I know, for the love you have borne to one of his children; and his daughter subscribes herself,

"With sincere thanks,
"Your ladyship's
"Most dutiful and grateful sister and servant,
"RACHEL ESMOND WN.

"P.S.—I have communicated with my Lady Maria; but there will be no need to tell her and dear Harry that his mother or your ladyship hope to be able to increase his small fortune. The match is altogether unsuitable."

"As far as regards myself, Madam," George said, laying down the paper, "my mother's letter conveys no news to me. I always knew that Harry was the favorite son with Madam Esmond, as he deserves indeed to be. He has a hundred good qualities which I have not the good fortune to possess. He has better looks—"

"Nay, that is not your fault," said the old lady, slyly looking at him; "and, but that he is fair and you are brown, one might almost pass for the other."

Mr. George bowed, and a faint blush tinged his pale cheek.

"His disposition is bright, and mine is dark," he continued; "Harry is cheerful, and I am otherwise perhaps. He knows how to make himself beloved by every one, and it has been my lot to find but few friends."

"My sister and you have pretty little quarrels. There were such in old days in our family," the Baroness said; "and if Madam Esmond takes after our mother—"

"My mother has always described hers as an angel upon earth," interposed George.

"Eh! That is a common character for people when they are dead!" cried the Baroness; "and Rachel Castlewood was an angel, if you like—at least your grandfather thought so. But let me tell you, Sir, that angels are sometimes not very *commodes à vivre*. It may be they are too good to live with us sinners, and the air down below here don't agree with them. My poor mother was so perfect that she never could forgive me for being otherwise. Ah, mon Dieu! how she used to oppress me with those angelical airs!"

George cast down his eyes, and thought of his own melancholy youth. He did not care to submit more of his family secrets to the cynical inquisition of this old worldling, who seemed, however, to understand him in spite of his reticence.

"I quite comprehend you, Sir, though you

hold your tongue," the Baroness continued. "A sermon in the morning: a sermon at night: and two or three of a Sunday. That is what people call being good. Every pleasure cried fie upon; all us worldly people excommunicated; a ball an abomination of desolation; a play a forbidden pastime; and a game of cards perdition! What a life! Mon Dieu, what a life!"

"We played at cards every night, if we were so inclined," said George, smiling; "and my grandfather loved Shakspeare so much that my mother had not a word to say against her father's favorite author."

"I remember. He could say whole pages by heart; though, for my part, I like Mr. Congreve a great deal better. And, then, there was that dreadful, dreary Milton, whom he and Mr. Addison pretended to admire!" cried the old lady, tapping her fan.

"If your ladyship does not like Shakspeare, you will not quarrel with my mother for being indifferent to him too," said George. "And indeed I think, and I am sure, that you don't do her justice. Wherever there are any poor, she relieves them; wherever there are any sick, she—"

"She doses them with her horrible purges and boluses!" cried the Baroness. "Of course, just as my mother did!"

"She does her best to cure them! She acts for the best, and performs her duty as far as she knows it."

"I don't blame you, Sir, for doing yours, and keeping your own counsel about Madam Esmond," said the old lady. "But at least there is one point upon which we all three agree—that this absurd marriage must be prevented. Do you know how old the woman is? I can tell you, though she has torn the first leaf out of the family Bible at Castlewood."

"My mother has not forgotten her cousin's age, and is shocked at the disparity between her and my poor brother. Indeed, a city-bred lady of her time of life, accustomed to London gayety and luxury, would find but a dismal home in our Virginian plantation. Besides, the house, such as it is, is not Harry's. He is welcome there, Heaven knows! more welcome, perhaps, than I, to whom the property comes in natural reversion; but, as I told him, I doubt how his wife would—would like our colony," George said, with a blush, and a hesitation in his sentence.

The old lady laughed shrilly. "He, he! Nephew Warrington!" she said, "you need not scruple to speak your mind out. I shall tell no tales to your mother: though 'tis no news to me that she has a high temper, and loves her own way. Harry has held his tongue, too; but it needed no conjurer to see who was the mistress at home, and what sort of a life my sister led you. I love my niece, my Lady Molly, so well, that I could wish her two or three years of Virginia, with your mother reigning over her. You may well look alarmed, Sir! Harry has said quite enough to show me who governs the family."

"Madam," said George, smiling, "I may say as much as this, that I don't envy any woman coming into our house against my mother's will: and my poor brother knows this perfectly well."

"What? You two have talked the matter over? No doubt you have. And the foolish child considers himself bound in honor—of course he does, the gaby!"

"He says Lady Maria has behaved most nobly to him. When he was sent to prison she brought him her trinkets and jewels, and every guinea she had in the world. This behavior has touched him so, that he feels more deeply than ever bound to her ladyship. But I own my brother seems bound by honor rather than love—such, at least, is his present feeling."

"My good creature," cries Madame Bernstein, "don't you see that Maria brings a few twopenny trinkets and a half dozen guineas to Mr. Esmond, the heir of the great estate in Virginia—not to the second son, who is a beggar, and has just squandered away every shilling of his fortune? I swear to you, on my credit as a gentlewoman, that, knowing Harry's obstinacy, and the misery he had in store for himself, I tried to bribe Maria to give up her engagement with him, and only failed because I could not bribe high enough! When he was in prison I sent my lawyer to him, with orders to pay his debts immediately if he would but part from her; but Maria had been beforehand with us, and Mr. Harry chose not to go back from his stupid word. Let me tell you what has passed in the last month!" And here the old lady narrated at length the history which we know already, but in that cynical language which was common in her times, when the finest folks and the most delicate ladies called things and people by names which we never utter in good company nowadays. And so much the better, on the whole. We mayn't be more virtuous, but it is something to be more decent: perhaps we are not more pure, but of a surety we are more cleanly.

Madame Bernstein talked so much, so long, and so cleverly, that she was quite pleased with herself and her listener; and when she put herself into the hands of Mrs. Brett to retire for the night, informed the waiting-maid that she had changed her opinion about her eldest nephew, and that Mr. George was handsome; that he was certainly much wittier than poor Harry (whom Heaven, it must be confessed, had not furnished with a very great supply of brains), and that he had quite the *bel air*—a something melancholy—a noble and distinguished *je ne scais quoy*—which reminded her of the Colonel. Had she ever told Brett about the Colonel? Scores of times, no doubt. And now she told Brett about the Colonel once more. Meanwhile, perhaps her new favorite was not quite so well pleased with her as she was with him. What a strange picture of life and manners had

the old lady unvailed to her nephew! How she railed at all the world round about her! How unconsciously did she paint her own family—her own self; how selfish, one and all; pursuing what mean ends; grasping and scrambling frantically for what petty prizes; ambitious for what shabby recompenses; trampling—from life's beginning to its close—through what scenes of stale dissipations and faded pleasures! "Are these the inheritors of noble blood?" thought George, as he went home quite late from his aunt's house, passing by doors whence the last guests of fashion were issuing, and where the chairmen were yawning over their expiring torches. "Are these the proud possessors of ancestral honors and ancient names; and were their forefathers, when in life, no better? We have our pedigree at home with noble coats-of-arms emblazoned all over the branches, and titles dating back before the Conquest and the Crusaders. When a knight of old found a friend in want, did he turn his back upon him; or an unprotected damsel, did he delude her and leave her? When a nobleman of the early time received a young kinsman, did he get the better of him at dice, and did the ancient chivalry cheat in horse-flesh? Can it be that this wily woman of the world, as my aunt has represented, has inveigled my poor Harry into an engagement—that her tears are false, and that as soon as she finds him poor she will desert him? Had we not best pack the trunks and take a cabin in the next ship bound for home?" George reached his own door, revolving these thoughts, and Gumbo came up yawning with a candle, and Harry was asleep before the extinguished fire, with the ashes of his emptied pipe on the table beside him.

He starts up, his eyes, for a moment dulled by sleep, lighten with pleasure as he sees his dear George. He puts his arms round his brother with a boyish laugh.

"There he is in flesh and blood, thank God!" he says; "I was dreaming of thee but now, George, and that Ward was hearing us our lesson! Dost thou remember the ruler, Georgy? Why, bless my soul 'tis three o'clock! Where have you been a gadding, Mr. George? Hast thou supped? I supped at White's, but I'm hungry again. I did not play, Sir—no, no; no more of that for younger brothers! And my Lord March paid me fifty he lost to me. I bet against his horse and on the Duke of Hamilton's! They both rode the match at Newmarket this morning, and he lost because he was under weight. And he paid me, and he was as sulky as a bear. Let us have one pipe, Georgy!—just one."

And after the smoke the young men went to bed, where I, for one, wish them a pleasant rest, for sure it is a good and pleasant thing to see brethren who love one another.



CHAPTER LV.

BETWEEN BROTHERS.

Of course our young men had had their private talk about home, and all the people and doings there, and each had imparted to the other full particulars of his history since their last meeting. How were Harry's dogs, and little Dempster, and good old Nathan, and the rest of the household? Was Mountain well, and Fanny grown to be a pretty girl? So Parson Broadbent's daughter was engaged to marry Tom Barker of Savannah, and they were to go and live in Georgia! Harry owns that at one period he was very sweet upon Parson Broadbent's daughter, and lost a great deal of pocket-money at cards, and drank a great quantity of strong waters with the father, in order to have a pretext for being near the girl. But, Heaven help us! Madam Esmond would never have consented to his throwing himself away upon Polly Broadbent. So Colonel G. Washington's wife was a pretty woman, very good-natured and pleasant, and with a good fortune? He had brought her into Richmond, and paid a visit of state to Madam Esmond. George described, with much humor, the awful ceremonials at the interview between these two personages, and the killing politeness of his mother to Mr. Washington's young wife. "Never mind, George, my dear!" says Mrs. Mountain. "The Colonel has taken another wife, but I feel certain that at one time two young gentlemen I know of ran a very near chance of having a tall step-father six feet two in his boots." To be sure, Mountain was forever match-making in her mind. Two people could not play a game at cards together, or sit down to a dish of tea, but she fancied their conjunction was for life. It was she—the foolish tattler—who had set the report abroad regarding the poor Indian woman. As for Madam Esmond, she had repelled the insinuation with scorn when Parson Stack brought



A PRESENTATION TO MADAM ESMOND.

it to her, and said, "I should as soon fancy Mr. Esmond stealing the spoons or marrying a negro woman out of the kitchen." But though she disdained to find the poor Biche guilty, and even thanked her for attending her son in his illness, she treated her with such a chilling

haughtiness of demeanor, that the Indian slunk away into the servants' quarters, and there tried to drown her disappointments with drink. It was not a cheerful picture that which George gave of his two months at home. "The birthright is mine, Harry," he said, "but thou art the favorite, and God help me! I think my mother almost grudges it to me. Why should I have taken the *pas*, and preceded your worship into the world? Had you been the elder, you would have had the best cellar, and ridden the best nag, and been the most popular man in the country, whereas I have not a word to say for myself, and frighten people by my glum face: I should have been second son, and set up as lawyer, or come to England and got my degrees, and turned parson, and said grace at your honor's table. The time is out of joint, Sir. Oh cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

"Why, Georgy, you are talking verses—I protest you are!" says Harry.

"I think, my dear, some one else talked those verses before me," says George, with a smile.

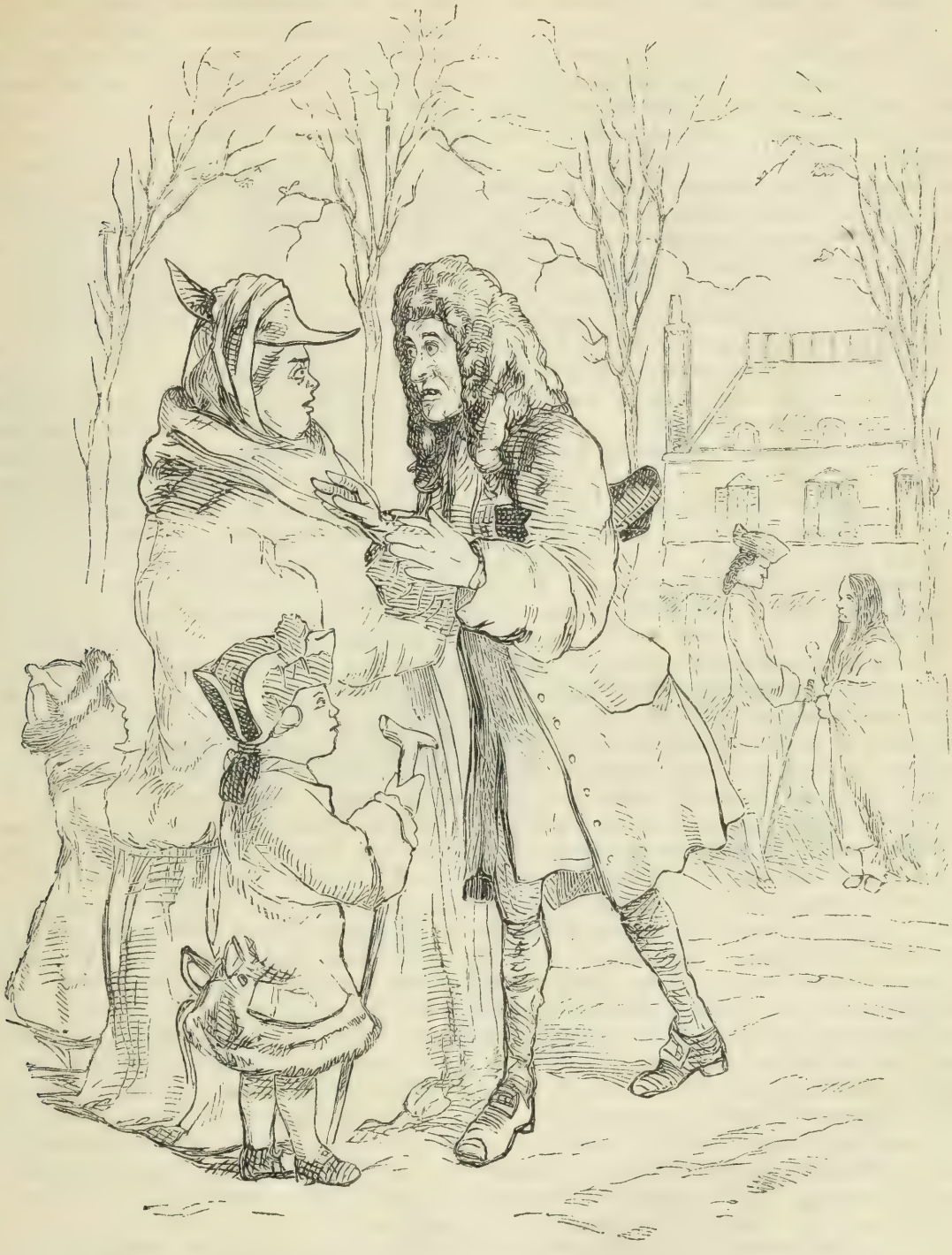
"It's out of one of your books. You know every book that ever was wrote, that I do believe!" cries Harry; and then told his brother how he had seen the two authors at Tunbridge, and how he had taken off his hat to them. "Not that *I* cared much about their books, not being clever enough. But I remembered how my dear old George used to speak of 'em," says Harry, with a choke in his voice, "and that's why I liked to see them. I say, dear, it's like a dream seeing you over again. Think of that bloody Indian with his knife at my George's head! I should like to give that Monsieur de Florac something for saving you—but I haven't got much now, only my little gold knee-buckles, and they ain't worth two guineas."

"You have got the half of what I have, child, and we'll divide as soon as I have paid the Frenchman," George said.

On which Harry broke out not merely into blessings but actual imprecations, indicating his intense love and satisfaction; and he swore that there never was such a brother in the world as his brother George. Indeed, for some days after his brother's arrival, his eyes followed George about: he would lay down his knife and fork, or his newspaper, when they were sitting together, and begin to laugh to himself. When he walked with George on the Mall or in Hyde Park, he would gaze round at the company, as much as to say, "Look here, gentlemen! This is he. This is my brother, that was dead and is alive again! Can any man in Christendom produce such a brother as this?"

Of course he was of opinion that George should pay to Museau's heirs the sum which he had promised for his ransom. This question had been the cause of no small unhappiness to poor George at home. Museau dead, Madam Esmond argued with much eagerness, and not a little rancor, the bargain fell to the ground, and her son was free. The man was a rogue in the first instance. *She* would not pay the wages of iniquity. Mr. Esmond had a small independence from his father, and might squander his patrimony if he chose. He was of age, and the money was in his power; but she would be no party to such extravagance, as giving twelve thousand livres to a parcel of peasants in Normandy with whom we were at war, and who would very likely give it all to the priests and the pope. *She* would not subscribe to any such wickedness. If George wanted to squander away his father's money (she must say that formerly he had not been so *eager*, and when *Harry's benefit* was in question had refused to touch a penny of it!)—if he wished to spend it now, why not give it to his own flesh and blood, to poor Harry, who was suddenly deprived of his inheritance, and not to a set of priest-ridden peasants in France? This dispute had raged between mother and son during the whole of the latter's last days in Virginia. It had never been settled. On the morning of George's departure, Madam Esmond had come to his bedside, after a sleepless night, and asked him whether he still persisted in his intention to fling away his father's property? He replied in a depth of grief and perplexity that his word was passed, and he must do as his honor bade him. She answered that she would continue to pray that Heaven might soften his proud heart, and enable her to bear her heavy trials: and the last view George had of his mother's face was as she stood yet a moment by his bedside, pale and with tearless eyes, before she turned away and slowly left his chamber.

"Where didst thou learn the art of winning over every body to thy side, Harry?" continued George; "and how is it that you and all the world begin by being friends? Teach me a few lessons in popularity—nay, I don't know that I will have them; and when I find and hear certain people hate me, I think I am rather pleased than angry. At first, at Richmond, Mr. Esmond Warrington, the only prisoner who had escaped from Braddock's field—the victim of so much illness and hardship—was a favorite with the town-folks, and received privately and publicly with no little kindness. The parson glorified my escape in a sermon; the neighbors came to visit the fugitive; the family coach was ordered out, and Madam Esmond and I paid our visits in return. I think some pretty little caps were set at me. But these our mother routed off, and frightened with the prodigious haughtiness of her demeanor; and my popularity was already at the decrease before the event occurred which put the last finishing stroke to it. I was not jolly enough for the officers, and didn't care for their drinking-bouts, dice-boxes, and swearing. I was too sarcastic for the ladies, and their tea and tattle stupefied me almost as much as the men's blustering and horse-talk. I can not tell thee, Harry, how lonely I felt in that place, amidst the scandal and squabbles: I regretted my prison almost, and found



A YOUNG REPROBATE.

myself more than once wishing for the freedom of thought, and the silent ease of Duquesne. I am very shy, I suppose: I can speak unreservedly to very few people. Before most, I sit utterly silent. When we two were at home, it was thou who used to talk at table, and get a smile now and then from our mother. When she and I were together we had no subject in common, and we scarce spoke at all until we began to dispute about law and divinity.

"So the gentlemen had determined I was supercilious, and a dull companion (and, indeed, I think their opinion was right), and the ladies thought I was cold and sarcastic—could never make out whether I was in earnest or no, and, I think, generally voted I was a disagreeable fellow, before my character was gone quite away; and that went with the appearance of the poor Biche. Oh, a nice character they made for me, my dear!" cried George, in a transport of wrath, "and a pretty life they led me, after Museau's unlucky messenger had appeared among us! The boys hooted the poor woman if she appeared in the street; the ladies dropped me half-courtesies, and walked over to the other side. That precious clergyman went from one tea-table to another preaching on the horrors of seduction, and the lax principles which young men learned in Popish countries and brought back thence. The poor Fawn's appearance at home, a few weeks after my return home, was declared to be a scheme between her and me;

and the best-informed agreed that she had waited on the other side of the river until I gave her the signal to come and join me in Richmond. The officers bantered me at the coffee-house, and cracked their clumsy jokes about the woman I had selected. Oh, the world is a nice, charitable world! I was so enraged that I thought of going to Castlewood and living alone there—for our mother finds the place dull, and the greatest consolation in precious Mr. Stack's ministry—when the news arrived of *your* female perplexity, and I think we were all glad that I should have a pretext for coming to Europe."

"I should like to see any of the infernal scoundrels who said a word against you, and break their rascally bones," roars out Harry, striding up and down the room.

"I had to do something like it for Bob Clubber."

"What! that little sneaking, backbiting, toad-eating wretch, who is always hanging about my lord at Greenway Court, and sponging on every gentleman in the country? If you whipped him, I hope you whipped him well, George!"

"We were bound over to keep the peace; and I offered to go into Maryland with him and settle our difference there, and of course the good folk said, that, having made free with the seventh commandment, I was inclined to break the sixth. So, by this and by that—and being as innocent of the crime imputed to me as you are—I left home, my dear Harry, with as awful a reputation as ever a young gentleman earned."

Ah, what an opportunity is there here to moralize! If the esteemed reader and his humble servant could but know—could but write down in a book—could but publish, with illustrations, a collection of the lies which have been told regarding each of us since we came to man's estate—what a harrowing and thrilling work of fiction that romance would be! Not only is the world informed of every thing about you, but of a great deal more. Not long since the kind postman brought a paper containing a valuable piece of criticism, which stated, "This author states he was born in such and such a year. It is a lie. He was born in the year so and so." The critic knew better: of course he did. Another (and both came from the country which gave MULLIGAN birth) warned some friend, saying, "Don't speak of New South Wales to him. He has a brother there, and the family *never mention his name*." But this subject is too vast and noble for a mere paragraph. I shall prepare a memoir, or let us rather have *par une société de gens de lettres*, a series of Biographies—of lives of gentlemen, as told by their dear friends whom they don't know.

George having related his exploits as champion and martyr, of course Harry had to unbosom himself to his brother, and lay before his elder an account of his private affairs. He gave up all the family of Castlewood—my lord, not for getting the better of him at play; for Harry was a sporting man, and expected to pay when he lost, and receive when he won; but for refusing to aid the chaplain in his necessity, and dismissing him with such false and heartless pretexts. About Mr. Will he had made up his mind, after the horse-dealing matter, and freely marked his sense of the latter's conduct upon Mr. Will's eyes and nose. Respecting the Countess and Lady Fanny, Harry spoke in a manner more guarded, but not very favorable. He had heard all sorts of stories about them. The Countess was a card-playing old cat; Lady Fanny was a desperate flirt. Who told him? Well, he had heard the stories from a person who knew them both very well indeed. In fact, in those days of confidence, of which we made mention in the last volume, Maria had freely imparted to her cousin a number of anecdotes respecting her step-mother and her half-sister, which were by no means in favor of those ladies.

But in respect to Lady Maria herself, the young man was stanch and hearty. "It may be imprudent; I don't say no, George. I may be a fool: I think I am. I know there will be a dreadful piece of work at home, and that Madam and she will fight. Well! We must live apart. Our estate is big enough to live on without quarreling, and I can go elsewhere than to Richmond or Castlewood. When you come to the property you'll give me a bit—at any rate, Madam will let me off at an easy rent—or I'll make a famous farmer or factor. I can't and won't part from Maria. She has acted so nobly by me that I should be a rascal to turn my back on her. Think of her bringing me every jewel she had in the world, dear brave creature! and flinging them into my lap with her last guineas—and—and—God bless her!" Here Harry dashed his sleeve across his eyes, with a stamp of his foot; and said, "No, brother, I won't part with her, not to be made Governor of Virginia to-morrow; and my dearest old George would never advise me to do so, I know that."

"I am sent here to advise you," George replied. "I am sent to break the marriage off, if I can: and a more unhappy one I can't imagine. But I can't counsel you to break your word, my boy."

"I knew you couldn't! What's said is said, George. I have made my bed, and must lie on it," says Mr. Harry, gloomily.

Such had been the settlement between our two young worthies, when they first talked over Mr. Harry's love affair. But after George's conversation with his aunt, and the farther knowledge of his family which he acquired through the information of that keen old woman of the world, Mr. Warrington, who was naturally of a skeptical turn, began to doubt about Lady Maria, as well as regarding her brothers and sister, and looked at Harry's engagement with increased distrust and alarm. Was it for his wealth that Maria wanted Harry? Was it his handsome young person that she longed after? Were those stories true which Aunt Bernstein had told of her? Certainly he could not advise Harry to break his word; but he might

cast about in his mind for some scheme for putting Maria's affection to the trial; and his ensuing conduct, which appeared not very amiable, I suppose resulted from this deliberation.



CHAPTER LVI.

ARIADNE.

My Lord Castlewood had a house in Kensington Square, spacious enough to accommodate the several members of his noble family, and convenient for their service at the palace hard-by when His Majesty dwelt there. Her ladyship had her evenings, and gave her card-parties here for such as would come; but Kensington was a long way from London a hundred years since, and George Selwyn said he for one was afraid to go, for fear of being robbed of a night—whether by footpads with crape over their faces, or by ladies in rouge at the quadrille-table, we have no means of saying. About noon on the day after Harry had made his reappearance at White's, it chanced that all his virtuous kinsfolks partook of breakfast together, even Mr. Will being present, who was to go into waiting in the afternoon.

The ladies came first to their chocolate: them Mr. Will joined in his court suit; finally, my lord appeared, languid, in his bed-gown and night-cap, having not yet assumed his wig for the day. Here was news which Will had brought home from the Star and Garter last night, when he supped in company with some men who had heard it at White's, and seen it at Ranelagh!

"Heard what? seen what?" asked the head of the house, taking up his *Daily Advertiser*.

"Ask Maria!" says Lady Fanny. My lord turns to his elder sister, who wears a face of portentous sadness, and looks as pale as a tablecloth.

"'Tis one of Will's usual elegant and polite inventions," says Maria.

"No," swore Will, with several of his oaths; "it was no invention of his. Tom Claypool of Norfolk saw 'em both at Ranelagh; and Jack Morris came out of White's, where he heard the story from Harry Warrington's own lips. Curse him, I'm glad of it!" roars Will, slapping the table. "What do you think of your Fortunate Youth? your Virginian, whom your lordship made so much of, turning out to be a second son?"

"The elder brother not dead?" says my lord.

"No more dead than you are. Never was. It's my belief that it was a cross between the two."

"Mr. Warrington is incapable of such duplicity!" cries Maria.

"*I* never encouraged the fellow, I am sure you will do me justice there," says my lady. "Nor did Fanny: not we, indeed!"

"Not we, indeed!" echoes my Lady Fanny.

"The fellow is only a beggar, and, I dare say, has not paid for the clothes on his back," continues Will. "I'm glad of it, for, hang him, I hate him!"

"You don't regard him with favorable eyes; especially since he blacked yours, Will!" grins my lord. "So the poor fellow has found his brother, and lost his estate!" And here he turned toward his sister Maria, who, although she looked the picture of woe, must have suggested something ludicrous to the humorist near whom she sate; for his lordship, having gazed at her for a minute, burst into a shrill laugh, which caused the poor lady's face to flush, and, presently, her eyes to pour over with tears. "It's a shame! it's a shame!" she sobbed out, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Maria's step-brother and sister looked at each other. "We never quite understand your lordship's humor," the former lady remarked, gravely.

"I don't see there is the least reason why you should," said my lord, coolly. "Maria, my dear, pray excuse me if I have said—that is, done any thing to hurt your feelings."

"Done any thing! You pillaged the poor lad in his prosperity, and laugh at him in his ruin!" says Maria, rising from table, and glaring round at all her family.

"Excuse me, my dear sister, I was not laughing at *him*," said my lord, gently.

"Oh, never mind at what or whom else, my lord! You have taken from him all he had to lose. All the world points at you as the man who feeds on his own flesh and blood. And now you have his all you make merry over his misfortune!" and away she rustled from the

room, flinging looks of defiance at all the party there assembled.

"Tell us what has happened, or what you have heard, Will, and my sister's grief will not interrupt us." And Will told, at greater length, and with immense exultation at Harry's discomfiture, the story now buzzed through all London, of George Warrington's sudden apparition. Lord Castlewood was sorry for Harry: Harry was a good brave lad, and his kinsman liked him, as much as certain worldly folks like each other. To be sure he played Harry at cards, and took the advantage of the market upon him; but why not? The peach which other men would certainly pluck he might as well devour. "Eh, if that were all my conscience had to reproach me with, I need not be very uneasy!" my lord thought. "Where does Mr. Warrington live?"

Will expressed himself ready to enter upon a state of reprobation if he knew or cared.

"He shall be invited here, and treated with every respect," says my lord.

"Including picquet, I suppose!" growls Will.

"Or will you take him to the stables, and sell him one of your bargains of horse-flesh, Will?" asks Lord Castlewood. "*You* would have won of Harry Warrington fast enough, if you could; but you cheat so clumsily at your game that you got paid with a cudgel. I desire, once more, that every attention may be paid to our Cousin Warrington."

"And that you are not to be disturbed when you sit down to play, of course, my lord!" cries Lady Castlewood.

"Madam, I desire fair play for Mr. Warrington, and for myself, and for every member of this amiable family," retorted Lord Castlewood, fiercely.

"Heaven help the poor gentleman if your lordship is going to be kind to him!" said the Stepmother, with a courtesy; and there is no knowing how far this family dispute might have been carried, had not, at this moment, a phaeton driven up to the house, in which were seated the two young Virginians.

It was the carriage which our young Prodigal had purchased in the days of his prosperity. He drove it still: George sate in it by his side; their negroes were behind them. Harry had been for meekly giving the whip and reins to his brother, and ceding the whole property to him. "What business has a poor devil like me with horses and carriages, Georgy?" Harry had humbly said. "Beyond the coat on my back, and the purse my aunt gave me, I have nothing in the world. You take the driving-seat, brother; it will ease my mind if you will take the driving-seat." George laughingly said he did not know the way, and Harry did; and that, as for the carriage, he would claim only a half of it, as he had already done with his brother's wardrobe. "But a bargain is a bargain; if I share thy coats thou must divide my breeches' pocket, Harry; that is but fair dealing!" Again and again Harry swore there never was such a brother on earth. How he rattled his horses over the road! How pleased and proud he was to drive such a brother! They came to Kensington in famous high spirits; and Gumbo's thunder upon Lord Castlewood's door was worthy of the biggest footman in all St. James's.

Only my Lady Castlewood and her daughter, Lady Fanny, were in the room into which our young gentlemen were ushered. Will had no particular fancy to face Harry, my lord was not dressed, Maria had her reasons for being away, at least till her eyes were dried. When we drive up to friends' houses nowadays in our coaches and six, when John carries up our noble names, when, finally, we enter the drawing-room with our best hat and best Sunday smile foremost, does it ever happen that we interrupt a family row? that we come simpering and smiling in, and stepping over the delusive ashes of a still burning domestic heat? that in the interval between the hall-door and the drawing-room, Mrs., Mr., and the Misses Jones have grouped themselves in a family tableau; this girl artlessly arranging flowers in a vase, let us say; that one reclining over an illuminated work of devotion; mamma on the sofa, with the butcher's and grocer's book pushed under the cushion, some elegant work in her hand, and a pretty little foot pushed out advantageously: while honest Jones, far from saying, "Curse that Brown, he is always calling here!" holds out a kindly hand, shows a pleased face, and exclaims, "What, Brown, my boy, delighted to see you! Hope you've come to lunch!" I say, does it ever happen to *us* to be made the victims of domestic artifices, the spectators of domestic comedies got up for our special amusement? Oh, let us be thankful, not only for faces, but for masks! not only for honest welcome, but for hypocrisy, which hides unwelcome things from us! While I am talking, for instance, in this easy chatty way, what right have you, my good Sir, to know what is really passing in my mind? It may be that I am racked with gout, or that my eldest son has just sent me in a thousand pounds' worth of college-bills, or that I am writhing under an attack of the *Stoke Pogis Sentinel*, which has just been sent me under cover, or that there is a dreadfully scrappy dinner, the evident remains of a party to which I *didn't* invite you, and yet I conceal my agony, I wear a merry smile, I say, "What! come to take pot-luck with us, Brown, my boy? Betsy, put a knife and fork for Mr. Brown! Eat! Welcome! Fall to! It's my best!" I say that humbug which I am performing is beautiful self-denial—that hypocrisy is true virtue. Oh, if every man spoke his mind, what an intolerable society ours would be to live in!

As the young gentlemen are announced, Lady Castlewood advances toward them with perfect ease and good humor. "We have heard, Harry," she says, looking at the latter with a special friendliness, "of this most ex-

traordinary circumstance. My Lord Castlewood said at breakfast that he should wait on you this very day, Mr. Warrington, and, Cousin Harry, we intend not to love you any the less because you are poor."

"We shall be able to show now that it is not for your acres that we like you, Harry!" says Lady Fanny, following her mamma's lead.

"And I to whom the acres have fallen?" says Mr. George, with a smile and a bow.

"Oh, cousin, we shall like you for being like Harry!" replies the arch Lady Fanny.

Ah! who that has seen the world, has not admired that astonishing ease with which fine ladies drop you and pick you up again? Both the ladies now addressed themselves almost exclusively to the younger brother. They were quite civil to Mr. George; but with Mr. Harry they were fond, they were softly familiar, they were gently kind, they were affectionately reproachful. Why had Harry not been for days and days to see them?

"Better to have had a dish of tea and a game at picquet with them than with some other folks," says Lady Castlewood. "If *we* had won enough to buy a paper of pins from you we should have been content; but young gentlemen don't know what is for their own good," says mamma.

"Now you have no more money to play with, you can come and play with us, cousin!" cries fond Lady Fanny, lifting up a finger, "and so your misfortune will be good fortune to us."

George was puzzled. This welcome of his brother was very different from that to which he had looked. All these compliments and attentions paid to the younger brother, though he was without a guinea! Perhaps the people were not so bad as they were painted? The Blackest of all Blacks is said not to be of *quite* so dark a complexion as some folks describe him.

This affectionate conversation continued for some twenty minutes, at the end of which period my Lord Castlewood made his appearance, wig on head, and sword by side. He greeted both the young men with much politeness: one not more than the other. "If you were to come to us—and I, for one, cordially rejoice to see you—what a pity it is you did not come a few months earlier! A certain evening at picquet would then, most likely, never have taken place. A younger son would have been more prudent."

"Yes, indeed," said Harry.

"Or a kinsman more compassionate. But I fear that love of play runs in the blood of all of us. I have it from my father, and it has made me the poorest peer in England. Those fair ladies whom you see before you are not exempt. My poor brother Will is a martyr to it; and what I, for my part, win on one day, I lose on the next. 'Tis shocking, positively, the rage for play in England. All my poor cousin's bank-notes parted company from me within twenty-four hours after I got them."

"I have played, like other gentlemen, but never to hurt myself, and never indeed caring much for the sport," remarked Mr. Warrington.

"When we heard that my lord had played with Harry, we did *so* scold him," cried the ladies.

"But if it had not been I, thou knowest, Cousin Warrington, some other person would have had thy money. 'Tis a poor consolation, but as such Harry must please to take it, and be glad that friends won his money, who wish him well, not strangers, who cared nothing for him, and fleeced him."

"Eh! a tooth out is a tooth out, though it be your brother who pulls it, my lord!" said Mr. George, laughing. "Harry must bear the penalty of his faults, and pay his debts, like other men."

"I am sure I have never said or thought otherwise. 'Tis not like an Englishman to be sulky because he is beaten," says Harry.

"Your hand, cousin! You speak like a man!" cries my lord, with delight. The ladies smile to each other.

"My sister, in Virginia, has known how to bring up her sons as gentlemen!" exclaims Lady Castlewood, enthusiastically.

"I protest you must not be growing so amiable now you are poor, Cousin Harry!" cries Cousin Fanny. "Why, mamma, we did not know half his good qualities when he was only Fortunate Youth and Prince of Virginia! You are exactly like him, Cousin George, but I vow you can't be as amiable as your brother!"

"I am the Prince of Virginia, but I fear I am not the Fortunate Youth," said George, gravely.

Harry was beginning, "By Jove, he is the best—" when the noise of a harpsichord was heard from the upper room. The lad blushed: the ladies smiled.

"'Tis Maria, above," said Lady Castlewood. "Let some of us go up to her!"

The ladies rose, and made way toward the door; and Harry followed them, blushing very much. George was about to join the party, but Lord Castlewood checked him. "Nay, if all the ladies follow your brother," his lordship said, "let me at least have the benefit of your company and conversation. I long to hear the account of your captivity and rescue, Cousin George!"

"Oh, we must hear that too!" cried one of the ladies, lingering.

"I am greedy, and should like it all by myself," said Lord Castlewood, looking at her very sternly; and followed the women to the door, and closed it upon them, with a low bow.

"Your brother has no doubt acquainted you with the history of all that has happened to him in this house, Cousin George?" asked George's kinsman.

"Yes, including the quarrel with Mr. Will, and the engagement to my Lady Maria," replies George, with a bow. "I may be pardoned for

saying that he hath met with but ill fortune here, my lord."

"Which no one can deplore more cordially than myself. My brother lives with horse-jockeys and trainers, and the wildest bloods of the town, and between us there is very little sympathy. We should not all live together, were we not so poor. This is the house which our grandmother occupied before she went to America and married Colonel Esmond. Much of the old furniture belonged to her." George looked round the wainscoted parlor with some interest. "Our house has not flourished in the last twenty years; though we had a promotion of rank a score of years since, owing to some interest we had at court then. But the malady of play has been the ruin of us all. I am a miserable victim to it: only too proud to sell myself and title to a *roturière*, as many noblemen, less scrupulous, have done. Pride is my fault, my dear cousin. I remember how I was born!" And his lordship laid his hand on his shirt-frill, turned out his toe, and looked his cousin nobly in the face. Young George Warrington's natural disposition was to believe every thing which every body said to him. When once deceived, however, or undeceived about the character of a person, he became utterly incredulous, and he saluted this fine speech of my lord's with a sardonical, inward laughter, preserving his gravity, however, and scarce allowing any of his scorn to appear in his words.

"We have all our faults, my lord. That of play hath been condoned over and over again in gentleman of our rank. Having heartily forgiven my brother, surely I can not presume to be your lordship's judge in the matter; and instead of playing and losing, I wish sincerely that you had both played and won!"

"So do I, with all my heart!" says my lord, with a sigh, "I augur well for your goodness when you can speak in this way, and for your experience and knowledge of the world, too, cousin, of which you seem to possess a greater share than most young men of your age. Your poor Harry hath the best heart in the world; but I doubt whether his head be very strong."

"Not very strong, indeed. But he hath the art to make friends wherever he goes, and in spite of all his imprudences most people love him."

"I do—we all do, I'm sure; as if he were our brother!" cries my lord.

"He has often described in his letters his welcome at your lordship's house. My mother keeps them all, you may be sure. Harry's style is not very learned, but his heart is so good that to read him is better than wit."

"I may be mistaken, but I fancy his brother possesses a good heart and a good wit too!" says my lord, obstinately gracious.

"I am as Heaven made me, cousin; and perhaps some more experience and sorrow than has fallen to the lot of most young men."

"This misfortune of your poor brother—I mean this piece of good fortune, your sudden reappearance—has not quite left Harry without resources?" continued Lord Castlewood, very gently.

"With nothing but what his mother can leave him, or I, at her death, can spare him. What is the usual portion here of a younger brother, my lord?"

"Eh! A younger brother here is—you know—in fine, every body knows what a younger brother is," said my lord, and shrugged his shoulders and looked his guest in the face.

The other went on: "We are the best of friends, but we are flesh and blood: and I don't pretend to do more for him than is usually done for younger brothers. Why give him money? That he should squander it at cards or horse-racing? My lord, we have cards and jockeys in Virginia, too; and my poor Harry hath distinguished himself in his own country already before he came to yours. He inherits the family failing for dissipation."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow, I pity him!"

"Our estate, you see, is great, but our income is small. We have little more money than that which we get from England for our tobacco—and very little of that, too—for our tobacco comes back to us in the shape of goods, clothes, leather, groceries, ironmongery, nay, wine and beer for our people and ourselves. Harry may come back and share all these: there is a nag in the stable for him, a piece of venison on the table, a little ready money to keep his pocket warm, and a coat or two every year. This will go on while my mother lives, unless, which is far from improbable, he gets into some quarrel with Madam Esmond. Then, while I live he will have the run of the house and all it contains: then, if I die leaving children, he will be less and less welcome. His future, my lord, is a dismal one, unless some strange piece of luck turn up on which we were fools to speculate. Henceforth he is doomed to dependence, and I know no worse lot than to be dependent on a self-willed woman like our mother. The means he had to make himself respected at home he hath squandered away here. He has flung his patrimony to the dogs, and poverty and subserviency are now his only portion." Mr. Warrington delivered this speech with considerable spirit and volubility, and his cousin heard him respectfully.

"You speak well, Mr. Warrington. Have you ever thought of public life?" said my lord.

"Of course I have thought of public life, like every man of my station—every man, that is, who cares for something beyond a dice-box or a stable," replies George. "I hope, my lord, to be able to take my own place, and my unlucky brother must content himself with his. This I say advisedly, having heard from him of certain engagements which he has formed, and which it would be misery to all parties were he to attempt to execute now."

"Your logic is very strong," said my lord. "Shall we go up and see the ladies? There is a picture above stairs which your grandfather is

said to have executed. Before you go, my dear cousin, you will please to fix a day when our family may have the honor of receiving you. Castlewood, you know, is always your home when we are there. It is something like your Virginian Castlewood, cousin, from your account. We have beef, and mutton, and ale, and wood, in plenty; but money is woefully scarce among us."

They ascended to the drawing-room, where, however, they found only one of the ladies of the family. This was my Lady Maria, who came out of the embrasure of a window, where she and Harry Warrington had been engaged in talk.

George made his best bow, Maria her lowest courtesy. "You are indeed wonderfully like your brother," she said, giving him her hand. "And from what he says, Cousin George, I think you are as good as he is."

At the sight of her swollen eyes and tearful face George felt a pang of remorse. "Poor thing!" he thought. "Harry has been vaunting my generosity and virtue to her, and I have been playing the selfish elder brother down stairs! How old she looks! How could he ever have a passion for such a woman as that?" How? Because he did not see with your eyes, Mr. George. He saw rightly too now with his own, perhaps. I never know whether to pity or congratulate a man on coming to his senses.

After the introduction a little talk took place, which, for a while, Lady Maria managed to carry on in easy manner: but though ladies, in this matter of social hypocrisy, are, I think, far more consummate performers than men, after a sentence or two the poor lady broke out into a sob, and, motioning Harry away with her hand, fairly fled from the room.

Harry was rushing forward, but stopped—checked by that sign. My lord said his poor sister was subject to these fits of nerves, and had already been ill that morning. After this event our young gentlemen thought it was needless to prolong their visit. Lord Castlewood followed them down stairs, accompanied them to the door, admired their nags in the phaeton, and waved them a friendly farewell.

"And so we have been coaxing and cuddling in the window, and we part good friends, Harry? Is it not so?" says George to his charioteer.

"Oh, she *is* a good woman!" cries Harry, lashing the horses. "I know you'll think so when you come to know her."

"When you take her home to Virginia? A pretty welcome our mother will give her! She will never forgive me for not breaking the match off, nor you for making it."

"I can't help it, George! Don't you be popping your ugly head so close to my ears, Gumbo! After what has passed between us, I am bound in honor to stand by her. If she sees no objection, I must find none. I told her all. I told her that madam would be very rusty at first; but that she was very fond of me, and must end by relenting. And when *you* come to the property, I told her that I knew my dearest George so well, that I might count upon sharing with him."

"The deuce you did! Let me tell you, my dear, that I have been telling my Lord Castlewood quite a different story. That as an elder brother I intend to have all my rights—there, don't flog that near horse so—and that you can but look forward to poverty and dependence."

"What? You won't help me?" cries Harry, turning quite pale. "George, I don't believe it, though I hear it out of your own mouth!"

There was a minute's pause after this outbreak, during which Harry did not even look at his brother, but sate gazing blindly before him, the picture of grief and gloom. He was driving so near to a road-post that the carriage might have been upset but for George's pulling the rein.

"You had better take the reins, Sir," said Harry. "I told you you had better take them."

"Did you ever know me fail you, Harry?" George asked.

"No," said the other, "not till now"—the tears were rolling down his cheeks as he spoke.

"My dear, I think one day you will say I have done my duty."

"What have you done?" asked Harry.

"I have said you were a younger brother—that you have spent all your patrimony, and that your portion at home must be very slender. Is it not true?"

"Yes; but I would not have believed it if ten thousand men had told me," said Harry. "Whatever happened to me, I thought I could trust *you*, George Warrington." And in this frame of mind Harry remained during the rest of the drive.

Their dinner was served soon after their return to their lodgings, of which Harry scarce ate any, though he drank freely of the wine before him.

"That wine is a bad consoler in trouble, Harry," his brother remarked.

"I have no other, Sir," said Harry, grimly; and having drank glass after glass in silence, he presently seized his hat and left the room.

He did not return for three hours. George, in much anxiety about his brother, had not left home meanwhile, but read his book, and smoked the pipe of patience. "It *was* shabby to say I would not aid him, and, God help me! it was not true. I won't leave him, though he marries a blackamoor," thought George: "have I not done him harm enough already by coming to life again? Where has he gone; has he gone to play?"

"Good God! what has happened to thee?" cried George Warrington, presently, when his brother came in, looking ghastly pale.

He came up and took his brother's hand. "I can take it now, Georgy," he said. "Perhaps what you did was right, though I for one

will never believe that you would throw your brother off in distress. I'll tell you what. At dinner I thought, suddenly, I'll go back to her and speak to her. I'll say to her, 'Maria, poor as I am, your conduct to me has been so noble, that, by Heaven! I am yours to take or to leave. If you will have me, here I am: I will enlist: I will work: I will try and make a livelihood for myself somehow, and my bro——, my relations will relent, and give us enough to live on.' That's what I determined to tell her; and I did, George. I ran all the way to Kensington in the rain—look, I am splashed from head to foot—and found them all at dinner, all except Will, that is. I spoke out that very moment to them all, sitting round the table over their wine. 'Maria,' says I, 'a poor fellow wants to redeem his promise which he made when he fancied he was rich. Will you take him?' I found I had plenty of words, and didn't hem and stutter as I'm doing now. I spoke ever so long, and I ended by saying I would do my best and my duty by her, so help me God!

"When I had done she came up to me quite kind. She took my hand, and kissed it before the rest. 'My dearest, best Harry!' she said (those were her words; I don't want otherwise to be praising myself), 'you are a noble heart, and I thank you with all mine. But, my dear, I have long seen it was only duty, and a foolish promise made by a young man to an old woman, that has held you to your engagement. To keep it would make you miserable, my dear. I absolve you from it, thanking you with all my heart for your fidelity, and blessing and loving my dear cousin always.' And she came up and kissed me before them all, and went out of the room quite stately, and without a single tear. They were all crying, especially my lord, who was sobbing quite loud. I didn't think he had so much feeling. And she, George? Oh, isn't she a noble creature?"

"Here's her health!" cries George, filling one of the glasses that still stood before him.

"Hip, hip, huzzay!" says Harry. He was wild with delight at being free.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS met on the 6th of December. The Message of the President and the Reports of the heads of the Departments give the usual summary of our domestic condition and foreign relations.

The President's Message opens with an elaborate *resumé* of the progress and ultimate settlement of the *Kansas* difficulty. The people of that Territory having rejected the "proposition" contained in the "English Bill," it is not probable, he says, that under the further provisions of this Bill a new Constitution can be lawfully framed and presented to Congress until the population of the Territory is ascertained to reach the number (93,420) required for a representative in Congress. It is recommended that a provision similar to that laid down in the case of Kansas shall, by a general Act, be applied to all Territories, without, however, giving it a retrospective action so as to embrace any State which, as in the case of Oregon, acting upon the past practice of the Government, has already formed its Constitution, elected its officers, and is now prepared to enter the Union.—Then follows a general history of the Mormon rebellion in *Utah*, relating the insurrectionary acts of that people, the dispatch of the army, their privations on the march, the sending out of Messrs. Powell and M'Culloch as Peace Commissioners, the voluntary mission of Colonel Thomas L. Kane, and the final submission of the Mormons to the laws and the constituted authorities. The President concurs in the opinion of Messrs. Powell and M'Culloch that this result was attained wholly in consequence of the dispatch of a formidable military force, and that a less decisive policy would probably have resulted in a long, bloody, and expensive war. The presence of this army has also done much to restrain the hostility of the Indian tribes of that region, and to secure emigrants to the Far West from their depredations.

The nature of our difficulties with *China* did not, in the opinion of the President, demand a resort to immediate hostile measures, since the insult offered to our flag had been promptly avenged by the capture of the Barrier Forts. Our Minister was therefore instructed to maintain a neutral position in the contest between the European Powers and the Chinese, while co-operating with the former in urging a just treaty. These instructions have been executed with skill and ability, and the result has been the negotiation of a highly satisfactory treaty with China.——With *Japan*, also, a new treaty has been concluded, which will augment our trade with that Empire, and remove the disabilities which have been imposed upon our people in the exercise of their religion.——With *Great Britain* the question of the right of search has been satisfactorily adjusted, the British Government in an honorable manner abandoning its claim to this right. Our Government has expressed its willingness to consider any proposals which may be made by that of Great Britain, having in view some joint plan for verifying the nationality of vessels suspected of sailing under false colors; but the President apprehends that no such plan can be devised which will be free from grave objections, though he will form no decision without careful consideration.—The complications arising from the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty have not been adjusted, and negotiations are now pending in relation to them, the present condition of which the President does not think proper to communicate.

With *Spain* our relations are altogether unsatisfactory. The claims of our citizens upon the Spanish Government have not been settled, though the justice of the principle upon which they are based was acknowledged in 1854, and the indemnity for damages sustained up to that period was agreed upon. This has not been paid; and now the Spanish Government proposes to pay only one-third of the amount then fixed; and this offer is accompanied by a declaration that the pay-

ment is made only as a matter of favor.——The necessity for the acquisition of *Cuba* is strongly urged. In its present colonial condition it is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people; wrongs committed by the officials of the island can be redressed only after an appeal to the Home Government, which is then transmitted back to the Captain-General. The island is also the only spot in the civilized world where the African slave-trade is openly tolerated, and so long as it is an open market for slaves this trade can not be suppressed. If this market had not been open our late difficulty with Great Britain could not have occurred. Cuba, from its geographical position, commands the mouths of the Mississippi and the commerce of its valley, comprising half the States of the Union. While this island is under the dominion of a distant foreign power, that commerce is liable to be destroyed in time of war, and has been annoyed in time of peace. Our relations with Spain are in constant jeopardy so long as Cuba remains under its present Colonial Government. Under similar circumstances France sold Louisiana to us. Attempts have been repeatedly made to acquire Cuba by similar means—the only ones we shall ever adopt unless unforseen circumstances should render a departure from them clearly justifiable under the law of self-defense. Our newly-appointed Minister to Spain is instructed to renew the negotiations for purchase; and as it may become indispensable to success that an advance should be made to the Spanish Government, the President intimates that it is desirable that he should be authorized by Congress to make this advance.——The recommendation is renewed that an appropriation should be made in favor of the claimants in the *Amistad* case.

Our relations with *Mexico* are of a peculiar character. Though that country has for years been in a state of revolution, heretofore the possession of the capital by a military chief has usually been followed by the temporary submission of the country to his Government. But now antagonist parties hold possession of different States, and all resort to forcible measures to extort money from foreigners. In consequence of these measures our diplomatic relations with the Government now in possession of the capital have been suspended. Should this party succeed in subduing their opponents, there will be no reasonable hope of a peaceful settlement of our difficulties; but should the Constitutional party prevail, it may be expected to be willing to redress our grievances so far as it has the power. But for this expectation the President would have recommended that Congress should authorize him to take possession of a portion of the territory of Mexico, to be held as a pledge for the satisfaction of our demands. The frontier Mexican States of Sonora and Chihuahua, adjoining our Southwestern frontier, are in a state of anarchy, and are ravaged by the Indians. The Government is powerless. This prevents the settlement of our own Territory of Arizona, and it is apprehended that savages and outlaws may interrupt the postal connection recently established between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions. To avoid this, the President recommends that the Government of the United States should assume a temporary protectorate over the northern portions of Chihuahua and Sonora, and establish military posts there.

The importance of the routes across the Isthmus is urged at length. It is of the utmost concern to the commercial world that these routes should be unimpeded, while the governments through whose territories they pass have only a minor interest in the question. While their rights of sovereignty should be respected, other nations should demand that these routes should not be closed by revolutionary outbreaks, or by arbitrary decrees of Government. The United States ask for no advantages here which are not common to the rest of the world. The Transit Line through Nicaragua has been closed since February, 1856, and no competition existing with the Panama Route, the rate of passage to and from California has been enhanced greatly to our damage. In November, 1857, a treaty was signed by our Secretary of State and the Minister of Nicaragua, but the Nicaraguan Government has not ratified this treaty, mainly on the alleged ground that it authorized the United States to keep the route open, in case Nicaragua should fail to do so. The feebleness of the Nicaraguan Government renders such a stipulation absolutely necessary, while the concession of the right would probably obviate all necessity for its actual exercise. Under these circumstances the President recommends the passage of an act authorizing him to employ the land and naval forces of the United States to prevent the closing or obstruction of the Transit Route through Nicaragua. The maintenance of the Panama Route is already guaranteed by treaty between the United States and New Granada; and that of Tehuantepec, which has just been opened under favorable auspices, by treaty with Mexico.——The injuries sustained by our citizens during the last two or three years in *Nicaragua* and *Costa Rica* have not been redressed; and unless this is soon done, prompt measures must be resorted to.——With *New Granada* are standing causes of complaint, to which have been added the outrage at Panama in April, 1856. A treaty for the adjustment of these was concluded in September, 1857. This was transmitted to Bogota and ratified with certain amendments; should these be accepted by the Senate, all existing causes of complaint against New Granada, on the subject of claims, will have been removed. Questions have, however, arisen as to the right of New Granada to impose a tonnage duty on United States vessels at the Isthmus ports, and to levy a tax upon passengers and mails transported over the Panama Railway. No effort has recently been made to collect these taxes, and negotiations are in progress to adjust the matter.

With *Brazil* our relations are of the most friendly character. The import duties on articles of our production have recently been greatly reduced—that on flour from $1 42 to 49 cents a barrel; the export duty of 11 per cent. on coffee is still levied, which is a heavy charge upon consumers in this country, as we purchase about half the entire crop. Our Minister will urge the removal of this duty, it is hoped with success.——A Commissioner has been dispatched to *Paraguay* with full powers to settle, in an amicable manner, all the difficulties existing between that Government and our own. It is hoped that atonement will be voluntarily made for the wrongs committed against the United States, and indemnity be granted to our citizens who have been despoiled of their property. Should this not be done, force will be employed; and in view of this contingency a naval expedition has been sent out, sufficient for the purpose.

The Message then proceeds to speak of the panic of last year, and of its disastrous effect upon our commercial and manufacturing interests. This, the President says, was not caused, and could not be prevented, by legislation. It would have taken place had the tariff of 1846, or a much higher one, been in operation, not less than under that of 1857. Such revulsions will continue, at intervals, so long as our present system of bank credit prevails. He renews his recommendation for the passage of a uniform bankrupt law, applicable to banking institutions, and believes that this is all the power which the General Government possesses in the matter. In consequence of the diminution of the importation of foreign goods caused by the panic, the revenues of the Government have not equaled its necessary expenses, and the issue of $20,000,000 of treasury notes, and a subsequent loan of the same amount, were authorized by Congress to meet the deficiency. It is not advisable to go on increasing our national debt in order to meet the ordinary expenses of government. Our true policy is to increase our revenue so as to meet our expenses. Moreover, the protection afforded by an augmented tariff would benefit our manufacturing interests. The President recommends the imposition of specific duties in respect to all articles to which they can be properly applied—such as iron, raw sugars, and wines and spirits.

The receipts into the Treasury for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1858, from all sources, including the $20,000,000 of treasury notes, were $70,273,869 59; to which is to be added the balance on hand at the beginning of the year, of $17,710,114 27; making the entire revenue for the year $87,983,983 86. The expenditures for the same period were $81,585,667 76, of which $9,684,537 99 was for the redemption of treasury notes and payment of public debt; leaving a balance in the Treasury on the 1st of July, the commencement of the fiscal year, of $6,398,316 10. The receipts for the present fiscal year, from ordinary sources, including one-half of the loan of $20,000,000, already negotiated, and the balance on hand at the commencement of the year, are estimated at $70,129,195 56. The expenditures for the year are estimated at $74,065,896 99; leaving a deficiency of $3,936,701 43. Extraordinary means are placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury by the issue of treasury notes already redeemed, and negotiating the balance of the loan already authorized. These, it is estimated, will produce $11,000,000, leaving a balance in the Treasury at the close of the present year of $7,063,298 57. For the next fiscal year the revenues, including this balance on hand at the commencement, are estimated at $69,063,298 57, and the expenditures at $73,139,147 46, leaving a deficit at its close of $4,075,848 89, to which must be added the deficiency in the Post-Office Department of $3,838,728, making the entire estimated deficit at the close of the present year to amount to $7,914,576 89, which will be increased by appropriations to be made by Congress, for which no estimate has been made by the Treasury Department. To meet these deficiencies, and to provide for the gradual redemption of treasury notes, the President recommends a revision of the tariff, to be made at the present session of Congress.

The entire public debt is now $54,910,777 66, to which will be added during the present year $10,000,000, being the unnegotiated half of the loan already authorized.—The President explains and defends the increased expenditures of the Government on the ground of public good, specifies some reductions that have been made in the different Departments, and invites Congress to ascertain if other retrenchments are not feasible. He recommends the building of an additional number of small steamers. Attention is again called to the question of a Railroad to the Pacific, the construction of which should not be undertaken by Government, though Congress might aid the Companies undertaking it by grants of land or money under such conditions as would secure the transmission of troops, munitions of war, and the mails. The feasibility of a railroad is argued from the success attending the attempt to establish an overland mail route.

The Secretary of the Treasury, after presenting the fiscal condition of the country, of which an abstract has been given above, advocates at length such a revision of the tariff as will produce the additional revenue required. Neither the exigencies of the Government, he says, nor the interests of the country demand a return to the tariff of 1846. The duties of 40 and 100 per cent. imposed by that act are, in the present condition of trade and commerce, wholly indefensible. The public mind will not acquiesce in a higher rate than 30 per cent., the maximum under the present law. Adhering to the general principles of the present tariff, he recommends that the articles embraced in schedules C, D, F, G, H, which now pay 24, 19, 12, 8, and 4 per cent., shall pay 25, 20, 15, 10, and 5 per cent. This will give an increased revenue of $1,800,000 upon the basis of the importations of last year, which it is anticipated will be largely increased during the ensuing year. To provide for the additional amount required, certain articles must be raised from lower to higher schedules. He furnishes a table containing the amount of importations, and the revenues obtained from each article, and when the amount which the legislation of Congress makes necessary is ascertained, the work of making the proper transfers will be simple and easy. He argues at length in favor of continuing to estimate the value of goods at their valuation where produced rather than at that in our markets.——The bullion received at the mints amounted to $51,494,311 in gold, and $9,199,954 in silver. The coinage amounted to $52,889,800 in gold, $8,233,287 in silver, and $234,000 in cents.

The Secretary of War reports the actual strength of the army at 17,498 men. The demands for various military posts and stations leave only 13 regiments, numbering a little more than 11,000 men, for actual service in the field. Upon this small force has devolved the duty of prosecuting the Indian wars, which have raged from the British possessions on the Pacific to the borders of Mexico, as well as that of crushing the rebellion in Utah. No army of the same size ever performed, in the same space of time, movements of such extent, surmounting such formidable obstacles. With the Indians on the Pacific a permanent peace has been established. With the Navajos there can be no relaxation in the prosecution of the war till they are subdued. The war in Texas, which has but just begun, may be long and fierce. There have been hostile manifestations on the confines of Iowa and Minnesota, and our force is not sufficient to allow sufficient troops to be sent there to quiet these alarms altogether. Although the re-

bellion in Utah has been suppressed, a spirit of insubordination is still manifested, which will require a strong force to be kept in that Territory.

The Secretary of the Navy reports that the five steam sloops-of-war, authorized by the Act of 1857, will soon be completed; the seven screw steam sloops are in a state of great forwardness; five will be ready for sea in May, and the others in June. The side-wheel steamer building in California will be launched in the spring, and ready for sea in August. A considerable additional increase of the navy is urged. Heavy armed vessels of light draught are recommended, to the number of at least ten more than are now in process of construction.

The Secretary of the Interior anticipates an increase of revenue from the sales of public lands. He thinks that at least $5,000,000 may be expected from this source during the year.——In view of the ascertained existence of precious metals in Oregon, New Mexico, and Kansas, he suggests the passage of a general law reserving to the United States all gold, silver, and quicksilver mines, under proper restrictions, leaving those of copper, lead, iron, and coal subject to the ordinary laws of settlement and sale.——From January 1 to September 30, 4091 applications for patents were received, and 696 caveats were filed; 2816 patents were issued, 15 extensions granted, and 1256 applications rejected.

The Postmaster-General reports the whole number of post-offices on the 30th of June to be 27,997, an increase during the year of 1391. The length of mail-routes was 260,603 miles, an increase of 18,002 miles. For the year 1859 the estimated receipts of the Department are $11,094,393; expenditures, $14,776,520; deficiency, $3,682,127. In lieu of the present franking privileges granted to members of Congress, he proposes that they shall be furnished with stamps, to be paid for from the contingent fund. He also suggests a uniform rate for letter postage of five cents for all distances.

The Grand Jury of Columbia, South Carolina, refused to find a bill against the crew of the slaver *Putnam*. The United States steamer *Niagara*, which conveyed the rescued Africans to Liberia, has returned. Of the 271 taken on board at Charleston 55 died on the passage. The number originally shipped on the *Putnam*, on the 4th of July, 1858, was 367: of these only 216 were landed alive at Monrovia on the 18th of October.——A portion of the filibusters who had assembled at Mobile under Walker, to whom the Collector of the Port refused a clearance for Nicaragua, sailed from Mobile on the 6th of December, in the *Susan*, a coasting vessel. They were stopped by a revenue cutter, but, pretending to be engaged in a coasting voyage, were suffered to proceed.——Michael Cancemi, the Italian charged with the murder of Policeman Anderson, in New York, in July, 1857, as noted in our Record for September of that year, has just been tried for the fourth time for that offense. At the first trial the jury failed to agree; at the second he was found guilty of murder, but a new trial was granted on the ground that the Judge erred in charging that, in cases of felony, evidence of previous good character was not admissible. During the third trial it was found that one of the jurors had been tampered with; he was set aside by consent, the prisoner assenting to be tried by the remaining eleven. He was found guilty; but the verdict was set aside on the ground that the prisoner could not, even by his own consent, be tried by less than twelve jurors. The offense was proved beyond doubt, yet the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the "Liberals" are gaining ground, now having possession of nearly every point except the capital, upon which their forces are concentrating. On the 15th of October a small party actually made their way into the city, but soon retired again to Tacubaya. A Spanish squadron has appeared in the Gulf to enforce a demand of indemnity for wrongs committed against Spanish subjects. Juarez, the Constitutional President, has issued a proclamation, in which he speaks of a probable war with Spain.

The Nicaragua Transit Route across the Isthmus is again closed. The steamer *Washington* sailed from New York for San Juan del Norte, having on board a large number of passengers professing to be bound for California, although it was suspected that many of them were filibusters meditating hostilities in Nicaragua. On reaching San Juan it was found that the steamer *Hermann*, which was expected to be in waiting on the Pacific side, had passed on from Panama without stopping, and that the Government of Nicaragua refused to allow the passengers of the *Washington* to enter the country. Outside the harbor the steamer was boarded and examined by a boat from the United States war steamer *Savannah*. Immediately on anchoring the *Washington* was boarded by officers from the British steamers *Valorous* and *Leopard*, who demanded permission to examine the passenger list, and inquired if there were arms and ammunition on board; no formal examination, however, was made. The Nicaraguan Government persisting in its refusal to allow the passengers to proceed, the *Washington* went to Aspinwall, where such of her passengers, two hundred and thirty in number, as were able to pay their passage proceeded to California. About ninety, who were destitute of funds, were brought back to New York by the *Washington*. This proceeding of the British in attempting to search an American vessel regularly cleared, immediately after she had been visited by our own naval officers, and the sudden closing of the Transit Route, will add to the complication of our relations with Great Britain and Central America.

EUROPE.

Lord Napier, the British Minister to the United States, has been recalled, or rather transferred to a European Embassy; he is to be succeeded by Mr. Lyons, just created Baron Lyons, at present an *attaché* of the Embassy at Florence.

Count Montalembert has been tried for writing a magazine article reflecting upon the Emperor and attacking the doctrine of universal suffrage; found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs. His publisher was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and a fine of 1000 francs.—Prince Louis Napoleon is to resign the government of the colonies, and assume that of Algeria. The Emperor has addressed to him a note in relation to the engagement of free negro laborers on the coast of Africa. He says that if these laborers are not allowed the exercise of their free will in emigrating, and if their enrollment is only the slave-trade in disguise, he will not have it on any terms; for he will nowhere protect enterprises contrary to progress, humanity, and civilization.

Literary Notices.

The Land and the Book, by W. M. Thomson, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The object of this work is to present illustrations of the Bible, drawn from the manners, customs, productions, and scenery of the Holy Land. "The Book" takes its tone and coloring from "the Land" in which it was written. Most of the sacred writers passed their lives within the narrow limits of Palestine. Except in the Flight to Egypt, the Saviour never journeyed more than forty or fifty miles from his home at Nazareth. His illustrations, like those of the Prophets and Evangelists, were all drawn from objects which every day met his eyes and those of his hearers; their force and beauty depends much upon their exact truthfulness, and to appreciate them demands an acquaintance with the objects from which they were drawn. No man living possesses so minute a knowledge of the Holy Land as the author of these volumes. He has resided in the country for a quarter of a century, during which he traversed it repeatedly in every direction, made himself thoroughly acquainted with its antiquities and ruins, its history and productions, and the manners and customs of the people. In the light of these, and possessed of rare powers of observation and description, Dr. Thomson has studied the Scriptures amidst the scenes in which they were written. He has thrown the stores of illustration thus obtained into a peculiarly happy form. He takes his reader on a six months' tour through the length and breadth of the land; commencing at Beirût, the "queen city of Palestine," the route follows the sea-shore to Sidon, "mother of all Phœnicia," and Tyre, the first city "whose merchants were princes;" crosses the mountains to the Jordan, follows its course down, skirting the sacred Lake of Tiberias; returns to the sea-coast and the ruined towns of ancient Philistia, turning aside to every spot hallowed by the foot of the Saviour, or made memorable by the records of chronicler, prophet, or evangelist; and finally ending at Jerusalem. This one imaginary journey embodies the observations made during many tours, extending over more than a score of years, giving occasion to notice every thing in scenery or productions or customs which throws light upon the allusions or illustrations of the sacred record. A large portion of the book was actually written in the very spots described — in the open country, upon the mountain side, by sea-shore or sacred lake, under the olive or the oak, or beneath the shadow of some great rock. The descriptions have a freshness and vigor which could be given by no elaborations in the closet. Like those of the Book which they illustrate, they breathe of the open air; they are as free and racy as though they fell warm from the lip of an actual spectator. The pictorial representations — of which the volumes contain nearly three hundred — are equally true to nature. Every one portrays some actual scene, some striking custom, or some natural product, which illustrates the sacred page. We feel warranted in pronouncing "The Land and the Book" the most thorough, accurate, and reliable work that has been produced in illustration of the Scriptures. While the general reader will peruse it with pleasure for its animated description and graphic narrative, the clergyman and Sabbath-school teacher will find it an absolutely essential portion of his apparatus for the study and elucidation of the Word of God.

Peasant Life in Germany, by Miss Anna C. Johnson. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The writer of this volume has struck out a new path in the wide field of foreign travel. With the exception of William Howitt, who has given a lively description of German rural life, no previous tourist has made the manners and habits of the common people the object of primary interest. Miss Johnson appears to have gone to Europe with the express purpose of describing the condition of the Continental peasantry. She sails for Bremen in the spring of 1857, and after a prosperous voyage, soon plunges into the villages of the interior. With a young German *Fraulein* who could speak English (no uncommon attainment with the constant intercourse between Germany and the United States) as an interpreter, she makes herself at home in the dwellings of the rural districts, and has certainly picked up no small amount of curious information, such as has seldom appeared in print before, respecting habits, and modes of life.

The agriculture of the country, of course, occupies a prominent place in her pages. This is carried to a very high degree of perfection, although the domestic habits of the people do not indicate a remarkable progress in civilization. The villages, in general, appear scarcely superior to a collection of Indian wigwams. The houses are crowded together on a narrow street, showing the gloom and dirt of centuries. Not a foot of land is left for garden or grass plat; but instead of them is the cow-yard, which you are often obliged to pass through in order to reach the door. On entering the hovel—for it can scarcely be called a house—you find one little room containing a bed, a settle, a few chairs, a long, bare, wooden table, which is never moved, and which serves for work-table, eating-table, or any convenient use which may be required. A clock, perhaps, is hung on the wall, with a cross and some pictures of the Virgin and the saints. The kitchen is a room some ten or fifteen feet square, so dark that a person can scarcely be seen across it, opening on one side into the stable, and on the other into the stable-yard, looking like a place unfit for pigs to feed, much less for human beings to cook their food. Above are the sleeping rooms, each with two beds, a double bed being an institution not to be found in all Germany. The beds are very narrow, and the sheets and quilts are made to correspond. One or two light feather beds are made up on the outside, and a neat white or colored spread goes over the whole. The floors are scrubbed till they are dazzling white, and covered with sand. If you are tempted to breakfast with the family amidst such ungracious surroundings, you will find only coffee and black bread and rolls, any thing more being regarded as a gross violation of propriety at that hour. But at ten o'clock the etiquette is relaxed, and you will be treated to bread and butter, cold ham or beef, and other refections equally substantial and nutritious. At dinner we have a snow-white cloth upon the long table, a plate to each person, and a knife and fork to each plate; one large pint tumbler full of water, out of which each will drink till it is empty, when it will be filled again, and a great loaf of black bread, from which each will cut a

slice when he wants it. The first course is what in New England is called corned beef, with which you eat nothing but bread. Then comes some kind of fried meat and boiled potatoes, and probably cabbage, which is a standing dish in universal request. Every dish looks clean and wholesome, and each one helps himself from each dish which is passed around, with a spoon or knife and fork upon it. For dessert you will have a kind of cake, made very thin, with plums placed in close rows all over the top, and baked in large tins three feet long. It is then cut in strips, and arranged *cob-house* fashion upon plates. If it is the season of fruit you will also have apples, pears, plums, and grapes. The family are by no means poor, but have a snug little property, perhaps of eight or ten thousand dollars. Besides their farm they have a brick-making establishment, with a plenty of live stock. The cows, pigs, and poultry are all kept in dark pens, and do not see the light of day from one end of the year to the other. The cows are fed in summer on green fodder, which is daily cut for their use; and though their milk is not the sweetest, they seem well to do, and always look fat and sleek. Much of the farm work is done by women. Indian corn is raised in some places, but with only very inconsiderable success. A whole field will sometimes have only one or two ears on a stock. It is never used for bread, but only for geese and pigs. The great staple is rye. The German sticks to his black bread as tenaciously as to his tobacco. These huge black loaves are every where to be seen, and never is the baking done in the family. In the country villages there is one grand oven to which all transport their loaves after having kneaded them at home. Carts are at all times seen going through the streets loaded with these loaves, piled in like so many stones, and about as hard. The bread is always sour, as it is permitted to ferment till it is like honey-comb. Among the peasantry the great loaf is placed upon the table morning, noon, and night, and each one cuts and comes again till it is gone, though our tourist found it such a horrible mess that she could hardly swallow it.

A very considerable portion of this volume appears to be the result of personal observation. The authoress was evidently always on the alert, curious in regard to the most trivial details, and never weary of examination and comparison. She has also made a judicious use of the authorities of previous writers in matters of historical and statistical research; although, in some cases, she may have received with too easy acquiescence the verbal accounts of credulous or perhaps mischievous informants.

History of Friedrich the Second, by THOMAS CARLYLE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The copious summary of this work which has been given in a previous number of this Magazine will enable the reader to form an adequate estimate of perhaps the most characteristic production of its brilliant and profound, but erratic author. Not that the charge of eccentricity, in the usual sense of the term, can be fairly brought against Mr. Carlyle. He is untainted by the desire of producing a sensation, of making himself a conspicuous subject of observation, of exciting attention by the utterance of reckless paradoxes or the use of fantastic expressions; his writings have too much of his own heart for this; but, with the rugged earnestness of his Scottish nature, he loves to dig around the foundation of received ideas, and while detecting many a hollow spot, naturally exposes its weakness by his quaint and unexpected illustrations. But with all the strangeness of his language, Carlyle has no affectation of mind. His downright sincerity and straightforwardness do not always find sufficient representation in the smooth and formal phrases of the schools; and hence, to a great degree, he has been compelled to create his own vocabulary, and clothe his strenuous convictions in forms which have no precedent in the current usages of society. Allusion has often been made to the bad influence of such a style on literature. But the evil, whatever it may be, carries its own antidote. No one without the intense individuality of conception, and the inevitable habit of profound reflection, which form the basis of Carlyle's intellectual life, can imitate his manner without making himself ridiculous. Hence he has had, unlike most distinguished modern writers, no successful copyist. He must, accordingly, stand alone in English literature, and he who undertakes to handle his bow, without his nerve and sinew, will only expose his own presumption and feebleness. The volumes now issued bring us only to the threshold of the subject. We are introduced to Frederick the Great only as the Crown Prince; but ample preparation is made for the exhibition of his career as the prominent monarch of the eighteenth century. A frightful array of historical preliminaries is dispatched, and we may anticipate smoother sailing in the subsequent volumes.

The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The traditional enthusiasm excited by the character of this paragon of chivalry has usually been accompanied with but little exact information in regard to his biography. The principal sources of knowledge on the subject are the memoirs by Fulke Greville and by Dr. Zouch, both of which fail to do complete justice to their illustrious theme, and have, besides, for some time been so scarce as to be difficult of attainment by the generality of readers. In the present work the writer has attempted to glean the scattered facts of the life of Sidney and arrange them in a succinct and accurate narrative. The task, in our opinion, has been accomplished with a very considerable degree of success. Every important document appears to have been carefully consulted, conflicting evidence patiently sifted, and a judicious estimate formed of the rare and beautiful character to which the volume is devoted. The style, in the main, is simple and impressive, though, perhaps, now and then a little disfigured by an unexpected ambitious flight. Sir Philip Sidney was born during the reign of Queen Mary, in Penshurst Castle, an old baronial dwelling in the county of Kent. His childhood and youth exhibited a generous love of learning, a singularly amiable disposition, and a certain pensive dignity which evinced a reflective turn of mind unusual at his age. He was educated both at Cambridge and at Oxford, where he became a proficient in Latin and Greek, and early acquired a taste for antiquarian research among curious old books and parchments. He cultivated not one art or science, but the whole circle of arts and sciences, aspiring to pre-eminence in every branch of knowledge. Before he had arrived at the age of seventeen—when he received his degree at the university—his judgment was consulted by men of science, while he was a liberal patron to artists. Every hour had its chosen employment; but none

was given to frivolous pleasures or unlawful indulgence. His personal appearance at this time corresponded to the promise of his character. He was extremely beautiful; his hair of a dark amber color, his eyes of deep blue, expressive of thought and feeling, and his features regular and harmonious. After leaving college he received a license from Queen Elizabeth "to go to parts beyond the sea for the space of two years, for his attaining the knowledge of foreign languages." He at once repaired to Paris, and under the auspices of Sir Francis Walsingham, then resident minister at the court of Charles IX., was initiated into the scenes of the great world. His manners attracted the fancy of the King, who appointed him to the office of Gentleman of his Bedchamber. Leaving France soon after the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's, he visited Germany, residing for several months at Frankfort, in the house of Andrew Wechel, a learned printer of that day, and arriving at Vienna in the autumn of 1573. Here he applied himself to the study of those accomplishments which were essential to the education of a cavalier—fencing, the use of arms in tournament and tilt, tennis-playing, music, and horsemanship. He next turned his steps toward Venice, which at that time abounded in the attractions most adapted to his taste. It was the rendezvous of poets, painters, and sculptors. Young cavaliers from England and France were in quest of silks and laces for their wardrobes, and of polished weapons and gilded leather for their military array. Soldiers from Stockholm and Madrid met on the ramparts of the arsenal. The glass-works of Murano furnished mirrors to Europe. The lovers of art found endless delight in the masterpieces of the Venetian school, which was then at the height of its glory. Pordednone, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and above all, Titian, still moved in the society, which was illustrated by the splendor of their genius. Palladio, the great architect, was yet alive. Tasso, though still in the bloom of youth, had written his "Rinaldo," and was about publishing his "Jerusalem." In such an atmosphere of letters and art Sir Philip Sidney would find a congenial abode. After residing a few months in Venice, he retired to the quiet and learned city of Padua, in order to devote himself to severe study in geometry and astronomy, to Cicero's Epistles and the works of Plutarch, which were then rare, and to be obtained only with difficulty. He remained there eight months, relieving his more strenuous literary pursuits by the pages of Petrarch and Boccaccio, Dante and Ariosto. After three years' absence from his native land he became impatient to return. He was now adorned with the ripest accomplishments. He had learned to converse fluently in the French, Spanish, and Italian languages; had enriched his mind both with classic lore and the literature of the age; had grappled with the profound problems of philosophy; had seen the ideals of his imagination embodied in the works of art; had learned lessons of statesmanship and military life, and was crowned with an indescribable grace, which, emanating from a serene religious faith, reflected new brightness on the consummate beauty of his character. His career, however, was one of promise rather than of accomplishment. The high hopes which his genius and virtue had awakened were frustrated by his early death at the age of thirty-two. "He trod," as has been said, "from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory."

The illustrated edition of *The Poetical Works of* EDGAR ALLAN POE, published by J. S. Redfield, is, in point of typographical and artistic execution, one of the most beautiful volumes of the season. It is too late now to speak of the rare genius of the unfortunate author, or of the errors of his life: the world has long done justice to the former and deplored the latter. Some of the best artists of both hemispheres have engaged in the illustrations to this edition. It contains a score of Pickersgill's admirable drawings; a dozen or more exquisite landscapes by Birket Foster; and about as many, fully equal in merit, by our countryman Cropsey; a few of Darley's characteristic designs; with others by Teniel, Skelton, and Madot. These are engraved upon wood in the highest style of the art, and full justice has been done to them by the daintiest and glossiest of cream-colored paper, the jettiest of ink, and the most careful printing. The volume is a typographical luxury which will be appreciated in this holiday "gift season."

The American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness and Fashion, by HENRY LUNETTES. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) Notwithstanding the masculine *nom de plume* borne upon its title-page, this work is understood to be written by a lady. It might very appropriately have been entitled "A Woman's Thoughts about Men;" and very sensible thoughts they are too, which Young America may study much to his benefit. He would learn that, in the opinion of a sensible woman, a Gentleman, and even a Man of Fashion, is neither a fool nor a fop; that good taste, with a decent respect for the current customs of society, is essential to good dressing; that good breeding involves a constant regard to the feelings of others; and that good manners imply sundry accomplishments not to be imparted by Monsieur Pirouette, or learned without study and reflection. Beyond these general hints he would find special directions for particular occasions: How to enter a room and how to leave it; how to welcome a friend or cut a bore; how to write a letter or leave a card; how to comport himself at home and abroad; in the parlor and the street; at church and the opera; how to eat, drink, talk, and walk; how to give presents and how to receive them; how to woo, win, and wed; how to treat his mother and sister, his female acquaintances, his *fiancée*, and his wife—all of which (to borrow the oracular language of Dr. Watts) "will be of very great advantage."

HERRING'S *Village Blacksmith* was pronounced by artists and amateurs to be one of the finest pictures ever exhibited in this country. It represents the interior of a smithy. The stalwart smith, pincers in hand, is engaged in shoeing a noble horse, when he is interrupted by his rosy wife, who has just brought his dinner; a greyhound, magnificently drawn, is gravely watching the operations of the blacksmith. The four figures—man and woman, horse and dog—are admirable types of their several species, and all the accessories of the group are rendered with perfect truth. The painting has been capitally engraved by Patterson for the "Cosmopolitan Art Association," every subscriber to which will receive a copy. The print measures thirty by thirty-eight inches, and is every way worthy the attention of all lovers of art. Engravings of this class are usually sold at from ten to forty dollars. The cost of subscription to the Association, which insures a copy of the *Blacksmith*, is but three dollars.

Editor's Table.

TEACHERS AND TEACHING.—The most thoughtful men are sometimes inclined to wish that Providence would authenticate the ministry of its agents in such a plain and palpable manner as to leave no reasonable doubt of the office assigned them. Nor can it be questioned that it would be agreeable, in certain of its aspects, to the senses and to the intellect to see the unmistakable seal of God on the brows of his chosen instruments. But, for wise purposes, this is not the mode of divine action. The elect servants of Providence have no Pentecost. They have no splendid inauguration in their work. Symbols of purity and power—the one glittering in the flame, and the other sweeping in the wind—do not attend their footsteps. Nothing more than indirect evidence is given of their call to perform great tasks. The agents themselves, as well as the spectators of their deeds, are left to ascertain the purposes of Providence by other methods than unequivocal signs or miraculous attestations; and thus the higher faculties of their nature are exercised in the growth of character, in child-like trust, in simple obedience, while they fill the sphere to which they have been silently and secretly ordained. It can not be expected, therefore, that the world will be always prompt to recognize such men as Providence selects to execute its plans. If the men themselves are often slow in arriving at the conviction of a decreed destiny—if their own divine instincts have to pass through a painful process of doubt and struggle ere they reach the open light of God's firmament—what wonder that the dimmer eyes of the world should be so long in reading their heavenly credentials?

Turn in what direction we may, it is not possible for us to find a more striking illustration of the effects of this Providential arrangement than in the position, historically considered, of the teacher. The ideal view of his office is one of the noblest and grandest that can enter the human mind. Call it the highest of earthly offices—call it the chieftainship among those intellectual and moral forces that have the stability, welfare, glory of society committed to their guidance and support—and the language, so far from approaching the borders of extravagance and bombast, is justified by the decisions of the most sober reason. And yet, despite of this great, outstanding fact, the teacher has been generally doomed to an obscure lot in life—his sense of respectability outraged—his zeal fed by no fire outside of his own earnest bosom—his influence subject to all sorts of limitations—and, not seldom, his soul crushed by burdens which the pride, avarice, and meanness of tyrant task-masters have imposed upon it. Who that contemplates the lofty attitude of the teacher in the divine arrangements of the social system could dream that English literature—the richest, broadest, deepest literature in the world—should have until recently ignored the existence and claims of this office, except for purposes of ridicule and satire? Who could have supposed that Johnson would have found it necessary, in his "Lives of the Poets," to apologize for Milton because he had once taught a school for boys? If the position of the teacher in our country has been better, on the whole, than in any other nation, it has not even here been estimated with any thing like a reasonable approach toward its merits. Our countrymen have acknowledged its practical importance, and, with loud words, have vociferated its utility. But utility in what sense? Have they demanded for it that utility which lifts it high above the economic value of the market-place and the exchange—which stamps it with the measure of an immortal worth, and associates it with those redeeming agencies that God employs to restore a ruined race?

Thanks to the spirit of the age, felt here as felt nowhere—thanks, especially, to the spirit of our institutions—we have a public opinion on the subject of education. No one can deny that it is one of the strongest forces of our land. Every man must rejoice in the wonders it has wrought. The civilization of the country, the rapid increase of material wealth, the extension of commerce, the unprecedented growth of national power, are all testimonies, clear and convincing, to the educated mind of our citizens. But, nevertheless, it must be said that public opinion in the United States on the subject of education is exceedingly defective. It does not conform to that high and elevated standard which the nature of the mind and the responsibilities of the work require. The great majority of the American people regard education as a valuable piece of machinery. It is the machinery of factories and railroads—only in a more dignified form. It is a commercial thing—appreciated in accordance with the laws of trade. It is an organic part of an earthly system—a most expert means of training the eye to a sharp outlookingness, the hand to a quick dexterity, the brain to an efficient instrumentality for business purposes. Nine-tenths of our population never think of education in any other light than as a chief auxiliary to worldly success. Personal and selfish considerations control their opinions of its uses and adaptations. The same imperfect view of education is taken in its bearing on the perpetuity of our national institutions. Education is represented as a cheap defense of nations—as a silent, unarmed, universal police that preserves the order and security of society. It creates an active, shrewd, intelligent community, versed in the geography of the earth, sagacious of times and seasons, potent in wielding the plastic elements of worldly prosperity.

Such sentiments in respect to education must react on the teacher. If the objects of education possess no other interest than belongs to a scheme of worldly advantage—if they are nothing more than a provision to get bread and meat, to secure respectability, to win distinction on the arena of earthly struggle—if man, in no other sense than as an intellectual animal, and as a creature for civil government, is the being to be educated, it necessarily follows that the teacher must be degraded to the same level of selfish and sordid carnality. The humble workman that sweats over the anvil and forge in manufacturing tools of iron and steel for the factory or the farm is side by side with him who converts the mind into a mere set of instruments to compute sales, determine the price of stocks, concoct pills, write legal documents, and order the affairs of state. A higher mechanic, it must be admitted—a more refined and elaborate artisan—but, notwithstanding the saving clause of intellectual precedence, the teacher deals with a mere fictitious nominality in the purer, sublimer forces of our spiritual nature. Agreeably

to this creed he is simply a skillful operative in the manufacturing department of intellect, handling brains as others handle cotton and wool, and stamping them as marketable commodities, to be exchanged for money.

It is easy to see that this position of the teacher is egregiously false and pernicious. It is not the position of an intellectual and moral agent ordained by Providence to perform a sublime and holy work. It is not the position of a man set apart in solitary significance from all other men, taken into closest companionship with God, commissioned to execute a task as vast as the nature of an immortal mind and as solemn as the issues of eternity. We do not deny that education has most valuable earthly uses and applications. Nor can we doubt that every just system of instruction and training will have due reference to the adaptations of the present life. Men must eat and drink, build houses and establish families, engage actively in trade and commerce. Education must look to this fact and lay no slight emphasis on its divine meaning. But let the fact stand where God puts it. Let food and raiment rest on the foundation and in the connection established by Christ's Sermon on the Mount. Any form of civilization that changes the ground of this fact wars against God's laws and curses humanity. Any system that assigns the teacher a mere earthly work, and cherishes no sacred estimate of the spiritual portion of his duty in developing the higher nature of man, and in ordering his life for the service of truth, virtue, and piety, is not in alliance with God's providence, but is treacherous to the noblest and best interests of our being. If a teacher fail to cultivate the prudential virtues of human life; if he neglect the great, practical, everyday qualities that are needed for sagacity, industry, and thrift, he certainly falls far short of his responsibilities. But let it not be forgotten that the earthly part of his office is tributary to its diviner part. A man's work in this world always leans on his work for the other world. Faith is essential to the right culture of the senses and of the intellect. Reason needs religion for its growth and discipline. And hence, the vitiating feature in most of our systems of education is, not that the earthly province of intellect is regarded, but that it is almost exclusively regarded. A teacher is thus degraded into a mere earthly machine. The mightier impulses of his moral nature are either left inoperative or they are utterly deadened; instead of doing God's work in God's spirit and in God's way, he does man's work with man's temper for man's glory.

What, then, is the teacher's true position? We consider him, in a specific sense, one of God's agents for the performance of a great and noble work. His office is a branch of God's providence designed to fulfill a most vital and important agency in executing the purposes of redeeming love and restoring man to the peace and blessedness of the universe. Its main sphere lies in the moral and spiritual portions of man's nature; in the affections, that involve his strength and happiness; in the conscience, that dictates the right and forbids the wrong; in the will, that executes the decisions of the judgment with inflexible energy — in all the deeper and most truthful instincts, that carry our progressive being in their intimations, and are ever struggling to free themselves from the darkness and evil encircling them. To form men to a just and respectable citizenship, so that they can honorably discharge their obligations to the commonwealth; to fit them for life and activity in their varied connections, and so develop their faculties as that they can answer the ends of an earthly existence, and, at the same time, contribute their share of effort toward the regeneration of human society, is the teacher's vocation; but all this is only a scaffolding for a task infinitely more suggestive and impressive. Man, as a moral agent —man, as the subject of divine government—man, as kindred to angels, enlisting the sympathies of perfect love and created to enjoy the companionship of perfect purity—is intrusted to his hands. It is in this capacity, representing the dignity and grandeur of an immortal being, precious to the affections of Jehovah, and consecrated by the blood of Christ, that the teacher finds the vast meaning of his work. Truth must have such a hold upon his reverence and love that it will flow forth in his looks, tones, and actions—a strong, steady stream, fed by the fount of Heaven. In his hands science must not merely embody the general laws of nature, but witness for God and express the wisdom and perfection of His nature. All art must respond to a divine claim and beautify the universe, not to the eye and intellect, but to the moral sensibilities of the heart. History, too, must testify, not in dead words, but in the living tongue of faith, to God's presence among men; its events must be interpreted to show His authoritative control over the affairs of mankind and along the path of centuries past; his illumined eye must trace the movements of that cloud of pillared flame which, as of old, has guided the elect of God to victory and glory. To him is committed the task of separating the true from the false, the pure from the base, the precious from the vile, the abiding and eternal from the vain and transitory; and appreciating all that is fair, and loving all that is good, to introduce it into the minds under his care, and nourish them with its quickening sustenance. By him the sensibilities of the mind in their relation to intellectual tastes and habits are first awakened. By his fingers are those chords first struck which are to vibrate forever with notes of joy or woe. The earliest impressions, the most permanent influences, are received from him; and, indeed, the position of the teacher places him between the phenomena of the universe, the varied and wonderful facts of human history, the multiplied experiences of life, and the pupil dependent on him, almost implicitly and exclusively, for knowledge, direction, and guidance. It is his genius that interprets the world to the youthful student, explains its mysteries, solves its enigmas; the elder nature is received into the younger nature and blends with its struggling vitality; his image is reproduced, and his power, whatever may be its degree and bearing, becomes an assimilative force that is never lost.

The office of the teacher, therefore, is a ministry of Providence. It is a divine work that he has to perform. A portion of his labor, by its nature and results, is incorporated with the present constitution of society. It may be seen in the industry and skill of a thriving population. It may be seen in smiling homes and crowded thoroughfares of business. The earthly magnificence of civilization attests its presence and exalts its power. And viewed in this light, it takes its place with other temporary arrangements to improve and advance the material condition of the human race. But its

real import is not rendered in these facts. The great work of the teacher is not made visible in such outward and perishable signs. Mind exists for higher purposes than are attained in civilization. It seeks a nobler habitation than iron or marble. It is subject to a better economy than civil society. It has been created for a wisdom that dwells in the mind of God—for a strength, spiritual and sublime—for a communion invisible and eternal. And it is mind with such susceptibilities and aspirations—mind as the image of God—that the teacher has in trust to impress and ennoble. The work, then, of the teacher is a Christian work. Its conditions, instrumentalities, aims, and ends, are distinctly and vitally Christian.

How strikingly and beautifully significant in their respective spheres are the offices of preacher and teacher! The one is to the scheme of Divine Grace what the other is to the scheme of Divine Providence. Instituted directly and authoritatively by God, invested with His most sacred and affecting sanctions, the office of the preacher represents all that is most solemn and touching in Christianity. In his tones of expostulation and entreaty, the voice of Jesus as once heard amidst the scenes of the land of the olive and the vine and suddenly hushed in the death-cry of the cross, again rises and swells over the world—its wonderful compass of utterance completed with the triumphant notes of the resurrection, and the pathos of its humiliating story set in magnificent relief by the jubilant proclamations of the coronation-glory in heaven. Every Sabbath and oftener, those tones are penetrating hearts that know their Shepherd's call and heed it. The widowed mother listens to His consolations, and bereaved sisters witness the falling of His tears over their lost Lazarus. Nor is His earthly life only embodied in the work of the ministry of reconciliation. Entered within the vail of the upper sanctuary, and standing in the immediate presence of his Father as the High-Priest of a redeemed race, he repeats his intercessions by the mouths of his anointed servants, and claims the homage of the world as the merited inheritance of his prayers and love. Through this ministry God and Christ are still with men. Through it, the Holy Spirit, commanding the resources of omnipotence and holding the secret springs of every human heart, glorifies the grace of redemption. Through it, a heavenly guardianship is exercised over the spiritual welfare of the Church, and a redeemed race sanctified to God. But the wisdom, power, glory of God are not limited to the Gospel. The forms which they assume in its doctrines and precepts are transcendent, and, viewed in their origin and authority, are exclusive. They shut out all rivalry. They put at an infinite remove all possible approach to their incomparable excellence. It is true, nevertheless, that God intends the spirit of this Gospel to vitalize all nature, materialism, life. Therefore, while he limits the preacher to the work of preaching the Gospel as the means of salvation, and allows no interference with his specially-assigned vocation, he commits this other work to other hands. Another agent has been chosen to fulfill this mission. Another ministry has been organized silently, without signs and wonders, without a baptism of fire, to represent God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost in those relations to nature and society which are sustained by man in his present fugitive existence. This is the ministry of the teacher. The peculiarities of this office, distinguishing it from every other kind of action on the human mind, indicate its divine aspects in the economy of Providence. The evidence is not, indeed, outward and demonstrative. But look at its inward spirit, its moral scope, its breadth of bearing, its intensity of influence, and who could imagine that God would confer such a power on this agency and assign it no specific task in the system of his government? The divine mind has revealed itself in Christianity. Its attributes and perfections, its plans and purposes, are there made known. And why? Not only that we may believe in Him as the God of the Bible, but that we may be able to detect His working, and identify His presence in all other forms of manifestation. The principles on which He holds intercourse with the human mind are there stated, illustrated, confirmed. Guided by the light shed from the sacred page on God's character and acts, we are ordinarily competent to trace His intelligence and goodness whenever and wherever they are exhibited. If, then, we have caught the impress of God from the Scriptures; if, furthermore, we have been trained by them to perceive and recognize His image, whether it rise to our view amidst the wonders of creation or the mysteries of Providence, we need no argument to convince us that the office of the teacher is peculiarly significant of a divine end, and demands, for its efficient action, the endowments of a divine spirit.

Now it is just here that American mind needs a new mode of culture. Our public opinion, as before stated, puts the teacher among the agencies of a material civilization. It assigns him an earthly office, presents earthly motives, bestows earthly rewards. It is mainly secular in its spirit and aims. Nor are teachers generally in advance of public opinion on this subject. The most of them accept the verdict of the masses, and look no higher than the temporal aspects of their work. Few of them have a warm, glowing, bounding heart in their labors. A certain degree of interest, perhaps of pleasure, they are compelled to feel in their vocation. The laws of business necessitate this state of mind; selfishness demands it; but every thinker knows that only the surface of the soul responds to such feeble and evanescent motives. The depths of the heart, where dwell the supreme forces of thought and energy, where the imagination finds its eagle wing and the will its Herculean strength, where the nerve gathers its lightning and the muscle its brawny vigor, these depths never answer to the call of sordid earthliness. Hence teachers so often disparage their work. They do not disguise their dissatisfaction, oftentimes their disgust, with its duties. It is a dull and monotonous routine, a weary drudgery, a thankless thing; and in this spirit a great number of them hasten their escape from its galling bondage and seek a more congenial sphere.

The great points to which this higher culture of opinion, as it respects teachers and teaching, should be directed, are the moral aspects of the work and its relations to the providential indications of the day. Let us look first at the moral aspects of this work.

Teaching is not a trade. It is not a secular profession, growing out of the conventional necessities of society, and founded on the propriety and convenience of distributing labor into different hands. No; if it were, it might be left to adjust itself to the circumstances of the age, and the selfish inter-

ests of men be trusted to guard its action. Teaching has a deeper and broader basis than trades and professions. It belongs to mind as mind, springs from the essential conditions of its present state, and involves the whole system of Providence in its mode of dealing with mankind. The office of the teacher is a necessary result of those laws which the Creator has impressed on mind, and his agency is intimately, inseparably connected with those ends which cultivated intellect is designed to subserve. Other men in their business relations to society may be viewed as products of civilization, a sort of after-growth that the diversity and complexity of the social state call into existence. The teacher does not occupy such a position. Society affords him a field of action, but it does not originate his responsibilities, nor can it define the measure of his duties. Standing in closer contact with mind than any other human being, and working in a sphere peculiarly spiritual and sacred, he must be contemplated as one of those select means that Providence ordains to fulfill its vast purposes of mercy toward the family of man. His work, therefore, is pre-eminently moral. The ruling idea of his position is drawn from the fact that he is the appointed agent to introduce a moral being to those objects of thought, and to awaken those susceptibilities, which involve moral welfare. Intellectual culture must be held strictly subordinate to this higher aim. If he is a mere intellectualist, knowledge may be imparted, talent aroused, genius stimulated; but this is the smallest part of the work that God gave him to perform. The plan of Providence obviously is, that the heart is the avenue to the intellect; and it is equally apparent that the teacher has a much more important task to execute in behalf of the moral sensibilities than for intellectual functions. Looking at his work in the light of intellectual philosophy, every sensible teacher knows that the capacity to feel is stronger, quicker, deeper than the capacity to think; and, moreover, he knows that if he would cultivate the reasoning and imaginative faculties he must draw on those resources of impulse and activity which are gathered up in the heart. Apart from this, the moral nature is more plastic than the intellectual; it is more controllable by educative means; the sympathy, example, and spirit of the teacher exert a much greater influence over it than over the intellect; and, consequently, the purpose of Providence is clearly indicated that the teacher shall make this portion of our nature the sphere of his greatest efforts.

The direction, then, in which public opinion on this subject should now be cultivated is evident. It is not mere scholarship that we ought to seek at the hands of teachers. No amount of communicated knowledge, no acquirement of skill and power in the use of the intellectual faculties, no brilliancy of developed genius on the part of his pupils, should satisfy the claims that we have on teachers. If they give us cultivated intellect alone, or, taking a step higher, if they give us cultivated intellect with prudential habits and a conventional virtue, they have defrauded us of the truest, noblest part of their work. So far as that culture extends it is worthy of just and generous appreciation. But it does not extend far enough. It doubtless meets the demands of society. It is the education that ordinarily satisfies the factory, the counting-room, the exchange. Broadway and Wall Street care for nothing better. Still, this is not the real issue. Education has an infinitely greater work to do than to supply mercantile wants. Its office is not to furnish sharp, shrewd intellects, ready accountants, safe engineers. It does not glory in converting men into interest-tables and counterfeit detectors. No; the work of the true teacher is to give us MEN.

The position of the teacher, if studied in the light of Providential law, is a position in advance of the spirit and tastes of society. The most practical of men, he is an idealist whose imagination pictures the possibilities of progress ere they open to minds of less far-sightedness. What others know of mind by experience and observation he perceives by instinct. A man of faith, he interprets the phenomena of intellect by higher rules than logic offers; a man of feeling, his spirit gives him access to the hearts of others. The habit of thinking for others, although a strong social tie, tends to insulate him from the common forms of intercourse; and hence, in certain aspects of character, he is the most solitary of beings. The teaching mind is eminently suggestive. Freshness is its most prominent characteristic. No thought is old, no image commonplace, no arguments trite, to its ever-quickening activity. There is always something in its original resources to impart a brightening glow to familiar facts and oft-handled topics. It is consequently a creative intellect, rejoicing in its strength, seeing in every hour what it never saw before, and cherishing a sense of easy, child-like, buoyant novelty that is never satiated. The world is not a dead thing to its eye and heart. Books live, nature lives, science and art live, before it. Religion is a constantly-transforming power, and into its experience something more of heaven daily enters. Such is the character of the true teacher. And how can a mind of that scope, a soul of boundless sympathy with whatever is beautiful and trust-worthy, a spirit fed by the hand of God with the bread of immortal life—how can such a man reduce himself within the narrow proportions of a fictitious conventionalism, and live for the poor awards of the perishing hour? Every genuine teacher is conscious of a leadership in mind, conferred by God, and not to be alienated at the caprice of fashion and the whims of opinion. Few such there are; but these select few present the true standard, and disclose to us the "*pattern*" of the divine mind.

The second point we proposed to notice is the relation of the moral aspects of the teacher's work to the Providential indications of the day.

It is quite clear to us that we are in a transition period as respects this great subject. Reforms, at first, rarely define themselves. A feeling, born of God, is awakened in the hearts of men—a feeling of imperfection in the prevailing system—a sense of dissatisfaction—and then, a gradually-shaping thought—impulse subsiding in firm and fixed will, followed by union of sentiment and action on behalf of the proposed change. We think it is beyond doubt that the opinion of the advanced Christian thinkers of the day is undergoing a vast, a radical change on the subject of education. So far, the movement has assumed no public, palpable form, but it is silently, effectually advancing. The leaven is working, and that, too, powerfully. There is an evident, a deep-rooted discontent with all our modes of education. Men feel that there is not a sufficient degree of moral dignity attached to the office of teaching; and furthermore, that the results of our present systems of education are not,

either in kind or degree, what they should be. In many instances that have come under our personal knowledge, there is a settled distrust of our higher academies and colleges. Often we hear leading men declare that they will never send another son to college. Making due allowance for the spirit of fault-finding, which is so common in the world, and believing, also, that no small share of the blame thrown upon institutions of learning would be much more justly located if put to the account of vain and thoughtless parents, we must admit that the demand is altogether reasonable for a higher tone of teaching. We need the noblest order of men for this work. Give us men of ripe, extensive, thorough scholarship, men of refined, elegant tastes, and high, commanding intellects; but let them be men of perfected power, who can communicate themselves as well as their learning—men of profound impulses and burning sympathies, who have souls to move the world. There is a manifest want of this sort of personal power in most of our teachers. Too many of them are only living editions of text-books. Destitute of all vital, transmissive, inspiring influence, they confine themselves to accurate analysis, patient elaborations, learned comments on subjects in hand, but no virtue goes out from them, and they never stir the depths of souls that await their touch to spring into life. This is a capital defect. There is no excuse for it. There ought to be no forbearance extended to it. A man who can not rouse the faculties of his pupils to think and create for themselves, who is simply content to drag heavily through a recitation and allow the minds before him to slumber on, is no teacher. No matter what his learning, no matter what his other qualifications, if he fail here he is unfit for his position. The main work is left undone. For the great office of the teacher reaches far beyond his supervision of the acquirements of his pupils. Where acquisition ends the highest education begins; and hence the paramount aim of the teacher should be to cultivate the mind so as to give it a full and complete power over its stores of knowledge, and thereby keep the faculty of thinking in its rightful ascendency over the faculty that merely receives. But, above all else, we need in such men the strong and earnest spirit that magnifies its office, and embraces it as a trust from God. Such a spirit will have all the glow that imagination kindles; and filled with impulses more stirring and fervent than chivalry excited, and throbbing with a heroism that feeds on achievement and lives by conquest, it will bear its possessor through his labors as a glorious pastime, in which he rejoices with exceeding joy. Such a spirit consecrates men in their work. It gives them peace and satisfaction in all its arduous duties. It is a religious spirit, emanating from God, and lifting the heart back to Him; and whenever its presence is enthroned within the teacher it crowns his life with the truest and most lasting usefulness.

It is a hopeful sign that such teachers are beginning to be demanded. Men are opening their eyes to the fact that education does a much grander work for man as man than for man as artisan, physician, lawyer, statesman; and the truth is slowly vindicating itself that it is a mightier instrumentality for the family than for the state. We hail this as a significant indication of a brighter era. Of all causes that have tended to enfeeble the power of the teacher, and to restrict the scope of education, the general sentiment that the whole system was simply designed to make respectable citizens has been most pernicious. Happily for the age a broader and sounder view is taking hold on the public mind. It is one step toward freedom from the bondage of a material civilization; and if faithfully pursued, we shall soon see teaching regarded as the apostleship of God's providence.

Few things are more suggestive to a reflecting mind than the wonderful development of intellect at the present day by means of the external agencies and appliances of civilization. Certain it is, that in this country a large proportion of our intellectual energy is quickened and organized by these outside causes. Trade, enterprise, competitions, ambition, newspapers, are the electric influences that thrill through the brains of our countrymen. What a mighty galvanic battery is New York! Imagine a net-work of wires extending from New York and thickly covering the whole surface of the land—every prairie, and rice-field, and cotton plantation lying beneath its closely-woven filaments; the mountains of granite, and the mountains of coal, and the mountains of iron held by its magic threads as firmly as gravitation binds them to the globe; the waters of the Northern Lakes and the waters of the Southern Gulf; the waters of the Mississippi and the Penobscot, of the Potomac and the Rio Grande, all opening a submissive avenue to the lightning, and then embosoming it as serenely as if they remembered their divine brotherhood in the clouds, and would gladly renew their severed friendship in the firmament; the wheat lands of Wisconsin and the sugar lands of Louisiana alike yielding their sods of wealth to its welcome touch, and pulsating in every atom of dust under its strange quickenings; and then far away westwardly, where another shore fronts another continent, and the children of the young East look forth on the fathers of the old East, even there the golden sands sparkling under the same outspreading wonder—imagine such a telegraphic triumph with all its quick-coming and fast-changing might, and what is this picture compared with the living reality of New York! Who can compute the number, measure the intensity, comprehend the effects of such a city on the intellect and heart of the whole country? One of the peculiar features of American industry, in contrast with the severe toil of other nations, is its constant, inspiriting action on mind. With us labor and opportunity—the open field and the free rivalry—have a prodigious influence on the growth of talent and genius. At the same time they expose American mind to great evils. The difficulty obviously lies in the want of balance between those agencies which act on the national intellect through our educational system, and those which operate so much more potently in after life. To what extent this adjustment of forces could be practically secured it is difficult to determine. But it can scarcely be doubted that the peculiar temper of American mind might be better consulted in our methods of education. By this we do not mean that the course of study should be adapted to the utilitarian views of our people. The ordinary routine of education should never recognize the prevailing forms of outward life. Nevertheless it is exceedingly important to deal with American mind during the season of instruction and training with reference to the spirit which the future is almost sure to awaken. Take, for il-

lustration, two prominent elements of American mind, viz.: IMAGINATION and IMPULSE. Every thinker knows how largely these enter into the everyday life of our countrymen. If they seldom assume those more distinct and palpable shapes which are denominated Utopian and Quixotic, they yet pervade in a more subtle and diffusive manner nearly every thing that we undertake. Now, assuredly, there ought to be special reference in our methods of culture to these faculties. Such modes ought to be used as tend to develop and discipline them. If they stand out conspicuously in American life they ought to stand out conspicuously in American training. But just here our present system of education is strikingly defective. American society pays the penalty of the neglect. Imagination and impulse, denied the refining and ennobling cultivation they are entitled to receive, spring into intense activity under the stimulants of American life, and frequently display themselves in forms of intellectual and moral morbidness, of reckless speculation, of fanatical violence, that dishonor our nature and darken our name.

It is not easy to remedy this evil. Freedom of intellect, like freedom of action, naturally tends to excess. Strength is nearly allied to lawlessness. Energetic life is impatient of restraint, and hurries into wild extravagance. But it is anomalous that a community like ours, showing such solidity of common sense and heartily devoted to the cardinal virtues of private duty, should have so large a degree of unbalanced intellect and unregulated passion among its professedly educated classes. There is much more of this fanatical folly than circumstances explain. The infirmities of human nature do not afford a solution of the problem. Our conviction is clear that the educational system of the country is neither active nor thorough enough for the impassioned force of American mind; and hence the pressing want of the day is a mightier vitalization of those agencies, which are organized to act in the guidance and discipline of our youthful population. Nothing is plainer to our mind than that the office of teaching is rapidly assuming a new and vast interest, detaching itself more and more from the mere economic arrangements of society, and yet, at the same time, pressing closer and closer on them, rising higher and higher in sacredness of nature, and extending wider and wider in scope of activity. It is much more than a conservative energy; it is a creative, determining, perfective power. The one is content with the past, the other aspires to the divine idea of the future. The one keeps things as they are, the other improves them. If a man is in fine health conservatism may preserve his vigor. If he has a fortune, it is a safeguard against waste and profligacy. If he were in Paradise it would be a wise counselor, and, heeded, would restrain him from the forbidden fruit. But in this disordered and wretched world we need a more living and demonstrative force than conservatism. We need seers whose eyes shall catch the vision of what society ought to be, and whose tongues, touched by seraphic fire, can tell the glory sweeping before them. And our faith writes itself in this simple creed, viz.: The preacher and the teacher are God's chief agents in the intellectual, moral, social advancement of the world. Public opinion in the United States is favorable, in an eminent degree, to the position and influence of the preacher. Taken as a class, our ministers are a most noble body of men, worthy of the confidence and devotion with which they are regarded. If the American pulpit be measured by a just standard of intellect, piety, and usefulness, it must be acknowledged that it exerts a most salutary agency on the thought and character of the country. Next to the preacher should be ranked the teacher. If the one belongs to the ministry of grace, the other belongs to the ministry of providence. And whenever the teacher's work is elevated to the rank God has assigned to it—whenever men enter on it as on a hallowed task, and bear its burdens, meet its sacrifices, discharge its duties, by the motives and for the glory of the cross of Christ—then shall we see the quick gathering of a new splendor on our sky.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"Beware the January month, beware
Those hurtful days, that keenly-piercing air
Which flays the herds; when icicles are cast
O'er frozen earth, and sheathe the nipping blast."

SO sang old Hesiod before any other singer that the world has ever heard; and how the conventional English translation makes it sound like Cowper or any other mild English poet. The literal translation, given by Rev. Mr. Banks, "head master of Ludlow school," in England, shows us how much is lost in twisting the old Greek into modern English rhymes:

"But the month Lenœon (evil days, all galling the oxen), this month avoid and the hoar-frosts which, when the north wind blows, are hard upon the earth; the north wind which sweeping through steed-rearing Thrace upon the broad deep is wont to heave it, and land and forest re-echoes; and falling on them brings to many-feeding earth many lofty-foliaged oaks and branching pines in the mountain dells, so that all the immense forest resounds."

Such a simple, straight rendering smacks of the racy, sinewy Greek. But the old English translations of the classics, and of all foreign tongues, are as unjust as the French form of the Greek drama. French art, indeed—except the modern stage and the mechanic arts—has always been second-rate. What could a child, introduced to Greek fable by the measured jingling of Racine or the rougher hand of Corneille, know of the mystery and terror and pathos of the stern old story?

The same conventional paralysis falls upon the British translations of a century since. Pope's Homer is the archetype of all of them. It was one of the marvelous literary successes of the age. It was a splendid exercise of scholarly ingenuity. In an age when there was no great genius, and a society utterly artificial, it looked, of course, much larger than it is. It looked very large indeed to Addison, and perhaps he was not unwilling to help Tickell in a rival translation.

"Who would not smile if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

But there is as profound a difference between Pope's Homer and any simple literal translation as between Pope and Chaucer. The marrow, the sweetness and force, all seem to escape from the regular cadence of the harmonious line. It is Homer in a peruke and small-clothes—as in Pope's time they played Macbeth in a full-bottomed wig. No wonder Shakespeare suffered in the estimation of such an age; no wonder that Pope's translation increased the vogue of Mr. Pope, but did little in giving a new world to Homer.

So it is with Sir William Jones's translations from the Oriental languages. They are conceits dressed *à l'Anglaise*. Charles Lamb, writing to Cary, the translator of Dante, says: "Your Dante and Sandys's Ovid are the only helpmates of translations. Neither of you shirk a word. Fairfax's Tasso is no translation at all. It's better in some places, but it merely observes the number of stanzas; as for images, similes, etc., he finds 'em himself, and never 'troubles Peter for the matter.'" It is strange Lamb did not mention Chapman's Homer when he was writing of the matter—Chapman of the long, majestic, resonant line.

But if there must be translations, let us have the words as nearly as they can be rendered. A man forgives the rhythm, for it can not be reproduced. It can only be imitated in the new language, except, indeed, in translations from the modern German, which sometimes turn themselves into English. However, that is not merely because of the resemblance of the languages, but it comes from the spirit of the age. As there is a more intimate intercourse among nations, the national habit of thought is modified—becomes less individual, and more universal. The modern mind of the world thinks together—so that we can without great difficulty English a French or German work without losing the peculiar flavor. But what shall we do with Italian novels of a hundred and fifty years ago? What do we do with Boccaccio?

If in Homer's day there had only been an England and English scholars, and some one of them had done his "distinguished" contemporary into our native tongue, how racily different and how much more true it would have been than any version we have!

The Easy Chair slips into this chat about translations as he straightens his legs before the cheerful winter fire, and thinks of Christmas and of New-Year's, and of the pleasant leisure that comes therewith—a leisure to be consecrated to and by good books of every age.

In country homes especially, far and near, where, by long usage, the Easy Chair has perhaps a monthly place, it loves to hail the fires that announce the setting in of the long, comfortable home-evenings, in which some manly or tender voice invites the poets and philosophers and story-tellers of every time and country to share and quicken the social life.

Oh, happiest fate of all, to say what strangers gladly hear, to be placed in print upon the family shelves, and so, as it were, adopted into a thousand circles! For the family is not only the people who darn stockings and laugh and chat and fall asleep, but it includes the pictures on the wall, the bird in the cage, the dog and cat upon the mat, and the silent, modest friends, who, "clothed all in leather," stand cheerfully against the wall, or lie willingly upon the table. Yes, and the tiles around the chimney.

"The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing-girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin."

In the brown old farm-house, sunken under the hill among gray mossy apple-trees, near Newport, where the good Bishop Berkeley lived when he was in this country, there are the tiles still ranged about the fire-place which he brought from England. Whoever sees them looks into the Bishop's home, and talks with him, and listens to the grave, sweet voice weaving strange speculations and breathing high hopes for humanity.

With such friends of every kind around us—old Hesiod himself among them—and with the bright blaze before us, shining in kind eyes, and that kindness sinking deep down into our hearts, why should we "beware the January month?" Why should we not hail the days and nights in which the sense of comfort from art is most exquisite, and in which we may help those who wonder where they shall find the fire that burns bright and warm for them?

But while we chat of books and men, do not forget the sweet season, the holy tide. Remember Christmas and New-Year—the festivals of good actions and good resolutions. May not a man's charity at Christmas (the Easy Chair does not mean his giving diamond necklaces to his wife, but his real charity) be taken as the test of the honesty of his vows at New-Year's, and the tenacity of his purpose?

Hark! hear the Waits:

"Christmas is here!
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany-tree.

"Once, on the boughs,
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we,
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

* * * *

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see,
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

* * * *

"Sorrows begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night
Round the old tree!"

But while so many bring in the boar's head with rosemary and sing that song, how many others will hereafter sing, remembering this Christmas:

"With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

"At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretense
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute shadow watching all.

"We paused; the winds were in the beech;
We heard them sweep the winter land:
And in a circle, hand in hand,
Sat silent, looking each at each.

"Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sang, though every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year; impetuously we sang.

"We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence followed, and we wept.

"Our voices took a higher range:—"

So let all our voices, and repeat once more what every returning Christmas should hear us repeating, Milton's Ode on the Nativity.

And so, kind friends, a merry Christmas, and peace be with ye all!

Yes, and a Happy New Year!

For the day, which is like all other days, and yet entirely different, has come also, and men and women feel older—feel as if there had been some especial step, some peculiar movement in the great march of life.

When the clock strikes we feel as if something had been achieved. But the same passage of time is marked by every monotonous tick of the pendulum as by the sweet clangor of the bell. The lover loves no more when he tells his passion than when he is silent.

Last night, the last of the year, was St. Sylvester's eve. He was the first Pope of that name, the Saint, and perhaps a worthy man. In any case, he gives the title to one of the pleasant and half-melancholy evenings of the year. In Germany it is an open and solemn festival.

How well the Easy Chair remembers the *Sylvester-abend* of a year which is past now as irretrievably as the years before the flood. Strauss, Johann Strauss of Vienna, *the* Strauss who composed the waltzes and loved the Princess Sophia (as romance tells), and composed for her bridal the pulsing, yearning, melancholy *Sophien Waltzer*, gave a concert in Kroll's Garten. It was in that pretty pavilion which is now fallen forever.

We all sat chatting and smoking the light cigar, or drinking the mild white beer of Berlin—beer which is drained from glasses so long that the drinker seems to himself, as he gazes along the vast perspective, to be pouring the Amazon down his throat. The busy women sat knitting, with cups of coffee at hand; the husbands were musingly smoking and reading the well-read paper. Up and down the long hall swarmed the younger people. How can the Easy Chair call them beautiful? how can he call them graceful? Let him be content to say that they were cheerful and rosy, and that nowhere has he ever seen a more contented throng.

By-and-by came guests with false noses and whiskers, and stage cloaks. It was an amusing travesty of a *bal masqué*—a ball of masks in which nobody was masked. There were flashes of fun, and peals of loud laughter, and a growing buzz and rustle, when a compact man, buttoned closely in a black suit, stepped quickly from the side of the platform upon which the orchestra was gathered. He advanced to the front, and turned toward the audience. His head was square, and the short, stiff, black hair rose directly from his earnest forehead. There was nothing flippant or foppish in his look, but rather a sad sobriety. Without waiting to bow or smile, he bent his head to the audience, and at the same moment raised his arm and his violin-bow. It was like touching the key of an organ. There followed a burst of rich instrumental harmony. The men laid down their papers, the women knitted on in quiet enjoyment, and one by one the young people, in every kind of comic costume, slid into the circling waltz.

The delicious music poured from the orchestra; and the figures, full of gay life, glided around the hall. The imperturbable figure of the conductor stood erect, and upon the sway of his directing, moderating arm seemed all the sound to wait. The *élan* of the music is indescribable to all who have not heard it, or who do not waltz. It was hard to think that any body could hear it, and not feel the Terpsichorean fire creeping through the veins. It was as subduing and supreme as the summer air—yes, and as passionately languid. The music streamed, the dancers circled on. Tap, tap! the imperturbable man with stiff, iron-gray hair knocked upon his stand. It was the sign of stopping. Louder and louder the fiddles and the flutes, and the wailing oboes, and the hollow bassoons; swifter and swifter the hurrying happy feet; one more wave of the arm, the hand dropped, the music ended.

And so it continued all the evening. The pretty pavilion flamed with bright lamps; wreaths of Christmas green hung festooned along the cornices; there was a rushing of waiters, a confused hubbub of talk and laugh, an incessant movement; then the long appealing adagio chords that introduced the theme, chased by the light leaping waltz.

But the whole scene was ruled, actually and in its impression, by the compact little man buttoned up in black clothes. There was something weird in his appearance—a total suppression of his real life under the necessity of the moment. It was easy to believe all the stories that were told of him, as he stood there impassive and absolute. A cloud vailed him, although he was visible directing an orchestra. One thought of the Princess, of the exquisite sadness of the bridal waltzes he wrote for her, and how he probably stood in the same severe and sad posture, conducting them as they were played for the first time, calm and implacable, pouring all his wild regret into that lyric melody, by whose inspiration the eager feet sped on in the palace hall, until, fatigued and fainting, the Princess fell.

Hoffman would have made a story of Strauss. But to see Strauss was to read a story of Hoffman's.

It was long past midnight when the Easy Chair came out, and, through the black Thier-Garten, went homeward to the city. Beneath the stately Brandenburg Gate, and under the Lindens, he passed to the Friedrich-Strasse, and so to his room. With his mind full of the strange, pathetic figure of the musician he fell asleep. And suddenly, "in the first sweet sleep of night," he was awakened by a sound so soft and exquisite and solemn, that, as he lay wondering and thoughtful, he seemed to hear the very divine harmonies that announced the Nativity.

"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice,
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took,
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close."

So must the early Christians have been heard singing in the Catacombs, filling the air with holy joy.

There was something so peaceful, so consoling, and sympathetic in the sound, that it was useless to try to find out whence it came. All that had been sweet and sad—all that was to be regretted and deplored—all that was best and worst to be remembered in the history of the year, was plainly heard in that music. And yet so tender, so entreating—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The next morning it proved to be the New-Year's singers—a kind of Waits that go from house to house singing hymns. But floating up from the street, and stealing in through the chambers to the back of the house, it easily seemed the voices of angels singing in the air.

And, ever since, no night of all the calendar is more honored by the Easy Chair than that of Saint Sylvester.

Of all the topics that interest the groups in town that hang upon the arms of the Easy Chair none is of more frequent or sadder mention than that of the execution of the boy Rodgers.

"Child-choking," says Veal, gently.

"Tut, tut," interposes Leather; "a youth of eighteen is no chicken. He was just as responsible as he would have been at forty."

"And yet you can not deny," adds Martingale, "that there is something horrible in coldly hanging up a boy on a gallows."

"But why," cries Leather, again, "why have all your sympathy for the death of the evil-doer, and none for that of his innocent victim? If it be a terrible thing that a man who has imbruted himself with drink so that he rushes out and covers himself with the blood of an innocent man should be killed, what have you to say of the equally sudden killing of a quiet, inoffensive man walking along the street? If it be a question of sympathy, it really seems as if you might spare a little for the man of the two who was not drunk, and who had not cut off the head and hand of a worthy family."

Leather had the air of a man who has said an undeniably true thing. Martingale shook his head.

Veal took up the thread of talk.

"Here was a youth who had lived in the country all his life—who comes to town and falls into bad company: gets drunk with others, and into a brawl: a man is murdered, and he alone of his company is caught. Now, granting that blood must have blood, you must also grant, what the laws allow, that there may sometimes be a justification of mercy. And is not mercy justified in the case of a boy who is drunk, who has no malice, and of whom more can not be truthfully affirmed than that he was one of a party which committed a homicide? Ought there to be no difference in the punishment of such an offender and one who goes deliberately and murders a man in revenge of a grudge—or to rob his pockets? The boy's chin was yet downy: he had evidently repented: it is not known that he committed the deed. Granting that the good order of society requires blood for blood, it did not require *his* blood." And Veal turned pale with excitement.

"Your theory would put an end to the operation of the criminal law," said Leather.

"I can not see that," replied Martingale. "The privilege of mercy in society is just as sacred as the necessity of justice. In every case of criminal conviction the inevitable question will be, 'Will society be better served by mercy or justice?' Generally, you may say, the latter will be the best servant. But then you allow that there may be other cases. Was not this one of them?

"Of course the offense of getting drunk is not to excuse the crime of murder. But you are not to hang a man because he gets drunk. And say what you will, a drunken man ceases to be a moral agent. You may say that he does so at his own risk. But though that be so, it yet lessens the guilt of his offense.

"It may be very true that there is an alarming rowdyism in New York and that public order demands a victim. If that be so, the victim should be one whose fate can not possibly excite doubt or general regret, for if it does, the very purpose you have in view is lost. If there must be a victim (a thing, of course, which I utterly deny, for our laws contemplate no examples of this kind *as* examples, but only as proper punishments of ascertained crimes. The law would hardly take any man suspected of ill conduct and hang him up as a warning to others. He could only be hung up when a specific ill conduct had been proved, and the benefit of the example is collateral—and very problematical)—but I say, if there must be a victim, let it be a criminal of well-known character, in whose case there are no circumstances that appeal to public pity. That is to say, take your worst criminals and not your best, for what you call examples.

"Moreover, it is the duty of the executive to withstand any desire of general revenge and retaliation upon the class of rowdies by hanging any one who may happen to be caught. If it be said at any time of capital conviction, 'the public desires a victim,' that is the very time for the Governor to pause and scrutinize the case most carefully; to suspect his severity of being sharpened by his consciousness of the public feeling of exasperation against offenders in general. The prerogative of mercy with which he is clothed is the voice of Philip sober. The urgent entreaty of the public sentiment that there shall be an example is the cry of Philip drunk. Society has empowered its Governor, in this instance, to withstand its own wishes.

"Besides, if you insist upon blood for blood, you must take great care that the practice be justified by every case. If the circumstances are such as to excite doubt, perplexity, and pity, the community will at last declare that if blood can be had for blood only at such a cost of public sympathy, the punishment shall practically cease; and nobody will be instrumental in dooming a man to a fate so terrific.

"During the twelvemonth two criminals have been hung—one, the negro D'Orsay, and the other, the boy Rodgers. The negro was well-nigh a brute, the boy was what you know. Now, meanwhile, there have been plenty of villains deserving the extremest punishment who have escaped. I care not how they did it; but do you not see, again, that if the punishment of death is sure to fall only upon those who are the least guilty in public estimation, society will soon lose all the advantages of the punishment?"

So the talk went on. There is certainly a great deal of force in what Martingale said. But there

is one thing he did not say, which would have strengthened his argument.

If society must have blood for blood, that is, if it must take human life, ought it not to take it in the most solemn and summary manner? Could any thing be more repugnant to decency and judicial solemnity than the scene at Rodgers's execution? If that were to be repeated, the common sense of the community would at once put a stop to hanging.

Here was a criminal to be put to death. Every consideration required that it should be done as decorously as such a dreadful deed can be. One can fancy the officers of the law, the victim, and the clergymen, with the few grave witnesses whose presence the law might require, assembling in a prison-yard, into which no other than the Divine eye could look by any chance, and there the terrible act consummated at once, without suffering to the criminal, and no other pang than the necessary one of beholding such a spectacle to the few witnesses. Then the body is removed, and coffined, and delivered to the family, not at the prison but at their home, while a brief statement of the fact of the execution, signed by the witnesses, is published in the papers.

This is a case in which the most fearful duty of society would be most decently performed.

But in the present case there was, according to the reports, a collection of curious people in the yard; the other prisoners, by broken bits of glass, contrived to see the sight; when the boy was placed upon the platform, instead of standing upon a drop, through which, in falling, his neck would be broken and instant death ensue, he is swung up and to and fro in the air; the rope slips; he struggles fearfully for a few minutes, even to the loosing of one hand and raising it to his breast; is finally taken down and handed to his relatives, who fall, fainting and shrieking, upon his swollen and distorted face; and the whole miserable story is told at length and with terrible detail in the newspapers of the next morning.

If this is the best way in which society can inflict the punishment of death, it is very clear that it will not be long inflicted.

If we must do it, why not do it in a shorter, more summary, and less disgusting manner? Why not use the guillotine, which in a twinkling severs the head from the body? or, why not adopt the garrote, by one wrench of which death is made sure? The dangling and suffocation of the gallows are repulsive beyond any necessity. Why should we scorn to be helped by science even in the discharge of so fearful a duty?

During the dog-days our Colleges celebrate their anniversaries, and our papers comment upon the poems and orations then and there delivered, and sigh that we have no University. High schools in plenty, they grant, but no University. Money in plenty many of the high schools have, but yet they make no effort to be Universities. They take raw boys of fifteen, put them through a little Virgil and Terence, less Æschylus and Aristotle; dub them A.B., and send swarms of conceited youth, with a smart smatter of books, upon a defenseless land.

So the eloquent papers declaim, and not without some justice.

But while we plead for a University, let us understand what we are about. It is not a University for England, France, or Germany; nor for the tenth century, nor the eighteenth. It is a University in and for America to-day. It is an institution which shall answer *our* questions, satisfy *our* wants, and give us the education that is essential.

Who, then, are "we" and "us?" We are people who, having to make our living by every kind of industry under heaven, want to know every science, art, and literature under the sun. All pursuits that were ever followed are followed here; by a necessity which is universal, and by talent which is intelligent.

Now what are our Colleges?

They are mostly medieval institutions, in which Latin and Greek and Mathematics and Mental and Moral Philosophy are professed to be taught. How many graduates of Yale or Harvard last year can write tolerable Latin, or translate tolerable Greek, verses, this year? How many retain more than the Greek alphabet, or the meaning of a few Latin phrases, after ten years? Is not the best result of the four years' course, as a general rule, that which was done by the students from preference and outside the College requirements? Is there much positive practical relation between the study of those four years and the lives that immediately follow?

Experience shouts the reply.

Of course we willingly grant that a youth can not be for four years exposed to scholastic influences without some chance of good and serviceable results. The social and friendly result is often good, sometimes bad. If there be a taste for study of any kind, there is noble leisure and opportunity afforded for following it. But the college, as a rule, is perfectly unelastic. It makes young men nothing in particular, and it does not even get them ready to be made something of afterward. There is a deal of profound twaddle talked about strengthening the mind by studying mathematics, et cetera. But as the best exercise for the body is that of healthful labor, so the best training of the mind is study of that which interests it. And you can not make an interest. It grows. If a young man has no taste of any kind; if, as the President of Harvard once said in a sermon, "most men have no particular vocation, but will do equally well whatever they devote themselves to doing," then why set such young men to reading foreign languages and authors who, by the hardness of approach, are prevented from being agreeable? Surely a young American, of no particular taste, if he is to pass four years in study, had better pass it in becoming familiar with English than Greek or Latin literature.

Do you think he will have time for that by-and-by, and meanwhile had better find out that there is such a thing as Greek literature?

Yes; but then the result will be that he will know there is a Greek literature, but know nothing in that or any other.

Columbia College has recently made an effort. Columbia College does not often make efforts. Columbia College for many long years vegetated upon College Green and accumulated much money. Under its present President, a gentleman of scholarship, of generous sympathies, and of youthful energy, it has resolved to try the experiment of University lectures: that is to say, lectures upon general topics, open to every body. The gentlemen who lecture are, some of them, masters in their kinds, and they treat subjects cognate to the sympathies, interests, and welfare of the community.

This is an era. This is something that ought to be of good service in popular education. And if the range is gradually extended—if the most eminent scientific men in every department devote themselves to the work—if the best historical scholars, if the most accomplished students in literature train themselves so as to make their courses what Cousin's and Guizot's have been in France, and Schelling's and Ritter's and Neander's in Germany—perhaps the summer holidays may pass without the fervent longing of the newspapers: "Oh that we had a University!"

Apropos of these remarks comes a letter from Quincy, Illinois:

"Dear Easy Chair,—Will you indulge the presumption of an ardent admirer while he makes a suggestion, which he would be pleased to have receive the consideration of our sage old Easy Chair?

"'Suckers,' albeit given to the raising of grain rather than to literature, sometimes read. They read the *Monthly*, including the Easy Chair; as also the *Weekly*, and divers other meritorious publications. But while they may claim to be a reading people, it must be admitted that many of them, including your friend and servant, are deficient in such scholastic attainments as will enable them to readily translate, and easily comprehend, the many Latin, Greek, and nondescript gems with which certain contributors to our popular miscellanies choose to interlard their effusions.

"And now, O Easy Chair! will you lend your influence to persuade these classical gentlemen to give us a translation with each of their foreignisms; or better still, to discontinue the use of them?

"Not long since I noticed in European news a copy of a ukase from the Czar Alexander, ordering 'the *American* language' included in the studies of the Government military schools. If, then, there is a demand for the American language, will there not be for American literature? But is it not essential that it be purely American? Is not the American language complete of itself; and ought not Americans to confine their pens to that language when writing for American publications?

"Will the Easy Chair kindly admit these crude ideas into its cogitations, and thereby confer a favor upon

"A. Sucker."

This is a suggestion worth attention. The quotation of old classic authors in their own language, except for scholarly occasions, is a foolish pedantry. When Latin was the tongue of literature, and every reader and writer was familiar with Latin and Greek, it was natural to quote the language because it was most easily understood. For that very reason a quotation should now be Englished. In the modern languages it is not so necessary because they are much more familiar. But even in such cases, except when a brief and common phrase is used, every man who writes for the general public would better serve himself and the public by translating.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Within the fortnight of this, our time of writing, Mr. Bright may be said to have been the man most talked of on both sides of the Channel waters; and this by reason of his two Birmingham speeches, to say nothing of a later and lesser one before the Reform Conference of London.

Mr. Bright's Reform opinions are easily stated: he advises a compromise between the diverging opinions of the country; that is to say, a franchise dependent upon rate-paying, the ballot, and an entirely new distribution of Parliamentary seats.

He has amused and vastly gratified his audience at Birmingham by an onslaught, garnished with plentiful sneers, upon the Peerage of England; but Mr. Bright is too wise, and by far too shrewd a man, to believe that any present, possible, and practicable Parliamentary reform in England shall be forwarded by such pretty irony and such wanton abuse of the titled race as he indulged his hearers with at Birmingham.

He was, for the nonce, playing the rhetorician and not the reformer.

When he comes to speak of the foreign relations of England—as he does more especially in the second day's speech at Birmingham—he is truer to himself, and far more (if we may be allowed the word) idiosyncratic. Mr. Bright recognizes no "balance of power in Europe" theory; he does not believe in treaties which demand an upholding of Swedish power, provided she will make no sale of territory to Russia; or in other treaties which involve English freemen in the squabbles that may arise between various members of the Germanic Confederacy; he does not believe that Great Britain should make herself wet-nurse for Portugal and Spain; he does not believe in the outlay of millions for the conservation of such sun-smitten territory as India; he does not believe in fighting to force opium on China; he does not believe in any counter-marching against Russia, or in the Christian duty of upholding the Crescent and Mussulman bigamy along the shores of Africa and upon the more beautiful shores of the Bosphorus.

In saying this much, we have given fair epitome of his speech upon the foreign relations of England; at least so far as his negative propositions go.

Affirmatively, he is more vague and less positive. He believes in Christian duty, and in its assertion and maintenance. But we shall do him less injustice if we give him the benefit of the closing periods of his second Birmingham speech:

"Two nights ago I was permitted to address, in this hall, a vast audience, composed, to some extent, of your countrymen who have no political power, who are at their work from dawn till dusk, and from early youth almost to tottering age, and who have, therefore, but very limited means of informing themselves on these great subjects. Now I am permitted to speak to a somewhat different audience. You represent those of your great community who have had a more complete education, who have on some points greater intelligence. You are the representatives of those who have power and influence in your district. And I am speaking, too, within the hearing of those whose gentler nature, whose finer instincts, whose purer minds have not suffered, as some of us have suffered, in the strife and turmoil of life. You can mould opinions, you can create political power. You can not think a good thought on these subjects and communicate it to your neighbor—you can not make these points points of discussion in your social circles and your more general meetings, without affecting sensibly and speedily the course which the government of your country will pursue. (Hear.) I may ask you, then, to believe, as I most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written only for men in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. (Hear, hear.) I believe, too, that if nations reject and deride that moral law there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once—it may not come in our lifetime—but rely upon it the

great Italian is not a poet only, but he is a prophet, when he says,

'The sword of heaven is not in haste to strike,
Nor yet doth linger.'

(Hear, hear.) We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough; we know what the past has cost us, we know how much and how far we have erred. But we are not left without a guide. It is true we have not, as our ancient people had, the Urim and the Thummim, the oraculous gems on Aaron's breast, from which we can take counsel; but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law of God, and only so far as we live by their guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Bright has ripened during his short-lived retirement, both as political canvasser and as rhetorician; his Continental travel has given him a deftness of language which surely did not belong to him in the old corn-law times. See here how prettily he discusses and disposes of the panic which grew out of the fortifications of Cherbourg:

"You never fortified any place, you know—(A laugh)—you have not got a greater fortress than Sebastopol at Gibraltar. (Hear, hear.) You have not got an impregnable fortress at Malta—you have not spent the fortune of a nation in the Ionian Islands—you are doing nothing at Alderney—in point of fact, there never was any nation so perfectly guiltless of making preparations to do any thing to any body. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Therefore you have the greatest possible right to proclaim your alarm, and make a stand because of this fortress which the French have built on their own coast. (Cheers and laughter.) I believe there are many in this room who at one time or other have been brought into contact with some unhappy fellow-creature who had a peculiar and a painful suspicion upon his mind. (Cheers and a laugh.) I recollect a friend of mine telling me that, when going down from Derby to Leeds one day, a gentleman in the train who sat opposite entered into conversation with him. He did not at first observe any thing peculiar about the gentleman; but in the course of the journey the conversation turned upon hotels; both had been stopping at the Midland Hotel at Derby—which is a very good one—and in speaking about it the stranger said, 'Did you notice any thing peculiar about the bread at the Midland Hotel?' 'No,' said my friend. 'I did,' was the reply; 'and I am convinced there was an attempt to poison me; and what is most singular, I never go to a hotel but I discover that there is an attempt made to poison me, or to do me mischief.' (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) Well, what did that mean? It meant that this unfortunate individual was laboring under the greatest calamity that can befall the human mind. (Hear.) But what shall we say of the nation—or, rather, it is not the nation, but a mere handful of people—what shall we say of these, when they, knowing that we are the most combined people on the face of the earth—almost 30,000,000 in number—united under a government which, though we intend to reform it—(hear, hear)—we have a respect for and obey—(hear, hear)—that we have mechanical power and industry which no country in the whole world offers any parallel to—means of defense to any extent—the free waves of the sea flowing around our shores—what shall we say of these people who go about day and night laboring under a hallucination that we are in danger of a hostile invasion, and to protect ourselves we must take the initiative and extend our power?"

Another point which he makes in regard to foreign wars will be interesting to spinsters everywhere: "Forty thousand men perished on the bleak heights of Sebastopol; one hundred thousand men have been or will be sacrificed upon the burning plains of India, in suppression of a rebellion which was only roused by the wanton tyranny of England. Thus one hundred and forty thousand men pay for English pride and folly with their lives—and what is the consequence?

"Why, just this: one hundred and forty thousand English women are deprived either of husbands or of the chance of having husbands!"

And he argues that thus profligacy and infamy are fattening upon the national holocaust. The idea is novel, at any rate; and will commend itself to those who are the advocates of woman's rights all over the world.

From Mr. Bright to Mr. Gladstone the transition is easy. If the former is the representative of positive, economic, and progressive England, Mr. Gladstone is the representative of scholarly, accomplished, and conservative England.

This latter, not long ago, drew upon himself the attention of readers and reviewers by his masterly studies about Homer; showing rare familiarity not only with the old Greek speech and letters, but with the Greek spirit of life and courage.

It may have been for this—it may have been to rid themselves of a doubtful supporter and a truculent critic—that my Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli have sent him as Special Commissioner to the old Greek isles of Ionia.

Do our readers know what they are and where they are? Let them look upon their maps then. They will find them lying not far off from the Dalmatian coast, eastward of Sicily and Calabria. They are a dependence of Great Britain; and the population—talking Greek and Italian and Turkish—live under a constitution provided for them by the English Parliament. But they are a restive people, and quarrel with their condition, though it is freer than that of any nation around them; and give loose to their querulous habit by talking bitterly about the Queen, and the royal family, and the Parliament, and every body of British blood. They worship according to the rites of the Greek Church; and with this lien upon Russian sympathies it is conjectured, not without reason, that Russian emissaries may have fomented their discontent.

Mr. Gladstone is deputed to allure them by his honeyed words into allegiance.

Will he succeed? People say Yes; other people say No.

Shall we give a pretty ending to this mention of Gladstone by a poem of his? It is a translation of a canzonette of Horace, just now wet from the publishers, and will show at once his loving scholarship and his grace of language.

It is the famous Ode IX., "*Donec gratus eram tibi:*"

Horace. While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck than mine,
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possess'd
Not Persia's monarch lived as bless'd.

LYDIA. While thou didst feed no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came;
O then thy Lydia's echoing name
Excelled e'en Ilia's Roman fame.

HORACE. Me now Thracian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So she my better life may live.

LYDIA. The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires;
I'll face ten several deaths with joy
So fate but spare my Thurian boy.

HORACE. What if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?

LYDIA. Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian sea,
And fickle as light cork, yet I
With thee would live—with thee would die.

And now, since we have broached poetry (you will bear us testimony that we rarely do it), we will regale you with another rendering of the same Ode, by no less a personage than Lord Derby, the premier of England. It is not often we chance upon the metrical labors of such workers; or can compare in scholarship and grace, by one classic measure, a pair of statesmen.

Lord Derby renders the *Donec Gratus* in this style:

HORACE. While I was dear to thee,
While with encircling arms,
No youth preferred to me
Dared to profane thy bosom's snowy charms;
I envied not, by thee adored,
The wealth, the bliss of Persia's lord.

LYDIA. While all thy bosom glowed
With love for me alone;
While Lydia there abode, [throne,
Where Chloe now has fixed her hateful
Well pleased, our Roman Ilia's fame
I deemed eclipsed by Lydia's name.

HORACE. 'Tis true my captive heart
The fair-haired Chloe sways,
Skilled with transcendent art [lays;
To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious
For her my life were gladly paid,
So Heaven would spare my Cretan maid.

LYDIA. My breast with fond desire
For youthful Calais burns;
Touched with a mutual fire,
The son of Ornithus my love returns;
For him I'd doubly die with joy,
So Heaven would spare my Thurian boy.

HORACE. What if the former chain
That we too rashly broke,
We yet should weave again, [yoke?
And bow once more beneath th' accustomed
If Chloe's sway no more I own,
And Lydia fill the vacant throne?

LYDIA. Though bright as morning star
My Calais' beaming brow;
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chafed than Adrian's billows thou;
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end.

Suppose now that, for the sake of a common standard of comparison, we pass the ball over to your side of the water! Will the ancient General Cass give us a rendering? or Sam Houston? or Mr. Giddings?

Let not these gentlemen count it altogether an effeminacy; and, though they all be past the season of wooing, let them assure themselves that a man is never too old to equip himself with the resources of language, whose pliability is only known, and is best known, when one language is measured against another.

WE shall skip back to France now for a single word about the apprehended imbroglio with Portugal. Our readers will recall the story we gave, a month or two since, of the seizure of a French ship upon the coast of Africa, whose cargo of "indented apprentices" had revolted and slain the crew. That trouble was with England, and was quickly arranged.

The new *contretemps*, growing out of the French shipment of African "laborers," involved the Government for a time with the authorities of Portugal.

There was no revolt of the emigrants in this case; but a French ship, laden with her apprentice cargo of miserable blacks, touched at a Portuguese colony, was suspected, seized, ship and cargo confiscated, and sent home to Lisbon.

Louis Napoleon, with some half dozen warships and shotted guns bearing upon the chief streets of Lisbon, demanded restitution and apology. The quaking Portuguese—with a sad leer at their great almoner, England—granted both. Whereupon the burly *Times* newspaper utters its condemnation in this style:

"The recent transactions between France and Portugal can not give occasion for unmixed satisfaction to any one of the parties engaged in them. France has done a high-handed act of violence, and may enjoy the complacent consciousness of having exercised a giant's power; but she has done so at the expense of being ranked henceforward among the few slave-trading nations of the earth. Portugal enjoys the dignity of having suffered force in the cause of humanity; but she has seen, what can not be seen without emotion by any nation, armed foreign ships pointing their guns down the streets of her capital, coercing her courts of law, and insulting her sovereign. England may, perhaps, exult a little in her superior righteousness, and plume herself over the moral backslidings of France; but she also is not without an uneasy feeling that her dignity has been in some way touched in this matter, and that, if she has not been made to eat dirt, there has been some intangible, indirect insinuation whispered that there was, somewhere or other, a little portion of dirt ready made up, which, under some possible condition of circumstances, might be presented to her to swallow. The whole matter has been an uncomfortable imbroglio, and the preceding difficulties between England and America, arising from the same subject, were not less unpleasant. It seems scarcely probable, indeed, that these occasional outbursts of temper and interpositions of the *vis major* can occur among civilized powers without leading eventually to some serious complication; and it is not unprofitable at this moment to pass in review the position which the maritime nations hold toward each other in this very delicate and dangerous business of suppressing the slave-trade."

And there is a column more, if there were room or occasion to quote it. But we should be unjust to the Emperor if we did not allow him voice too. We cite a portion of his letter to the Prince-Minister of Algeria, and which is curiously dated just two days before the appearance of the *Times* article.

We translate *verbatim:*

"ST. CLOUD, *October* 30.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I earnestly desire that, at the moment when the difference with Portugal, with regard to the *Charles-Georges*, has been terminated, the question of the engagement of free laborers on the coast of Africa shall be definitively examined and settled according to the true principles of right and humanity. I energetically demanded the restitution of the *Charles-Georges* because I will always maintain intact the independence of the national flag; and it required in this circumstance the deepest conviction of my right to make me risk a rupture with the King of Portugal of those friendly relations which I am anxious to keep up with him.

"But as to the principle of the engagement of negroes my ideas are far from being fixed. If, in fact, the laborers hired on the coast of Africa are not free agents, and if that recruitment is nothing but the slave-trade in disguise, I will not have it on any condition. It is not I who will any where protect undertakings which are contrary to progress, humanity, and civilization," etc., etc.

So much for politics. Shall we turn now to look far eastward, where suddenly, in the twinkling of a mail (as we may say), a new, and joyous, and civilized kingdom has burst upon the world? What other than Japan?

What rare walks under the shady coppices that fringe the outlying fields by Jeddo! What cottages with roses; what winding roads with myrtle and honey-suckle; what rounded undulations of green surface—all odorous with a thousand flowers, and gemmed with temples and palaces! What fare maidens to greet one in the outlying arbors, where fragrant and steaming teas refresh one! What a new world of blue skies, and luscious perfumes, and verdant wealth, and luxuriant vegetation of all sorts, with a grand, dim outline of Alpine mountains!

Can these stories all be true—of the millions who dwell in Jeddo—of the castle, with its green casemates, and space to lodge forty thousand?

Then Japan is no longer a vision, but a fact, of our time; and the rich country by the Amoor, and the Japanese Emperors, civil and religious, must all come in for their share in the distribution of the world's balance.

Shall we believe you have seen all these stories, or shall we repeat?

The visitor speaks of Lord Elgin's residence at Jeddo:

"In front of it was a street which continued ten miles, as closely packed with houses and as densely crowded with people as it is from Hyde Park corner to Mile-end. At the back of it stretched a wide and somewhat dreary aristocratic quarter, containing the residences of three hundred and sixty hereditary princes, each a petty sovereign in his own right, many of them with half a dozen town houses, and some of them able to accommodate in these same mansions ten thousand retainers. Passing through the spacious and silent (except where a party of English were traversing them) streets, we arrive at the outer moat of the castle. Crossing it we are still in the Princes' Quarter, but are astonished as we reach its further limit at the scene which now bursts upon us—a magnificent moat, seventy or eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth green escarpment as many feet in height, above which runs a massive wall, composed of stones Cyclopean in their dimensions. This is crowned, in its turn, by a lofty palisade. Towering above all, the spreading arms of giant cedars proudly display themselves, and denote that within the imperial precincts the picturesque is not forgotten. From the highest point of the fortifications in rear of the castle a panoramic view is obtained of the vast city with its two million and a half inhabitants, and an area equal to, if not greater than, that of London. The castle alone is computed to be capable of containing forty thousand souls. But the party on shore did not confine itself to exploring the city alone; excursions of ten miles into the country were made in two different directions, and but one opinion prevailed with respect to the extraordinary evidences of civilization which met the eye in every direction. Every cottage, temple, and tea-house was surrounded by gardens laid out with exquisite taste, and the most elaborate neatness was skillfully blended with grandeur of design. The natural features of the country were admirably taken advantage of; and a long ride was certain to be rewarded by a romantic scene, where a tea-house was picturesquely perched over a waterfall, or a temple reared its carved gables amidst groves of ancient cedars. The tea-house is a national characteristic of Japan. The traveler, wearied with the noonday heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment. Stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavored tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skillful of attendants."

AND from Japan we leap back to the story of an old French duel.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century a sergeant of the Royal Guard was quartered with a peasant, in the South of France, whose name was Lebré.

The peasant was young, and had a young wife and a pretty one; the sergeant was gallant, and presumed upon his profession and his rank to pay excessive and disagreeable attentions to the young and the pretty wife of Lebré.

The peasant was incensed, and met the sergeant with offensive words.

The soldier answered them by a blow. Lebré sought arms and demanded satisfaction. But in that time the honor of a peasant was worth nothing; a soldier could not recognize it; and the poor peasant, in answer to his challenge, was thrust out of his own cottage.

He came back, however, quietly and determinedly. He led his wife away across the country to her father's house. He bade him keep her and defend her until such time as he could avenge his wounded honor.

The wife loved him, and implored him to remain; the father esteemed him, and sought to break his resolve; but all in vain. He left, and for eight years was seen no more.

He enlisted in the army. He fought through two campaigns; he sought only the rank which should place him on equality with his enemy. Yet the sergeant might win promotion; he had this to fear; but he sought to make up the difference in term of service by attention and by courage.

In six years he won the rank of sergeant: there were thousands of sergeants in the French army—where should he meet the offender?

For two years he was ordered from post to post, until one day he recognized his old foe—still a sergeant.

They dined one day together, in company with other officers. Lebré controlled himself until dinner was ended; then he spoke.

"Comrades," said he, "if one of you had received a blow, what should be done? Sergeant (addressing his enemy), what say you?"

"*Parbleu!*" says the sergeant, "I would give it back, and the next day fight!"

"*Tres bien!*" says Lebré. "Do you happen to remember a peasant you ventured to strike, eight years gone, for the reason only that he would defend his wife?"

"The peasant I don't remember; but his pretty wife, and the blow—yes."

"Ah, it is a long time. The blow deserves two—take them!"

And Lebré strikes.

Before the sergeant has recovered himself, his sword is drawn; the cause is old, therefore there shall be no delay, they must fight now.

The comrades gather around them. The sergeant can make no refusal; they fight, and the sergeant is killed.

A few weeks after Lebré is named lieutenant, and gains *congé* to go back to his old home; demands his wife, finds her blooming as ever, and the household is one again.

The story has the authority of Eugène Bonnemère, in his *Histoire des Paysans*.

We gave a period or two the last month to mention of the Literary Congress at Brussels. Its labors have been signalized more by a pleasant banquet than by any initiative of reform. Indeed, if we may judge by the tone of the Continental journals, there is a feeling of disappointment, as if authors' rights had again given way to the law of publishers, and to the law of custom.

"Be convinced of this, oh my brothers," says a saucy author, writing from Paris on the eve of the Brussels adjournment, "that hereafter, whenever publishers talk unctuously of literary property and of the rights of genius, it is not of you or your rights, or of your children's rights, they would speak, but purely of their own trade interest. And we could lay our hand upon the shoulder of millionaire publishers at our Congress of Brussels, who give magnificent fêtes at which they would blush to welcome those writers who have built their fortune, and yet send their physician to attend at the first threat of any ailment which may impair their working capacity."

The same writer informs us farther that an association of German authors is in process of arrangement, by which the writers are to become partners in a great publishing house, to be managed for their benefit and behoof by some practical and experienced publisher as actuary of the company, the authors to receive a share of profits adjusted by the positive sale of their books, and not by their reputation. We give his talk for all it may be worth.

Something more reliable we are able to give with reference to the present duration of book copyrights in the different countries of Europe. In Greece and Sardinia the duration of the right of reproduction is only fifteen years from the date of the first publication. In the Roman States it is fixed at twelve years from the death of the author. In England it extends to the whole life, and seven years after decease, or to forty-two years in case the seven years granted to the heirs, added to the period enjoyed by the author, do not make up forty-two years. If the work has not appeared until after the death of the author, the right of reproduction is also forty-two years. In the United States, the term is twenty-eight years; but an extension of fourteen years is in certain cases accorded to the author, if living, at the expiration of that time, or if dead, to his widow, children, or grandchildren. In Belgium and Sweden, the heirs have a right of enjoyment for twenty years after the death of the author; in Sweden, however, the work falls into the public domain if the heirs neglect to reprint it. In Russia the right of reproduction is maintained for twenty-five years after the death of the author, and for an additional ten years if a fresh edition be published in the five years preceding the expiration of the first term. In France, the term of the enjoyment of the right is fixed for the children's benefit at thirty years from the period of the death of the author, or from that of the widow if she held a community of property with her husband. For other heirs it is, however, only ten years. In Austria, Bavaria, Portugal, Prussia, Saxony, the Two Sicilies, Würtemberg, and the States of the Germanic Confederation, it is thirty years from the date of the author's death for the benefit of the heirs, or other parties interested, without distinction. In Spain, the term is fifty years from the death of the author. In Denmark, the period which had previously been unlimited, was, by a law of December last, reduced to thirty years after the death of the author. The above enactments do not, however, in every country apply to artistical works. In England, engravings, lithographic prints, and productions obtained by similar processes, are only secured for twenty-eight years from the date of first publication. On sculptures, models, casts, etc., it is only fourteen years. In Belgium, for artistical productions not capable of being reproduced by impression, such as sculptures, etc., the term is for the life of the author and ten years after.

Scribe appears to have been the lion of the Brussels Congress, and the devotion of the publishers to the great dramatist is said to have been neither affected nor insincere. The old gentleman was invited to a royal banquet, and had unfortunately left behind him in Paris his decorations; so he finds his way to a shop where the insignia are sold, and proposes to hire decorations for the evening, leaving bank-notes equivalent to their value in pawn.

But the good woman who manages the commerce refuses to take any gage; the great Scribe shall have what he wishes; it will add to their value to say that he has worn them. And so the politic and admiring lady—if she should ever visit Paris—has, by reason of her courtesy, opened for herself half the theatres of the capital.

We gave, not long ago, a description of the new hotel of Scribe in the Rue Pigale: it is now rapidly approaching completion. Its frescoes (of the library) are illustrations of his own history; its cabinets are full of bijoux of presentation. It is said (how truly we can not say) that the profits upon his new play alone, *Trois Maupin*, will pay for all the decoration of his hotel; and the *Trois*

Maupin is only one of four hundred which bear his name!

Pleasant.

Far less pleasant is an account of the wages of the small workers in the capital, and this notwithstanding a steady increase, equal to one and one-half per cent. per annum, since the discovery of the gold fields. Engravers, for instance, were paid on an average 4fr. 20c. per day, in 1847; the average at present is 5fr.; increase, 19 per cent. in ten years. Jewelers, who received on an average 4fr. 50c. now earn 5fr. 50c. and 6fr.; increase, 22 per cent. In the various metal trades the average has risen from 3fr. 93c. to 4fr. 48c., or 10 per cent. In what are called *articles de Paris*—that is, all kinds of light ornamental matters in mother-of-pearl, ivory, etc., or gloves, fans, etc.—the increase is about 12 per cent. Cabinet-makers, who earned 3fr. 50c. in 1853, had 4fr. 25c. in 1857, an increase of 16 per cent. in four years. Paper-hangers have between 9 and 10fr. per day; lace and trimming makers, 3fr. 50c.; upholsterers, 5fr.; the increase being in all these cases 11 per cent. Shoemakers are paid from 2fr. to 3fr. 50c. per day; by the piece they may earn as much as 8 and 10fr. by working from 14 to 15 hours a day; increase 10 per cent. For house-painters (4fr.), carpenters (4fr. to 5fr.), locksmiths (3fr. 50c.), and stone-cutters (5fr.), the increase is as much as 25 per cent. For bakers (4fr. 30c.), brushmakers (4fr.), and rope-makers (3fr. 50c.), it is 9 per cent. A hatter may earn from 10fr. to 11fr. per day; a tailor's wages are on an average 3fr. 80c.; the increase in both cases is 11 per cent. since 1847. The earnings of porters, errand-boys, and the like, may generally be stated at 3fr. per day, being an increase of 20 per cent.

Editor's Drawer.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR every reader of the Drawer is bound to have, with or without wishing for it; for who reads the Drawer with a long face or a sad heart? It is good to be merry and wise. And so the Drawer comes monthly, from year to year; one of the institutions of the land and the age; a feature peculiar to *Harper*, and so welcome to all clever people every where, that to find a man who does not love to read it would be harder than to find black swans. The Drawer is the reservoir of the people's humor; it is filled by the voluntary correspondence of the fun-lovers all the land over; so that now, when a good thing happens in court or courting, in the world of politics or letters, in high life or life not quite so high—whoever hears it is under bonds to sit down forthwith and make a pen-and-ink sketch of the same for the Drawer.

Last month it came to pass that the long yarns of the story-makers were so spun out that little room was left in the Magazine for the Drawer, whose fair proportions were sadly curtailed, and many capital contributions were crowded out; but they are sure to keep, and in due time will be forthcoming. Like an omnibus, the Drawer always has room for one more, and, without stretching, for a dozen more, provided always they have the ring of the true metal in them, like those that follow.

Some six or eight years since a certain Dr. D——s, and a man of considerable talent, was lecturing, at Temperance Hall, in Charleston, South Carolina, on animal magnetism, and performing various experiments in that science. To demonstrate the influence that one mind could exercise over another in that state, he requested the audience to write on cards the names of animals and other objects, which he would cause the "subject" to name without having any communication with him. The Doctor was a large, portly man; and the hall was but dimly illuminated, except near the staging. Taking one of the cards, and concentrating his mind for a few moments on the object mentioned, he pompously asked of his subject, "What object do you now see?"

The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, Doctor; but I rather think it is *your shadow!*"

Like most men of genius the late Judge Brackenridge was distinguished by many striking peculiarities. He chose to do every thing in a manner to please himself, without caring for the observations of others. When he resided at Pittsburgh he was in the practice of going every morning during the summer to bathe in the Alleghany; and, in order to save time and trouble in undressing, he walked to the river with no other habiliments than his cloak and slippers. One of those votaries of humor who are to be found in almost every part of the country took it into his head to have a little fun at the learned gentleman's expense: and, one morning, just as he had set out to indulge in his customary dip, the wag hired an Irish laborer who was passing by to keep a watch upon the "unfortunate gentleman," telling Pat that he was a little out of his mind, and that his friends feared he intended to make away with himself. On walks the Judge, and, close after his heels, his newly-engaged keeper. Off goes the old cloak; and, just as the supposed maniac was about taking the dreadful leap, his faithful guardian seizes him firmly by the arm, exclaiming,

"Och, not so fast, my gay fellow! you sha'n't commit so great a sin this time if Paddy Malone can help it!"

And, sticking fast to the wondering eccentric, he replaced his cloak and slippers, and led him in safety to the hotel, amidst the merriment of half the people in the borough, who had been drawn together to enjoy the fun.

"Under a law of the State of Pennsylvania, passed April 14, 1851, the widow and children of every decedent are entitled, as against creditors and 'the rest of mankind,' to such real or personal property as they may elect to retain, to the amount of three hundred dollars; and it is made the duty of executors and administrators to have the said property appraised, and an inventory and certificate of the same filed in the Orphans' Court.

"Letters of administration were granted by the Registrar of Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, to Judge Smith and David Jones upon the estate of Lewis Jones, deceased. The Judge belonged to that 'ornamental' class of judicial officers so prevalent in this State. The administrators having appraised and set aside personal property valued at $298, under the provisions of the humane law aforesaid, proceeded, without the aid of counsel, to draw up the necessary 'papers' to be filed in court. The Judge, of course, undertook the performance of this responsible duty. We won't say

that the job was performed *secundum artem*, but our legal readers will doubtless admire the ingenuity and legal ability of the Judge. Here is the document:

"'Reed of Judge Smith and David Jones Administrators of my Decesed husband Lewis Jones the sum of two hundred and ninety-eight Dollars in Pursuance of the act of 14 April 1851, allowing three hundred Dollars to all Widows exempt from levy and sale.

"'Witness present her
"'JOHN S. JONES. TEMPERANCE + JONES.
mark

"'*August the 25th, A.D.* 1858.'"

"WE have in our village," says a correspondent, "two fine specimens from the 'Emerald Isle,' and withal both intelligent, quick-witted, and on hand. One of them, Patrick Clark by name, is a brewer; and the other, a merchant, is named Dennis B. Smith. Patrick, the other day, got up a fine conundrum, and off he started with it to enlighten Dennis. Meeting him, he said, 'Dennis, why am I like a wild beast?' intending to have him 'give it up;' and then the answer would be, 'Because I'm always a brewing" (bruin). But, as quick as a flash, Dennis replies, '*Because you are a Paddy!*' This used Patrick up, of course. 'And only to think of it,' said he, in his disgust; 'he a brother Irishman, and call me a Paddy!'

"But Dennis once got his 'come-up-ance.' The weather was very cold and blustering one morning, and every one was saying, 'It's cool again.' 'That's it!' says Dennis; 'just Luke Cooligan's name: now I'll puzzle some one.' The first one he came across was a staid citizen, of whom he asked, 'Why is the weather this morning like an Irishman in town?' intending the answer, when given, to be 'Because it's cool again' (Cooligan). But the citizen hemmed for a moment, and replied, 'I don't know, without *because it's blowing around!*' Dennis had no more to say, and left."

A FRIEND in the "Old North" writes to the Drawer: "Not many days ago business called me to Johnston County, North Carolina, and I arrived there during the week of County Court. That dignified and luminous body had just adjourned for the day. Old General H——, the father of the bar; Hon. M. R——; Major H——, of facetious memory; the young limb that couldn't see 'the pint,' George V——; 'Gus,' and a number of others of the brethren, were sitting out in front of their rooms, chatting over the 'trials' of the day. Something had gone wrong. No fun had turned up. Every body was sober, for it was only Tuesday, and the aspect of things was decidedly unpromising, when a couple of citizens, slightly elevated, approached the senior, and put the following 'case:'

"'You see, Gen'rall, my hound Beck, that was —or, as the children called her, Beck*ee*—was a fine dog, that no man's money could buy, for I've been offrid as much as five dollars for her by good judges; she was at my house, and Jim Hinyer he cum with a warrant from Squire Wooly to take me and my dog *in one and the same warrant!* sundries excepted; and so he scared the dog and she run off the land, and so he tuck up with Gaston here, on his land; and Gaston he had set a log-trap, and had baited it, as I can prove by Willoughby Newton, for he seed the bait was lamb, and he is furthermore to be summoned; as also Gordon Blake, for he says 'twas lamb, and will prove my dog not of a sheep-stealing nature, as I can also establish by as respectable a man as keeps licker here or elsewhere; and so be there was a trial on it, and the dog was not tuck by the officer, but got off as I tell yer, and was dead at the time of trial. And Squire Wooly he called in Squire Horn, and the two disagreed, and one bethrowed the plaintiff, and gin judg*ment* for the costs; and the other gin judgment for me, and allowed no appeal, and for the costs; and there the matter stood at a variance until the lawyers would come. Now, how is it, Gen'rall? We leave it to you; and I want to know ef I am to let eny man as may choose cum to my house and scare off and be the means to kill my dogs, and he not a sheep-killing, as I can establish; or sum other man is to bait him with lamb, and he die in consequence, and a valuable dog; whether my rights are to be purtected? We'll have to have a suit about it; for Squire Wooly he said, and Squire Horn both said, all was done according to *Cantwell's Jestiss.* Now tell me that; an', if the case goes on, money shall not be lacking. I will pay you, Sir; that I will. I have as many friends as any man.'

"The case is still on."

AN Arkansas correspondent writes us that "the memory of Mr. Squibob, of Little Rock, is very treacherous in respect to proper names, and many have been the occasions on which he has been exceedingly annoyed by this strange defect in his mental organization; sometimes even to the extent of being obliged to refer to some paper about his person to discover his own name. So common has this become with him that he has a sort of system by which, when thus overtaken by his faults, he extricates himself oftentimes without being obliged to make known his weakness in this regard. On one occasion, however, his cherished expedients sent him flying out of the frying-pan into the fire. He had made a trade with his neighbor, John Jones, and it became necessary that he should draw a writing in which Mr. Jones's name should appear. Squibob scribbled away very well until he came to where Jones's name should come in, when he was taken with his old fault, and came to a dead halt. He tried and tried, but the name would not come. He knew it as well as his own, if he could only think of it! He scratched his head, nibbed his pen, hoping to get at the name without the humiliation of an acknowledgment to Jones of being the possessor of such an unreliable memory; but the harder he tried to call the name to mind the farther off it seemed to go; until at last, in his despair, he bethought himself of an expedient which had often served him a good purpose; and so, pretending to commence writing again he asked Jones, without looking up, how he spelled his name?

"His neighbor very slowly spelled it out—'J-o-n-e-s.'

"Squibob, seeing what a predicament he had got into, thought he would come out with flying colors by another expedient which, in such cases, had often served him a good purpose; and so he very composedly remarks—as though he, of course, knew Jones's *surname*—'Your *christen* name, I meant.'

"Jones again slowly spelled out—'J-o-h-n.' Whereupon Squibob *caved;* and, to save his reputation as to his knowledge of orthography, made,

then and there, full confession of his weakness aforesaid, and of the expedients with which he had attempted to hide it from his neighbor."

Squire Grubb, of Pike County, Illinois, had been a hard drinker; but when Washingtonianism swept over the Western country he joined the army of its converts, and made speeches on Temperance in as temperate a spirit as could be expected of a political candidate and stump speaker. He took occasion, in one of his slashing harangues, to allude to one of his former boon companions as "a certain man who is a public nuisance." Doubting if he was the individual meant, his old friend stepped up to the Squire, who stood, after his lecture was finished, surrounded by applauding friends, and inquired who he "alluded to, just now, as a nuisance?" The Squire put himself in as dignified an attitude as it is possible for a short, wiry man with red hair and freckled face to assume, and replied,

"As *Solomon* said to David, 'Thou art the man!'"

His party friends gave him an overwhelming majority that fall on the strength of that Scriptural quotation.

Mrs. John Trip was once at a court in Hartford, as a witness against one of her sons, between whom and old John a fierce quarrel had arisen. Lawyer Chapman, of waggish celebrity, was for the defendant. As Mrs. Trip was expatiating at great length on the exceeding vileness of her son's conduct, Chapman suddenly stopped her, and inquired blandly how many sons she had. After thinking a moment, she answered, "Seven." The lawyer started back, as if struck with great astonishment. "A remarkable coincidence! remarkable! Just the number that Mary Magdalen had devils cast out of her!"

Another time, when Chapman was badgering a witness, he did not, according to his own account, come out quite so smoothly. A man had been knocked down by his neighbor. The witness had seen the blow given, and was doing her best to describe the scene. But Chapman, who was for the defendant, was not easily satisfied.

"*How* did he strike him, my good woman, *how?*"

"Why, yer see, Sir, he stood—"

"But how did he *hit* him? I want to know just how?"

"I'm a tryin' to tell yer! Ye see, Ike was a stanin'—"

"I can't stop to hear all that again! I want to know *how* he hit him. You can tell a straight story, can't you?"

The woman hesitated, and seemed trying to consider what to answer; when he bellowed forth, as if the whole fate of the universe depended on her testimony,

"If you have come here to testify in this case, would you have the goodness to tell me how that blow was struck?"

The witness looked at him with blazing eyes, and, shaking her clenched fist at him, answered,

"If I had a broomstick, and was near enough, I'd show you how!"

Two doctors, one of divinity and one of medicine, flourished in the same New England village. The "cure of souls" to the former belonged; the latter doctored the bodies that held the souls. But the reverend doctor was fond of prescribing for the sickly sheep of his flock; he would practice as well as preach, greatly to the annoyance of him whose duty it was to dispense pills and potions to the perishing people. And what made the matter more intolerable was that the pious pastor spread himself on one plaster; and for all ills that flesh is heir to prescribed one and only remedy—a carrot poultice. Had the sick man fever or fits, a broken leg or a pain in his head, sore eyes or the colic—hit or miss, if the minister heard of it, he advised the inevitable carrot poultice.

The church bell was cracked. A parish meeting was called to devise ways and means to remedy the evil. To mend the bell or get a new one?—that was the question. The venerable pastor learnedly discoursed on bells—their make, and how to repair them when they are damaged. He was done; and the medical doctor stood up and said, he was pleased with what had been said, and perhaps the bell could be cured in the way their excellent pastor had proposed; but he would suggest the application to the fracture of a warm carrot poultice!

The *application* was seen and felt. The indignant pastor left the house. A rich and benevolent parishioner offered to give a new bell. It was bought; and while it *tolled* the people to prayers it *told* the minister to mind his own business, and let M.D. apply the poultices when they were needed.

"And why not empty your Drawer every month, and not keep a fellow waiting half a year to see himself in print?"

The sole and simple reason, O inquiring reader! is that sometimes the Drawer overflows, and the lighter things that float on the surface run out to sea, or to be seen, first; while the weightier and better things, that will keep, are kept till another time. "Let us be patient," saith that longest of fellow-poets, and all will come along in due season.

In Demarara, South America, was a Judge—there called stipendiary magistrate—who rejoiced in the name of Barrel. He was noted for being hard on the sailors, who were often before him. One night the Judge was returning home on foot from a dinner party, and, being top-heavy, fell into the canal. It was easy to fall in, impossible to get up the steep bank without help, for which he lustily roared. Two sailors passing heard him floundering like a walrus, and calling out, "Who's that in thar?" the Judge cried out, "It's the stipendiary magistrate, *Barrel;* help!" "*Barrel*, is it?" returned Jack; "well, keep the bung up and you'll float!" And they floated on.

In the Pennsylvania coal "diggins," one Sabbath morning not long since, the Rev. N. G. P—— was delivering an excellent sermon on the deluge. During the sermon, and while the speaker, in thrilling and excited tones, was exclaiming, "And the waters are still rising higher and *higher* and higher!" a Scotch engineer in one of our mines, who, fatigued by the work of the night before, had fallen into a doze, awoke with a start; and, at the top of his voice, exclaimed, "Sandie! *Sandie!* 'tis time to start the muckle engine!"

Here is something about the children:

"I have a little five-year-old, who is very pious,

and a little red-headed three-year-old, who is accounted a great vixen.

"The elder walked out into the garden one beautiful morning, and, looking up, with her deep, dark eye full of thought, said,

"'Good-morning, my Father in heaven; I thank you for this beautiful morning.'

"In a severe thunder-storm which occurred the other day, little red-head was very much alarmed. Her mother said, 'Do not be afraid; your Father in heaven holds the lightnings in his hand.'

"She replied, 'Oh, yes, I know that; but you know, Ma, the lightning is so slippery I am afraid he might let it slide when he didn't mean to!'"

"THE sunlight of our house is a four-year-older named Lambert. Now Lam is particularly fond of Sundays, that day being to him the shortest of the week. Why Sunday should be his peculiar choice is a point which sometimes puzzles me, and I can only account for it by his love of music, and especially organ, or loud music, as he calls it.

"A few days ago he was sitting on the front steps of the house, when a boy, in passing, remarked to his companions that he hated Sunday, as he did not know what to do with himself. Lam immediately jumped up and asked the boy if he didn't want to go to heben.

"'Yes,' replied the boy, 'I suppose so.'

"'Den go to church and hear big music, and you'll feel heben all day Sunday.'

"The idea of heaven being all day Sunday is a good many sermons in few words."

BILLY was four years old and tired of keeping Sunday all day; he asked his mother to make a tail to his kite and help him fly it.

"Oh not to-day, Billy, it's Sunday."

"Well, Ma, let's just make believe it's Monday." Smart that, for Billy.

"A LITTLE girl, eight years old, was last week going along Sixth Street, when she passed where a Dutch butcher was killing a calf. Surprised at a sight that seemed to her so cruel, she stopped and gazed at the little animal until its life was extinct, when she turned to the butcher and said,

"'Doesn't it make you sick to kill such a little calf?'

"'Oh no,' said the Dutchman, '*it iz a very healthy bizness!*'"

ABOUT fifteen years ago there was considerable excitement and feeling respecting a Senatorial election then pending in Savannah. The Democratic candidate was Judge M'Allister, a man eminent both at the bar and the forum. His opponent (Whig) was a wealthy merchant, of German extraction, who had but little to say. The Whigs were successful, and Snider was elected. At the expiration of the term the same parties were again in the field. At a Democratic meeting Mr. Millan, a witty Irish lawyer and stump speaker, was advocating the claims of Judge M'Allister, when he introduced the following story:

"Once upon a time a countryman of his wished to purchase a parrot. A friend offered to sell him a bird; remarking that it was quite young and had not yet learned to speak, but if he would take pains with it he could teach it almost any thing. So the bargain was concluded. Pat bought the bird and carried it home. Some years afterward, meeting his friend, he was asked how the bird came on? Pat replied that 'it had not learned to spake yet, but had done a dale of thinking!' Mr. Millan then said, The bird was an owl! and so it was with Mr. Snider. He had been two years in the Senate, had not yet spoken, but no doubt he had done a 'dale of thinking.'"

A BALTIMOREAN writes: "On a last summer trip I visited the Delaware Water Gap, where, one evening after tea, the gentlemen being congregated upon the portico, the conversation turned upon Spiritualism. Each one had something to say upon this subject; some relating the marvels they had witnessed, others speaking contemptuously of the whole subject as an unmitigated humbug. Among the latter was a stout, jolly-looking old gentleman, who gave audible vent to his unbelief by exclaiming,

"'Gentlemen, I will tell you a little anecdote which illustrates the whole subject in a nut-shell.'

"Of course all listened, and he went on to say:

"'Old Judge P——, who lives near Easton, had a Dutchman working for him who was continually boasting of "what they could do in Germany"—asserting that many persons there had the power of charming snakes and wild beasts, rendering them perfectly harmless for the time; while others could not be killed or wounded by bullets, but could invariably catch the ball in their hands from any weapon discharged at them. This latter power the Dutchman professed to be master of, boasting of his willingness to stand up and be shot at when any one desired to test it.

"'The old Judge had heard this boast so often that he determined to give the Dutchman an opportunity of proving his power. Taking his rifle, and inviting some friends to see the fun, he informed Hans of his intention, who exclaimed, with a great deal of confidence, "Oh, you may shoot; I catch de ball; no bullet can kill me!" "Now, Hans," said the Judge, as he proceeded to load his rifle, standing at a distance of about a dozen yards from him, "you know I am a dead shot, and I shall bore a hole through you, *sure!*" "Oh, shoot away! You can't hit me; I catch de ball in my hand!" exclaimed the Dutchman, as he undauntedly faced the Judge. "Very well, then; I shall be sure to kill you if you don't catch the ball," said the Judge, at the same time taking deliberate aim at the Dutchman; when, just as matters were becoming serious, the Dutchman suddenly threw up his hand, and cried out, "Shtop! shtop! By jings, maybe it won't do for dish country! But if it was in Germany I be *sure* to catch de ball!"

"'And this,' continued our fat friend, 'is the way with Spiritualism—by jings! it won't do for *dish* country!'"

YANKEE DOODLE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

To the Editor of the Drawer:

"SIR,—I am an ill-used individual. I ask you to give voice to my sufferings, and I beseech the public to lend an old friend a sympathizing ear. You and I are old friends. So are your readers, all old acquaintances of mine—all old friends.

"Sir, I am that venerable and patriotic tune surnamed Yankee Doodle. Nearly seventy years have I lived and flourished in this happy land, cherished and protected. But, in these latter days, I am the victim of a vile conspiracy, of which concert-rooms are the scene of action, foreign whis-

kerandoes the malignant plotters, and, alas! my own friends too often the approving lookers-on! Sir, you know my history and my merits. I was, indeed, a British foundling. But, Sir, the universal Yankee nation has adopted me. I am proud of the connection. Sir, I flatter myself that the advantage has been mutual. I have served that nation long and well. From a thousand screaming fifes, on a thousand bloody fields, I have cheered them on to victory. Millions of youthful lips my strains have puckered in their first harmonious effort. A hundred times my liquid notes have been 'married to immortal verse,' and of *me* has the poet beautifully said,

"'Twill do to whistle, sing or play,
—And jest the thing for figh-tin'.'

Sir, I have a right to be indignant when I am insulted and made game of.

"Why is it, Sir, when one of your foreign Crowderos, your bewhiskered fancy fiddlers, has tickled his audience with his capering fingers, till they call him out again—why is it that I am to be dragged out and tortured for an *encore?* What have I done to be served up so—'Yankee Doodle, *with variations!*' Sir, I am not played, I am shamefully played *with*, smothered in 'ornaments,' strangled, bedeviled, *fiddle-de-deed to death!* Sir, I do not deserve this. I am a simple, well-meaning, old-fashioned tune. I am of a cheerful temper; I have reason to believe my mother was a Jig, and you know the Jigs are a merry family. But, Sir, the Jigs don't go crazy—they don't turn summersets, and rush up and down like mad, growling and screeching, and whizzing, and pirouetting through the gamut, with one leg poised on the base, and the other quivering among the harmonics! Sir, they make *me* do that! Yes, Sir, *me*—Yankee Doodle—the National Anthem of this great Republic—*me* they put through such shameful antics, as if I were a dancing dog, or an organ-grinder's monkey! And, with bitter malignity, they boast that I have been well *executed!* Have they not troops of brazen *Cavatinas* and *Arias*, *Fantasias* without modesty and *Airs de Ballet* of supple limb, that I must be seized upon? Do I deserve to be disguised in the trappings of a Fantasia? Sir, imagine your own respectable grandfather tricked out and capering as a *figurante?*

"I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, and to a generous and attached public, to interfere in behalf of an oppressed old friend. Under the pretense of homage to my popularity and patriotism, I am cruelly tortured. If you will not save me, I'll break the fiddle-strings myself, if I perish in the attempt!

"Your abused and indignant friend,
"YANKEE DOODLE."

DURING a sojourn of old Colonel J. B. D——, of Chotauk, Virginia, with a friend at Culpepper Court House, an Association of the clergymen of the neighborhood was held at that place. The friend, who was a zealous member, entertained the ministers one day at dinner. The company for some time conversed upon a variety of topics connected with the Church and the cause of religion, during which Colonel Jack sat silent; but feeling ambitious of displaying his knowledge or interest in religious matters, he, at the first pause, commenced a question which unfortunately was not permitted to be finished.

"Parson C——," said Colonel Jack, "tell me, was it the Virgin Mary or Mary *M'Daniel* who—"

Here he was saluted with a shout of laughter, long-continued, which smothered the remainder of the inquiry. We fear the Colonel's theological investigations have not been since resumed, or his information in regard to Mary *Magdalene* increased.

FATHER ROLLINS, out in Wisconsin, was preaching from the words, "He that believeth shall be saved." He opened at considerable length with a general view of the subject, and then, concentrating his force, proceeded to a *critical exegesis* of the text in this wise:

"My brethren, I wish to direct your attention closely and particularly to the *wording* of this Scripture, as thereby to reach the very meat and substance of it. The text says 'He that believeth:' observe, my brethren, it does not say he that *believes*, nor he that believed; but it plainly and expressly declares it is he that believ*eth* who shall be saved. Mark, my brethren, the force, in the Scripture, of the little word *eth!*"

Perhaps they did mark it; but what the good preacher meant was more than the wisest of them could tell.

IN the most beautiful town in North Carolina, where have been born and have bloomed her fairest daughters, and where for a number of years shone in undimmed radiance the brightest intellects which have ever ornamented and blessed her—in the court-house which has so often been graced with the elegant oratory of a Gaston, or startled with the flashing wit or bitter irony of a Stanley, the following very amusing incident occurred:

An old court-crier, who had grown gray in the cause and as deaf as a beetle, was in the habit of calling the names of witnesses (which he generally managed to get wrong) from the second story window of the court-house, in such a stentorian voice as to be heard with distinctness for a square or more. On one occasion, in the course of a very serious and somewhat important suit, the presence of a witness, named Arabella Hanks, was needed. The crier, like a parrot, sat nodding on his perch, when he was aroused from his slumber by an order from the Court to call the witness. Looking anxiously at the Judge, with his hand at his ear, in order to catch the sound correctly, he said,

"What, your Honor?"

"Call Arabella Hanks," said the Judge.

Still in doubt, the poor crier arose from his seat and said again, with a much-puzzled look,

"What, your Honor?"

"Call Arabella Hanks, crier, and delay the business of the court no longer!" said the Judge, much provoked.

The old crier, thereupon, with a countenance indicating both doubt and desperation, proceeded to the window, and in his loudest voice called out,

"*Yaller* Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! come into court!"

It is needless to say that the seriousness of the court-room was convulsively dispelled; and quiet was restored only to be again disturbed by the laughter caused by the crier, who, in answer to the Court as to whether or not the witness answered, said, "No, your Honor; and I don't believe there is such a person in the county, for I've lived here forty years, and I never *he'erd* of him before!"

THE Drawer acknowledges the receipt of a mag-

nificent poem, dedicated to the Emmet Guards of Pittston, Pennsylvania; but its length forbids its gracing these pages. Take a stanza or two by way of a specimen:

Come all you Pittston Heroes, and listen unto me,
I'll sing for you a patriotic song of praise and dignity;
As I mean to sing your praises, for which we have so much regard.
For with joyous times I will compose these lines for the Pittston Emmett Guards.

Beneath the American Eagle our Company was organized,
And by our Brigade, Major Harvey, our Company was patronized;
All honor and respect he paid to us, and he said he would us reward,
For on that day Major Harvey did say they are the Pittston Emmet Guards.

VERY sad, but sadly true, is the following fearful incident, which occurred not long since at a cemetery not far distant from Wheeling, Virginia:

Theodore, a bright boy of thirteen, had died. His brother, Hanson, but five years of age, seemed to regard his death as a commonplace affair, and all attempts to rouse him up to a consciousness or seriousness on the subject were vain. He seemed unchanged—unmoved.

The funeral *cortége* reached the grave; the solemn burial-services were read; and the old sexton commenced the work of covering the remains, but no sooner had the first lump of clay fallen upon the sounding box than little Hans, who had stood regarding the impressive services without a sign of emotion, suddenly raised himself to his full height, and, with clenched hands and a look of defiance that seemed fearful, he exclaimed, in a shrill voice, arresting instantly the attention of all, "Old man, stop! I'll kill you if you cover my brother up in that dark hole!" and, with a wild maniac scream that sounded piercingly mournful, he fell motionless to the earth. The great deep of many hearts was broken up, and tears fell like rain-drops.

OUT in Arkansas, a correspondent says that in reading a newspaper, printed in the year 1810, he finds several anecdotes which he commends to the Drawer. Here are four and no more:

"A vain fellow, who commanded a small vessel, but who tried to appear bigger than the captain of a first-rate man-of-war, told his cabin-boy one day, that he had company coming on board to dine; and that when he asked him for the silver-handled knives and forks, he must tell him they were gone on shore to be ground; and answer in the same strain any other questions he might ask. He did so. The knives and forks went off very well. The next question was, 'Where is that large Cheshire cheese, boy?' 'Gone ashore to be ground, Sir!'"

"On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, there is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers traveling that way: 'N.B. When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river.' But this is still surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent Roads, in England: 'This is the bridle path to Feversham—if you can't read this, you had better keep the main road.'"

"The following anecdote lately occurred at Boston. A lady having cut an advertisement out of a newspaper with an intention to send it to the printer for further information, pinned it upon her gown. A gentleman (to whom she was partial) observing that it began with 'To let,' asked, '*At what price*, madam?' She looked at the piece, and perceiving his drift, answered, '*At the price of your hand*, Sir.'"

"The Duke of R——, going on horseback, upon a visit to a worthy clergyman at Nacton, near Landguard Fort, to take the diversion of shooting, desired a simple rustic about sixteen, who was servant in the family, to take care and rub down his horse, and not give him any water, when the lad replied, 'Yes, maister—no, maister,' on which the groom, who stood by, severely rebuked him for his rudeness, telling him that the person who alighted was a great man, 'and whenever he bids you do any thing,' said the groom, 'you must be sure to say *Your Grace*.' Young Hob treasured up in his memory the advice which he had received; a few days after, when the Duke mounted his horse, he bade the lad take the stirrup a hole lower; the boy, with great solemnity, answered, '*For what we are going to receive the Lord make us thankful!*'"

THIS, from Mystic, is very good in its way. Cursing is rarely to be commended, but in this case it seems to have been well defended:

"In times 'langsyne' old Mr. Crocker, of the then pastoral village but now beautiful city of Norwich, went to buy some corn of neighbor L——l; but though he had enough and could have spared some, he refused to sell any. Corn was scarce, yet Crocker knew that Farmer L——l had a goodly quantity of golden ears in his crib, and was, therefore, very wroth at the refusal. He could get no corn, so he cursed L——l soundly and went his way. Now swearing, in those times, was a grave offense in the eyes of the law, and on L——l's entering a complaint, Crocker was summoned to appear before Justice Hyde to answer the complaint. He came into the court with his Bible under his arm, plead guilty, and then plead his own case. Opening the Good Book, he turned to Proverbs xi., 26, and read, 'He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him: but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.' 'God curses him, I curse him, and now do you curse him, Squire Hyde, for one of your curses is worth two of mine, and *do* all of *you* gentlemen curse him.'

"He won his case and was dismissed without being fined.

"Once, when called upon to hand in to the Assessors his tax list, he wrote this:

"'One old house all out of repair,
Two hogs, two sheep, and a poor old mare:
Thus you have my honest list,
Pray don't let the toll exceed the grist.'"

"IN the county of N—— they have no 'Poor-house,' and whenever a pauper appears he is quartered upon some kind old citizen, the county paying his expenses monthly.

"Old Elam H—— had one of these vagrants to board, and at every meeting of the Board of Police presented his bill, which was regularly paid. The old fellow being very fond of whisky, and the last 'drap' having disappeared in the usual way, bethought him of an expedient to raise the wind and, at the same time, the *sperits*. He called on the Probate Clerk with a long face, and told him the old pauper was dead and he wished the money im-

mediately to bury him decently. The cash was drawn from the County Treasury, and Old Elam went on his way rejoicing with his 'keg full.' At the next session of the Board, however, the monthly bill of expenses was, as usual, laid before them. Mr. H—— was called on to explain this little discrepancy, as the books showed the pauper dead and his ferriage over the Styx was already paid.

"Old Elam scratched his head, when his countenance brightened. 'Well, gentle*men*, when I left home that day the old fellow *war*, to all appearance, dead as a possum. I don't know how to account fur it, *on*less maybe the old chap was in a sort of *trance*.'"

"During the last session of our Circuit Court two of our citizens were arraigned for infracting our laws by getting up a small fight between them. It is the privilege of such offenders, in this State, each to make a statement of the facts before His Honor, the Judge. One of the belligerents, a Mr. P——, was remarkably slow of speech, and very deliberate in his actions. After the statement of his rival was concluded, Judge H—— called Mr. P—— to the stand.

"'Well, Mr. P——, please give your account of this affair.'

"'Wa'al, Jedge,' said Mr. P——, 'you see J—— there and myself had some little talk about an old matter of business, and he stated something that wasn't so, and I told him he lied, Jedge, and he knocked me down, Jedge, he did; and he caught hold of my whiskers, Jedge, and he dragged me two or three yards over the ground, Jedge; and—'

"'But,' says Judge H——, interrupting, 'Mr. P——, was you hurt or frightened much during the time?'

"'Wa'al, Jedge, I can't say that I was frightened, but I was *tre*mendously *fatigued!*'"

This is very neat, and it has a moral, too.

"We have, in this city of Western New York, a clergyman full of faith and zeal, whose aim is to teach his flock to cleave to 'the promises.' The 'line upon line' of his preaching is faith in God, and in his family he urges the power of that faith.

"He has a little boy and girl, both bright. Not long ago, they were together on the roof of their father's house, and had gradually worked their way nearer to the eaves than was safe. Of course, they became somewhat alarmed; and the boy, in fear, called out to his sister, 'Libby, you hold on to me, and I'll hold on to the promises.'"

"'The promises' consisted of the inner casing of the open scuttle!"

Another story, "The dipped Candle," sent by the same correspondent, has been around here before.

The Rev. Dr. Chapin is well remembered throughout Connecticut for his eccentricities and humorous sarcasms, as well as for his great ability as a preacher. For many years he was pastor over the church in Rocky Hill—so long, indeed, that a hole of considerable size had actually been worn by his feet through the oak flooring of his uncarpeted study, in the place where he had been accustomed to sit while writing. Many anecdotes are told of him, but the following, never in print, are furnished by an admirer of the Drawer:

"Some years ago it was the custom in Connecticut for the ministers of the adjacent parishes to meet together for religious purposes, when one of their number, particularly one of the younger members, would deliver a sermon for the rest to criticise. On one occasion the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. W——, an exceedingly long-limbed, awkward divine, who had just received his license. When it came to the Doctor's turn to make his criticisms he began,

"'I don't know but that some might call this outreaching of arms (suiting the action to the word) *gesturing*, but, for my part, I call it *lobstering*.'"

"A spruce young divine was once considerably taken aback when making a pilgrimage to the Doctor. As he drew near the house, seeing a rough-dressed old man, he called out,

"'Old codger, can you tell me where Dr. Chapin lives?'

"The old gentleman, without noticing the rudeness of the speech, directed him to the house. The young man was duly ushered in, and informed that the Doctor would be in within a few moments. Judge of his surprise when in walked the same old codger, and announced himself as Dr. Chapin!"

An Alabama little one has his smart speeches prettily reported in the following letter:

"My little son Harry is quite an oddity in his way. On one occasion, as I was walking out with him and a younger brother, Ovid, Harry became frightened by a cow, whereupon I laughed at him, and, in order to shame him, called him a coward. After going on a little way further, Ovid got frightened at a large hog, and came running back to me, crying out, 'The hog will bite me!'

"'Papa,' said Harry (who is, by-the-by, only four years old), 'ain't Ovid a *hoggard?*'

"On another occasion, at the dinner-table, when the plates were being removed for dessert, Harry said: 'Mother, what are we going to have?' His mother replied: 'Wait and see, my son.' And when the pudding was brought on he turned very gravely to his mother and exclaimed: 'Is that the *wait and see?*' since which time 'wait and see' has become proverbial with us.

"He is a very matter-of-fact child, and takes every thing in its literal sense. I was teaching him to count the holes on a flute. He commenced one, two, three, and skipping one kept on with four, etc., when I interrupted him with 'Don't skip; now commence again.' He began one, two, three, four, *don't skip*, five, etc.

"At another time, when his mother was talking to him about death, and telling him when he died he would be a little angel and fly up to heaven on wings, he exclaimed: 'Mother, will the sky be hard to break?'

"Once my mother wanted the garden-rake, and it could not be found, and she set all the servants to looking for it. We had a little negro boy named Milas, a very bright little fellow, who joined in the search. After a while he came trotting up, with his face all aglow, as though some bright idea had struck him, and cried out:

"'I know where the rake is.'

"'Where is it, Milas?'

"'Lost!'"

From Wiesbaden, in German land, a correspondent of the Drawer writes:

"We had a regular row in the Kursaal the other day. Some impudent fellow, English or Amer-

ican, put upon the reading-room table a few copies of the inclosed parody on Mary Howitt's 'Spider and the Fly,' and the croupiers got their bile up at it. I snatched up the one I now send you for the Drawer; almost all the others were consigned to perdition. Some of your readers (!) may get a hint about these gambling hells if you print the parody. I think the writer would have done better to use the word 'sharper' instead of 'sponger.'

THE SPONGER AND THE FLAT.

(*As sung at Baden-Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems, every Summer.*)

AIR—"The Spider and the Fly."

"Will you walk into my Kursaal?" said the Sponger to the Flat,
"'Tis the richest, gayest Kursaal that ever you were at.
The way into my Kursaal is up this granite stair,
And I've got many curious things to show you when you're there."
"Oh, no, no," said the simp'ring Flat, "to ask me is in vain,
For they who mount your granite stair well fleeced come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary now of walking here and there—
Will you rest upon my cushioned seat, where lounge the young and fair?"
The Sponger said unto the Flat, with a twinkle in his eye,
While his wicked soul planned artful snares to catch the passers-by.
"Oh, no, no," said the Flat, "because I've heard my mother say
That those who on your cushions rest you cruelly do flay."

Said the cunning Sponger to the Flat, "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm and true regard I've always felt for you?
I have within my Kursaal good store of all that's nice:
I'm sure you're very welcome—'tis hot—pray take an ice."
"Oh, no, no," answered him the Flat, "kind Sir, that can not be;
I've heard what's in your Kursaal, and I do not wish to see."

"Now do walk in," the Sponger said, "for here you're sure to find
A host of wealthy beauties, all the gems of womankind;
I'm sure you'll make a conquest there among their flutt'ring hearts,
For they seek for men of noble mien—for gentlemen of parts;
Come, sit then at my table, where they play at rouge et noir,
There you'll see a row of beauties as you ne'er have seen before;
Win freely, at your pleasure, from my heaps of glitt'ring gold,
And find that Fortune kindly gives her favors to the bold!"
"I thank you, gentle Sir," he said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And, wishing you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The Sponger turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Flat would soon come back again;
So he made a corner ready at his table of roulette,
Where, close by, a brother Sponger, winning rapidly, was set;
Then he came out to his door again, and said, with cunning wile,
"Come try your fortune, noble Sir, and win this golden pile,
Here beauteous women sit and play, and stake their souls for gold—
Come, make a noble fortune now—success attends the bold."

Alas! alas! how very soon this very verdant Flat
Came simp'ring to the Kursaal, and at the table sat;
With wistful eyes he saw the prize the cunning Sponger won,
Not knowing what a web of craft around him had been spun;
Thinking only of his noble mien, and the heaps of glitt'ring gold,
And beauty sighing at his feet—of winning wealth untold—
When up the Sponger started from his roulette-table lair,
And cleaned him out of all his cash, and laughed at his despair.
He plucked him at his table, and he fleeced him in his den,
Reduced him to a beggar, and—then drove him out again!

And now ye Flats who travel, and this sad story read,
To idle, silly, flatt'ring words I pray you ne'er give heed;
When Kursaal harpies tempt you, forget not what they're at,
But take a lesson from this tale of the Sponger and the Flat.

A PARTY of jolly boys started in a *jolly* boat for a cruise to Albert Head. Of course "schnapps" was the meat and drink of the crowd, and before long a few were the worse for *wear*. At night the party hung up their blankets on the floor, and hung themselves up on the blankets, preparing for a deadly warfare against flies, fleas, and beetles. After a few occasional squibs popping from one to another, sleep threw her mantle over them and made their couch more agreeable. Early in the morning, they were awakened by their host, who, from the balmy state of the atmosphere, the quietude of the sea-beach, and the absence of women, proposed to the party to arouse themselves and take a bath. Harry, however, was still asleep when John pushed him roughly and bawled in his ears,

"Come, Harry, let's all take a swim!"

Harry, whose head had been swimming all night, and upon whose liquid dreams hovered thoughts of previous sprees with a glorious wind-up of a cocktail in bed, in the morning, as an eye-opener, aroused himself, and, gradually turning over, said,

"Boys, just oblige me, I'll take my swim in bed, if you will hand it to me."

"Drunk still!" was the ejaculation of the boys.

A YANKEE and a British American were conversing about the future growth of the resources of Vancouver Island, etc., when the Yankee jibed this "brother of the same language" about the want of cattle to support a large population, and intimated that the inhabitants would depend upon California and Oregon to furnish their animal food. Her Most Gracious Majesty's subject replied,

"You are entirely mistaken, my dear fellow; we've plenty of cattle on the 'ills, *but we can't overtake them!*"

It became a by-word on Yates Street for a while after.

IN the earlier days of Virginia, about the year 1812, when party spirit between Democrats and Federalists ran very high, particularly in the Loudoun district, unusual excitement prevailed in the contest for Congress between Joseph Lewis (Federalist) and William Brent (Democrat). Abraham Thomson Mason, a man of warm friendships,

strong passions, and great courage, took a very active part in the contest, as an ardent but imprudent friend of Brent. He was constantly involving himself and others in broils by his intemperate zeal, often doing more harm than good to his cause. His brother, John Thomson Mason, who had withdrawn from public and professional life, was living in retirement on his estate in the adjoining County of Washington, in Maryland. He was as devoted a Democrat as his brother; but, unlike him, was a cool, reflective, prudent man, and withal a man of great humor. Abraham had great confidence in his judgment and wisdom, and in his perplexities as to how Joe Lewis was to be beaten and the *country saved*, he bethought himself to consult his brother in Maryland upon the subject. The *vast importance* of the issue was made known, and advice and counsel asked. The Maryland brother agreed to reflect over the matter, and give the result in the morning. The morning came, and with it the anxious inquiry if any scheme had been devised for the defeat of Joe Lewis? The reply was, "Yes, Abraham, I think I have it. Go home at once, and come out *yourself* for Joe Lewis; and if that don't beat him, nothing will!"

Of course the remedy was not resorted to, and Joe Lewis was elected.*

A Western contributor draws a graphic picture of a scene in Court:

"Our quiet village was recently thrown into a state of great excitement by a case of infanticide. The young mother charged with the horrid crime was brought to trial. Crowds thronged the court-room to hear the examination of witnesses and the speeches of counsel. The ladies came too, and mingled with the multitude. In the evening an old lady, on her way to meeting, turned in with the crowd into the court-room, and was borne along to one of the highest seats. One of our smart lawyers, Mr. Hinton, was getting warmed with the subject, and when he is warmed he is hard to be beaten. He came now to describe the murder: the little innocent babe, looking up, perhaps, with a smile into the face of the unnatural mother, who seizes it with her monster hands—and as the tears began to flow from the eyes of judge and jury and the silent audience, the old lady screamed, at the top of her voice, 'Glory! glory! bless the dear baby!' The shock was too much for the Court. The transition was sudden, but complete. The good old woman was led out of court, remarking, as she went, it was the best sermon she ever heard in her life."

During the Twenty-seventh Congress, in 1841, the colossal statue of Washington—which, at the time, and since, has excited so much criticism—had just been completed and delivered to the Government. What disposition to make of it, or where it was to be placed, were questions that involved much contrariety of opinion among members of Congress. Mr. Adams at the time was a member of the House. He admired the statue as a work of Art, and manifested much interest that it should have such a conspicuous position as was worthy of the subject and the skill of the artist. He said he had given the subject considerable attention, and had come to the conclusion that the southwest corner of the rotunda of the Capitol was the proper place for it, for in that position it would arrest the attention of all who entered the Capitol. Mr. Stanley, of North Carolina, replied, that it was quite probable the member from Massachusetts was correct in his views; but, as a preliminary question, he would move for the appointment of a committee of Virginia abstractionists, to ascertain where *the corner of a rotunda was!* Mr. Adams, from his seat, in his usual shrill voice, responded, good-humoredly, "I give it up!"

In one of the frontier counties of Illinois, while thinly settled, there resided *a lawyer*, in name, rather than in legal learning. He had great contempt for books and forms of every kind; and in the management of his business relied more upon (to use his own expression) "the broad and glorious principles of common sense" than upon adjudged cases. He had the entire *swing* of the legal business of the county. The increasing population and business of the county finally attracted another lawyer from New England—a man of some pretensions, at least, to a legal education. It was not long before the two rivals were brought in professional conflict before the Court. The Yankee lawyer opened his case with considerable system and with some show of learning, and, to the great astonishment of all present, he was fortified with a number of books to support his points. A case in Johnson's (New York) Reports was a decision precisely in point; and he, accordingly, triumphantly rested his case upon that authority. The Illinois advocate arose to reply. He deprecated this innovation of *reading books upon questions of common sense;* but especially did he protest against placing any confidence in *reports*. "For," said he, "the Court is well aware that, in nine cases out of ten, *reports* are great *lies;* but, in this instance, I regard the conduct of the counsel as insulting to the Court. He has not only asked you to believe *reports*, but whose reports, do you think? Why, Bill Johnson's, down on Cedar Creek! who, may it please your Honor, is known to be the biggest liar in Knox County!"

The New England lawyer removed to an adjoining county forthwith.

On opposite sides of the same street in Newburyport, Massachusetts, lived two boys, four summers old—Frank and Johnny.

Frank was a pattern of good nature and good breeding; while Johnny was a "grim, mischief-making child," and conjured up to his mother's view the ghost of many a prison from the vasty deep of coming years.

One day Johnny had been playing some of his wicked pranks, and had been brought to the "inquisition," when his mother, in the course of her lecture, exclaimed, "Why will you be so naughty? Why won't you be a good boy, like Frank?"

The urchin looked up, and with great gravity replied, "Because I am afraid to be a good boy."

"Afraid!" said his mother; "why, what in the world are you afraid of, Johnny?"

"I am afraid," he answered—"I a-m a-f-r-a-i-d, if I should be a good boy, they would *burn* me, as they did John Rogers!"

His fear saved him the *fagot* at that time, whatever its effect on the *fire*.

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* These two brothers were the uncles of A. T. Mason, of whose death at the hands of Colonel M'Carty we gave such an interesting account in a recent number of our Magazine.

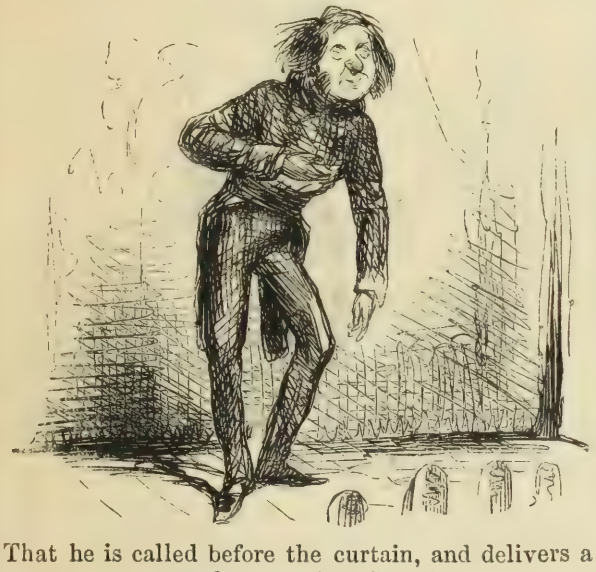
Experience of a Dramatic Author.



Dionysius Bellerophon, having completed his great American play, is very much elated thereat.



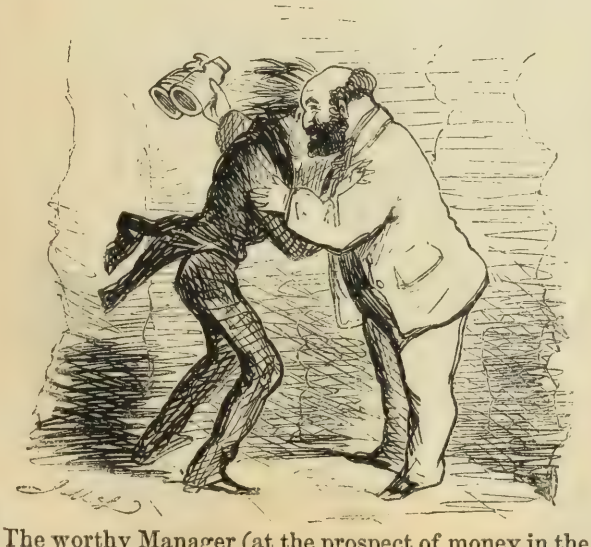
Luxuriates in dreams, viz., That his play has been received with terrific applause. And—



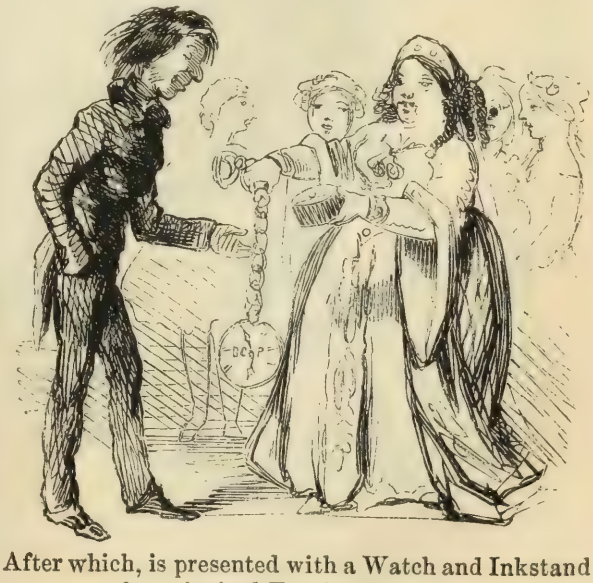
That he is called before the curtain, and delivers a neat and appropriate Speech—



During which he is almost suffocated with the multitude of bouquets, etc.—



The worthy Manager (at the prospect of money in the Treasury) embraces him with tears in his eyes.



After which, is presented with a Watch and Inkstand by principal Tragic Actress;—



Supes, drawn up in Battle-array, crying "Bravo! Bravo!"—



And last, but not least, is invited to take a big drink by all the Dramatic Critics.



Reality: Overture—Curtain rises. First hiss! D. B. has a peculiar sensation.



Forty-thousand hisses, yells, etc. Play d—d. Cries for Author. D. B. appears to thank Audience—



When he is received with a shower of strong-smelling Testimonials.



Grand finale.—D. B. carried home on a Wheel-barrow, Policeman bearing original Manuscript.

Fashions for January.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Sortie du Bal and Morning Toilet.



FIGURE 3.—YOUNG LADY'S EVENING DRESS.

THE SORTIE DU BAL which we select for illustration is characterized by simplicity and elegance. It is made of white Cashmere, with a wide border of pink silk plush, upon each edge of which is a trimming of swansdown, a third row also ornamenting the centre of the plush upon the shoulders. A cable silk cord, with colored tassels to match, completes the trimming. The coiffure is of chenille silk, with pearls, and a pearl fringe. The hair is worn according to individual taste and the style of face.

The MORNING DRESS is of dark green merino, with the berthe, frill, sleeves, and skirt-front of plaided poplin. The ornaments consist of narrow tartan-plaid ribbons and brandebourgs, with a black cording which outlines the plaid. The jupe is of Nansouk, and flounced.

FIGURE 3 is designed for an Evening Dress for a Miss of 10 or 15 years. The frock is of taffeta, trimmed with narrow ribbons; body *à la Vierge* plaited before and behind, the plaits meeting under the sash.



FIGURE 4.—PINE-APPLE UNDER-SLEEVE.

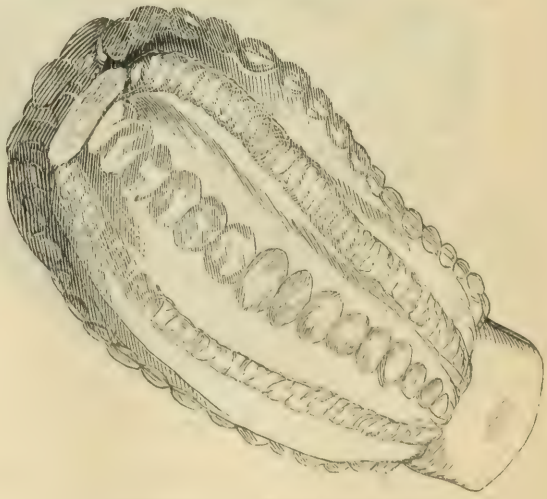
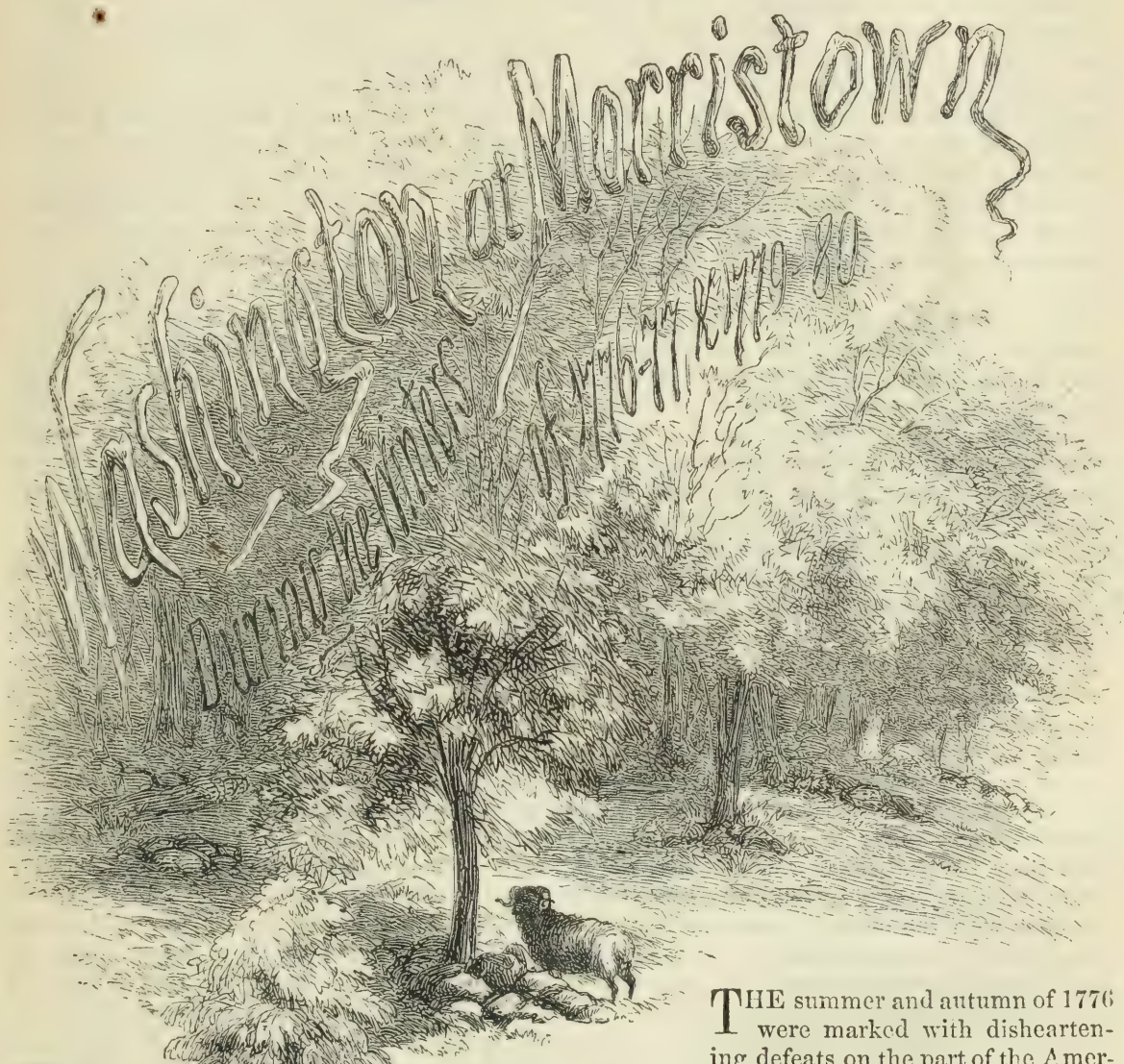


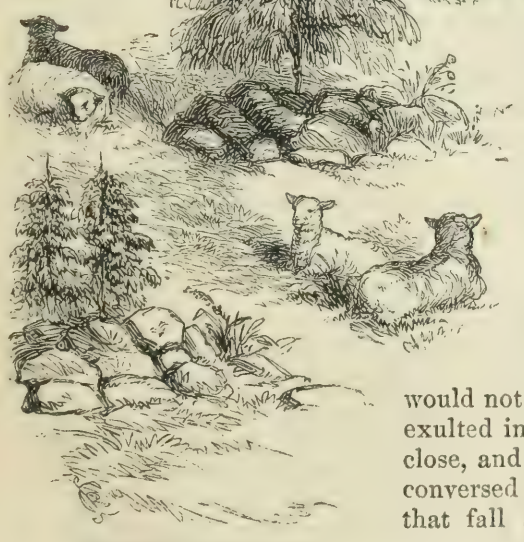
FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CV.—FEBRUARY, 1859.—Vol. XVIII.



THE summer and autumn of 1776 were marked with disheartening defeats on the part of the American army. General Greene, Washington's ablest officer, was unable, by reason of sickness, to participate in the Battle of Long Island. In September Washington was sorely tried by the conduct of two regiments of militia at Harlem Heights, and in November, at Hackensack, he experienced "great mortification" at the surrender of Fort Washington, "with two thousand men, a good deal of artillery, and some of the best arms we had." He declares to his brother that he is "wearied to death with the retrograde motion of things, and solemnly protests that a pecuniary reward of £20,000 a year would not induce him to undergo what he does." The enemy exulted in the prospect of bringing the rebellion to a speedy close, and the patriots were proportionately depressed. I have conversed with several aged people who resided in Newark that fall and saw both the retreating Americans and their pursuers. Many times have these witnesses described the for-



CHIMNEY FOUNDATIONS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

lorn and hopeless aspect of the fugitives, and the vivacious and hopeful aspect of the enemy in pursuit. The season was wet and the roads were almost impassable. The old soldiers were wont to call this dreary march "the mud-rounds." I have read the copious notes taken by a pension agent from the lips of scores of Revolutionary soldiers, and most of them speak of that march as attended with very peculiar sufferings and hardships. Old Mr. David Gordon, cheerful at the age of ninety years as a bird, often spoke of "the mud-rounds" with a shudder, and he was better off than many of his fellows, for he had shoes. The weather was in keeping with the occasion, and yet all who saw him then declare that Washington appeared entirely calm and confident, as if he were a conqueror at the head of an enthusiastic army.

I need not stop to detail the brilliant achievements of Washington at Trenton on the 26th of December, 1776, the 2d of January following on the banks of the Assunpink, and on the succeeding day at Princeton. There is one fact which I do not remember to have seen mentioned, showing what our army did on the 2d and 3d of January, 1777. Scarcely had the soldiers rested from the extraordinary fatigues of crossing the Delaware on Christmas night, the march on Trenton the next morning, the recrossing of the Delaware into Pennsylvania, when they were summoned to new hardships. Again they crossed the Delaware to Trenton and took position on the south bank of the Assunpink. Feeling his situation to be critical, Washington, on the night of 1st January, ordered General Cadwallader, stationed at Crosswicks, and General Mifflin at Bordentown, to join him immediately with their troops. This they did that night. The next day strong parties were sent out to skirmish with the enemy, so as to retard their movements as much as possible. It was known that Cornwallis, with a strong force, was marching from Princeton, so that the 2d of January was an anxious day for the Americans. About sunset of that day the enemy came up, and the sharp but brief action at Assunpink was fought. That night Washington stationed his guards, kindled his camp fires, and had parties throwing up breast-works to deceive the enemy. In the dead of night the retreat commenced by a circuitous route for Princeton, which can not be less than fifteen miles. The next morning the Battle of Princeton was fought and won, and Washington pushes his army on to Kingston, three miles beyond Princeton. There it was decided not to venture an attack on New Brunswick, but to bear off to the left through Rocky Hill and Pluckemin for Morristown. Accordingly the Americans, a large part of whom had not slept for two nights, all of whom had not slept for one night, marched that night to Pluckemin, a distance of some eighteen or twenty miles from Princeton! That is, our brave men had fought the severe battles of Assunpink and Princeton and marched over thirty miles within some thirty hours. It was a great achievement.

The memorable "mud-rounds" retreat through New Jersey preceded the victories at Trenton and Princeton, and the enemy found the "fox was not bagged," and the rebellion not yet ended. The correspondence of Washington after these victories shows how they had cheered both him and his countrymen. He speaks of the ardor of the Eastern regiments to protract their time of service, and also of the fact that the militia were pouring in from all quarters. He says, "The enemy have evacuated all the country below; they went off in the greatest hurry and confusion."

It may not be uninteresting to state in this connection that many of the Hessian prisoners taken at Trenton were employed afterward in the iron-works of Morris County. John Jacob Faesch, owner of the Mount Hope Furnace, and Lord Stirling, owner of the Hibernia Furnace, in the vicinity of Rockaway, took a large number of the Hessians as operatives. A number of these remained and settled in that region after the war was concluded. The Government furnished Faesch with muskets to quell any insubordination among these prisoners.

From Washington's letter to Congress, December 20, 1776, we learn that he "had directed three regiments to halt at Morristown, in Jersey—where I understand about 800 militia had collected—in order to inspirit the inhabitants, and as far as possible to cover that part of the country." These were Eastern regiments, which reached Morristown about the middle of December. A letter from General M'Dougall to Washington states that these were "Gratton's Regiment, with 250 men; Bond's Regiment, with 100 men; and Porter's Regiment, with 170 men; in all, 520 men." On account of General M'Dougall's illness General William Maxwell, a spirited officer from New Jersey, took the command of these troops at Morristown. A letter from Washington to Maxwell, December 30, speaks of four regiments as at that point, the fourth being made up of the militia commanded by Colonel Jacob Ford, Jun. This latter officer had been "charged with the duty of covering the retreat of Washington through New Jersey," and he commanded in a skirmish with 800 of the enemy under General Leslie, who had landed at Elizabethtown Point and advanced as far as Springfield. The alarm of the invasion was spread through the county of Morris, and hundreds of her patriotic citizens hastened to aid in driving back the enemy. One young man, Mr. Samuel Beach, was teaching school at Lyon's Farms, but when the alarm was given he dismissed his school and shouldered his musket, which he used to very good effect. His sister, the late venerable Mrs. Colonel Jackson, of Rockaway, declared that he was black as a negro when he reached home, so that she did not recognize him until he spoke. The enemy so warmly met retreated. This skirmish at Springfield was on the 14th of



MAP OF THE VICINITY OF MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

(From a MS. map by R. Erskine, F.R.S., used by the army, 1778–80. Names in *Italics* are not in the original.)

December, 1776, and must not be confounded with a second battle at the same place in 1780.

On the 22d of December Colonel Ford led his troops back to Morristown, and from a statement made by General Maxwell we learn that, while on parade on the morning of December 31st, he was seized with "a delirium in his head; that he was borne off by a couple of soldiers, after which he never rose from his bed. During his illness a double guard was mounted before his door." He died on the 11th of January, 1777, and by command of Washington was buried with military honors. It is worthy of remark that this regretted officer was soon followed to the grave by his father, Colonel Jacob Ford, Sen., who died on the 19th of January, having been a leading citizen in Morris County from the time of its organization.

Colonel Jacob Ford, Jun., was connected with an enterprise which proved of signal importance to the country during the war. Both he and his father were men of large means. The son was an enterprising man, who some years before the war had erected several forges west of Morristown for making iron. He was the first owner of the Mount Hope property, which afterward, under Faesch, produced shot largely for our army. Early in 1776, as I learn from a manuscript in the New Jersey Historical Society, the younger Ford agreed with the Provincial Congress of New Jersey "to erect a powder-mill for the making of gunpowder, an article so essentially necessary at the present time." The Congress agreed to "lend him £2000 of the public money for one year, without interest, on his giving satisfactory security for the same, to be repaid within the time of one year in good merchantable powder;" the first installment of "one ton of good merchantable gunpowder" to be paid "on the 1st of July next, and one ton per month thereafter till the sum of £2000 be paid." I have reason to infer that Colonel Ford's "good merchantable gunpowder" did service that winter at Springfield, Trenton, Princeton, and in many other places. This powder-mill at Morristown, projected and built by Colonel Ford, was an important affair, and deserves mention in connection with his name, and especially as this mill was one constant temptation to the enemy to attempt to reach

Morristown, and as constant a reason why the citizens of Morris County so stoutly defended their strongholds that it is said a detachment of the enemy never did enter the county.

On the 6th or 7th of January, 1777, Washington reached Morristown, and took winter-quarters at the Arnold Tavern. The house is still standing, although somewhat changed since it sheltered its most illustrious guest. It is on the west side of the square, and is now owned by William Duncan. In 1777 it was owned by Colonel Jacob Arnold, the efficient commander of a company of light horse, a detachment of which was on duty as body-guard of Governor Livingston. The Arnold Tavern at that time was a two-storied house. The first floor was divided into four rooms, a hall running from front to rear. The two rooms on the south side of this hall were occupied by Washington, who used the front room as a general office and sitting-room, and the back room for a sleeping apartment. Tradition states that it was in this house he was so sick with quinsy sore throat that serious fears were felt lest he should not recover, and that he was asked whom he considered most competent to succeed him in case of his death. His reply pointed out General Greene as that man.

After the Battle of Princeton the enemy went into winter-quarters at New Brunswick. On reaching Morristown Washington wrote: "The situation is by no means favorable to our views; and as soon as the purposes are answered for which we came, I think to remove, though I confess I do not know how we shall procure covering for our men elsewhere." And yet, when we consider how easy the communication was between Morristown and the posts on the Delaware and Hudson, how easy the passes leading into Morristown were to be guarded, how admirable the position for gaining intelligence concerning the enemy, and, moreover, the fact that Morris County was settled with a highly patriotic population, it may well be questioned whether Washington could have found a situation better adapted to his wants.

Let us glean a few facts from old books and manuscripts, and also from eye-witnesses who until recently were living to tell what they had seen. These facts will show what was the condition of things when Washington spent his first winter here. The records of the courts show that the pecuniary embarrassments of the people were very great. The mass of the people were Whig in sentiment and action. Thomas Millege, of Hanover, a wealthy land proprietor, had been elected sheriff of the county, but writes in April, 1776, that he has scruples of conscience about the oath of office. His scruples finally led him to join the enemy, and his large estate was confiscated. I have before me an old manuscript which states that after the war Millege ventured back to Hanover, and that the people appointed a committee of three officers, who waited on him "without any ceremony, and told him that he must be out of the place by sunrise next morning, and never be seen in Hanover again, or he would be drummed out of the county on a wooden horse. Before sunrise he went, and has not been seen here since."

The merits of the Declaration of Independence were sharply discussed by the people, and the late Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green remembers that his father, widely known as Parson Green, held "many an ardent controversy with an English emigrant, a man of considerable property, and not a little hauteur, who had drunk deeply into Toryism." This Tory was alarmed at a threat of a coat of tar and feathers, and induced Parson Green to write for him "a humiliating statement" to be read on the next Sabbath publicly. This was done, the man standing up while his confession of the sin of Toryism was read from the pulpit. The man then started for Morristown to have Dr. Johnes read the same confession there during the afternoon



THE FAESCH HOUSE.

service; but the Doctor declined to do it. I state the fact to show how popular the Independence cause was, which could compel a Tory to such a humiliating step. In Pequannock township there were some beautiful farms belonging to the patriots, which certain Tories expected to get when confiscation should take place. The patriots in that region held long and frequent consultations in the house of a Mrs. Miller, whose sturdy counsels had great weight with her neighbors. In Mendham, with very few exceptions, the people were patriots. Captain David Thompson, a devout elder in the Presbyterian Church, and noted for his eloquence in prayer, said, "We can look to Jehovah when all other refuges fail;" and the Captain's wife declared to the numerous soldiers whom she entertained without charge that "nothing was too good for the use of those who fight for our country!" In Whippany the resolute Anna Kitchel scorned to procure a British protection when urged to do so by a timid deacon, "having," as she told him, "a husband, father, and five brothers in the American army! If the God of Battles do not care for us, we will fare with the rest!" Well said, brave Anna Kitchel! And she was not the only brave woman in Morris County. There were hundreds who cultivated the fields, and took care of the old and the young, while the men were away to defend the country.

If we go among the mountains northwest of Morristown, we find that Charles Hoff, the manager of the Hibernia Furnace, is urging Lord Stirling to bring General Knox up, in order to see if good cannon can not be cast there. In one letter he assured his Lordship that on a certain day they did cast a cannon which "missed in the breach; all the rest was sound and good." But if they made no cannon at Hibernia they made large quantities of ball and shot, as they also did at Mount Hope. The powder-mill at Morristown is making considerable quantities of "good merchantable gunpowder," which fact the enemy are known to regard with but little favor. And in order to increase the enemy's discomfort in this respect, it is said that occasionally loads of kegs, apparently full of powder, but in reality of sand, were ostentatiously conveyed from the mill to the magazine, carefully guarded with soldiers.

Among the remarkable men of Morris County at that time was Colonel William Winds, who had just led his regiment back from Ticonderoga. He was an eccentric man, with a voice like thunder, greatly beloved by his soldiers, a man of undoubted bravery and patriotism, and of whom many curious anecdotes are retained in the popular memory to this day. The pulpit of the Morristown Presbyterian Church was occupied by Dr. Timothy Johnes, whose contemporaries describe him as a mild but eminently persuasive preacher, and as a most admirable pastor. Washington was a constant attendant on his preaching both winters he spent in Morristown. Dr. Johnes was a decided patriot, and did not exclude his views from the pulpit. The Black River—now Chester—pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, who not only preached patriotism, but repeatedly represented his people in the Provincial Congress. Parson Green, of Hanover, a man of very uncommon abilities, was also elected to the Provincial Congress, and threw his influence very decidedly in favor of his country.

These facts are merely grouped together to show what was the character and the condition of the people when Washington came among them. They were not as rich as patriotic, but they did what they could, and their illustrious guest repeatedly acknowledged his obligations to them.

It is an interesting task to gather up the few facts which yet remain descriptive of the situation of the army that winter. It is somewhat singular that, in his works of Washington, Mr. Sparks does not even record Bottle Hill—now Madison—or in any way mention the fact that the principal encampment that winter was near that place. The same is true of Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution, and of other works. This hiatus can now be supplied from authentic sources. About one mile and a half from the present village of Madison, near the road leading to Morristown, was the encampment in what has been called Spring Valley, but the Indian name of it is Lowantica Valley. The highlands slope gracefully into a very fine southern exposure, well protected from the northern winds. Through this valley flows a beautiful spring brook. The encampment was on the property of one Isaac Pierson, whose daughter-in-law still survives at the age of ninety years. The facts relating to this encampment have been gathered in a manuscript by the Rev. Samuel L. Tuttle, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Madison.

A large part of the soldiers were quartered upon the inhabitants in Hanover, Whippany, Chatham, Madison, and Morristown. This was done by commissioners, of whom Aaron Kitchel, of Hanover, was one. This gentleman was a man of excellent parts, and acted a conspicuous part in the Revolutionary War. He had two houses, and gave up the larger one to the soldiers. Dr. Ashbel Green remembers that his father's family "consisted of nine individuals; and, as well as can be recollected, fourteen officers and soldiers were quartered in the same dwelling." Mr. Uzal Kitchel, a worthy farmer in Whippany, had twelve soldiers to keep that winter. It is said that he refused to keep forty-one, the number an officer wished to billet on him. There was scarcely a house in that entire vicinity in which soldiers were not billeted; and the general spirit of the people was well expressed by Mrs. Hannah Thompson, wife of Captain David, when she said to certain hungry soldiers, "You are engaged in a good cause, and we are willing to share with you what we have as long as it lasts." Noble women, noble men were those

who entertained the soldiers of Washington that winter!

While his officers were looking after the comfort of the soldiers Washington was not idle at the Arnold Tavern. Frequently he rode to the different points where his soldiers were stationed to assure himself of their comfort. Frequently with his suite he rode through Madison and Chatham to the brow of the Short Hills, whence he could overlook all the country as far as New York. Here he always kept a sentinel, who had an alarm gun—named "The Old Sow"—and the materials for a beacon fire always ready. In addition to these duties we find Washington conducting a stern correspondence with Lord Howe concerning the cruel treatment of our countrymen "on board the prison-ships in the harbor of New York." He calls it "barbarous usage," and says that "their miserable, emaciated countenances confirm" the reports which the escaped prisoners bring back. These letters did good, and taught his lordship a lesson in humanity. There are other causes of anxiety which trouble him. The term of enlistment of many of the soldiers was drawing to a close, and he entreats the President of Congress, the various Committees of Safety, and the Governors of the different States, to send him men and munitions. On the 26th of January he wrote: "Reinforcements come up so extremely slow that I am afraid I shall be left without any men before they arrive. The enemy must be ignorant of our numbers, or they have not horses to move their artillery, or they would not suffer us to remain undisturbed."

At this point I may introduce a tradition which probably is authentic. It is said that a certain man was employed by Washington as a spy to gain information concerning the enemy, but it was suspected that he carried more news to the enemy than he brought to those in whose employ he was. General Greene, who acted as Quarter-Master General, occupied a small office on the southeast corner of the public square, where the store of Mr. William Lindsley now is. One day Colonel Hamilton was in this office when the suspected spy made his appearance. The Colonel had made out what purported to be a careful statement of the condition of the army as to numbers and munitions, making the numbers much more flattering than the actual facts. Leaving this statement on the table apparently by mistake, Colonel Hamilton left the office saying he would return in a few minutes. The spy instantly seized the paper as a very authentic document, and left with it for parts unknown! It was supposed that this trick did much to preserve the army at Morristown from attack that winter.

The anxieties of Washington were to be increased by the inroads of an unexpected and dreaded enemy—the small-pox. It has been supposed by some that this disease was introduced into the American camp through the agency of the British commander, but I have seen no authority to confirm so harsh an opinion. The Morristown bill of mortality shows that, on the 11th of January, 1777, the widow Martha Ball died of small-pox. On the 24th Gershom Hatheway, and on the 31st Ebenezer Weed died of the same disease. On the 5th of February Washington wrote: "The small-pox has made such head in every quarter that I find it impossible to keep it from spreading through the whole army in the natural way. I have therefore determined not only to inoculate all the troops now here that have not had it, but shall order Dr. Shippen to inoculate the recruits as fast as they come to Philadelphia. They will lose no time, because they will go through the disorder while their clothing, arms, and accoutrements are getting ready."

Dr. Green, in his Autobiography, states that the determination to inoculate the soldiers "produced great alarm among the inhabitants." Parson Green and some of his leading parishioners had a conference with Washington on this subject, and so cogently did he defend the measure that the Hanover Committee "came back perfectly reconciled to the measure." The most of those who took the disease in the natural way died.

If we examine the Morristown bill of mortality, we find that in February the small-pox is raging in that parish. Pastor Johnes attended eleven funerals among his own people in February caused by small-pox, in March nine, in April twenty-one, and in May eleven funerals produced by small-pox. These do not include deaths in the army from the same cause. Some days Dr. Johnes attended two such funerals; and on the 14th and 30th of April he attended three each day. This terrible disease spared no age or condition; the little infant, the mother, the father, the youth, the aged, the free and the bond, perished before this destroyer. Sixty-eight small-pox funerals did Dr. Johnes attend among his own people that memorable year. And I may add that putrid sore throat, and dysentery, with other diseases, swelled the deaths in that parish in 1777 to a sum total of two hundred and five, which was one death to every one day and a half the year through. The good pastor had sorrow upon sorrow, and the bell, which still strikes the hours in the old church, never was so busy in sounding the death-knell as in that fearful year of 1777.

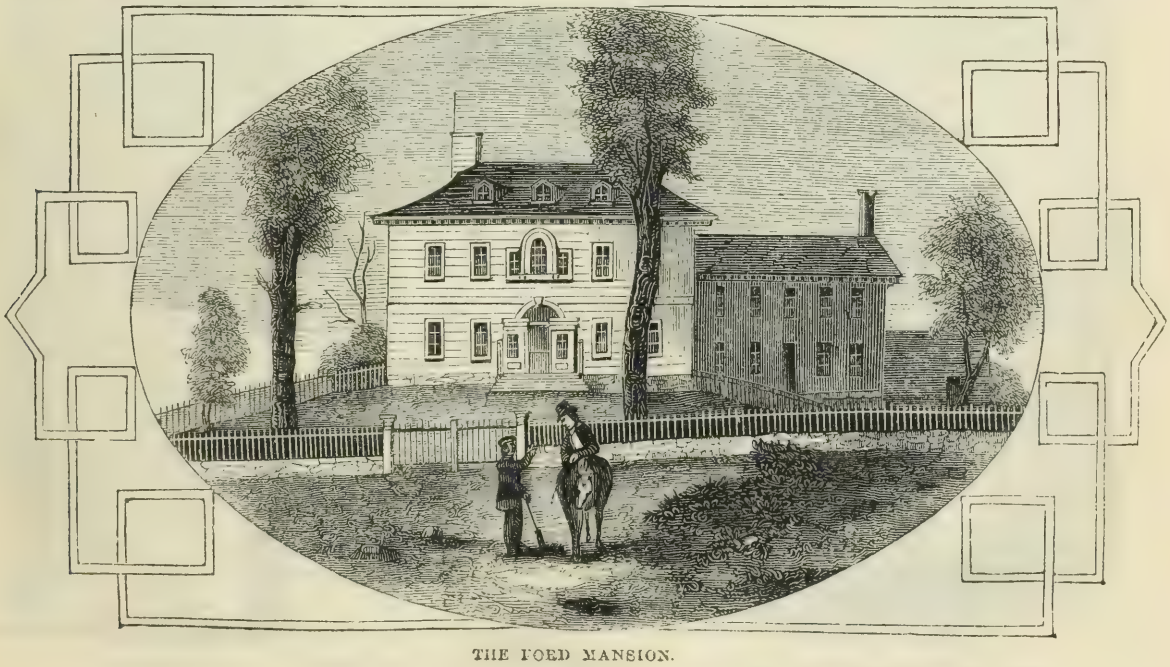
And so death carried on a warfare with both soldiers and citizens that winter, but their faith in God did not waver. It was a dark time; but they believed that "a good time was coming." Washington was not an unmoved spectator of the trials about him, which he could do but little to alleviate. That winter, so far as I can now learn, had but few of the gay assemblies common to the winter-quarters of an army. Death rioted on every hand, and dancing and death make not pleasant partners. In the spring of 1777 the old church at Morristown was used as a hospital for the army; but probably not for small-pox patients, but for those

sick of other diseases. This accounts for the fact that before Washington left Morristown that spring, as tradition says, he attended public service several times in the open air. The place of meeting was in a grove immediately back of Dr. Johnes's house. It is said that on one occasion he was occupying a chair which had been brought for his use when a woman with a child entered the assembly. Washington seeing that she had no seat immediately rose and seated her in his chair. Indeed there are many traditions which speak of the unvarying courteousness of this great man while in Morris County, insomuch so that the people not merely regarded him as the hero of Trenton and Princeton, but as the perfect gentleman. It was during this spring also that the fact occurred which is related by Hosack in his Life of Clinton: "While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay in the vicinity of Morristown, the service of the Communion (then observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church in that village. In a morning of the previous week the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Johnes, then pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday. I would learn if it accords with the canons of your Church to admit communicants of another denomination.' The Doctor rejoined, 'Most certainly: ours is not the Presbyterian's table, General, but the Lord's: and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all his followers of whatsoever name.' The General replied, 'I am glad of it: that is as it ought to be; but as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England I have no exclusive partialities.' The Doctor assured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."

On the 2d of March Washington wrote that "General Howe can not have less than ten thousand men in the Jerseys. Our number does not exceed four thousand. His are well-disciplined, well-officered, and well-appointed. Ours are raw militia, badly officered, and under no government." The balance in this account seemed decidedly against him, and yet his faith failed not.

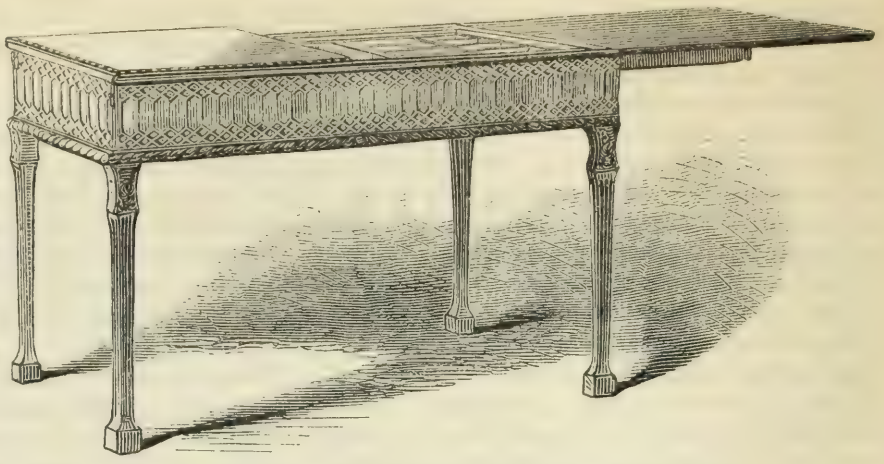
Meanwhile the entire army has been inoculated with surprising success. Divine Providence, smiling on the plan, sent very favorable weather, and suffered the disease by inoculation to assume a mild type. When the campaign opened this enemy was not dreaded. Colonel Ford's powder-mill has not been idle, but has produced a respectable quantity of "good merchantable powder." The blast furnaces at Hibernia and Mount Hope have also furnished some tons of hard balls and shot, and fitted to strike hard blows when sent by good powder. One memorable occurrence enlivened all hearts at Morristown just as the campaign was opening, and that was the news that two vessels had just arrived from France with 24,000 muskets. It was about the end of May that Washington led his army from Morristown to engage in the campaign of 1777, made memorable by the bloody reverses at Chad's Ford and Germantown.

I pass over the intervening time between Washington's leaving Morristown in May, 1777, and his return to it in December, 1779. The duty of selecting the winter-quarters had been committed to General Greene, who had reported two places to the Commander-in-Chief—the one at Aquackanock, and the other within four miles of Morristown. Greene preferred the former, and, from some manuscript letters, I infer he was chagrined that Washington chose Morris-



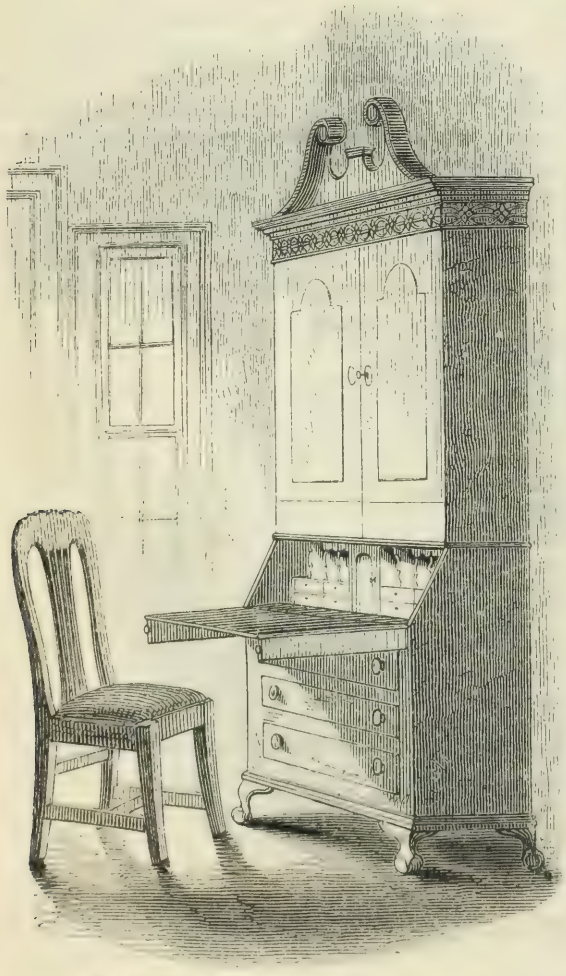
THE FORD MANSION.

town. On the 7th of December, 1779, he writes to Governor Livingston from Morristown that "the main army lies within three or four miles of this place," and on the 15th he ordered Generals Greene and Duportail to "examine all the grounds in the environs of our present encampment for spots most proper to be occupied in case of any movement of the enemy toward us," the positions to be large enough for the manœuvres of ten thousand men.

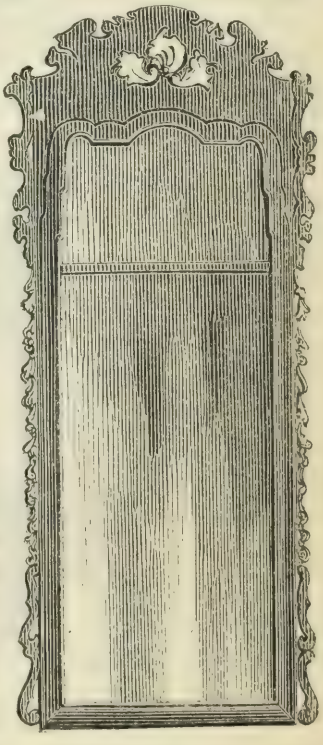


ANTIQUE ORNAMENTAL TABLE USED BY WASHINGTON.

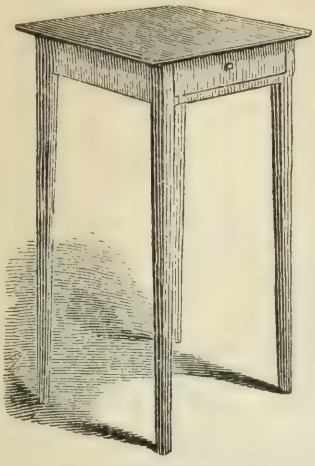
On the 1st of December Washington became the guest of Mrs. Ford, the widow of Colonel Jacob Ford, Jun., and daughter of the excellent pastor, Dr. Johnes. The fine old mansion was built in 1774 in the most substantial manner. It lies on the gentle elevation half a mile east of town, and is in full view as you approach the town on the railroad. The view from the house, in every direction, is extremely beautiful. It is a pleasing fact that this house, in which Washington lived one winter, has undergone scarcely any change since he occupied it. The same weather-boards which resisted the storms of that severe winter are doing the same service now. The spacious hall is the same as when the manly form of Washington first stood there; not a plank has been changed, and the same old double door that opened and shut for him opens and shuts for you. "The widow Elizabeth Lindsley," the honored mother of Colonel Jacob Ford, Sen., "lived almost long enough to see this house built; and if we reckon her as one generation, then we have the somewhat un-American fact that seven generations of the same family have lived in the same mansion; and, if nothing prevent, the old house is good for another hundred years at least. Excepting the matter of paper and paint, your eye rests on the same cornices, casements, surbases, windows, mantle-pieces, fire-places, and hearth-stones that were there when Washington dwelt there. I confess to be moved by very peculiar feelings in visiting a place hallowed with associations which gather around no other place in this country. Take this old chair, which Washington once used, and seat yourself by this old secretary in the hall at which he often wrote; or take this plain little table — a favorite with Washington that winter—on which he is said to have written many of those noble letters which issued from Morristown that winter; look at the very ink-spots on that table, said to be spots left by him, and then read carefully the letters which he wrote in that house; let your imagination bring back the past, not only Washington but his dignified wife, the brilliant



WASHINGTON'S SECRETARY AND CHAIR.



MIRROR.



SMALL WRITING-TABLE.

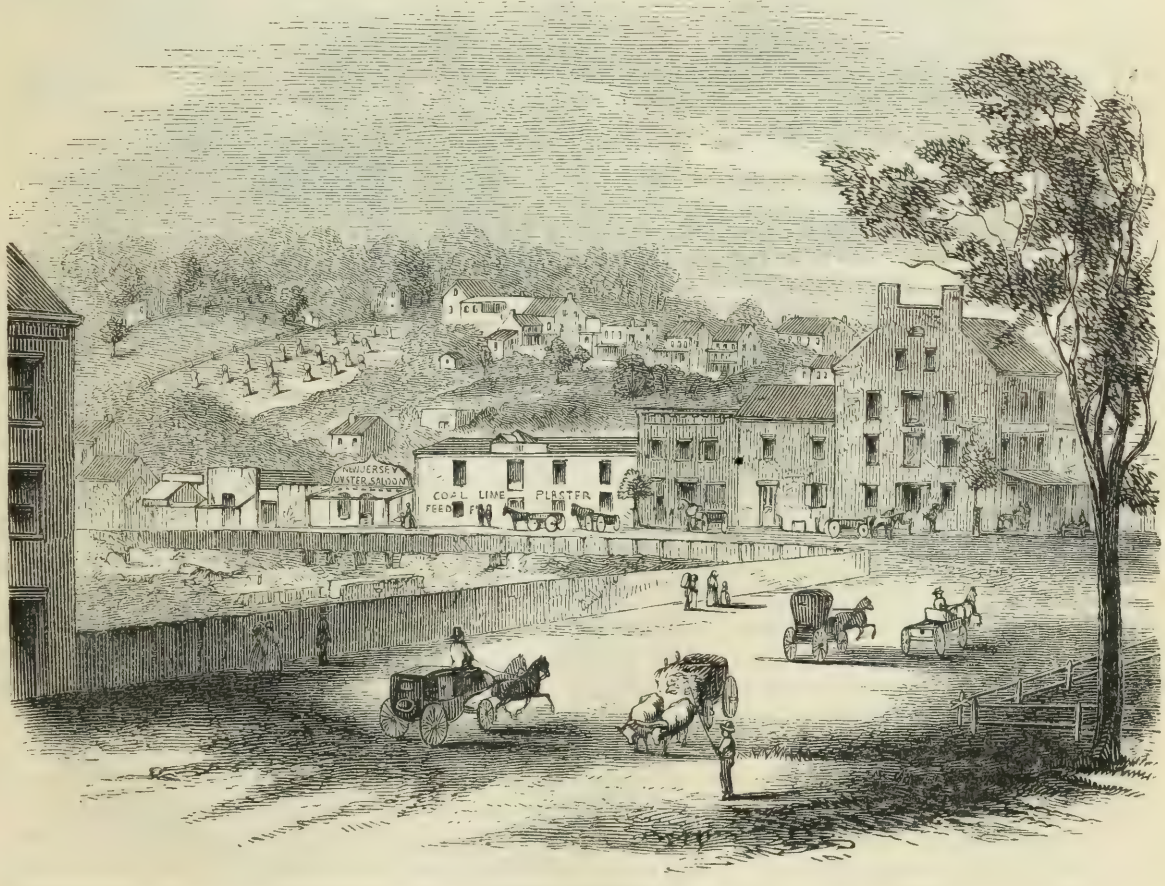
Alexander Hamilton, the recreant Quaker but magnificent soldier, Nathaniel Greene, the stern Steuben, the polished Kosciuszko, the accomplished Stirling, the noble Knox, and perhaps, as an occasional visitor there, Benedict Arnold, a Satan in Paradise, and you have the materials with which to start your emotions however lethargic they may be."

Several articles of furniture which were used by Washington are still in the house A chair and secretary are in the hall; a very pretty parlor secretary is in the parlor; in one of the upper rooms is the little table already referred to; and in the bedroom on the first floor is the very mirror which hung in Washington's bedroom.

On the 22d of January, 1780, Washington wrote to Greene; the Quarter-Master General, that "eighteen belonging to my own family, and all Mrs. Ford's, are crowded together into her kitchen, and scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they have caught." Washington occupied the southeast rooms on the first and second floors. Back of the main house a log-cabin was built as a kitchen for Washington's family, and at the southwest end of the house another cabin was built as a general office. This was occupied by Colonel Hamilton and Major Tench Tighlman. These buildings were guarded by sentinels day and night. In the meadow, southeast of the house, were cabins for the Life-Guard, said to consist of two hundred and fifty men, under the command of General Colfax.

If we pass toward Morristown we come to the house once occupied by the pastor, Dr. Johnes. In the town itself, and just back of the present building, was the old church, and in its steeple hung the very bell which still summons the people to the house of God. On the west side of the public square was the Arnold Tavern; on the south side, where now is Washington Hall, was the old magazine, and opposite that General Greene's office. Probably most of the private houses had military guests.

On the mountain back of the court-house is what is known as Fort Nonsense. There are signs of work having been done here as if in preparation for some kind of a fortification. Dr Lewis Condict says that there are two accounts given of this fort: the one is, that Washington designed to plant cannon there, with which to command all the entrances to Morristown in case of an attack from the enemy; the other and more probable account is, that Washington, finding his troops needed exercise, both for purposes of health and military subordination, set them to work at this fortification, as if it were a matter of the utmost importance in defending the stores, the people, and the army



FORT NONSENSE.



THE OLD WICKE HOUSE.

itself. Having answered its design, tradition says that Washington asked one of his friends what the useless fort should be named. The reply was, "Let it be called *Fort Nonsense.*"

The principal encampment in the winter of 1779–80 was on the Wicke and Kimball farms, about four miles southwest of Morristown. The Wicke House is still standing, and has undergone but few changes. On the outside door still hangs the heavy dog-headed knocker which has often startled the family when the army was encamped on the farm. An immense chimney-stack occupies the centre of the house, on three sides of which are large fire-places.

The camps of the various brigades were scattered over a tract of about two thousand acres. Scattered over this the remains of many chimney foundations are still visible. They can be traced for a considerable distance along the face of the elevation, which is still known as Fort Hill. This hill slopes steeply on the north, east, and west sides. On the summit there are traces of huts, but no signs of a parapet. The top was probably leveled, so that the artillery, in case of attack, could sweep the entire face of the mountain.

Let us now gather, so far as possible, what took place that winter. Dr. Thacher, in his *Military Journal,* says, that his brigade, on the 14th of December, 1779, reached "this wilderness about three miles from Morristown, where we are to build log-huts for winter-quarters." At that date the same witness says, "The snow on the ground is about two feet deep, and the weather

extremely cold. The soldiers are destitute of both tents and blankets, and some of them are actually barefooted and almost naked. Our only defense against the inclemency of the weather consists of brushwood thrown together. Our lodging last night was on the frozen ground. Those officers who have the privilege of a horse can always have a blanket at hand. Having removed the snow we wrapped ourselves in great-coats, spread our blankets on the ground, and lay down by the side of each other, five or six together, with large fires at our feet, leaving orders with the waiters to keep it well supplied with fuel during the night. We could procure neither shelter nor forage for our horses, and the poor animals were tied to trees in the woods for twenty-four hours without food, except the bark which they peeled from the trees." The whole army set to work to build huts, but the weather was so severe that the half-clad soldiers suffered greatly. "In addition to other sufferings," says Thacher, "the whole army has been for seven or eight days entirely destitute of the staff of life; our only food is miserable fresh beef, without bread, salt, or vegetables."

But lest some may think that the severity of that winter has been exaggerated, let me glean a few facts from the newspapers of the day. The *New Jersey Gazette*, of February 9, 1780, says: "The weather has been so extremely cold for near two months past that sleighs and other carriages now pass from this place (Trenton) to Philadelphia on the Delaware, a circumstance not remembered by the oldest person among us." As early as December 18, 1779, an officer writes from Baskin Ridge that "the weather is excessively cold;" and a correspondent, who writes to the *Gazette* about the expedition which Lord Stirling led against the enemy on Staten Island, states not merely that they crossed on the ice to the island, but that one of the enemy, being pursued, crossed "the Kills" to the Jersey shore on the ice—a circumstance then regarded as unparalleled, but which has been done this last winter. The Hudson River was frozen so that foot-passengers and, as I have heard old people say, even teams crossed on the ice from Jersey City and Hoboken to New York. So far as mere cold was concerned, that winter was one of unparalleled and continuous severity. Add to this the snow-storms, and we have a winter awful to be encountered by an army so poorly clad, housed, and fed as was ours.

On the 14th of December, according to Thacher, the snow was about two feet deep. On the 22d of that month an officer writes to the *New Jersey Gazette* that a snow-storm was raging. But the great snow-storm began on the 3d of January. The contemporary newspapers speak of this storm as most terrific, and I have heard old people describe it. Dr. Thacher has given us a minute description too interesting to be omitted. He says that

"On the 3d inst. (January, 1780) we experienced one of the most tremendous snow-storms ever remembered; no man could endure its violence many minutes without danger of his life. Several marquees were torn asunder and blown down over the officers' heads in the night, and some of the soldiers were actually covered while in their tents, and buried like sheep under the snow. My comrades and myself were roused from sleep by the calls



FORT HILL.

of some officers for assistance; their marquee had blown down, and they were almost smothered in the storm before they could reach our marquee, only a few yards distant, and their blankets and baggage were nearly buried in the snow. We (the officers) are fortunate in having a supply of straw for bedding; over this we spread all our blankets, and with our clothes and large fires at our feet, while four or five are crowded together, preserve ourselves from freezing. But the sufferings of the poor soldiers can scarcely be described: while on duty they are unavoidably exposed to all the inclemency of the storm and severe cold; at night they now have a bed of straw on the ground, and a single blanket to each man; they are badly clad, and some of them are destitute of shoes. We have contrived a kind of stone chimney outside, and an opening at one end of our tents gives us the benefit of the fire within. The snow is now from four to six feet deep, which so obstructs the roads as to prevent our receiving a supply of provisions. For the last ten days we received but two pounds of meat a man, and we are frequently for six or eight days entirely destitute of meat, and then as long without bread. The consequence is, that the soldiers are so enfeebled from hunger and cold as to be almost unable to perform their military duty or labor in constructing their huts. It is well known that General Washington experiences the greatest solicitude for the sufferings of his army, and is sensible that they in general conduct with heroic patience and fortitude."

This storm, so graphically described, continued several days, and we shall not appreciate the sufferings of our army if we do not remember that the huts, according to Thacher, were not occupied until the middle of February. I have conversed with the descendants of some Mendham people who baked for the army. They had it from their ancestors that for several days access to the army, even from Mendham or Morristown, was next to impossible; and an officer, under date of 26th January, 1780, writes to the *New Jersey Gazette* in a merry style, as follows:

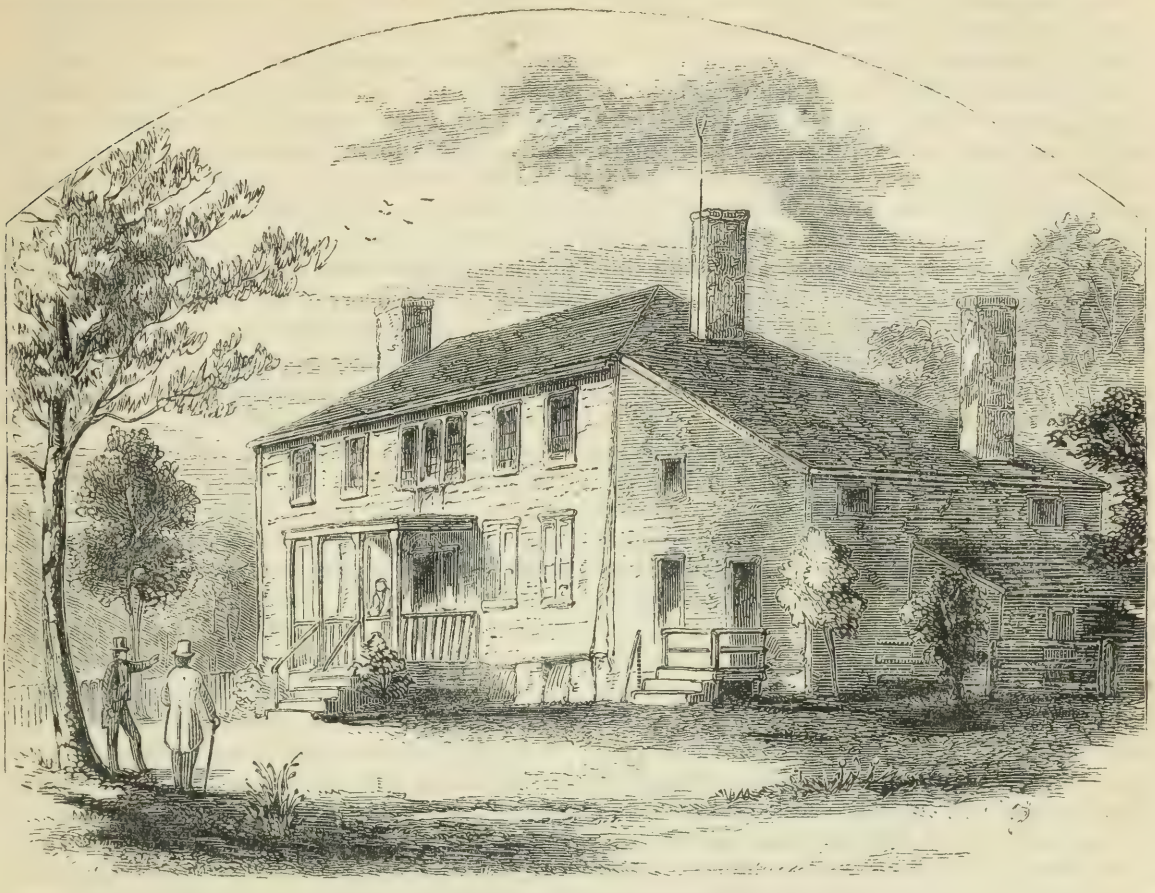
"We had a fast lately in camp, by general *constraint*, of the whole army, in which we fasted more sincerely and truly for *three days* than ever we did from all the resolutions of Congress put together. This was occasioned by the severity of the weather and drifting of the snow, whereby the roads were rendered impassable and all supplies of provision cut off; until the officers were obliged to release the soldiers from command and permit them, in great numbers together, to get provisions where they could find them. The inhabitants of this part of the country discovered a noble spirit in feeding the soldiers, and, to the honor of the soldiery, they received what they got with thankfulness, and did little or no damage."

Published accounts and tradition alike declare that Washington suffered acute distress in seeing the sufferings of his soldiers. He is said to have forced his way to the camp both to cheer his soldiers and to learn, by personal inspection, their wants. On the 8th of January he addressed a noble letter to "the Magistrates of New Jersey," in which he uses the following language: "The present state of the army, with respect to provisions, is the most distressing of any we have experienced since the beginning of the war. For a fortnight past the troops, both officers and men, have been almost perishing for want. They have been alternately without bread or meat the whole time, with a very scanty allowance of either, and frequently destitute of both. They have borne their sufferings with a patience that merits the approbation, and ought to excite the sympathy, of their countrymen. But they are now reduced to an extremity no longer to be supported." This appeal met a warm response from the magistrates and the people of New Jersey; for, on the 20th of January, Washington wrote to President Witherspoon "that all the counties of this State that I have heard from have attended to my requisition for provisions with the most cheerful and commendable zeal." To "Elbridge Gerry, in Congress," he wrote, on the 29th of January, that "the exertions of the magistrates and inhabitants of that State were great and cheerful for our relief."

It will add interest for one moment to descend from "cold generalities" to particulars. The camp was in the immediate vicinity of Mendham, inhabited by one of the most patriotic communities. The spirit of that people was properly shadowed forth in the actions and words of Hannah, wife of Captain Thompson, as she had the great kettle full of meat and vegetables for the hungry soldiers from the snow-invested camp. When the poor fellows thanked her, she said, "Eat what you want; you are engaged in a good cause, and we are willing to share with you what we have as long as it lasts!" The potato bins, flour barrels, and meat barrels of a great many good farmers in Morris County, besides those of David Thompson, of Mendham, and Uzal Kitchel, of Whippany, were freely drawn on to supply the wants of "the country's defenders." The old people have told me that winter the poultry was not at all safe, even at a distance of miles from the camp. Elizabeth Pierson, second wife of Rev. Jacob Green, "particularly lamented the loss of a fat turkey;" but the patriotic parson only showed how the people felt when he consoled his wife for her loss when he rather excused what the soldiers had done by quoting these words from the Book of Proverbs: "Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." It is said that the good man never smiled or laughed; but his eyes must have twinkled a laugh over his own apology for the rogues who stole the turkey.

Over on "Smith's Hammock," not far from the Hanover Church, Mrs. Smith has assembled the good women of the neighborhood to sew and knit for the barefooted and barebacked soldiers on the Wicke Farm. In Whippany, Anna Kitchel and her neighbors are doing the same kind of good works. In Morristown "Mrs. Counselor Condict" and "Mrs. Parson Johnes" have gathered together their friends to engage in the same business. It was so in all the region of Morris, and even in Sussex, and many a blessing did these deeds of mercy bring down on those who sent the clothes. Let the memory of those women never perish!

And here let me place the capital upon the unpretending monument I am raising to the memory of these Morris County women of the Revolution. On the 28th of December, 1779, as we learn from Isaac Collins's newspaper,



LORD STIRLING'S MANSION.

Lady Washington passed through Trenton while "the storm was raging." Some gallant Virginia soldiers, very proud of her, and also of her husband, as Virginians, paraded in honor of her, and escorted her on her way toward Morristown. She spent New-Year's Day at the Ford Mansion. She was not very beautiful, but she was a very engaging woman, whose dignity and affability of manners illustrated the high position she held. She was a graceful and bold rider, and when the weather became mild sometimes accompanied her husband in his rides to the Wicke Farm or the Short Hills, and until recently there were those still living who remembered to have seen her riding on horseback, and by the engaging courtesy with which she bowed to the humblest soldier or other person she chanced to meet, she won all hearts to herself. But to my anecdote. It was during this severe winter that several ladies, who held high positions in Morris County society, resolved to visit Lady Washington at the Ford Mansion. Among these was "Madame Budd"—as she was called—the mother of Dr. Bern Budd, who came near being hanged for uttering counterfeit money, was prominent. Madame Troupe was another, and they two headed quite a circle in this call on the distinguished Lady Washington. As one of the ladies related the fact: "As we were to call on so grand a lady we put on our best bibbs and bands. So, dressed in our most elegant ruffles and silks, we were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her *knitting, and with a speckled (check) apron on!* She received us very graciously and easily; but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without one stitch of work, and sitting in state, while General Washington's lady was knitting stockings for her husband! And this was not all. In the course of the afternoon she took occasion to say, in a very pleasant manner, that at this time it is very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we can not make ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be examples of thrift and industry! And all this while her fingers gesticulated by busily knitting stockings for her husband!"

Straws show the course of the current, and I have the copy of a paper which conveys to us a knowledge of one fact which made that winter almost unendurable. The original manuscript is in the possession of Thomas Biddle, Esq., near Philadelphia. This paper reads as follows:

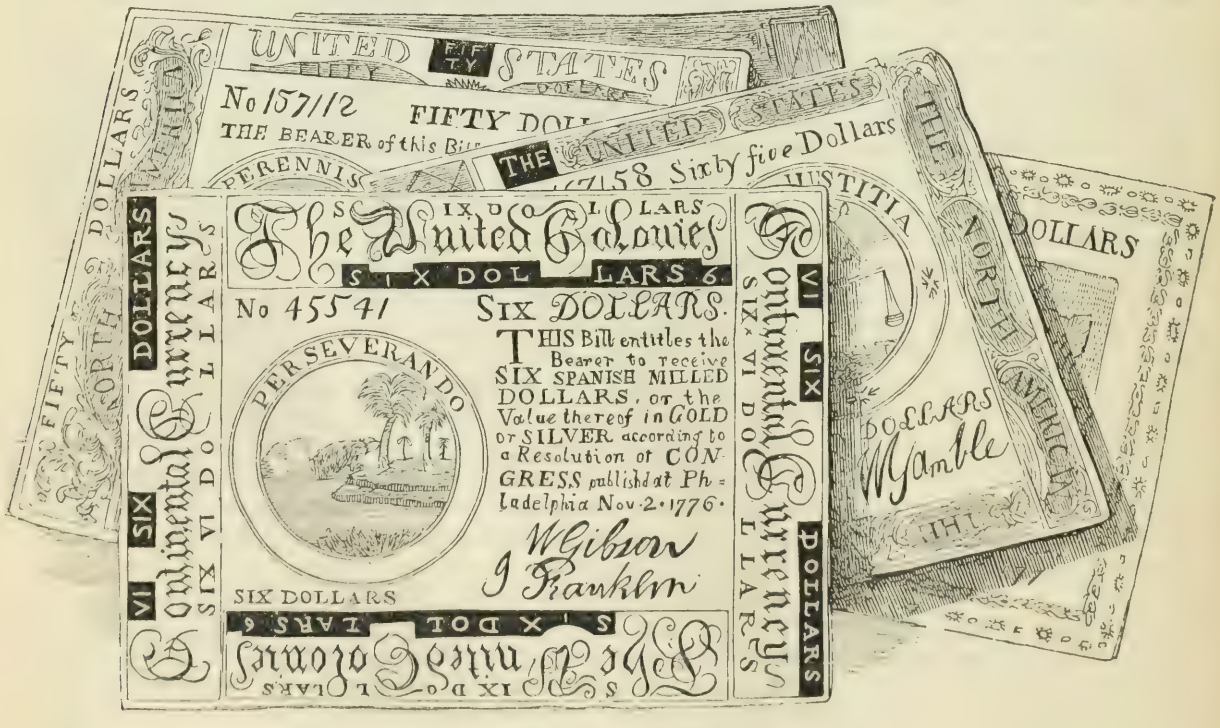
"The subscribers agree to pay the sums annexed to their respective names, and an equal quota of any further expense which may be incurred in the promotion and support of a dancing assembly to be held in Morristown the present winter of 1780."

The subscriptions to this paper are headed

by the name of George Washington; and it is signed by thirty-four persons, among whom are Generals Greene, Knox, Stirling, and Wilkinson, Colonels Hamilton, Erskine, Jackson, Hand, Baron de Kalb, and others. But it was not the names which excite so much attention as the sum which is set over against each name, which is simply "four hundred dollars," making the round sum of thirteen thousand and six hundred dollars "for the support of a dancing assembly in Morristown this present winter of 1780!" These assembly balls were held at "O'Hara's Tavern," which was probably the building in which Washington had his headquarters in 1777.

I will frankly confess this subscription paper produced an unpleasant sensation in my mind, and no reasonings have as yet entirely removed the sense of unfitness in the contrast of dancing assemblies at O'Hara's tavern and the sufferings of the barefooted, naked, starving soldiers in the camp only four miles off. Just think of what one of those men, who did not attend the assembly balls, related. It was Captain William Tuttle, who said, "There was a path which led from the Wicke House down to the Jersey camp, and I have often seen that path marked with blood, which had been squeezed from the cracked and naked feet of some of our soldiers who had gone up to the house to ask an alms!" How they suffered there, with the snow piled about them, with insufficient clothing and very scanty and poor food! And yet there was dancing at O'Hara's! But it is not my object to criticise this contrast; for dancing and dying, feasting and starvation, plenty wreathed with flowers, and gaunt famine, barefoot and wreathed in rags, are contrasted facts in other places than at Morristown, and at other times than "the present winter of 1780." My object in mentioning this subscription paper is to throw light on the currency of the day. Here were thirteen thousand six hundred dollars subscribed to pay the dancing-master and tavern-keeper for a few nights' entertainment. Nominally it is up to the extravagance of the modern Fifth Avenue; but if you will examine the advertisements of the day you will obtain light. For instance, here is an old newspaper which publishes "One thousand *continental* dollars reward for the recovery of my negro man Toney;" while, in the same paper, another man promises to give "Thirty Spanish milled dollars for the recovery of his mulatto fellow, Jack." The thirty silver dollars were worth as much as one thousand continental dollars. The entire sum subscribed by those thirty-four gentlemen, in 1780, for assembly balls, was not worth more than three hundred silver dollars. Sparks says "forty paper dollars were worth only one in specie." In the "Memorial of the officers of the Jersey Brigade to the Legislature," in 1779, they say, "Four months' pay of a private will not procure his wretched wife and children a single bushel of wheat . . . The pay of a Colonel will not purchase the oats for his horse, nor will his whole day's pay procure him a single dinner." I have seen a letter from General Greene, the Quarter-Master General, to his deputies, and their replies to him, all of which speak of the state of the currency as very nearly worthless. So that, upon the whole, we may admire the brave officers at Morristown, "this present winter of 1780," who, with "hungry ruin" staring them in the face, sought to relieve the severities of such a winter with some of the gayer courtesies of fashionable life.

There was but little fighting that winter. On the 12th of January Quarter-Master Lewis had



CONTINENTAL MONEY.

orders to gather enough sleds to convey Lord Stirling's detachment of 2500 men, on the 14th, to Staten Island; an expedition which Isaac Collins thought would serve "to show the British mercenaries with what zeal and alacrity the Americans will embrace every opportunity, even in a very inclement season, to promote the interests of their country, by harassing the enemies to their freedom and independence." During this expedition "the cold was intense, and the limbs of about five hundred of the men were frozen." On the night of 25th January a party of the enemy crossed to Elizabethtown and burned the Presbyterian Church, the Town House, and "plundered the house of Jeconiah Smith." The same night another party "made an excursion to Newark, surprised the guard there, took Mr. Justice Hedden out of his bed, and would not suffer him to dress; they also took Mr. Robert Niel, burned the Academy, and went off with precipitation." Rivington's *Royal Gazette* speaks of this Justice Hedden as "a rebel magistrate, remarkable for his persecuting spirit."

During this winter Lafayette was in France interceding for his beloved America, and did not reach this country until the last of April. On the 14th of February Dr. Thacher writes in his journal, with evident exultation, that "having continued to this late season in our tents, experiencing the greatest inconvenience, we have now the satisfaction of taking possession of the log-huts just completed by our soldiers, where we shall have more comfortable accommodations." In March he writes:

"The present winter is the most severe and distressing that we have ever experienced. An immense body of snow remains on the ground. Our soldiers are in a wretched condition for want of clothes, blankets, and shoes; and these calamitous circumstances are accompanied by a want of provisions. It has several times happened that the troops were reduced to one half or to one quarter allowance, and some days have passed without any meat or bread being delivered out." On the 18th of March Washington wrote to Lafayette, that "the oldest people now living in this country do not remember so hard a winter as the one we are now emerging from. In a word, the severity of the frost exceeded any thing of the kind ever experienced in this climate before."

In examining some manuscripts in possession of a distinguished Jersey man, I found some letters from Joseph Lewis, Quarter-Master at Morristown, to one of his superiors. In one of these letters is the following significant passage:

The Justices (of Morris County) at their meeting established the following prices to be given for hay and grain, throughout the country, from 1st December, 1779, to 1st of February next, or until the Regulating act take place:

For hay, 1st quality	£100	per ton	=$250
" 2d quality.....	80	"	= 200
" 3d quality.....	50	"	= 125
Hay for horse 24 hours	$6		
" per night ...	4		
Wheat, per bushel	50		
Rye, per bushel	35		
Corn, per bushel	30		
Buckwheat and oats, per bshl.	20		

By putting this price-current alongside of the subscription for assembly balls, we have a well-defined view of the difficulties which met Washington in keeping together some eighteen or twenty thousand men, and at the same time inspiriting them with courage to persevere in the conflict with Great Britain. Quarter-Master Lewis wrote to his superior, in January, 1780, that, if he can not be furnished with money, he shall be obliged to leave Morristown to escape the enraged soldiers. "We are now as distressed as want of provision and cash can make us. The soldiers have been reduced to the necessity of robbing the inhabitants to save their own lives." In March, the distressed little Quarter-Master became pathetic, and wrote to his superior: "I wish I could inhabit some kind retreat from those dreadful complaints, unless I had a house filled with money, and a magazine of forage, to guard and protect me!" And again he cries out, "Good God! where are our resources fled? We are truly in a most pitiful situation, and almost distracted with calls that it is not in our power to answer."

If we now return to the Ford Mansion, we find that young Timothy Ford, son of Washington's hostess, has been a great sufferer the whole winter from a severe gunshot wound received in a battle the previous fall; and among other pleasing courtesies, we are told that every morning, as Washington left his bedroom, he knocked at Timothy's door to ask "How the young soldier had passed the night?" And every one who saw these little attentions thought "how beautiful they seemed in so great a man!" "In conversation, his Excellency's expressive countenance is peculiarly interesting and pleasing; a placid smile is frequently observed on his lips, but a loud laugh, it is said, seldom ever escapes him;" and with this picture of him in mind, I love to think of the great Washington standing at the young soldier's door, with a kindly smile, asking after his health. As for his labors, we obtain some idea of these by recurring to his correspondence, now with the magistrates of New Jersey, now with Governors of the different States, now with Congress, now with his general officers — letters all full of wisdom; many of them are sorrowful, as, with a winning but energetic earnestness, he pleads for his soldiers, who are in want of shoes, blankets, bread, and almost every thing else but true patriotism, of which they did not lack. He pleads for reinforcements, with which he hopes to bear the cause of freedom on to victory. In these numerous letters he sends out the steady and valiant influences of his own self-reliant spirit, to infuse courage and hope into the hearts of his countrymen from Boston to Charleston. I love to associate these letters with the old secretary and the little ink-stained table, which still remain in the Ford Mansion.

Among the letters which Washington wrote that winter from the Ford Mansion was one to "Major-General Arnold," in answer to his letter requesting "leave of absence from the army

during the ensuing summer," for the benefit of his health. Washington writes to him: "You have my permission, though it was my expectation and wish to see you in the field." Then alluding to the birth of a son which Arnold had communicated, he adds, "Let me congratulate you on the late happy event. Mrs. Washington joins me in presenting her wishes for Mrs. Arnold on the occasion." How little any of the parties to these felicitations could anticipate the future! Before that infant was six months older his mother was raving like a maniac over the infamy of her husband, and the name of Benedict Arnold had become a stench in the nostrils of every American patriot, and is likely to continue so while the world endures.

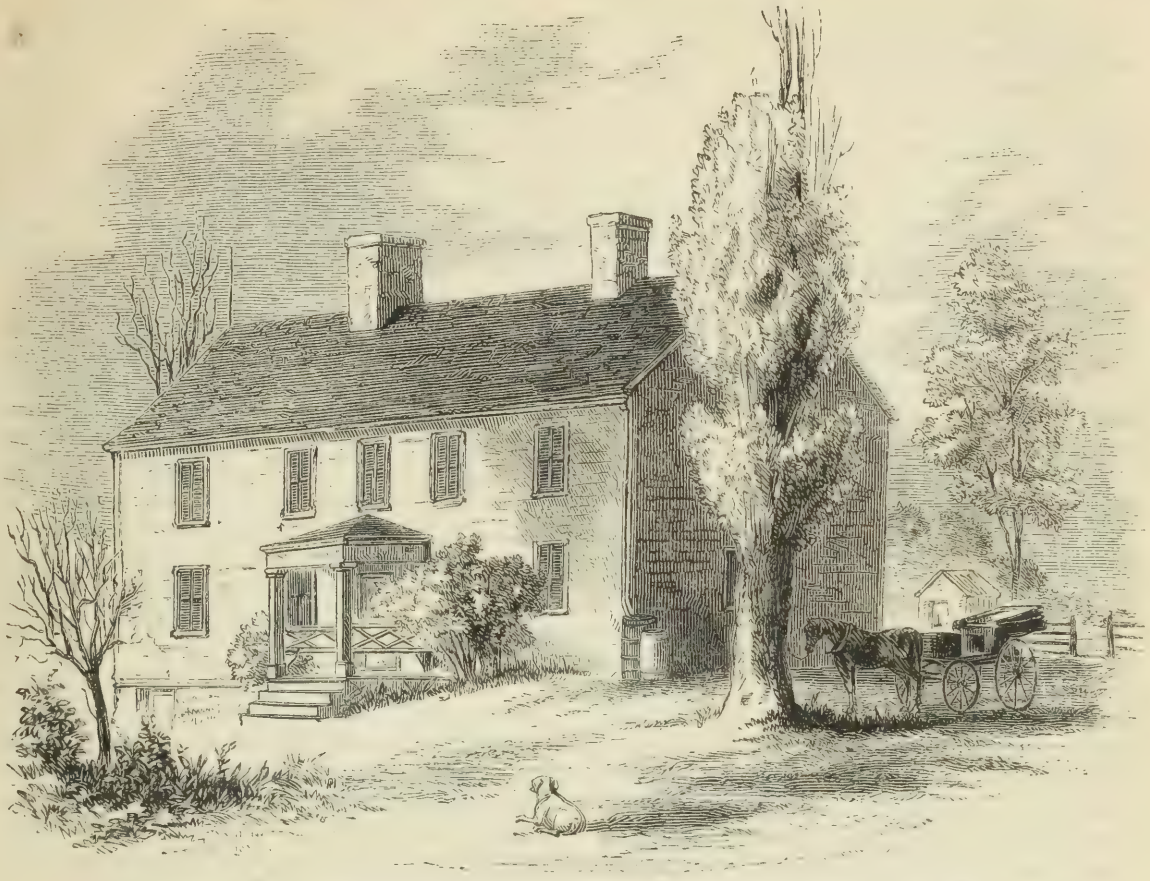
But while the officers were trying to make merry at O'Hara's tavern by indulging in dancing, and while the soldiers were hungry and shivering over on the Wicke Farm, and while Washington was animating his countrymen with the electricity of his own irrepressible hopefulness and energy, it is a happy circumstance that the much-admired and the very admirable Franklin has interested whole nations in Europe in our affairs, especially France and Spain. In April, 1780, we find that the French Minister, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, and a distinguished Spanish gentleman, Don Juan de Miralle, representing the dignity of his Court before our Congress, passed through Trenton on their way to the head-quarters at Morristown. According to the *New Jersey Gazette* this was on the 18th of April, and on the next day "they arrived at head-quarters, in company with his Excellency, General Washington. The news of help coming from France was circulated through the camp, and made it more cheerful; and now that the French Minister was to visit them, it seemed to the soldiers a proof positive that the good news were true. So that it was a great day in the Wicke Farm camp when these distinguished foreigners were to be received. Even soldiers who had neither shoes nor coats looked cheerful, as if the good time, long expected, was now at hand. General Washington has many plans to lay before these representatives of two powerful allies, and of course time did not hang heavily. On the 24th Baron Steuben, the accomplished disciplinarian to whose severe training our army owed so much, has completed his preparation for the review of four battalions. This parade was probably somewhere in the vicinity of Morristown. An eye-witness makes a large draft on his stock of adjectives in describing the review: "A large stage was erected in the field, which was crowded with officers, ladies and gentlemen of distinction from the country, among whom were Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, and lady. Our troops exhibited a truly military appearance, and performed the manœuvres and evolutions in a manner which afforded much satisfaction to our Commander-in-Chief, and they were honored with the approbation of the French Minister and all present." Our enthusiastic witness forgot to say whether Baron Steuben did or did not bring forward on that brilliant occasion any of the patriots who had no shoes or coats; but probably they did duty in camp that day, while those who were better clothed, but not better disposed, flaunted before spectators their gayest war-plumage.

"In the evening General Washington and the French Minister attended a ball provided by our principal officers, at which were present a numerous collection of ladies and gentlemen of distinguished character. Fire-works were also exhibited by the officers of artillery." So that doubtless that night of April 24, 1780, was a very merry night; rockets exploded in the air, cannons occasionally roared like thunder, and some very curious powder-inventions whirled and snapped to the vast delight of thousands who did not attend the ball. O'Hara's parlors were made as light as they could be with good tallow-candles requiring to be snuffed, and so, truly,

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

History and tradition are both silent as to what were the opinions of Deacons Timothy Lindsley, and Philip Condict, and Matthias Burnet, and especially good, patriotic, Pastor Johnes, concerning these vanities. They were patriots, and felt bound to rejoice with those that rejoiced that day; but as Presbyterians, it is doubtful whether any of them was at O'Hara's that night. One thing, however, is certain, that Pastor Johnes is feeling sad to learn that his parishioner, Jacob Johnson, on whose death-bed he has been attending so assiduously for weeks, is passing through the article of death. Jacob Johnson had been a bold rider in Arnold's troop of light-horse, but a more noted man than he was that same night entering "the dark valley," and the cheerful light at O'Hara's sheds no cheerfulness on the dying. The next day Jacob Johnson died, which, to his little children and his widow, was a much more interesting event than another which occurred the same day, when "the whole army paraded under arms," in order that the French Minister may review them once more before he makes report to his master, Louis Sixteenth.

From Dr. Thacher's *Journal* and the *New Jersey Gazette*, we learn that "the distinguished gentleman, Don Juan de Miralles," visited the Short Hills on the 19th or 20th of April, and undoubtedly admired the magnificent prospect there spread out before him. It was then, and it is now, a paradisaical prospect, which, once seen, is not to be forgotten. When Baron Steuben, on the 24th of April, had arranged the grand review of his battalions to the delight of Washington, De la Luzerne, and others, and that night, while the fire-works were flashing their beautiful eccentricities in the darkness, and the sounds of music and dancing were heard at O'Hara's, Don Juan de Miralles was tossing with death-fever. Four days afterward he died, and on the 29th of April his funeral took place



HOUSE, NEAR BASKING RIDGE, IN WHICH GENERAL LEE WAS CAPTURED, IN 1776.

in a style never imitated or equaled in Morristown since. Dr. Thacher exhausted all his expletive words in expressing his admiration of the scene, and doubtless would have used more if they had been at hand. Hear him:

"I accompanied Dr. Schuyler to head-quarters to attend the funeral of M. de Miralles. The deceased was a gentleman of high rank in Spain, and had been about one year a resident with our Congress from the Spanish Court. The corpse was dressed in rich state and exposed to public view, as is customary in Europe. The coffin was most splendid and stately, lined throughout with fine cambric, and covered on the outside with rich black velvet, and ornamented in a superb manner. The top of the coffin was removed to display the pomp and grandeur with which the body was decorated. It was in a splendid full dress, consisting of a scarlet suit, embroidered with rich gold lacè, a three-cornered gold-laced hat, a genteel-cued wig, white silk stockings, large diamond shoe and knee buckles, a profusion of diamond rings decorated the fingers, and from a superb gold watch set with diamonds several rich seals were suspended. His Excellency General Washington, with several other general officers, and members of Congress, attended the funeral solemnities and walked as chief mourners. The other officers of the army, and numerous respectable citizens, formed a splendid procession extending about one mile. The pall-bearers were six field-officers, and the coffin was borne on the shoulders of four officers of the artillery in full uniform. Minute-guns were fired during the procession, which greatly increased the solemnity of the occasion. A Spanish priest performed service at the grave in the Roman Catholic form. The coffin was inclosed in a box of plank, and in all the profusion of pomp and grandeur was deposited in the silent grave, in the common burying-ground near the church at Morristown. A guard is placed at the grave lest our soldiers should be tempted to dig for hidden treasure."

This pompous funeral, so pompously described, was quite in contrast with the funeral procession which the previous week entered the same burying-ground. The numerous friends and neighbors of Jacob Johnson made a long procession, but his oldest son, Mahlon, who still survives, remembers that there was only one vehicle on wheels at that funeral. Dr. Johnes and the physician led the procession on horseback, and the only wagon present was used to convey the coffin to the grave-yard. All the people, men, women, and children, either rode on horseback or walked on foot. At the house the pastor drew heavenly consolation for the afflicted from the Word of God, and at the grave dismissed the people by thanking them for their kindness to the dead. And had Dr. Johnes officiated at the funeral of General Washington his services would have been just as simple and unostentatious. These two funerals make no uninteresting features in the social life of Morristown when Washington spent his last winter there.

But more important matters than following a bejeweled corpse to the grave are claiming Washington's attention. The time for opening the campaign is close at hand, stores are to be collected, many cavalry and baggage horses are to be procured, and a great many other things to be done, the plans for which must be devised at head-quarters. It is true that Steuben has brought the army into such discipline, as to the manual exercises and the various evolutions, as was highly gratifying. An eye-witness said, "They fire with great exactness, and their ranks are pervaded with spirit and alacrity." Yet

twenty thousand men in a single campaign would eat much bread, wear out many clothes, and burn up large quantities of ammunition, and all these necessaries must be procured or the "army must disband, and dreadful consequences ensue—an event," says brave General Greene, "I will not torture your feelings with a description of." For an insight into the difficulties of Washington, before the campaign opened, let me refer to some unpublished letters of Quarter-Master Lewis. April 17, 1780, he writes: "We are entirely destitute of forage, and every thing to encourage the farmers to turn out. I am therefore of opinion that we shall be obliged to make use of arms to collect teams sufficient to move the next division." April 20, he writes: "The wages of teams are £20 per day and found, and £40 if they find forage." This was at the time the Maryland troops were sent southward, as I suppose, under Baron de Kalb. Lewis continues: "The distress we are reduced to for want of assistance from some quarter is sufficient to excite me to plead for relief from every quarter." The poor Quarter-Master cries out in distress to his superior, "Have you no words of comfort to give me? I am obliged to make brick without straw, or, what is tantamount, I am obliged to procure teams and necessaries for the army without money or any thing to do it with." These petulant and desperate sayings of Lewis, who was by no means a great man, are quite as indicative of Washington's embarrassments as the more dignified sayings of Robert Morris, who *was* a great man. The problem to be solved was how to pay for necessaries held at high rates with money nearly worthless—so nearly so, that the merry officers have to pay thirteen thousand six hundred dollars for a little fun at O'Hara's a few nights; money so worthless that "the pay of a colonel would not purchase oats for his horse." That very spring Abraham Clark "shuddered at the prospect before us," when, with "a vigorous war to prosecute," "our money is reduced almost to nothing, and still depreciating with rapidity;" so that "in the market a paper dollar is estimated at present at one penny, and will soon be less than a half-penny in all probability."

It is true that in February there was held "a convention for regulating prices;" but that convention could not change the unchangeable fact that the army must have "18,000 cwt. of beef or pork, 10,000 barrels of flour, 3758 bushels of salt, 3500 tons of hay, 30,000 bushels of corn, oats, or buckwheat." It is true that an attempt was made to legislate the price of provisions, so that "flour should be four and a half dollars per hundred, summer-fatted beef five and a half dollars per neat hundred, etc., etc." Yet supposing those to be the prices of the provisions, but the money was worth "in market only one penny to the dollar," then it would take nine hundred dollars to buy a barrel of flour, and even a gallon of rum would cost one hundred and fifty dollars! We quite fail to comprehend the situation of our fathers without taking up facts in detail. We think that in our day provisions have attained to "starvation prices;" but it is not necessary to give a handful of bank-bills for a barrel of flour or seven pounds of sugar. No doubt in "the Fifth Avenue" there are far more splendid parties than our officers in "the present winter of 1780" had at O'Hara's, and yet, nominally, it does not cost so much "to pay the fiddler" in the Fifth Avenue as it did in Morristown not quite eighty years ago.

This may be regarded as a low view of patriotism, but it is a plain and apprehensible view. I should like to know how rapidly our Government would have carried on the late war with Mexico if the currency with which the expenses were to be defrayed had been made up of "Michigan Wild-cat bills." Yet, in spite of these circumstances, Washington's faith was as steady as the magnetic needle. Although "drained and weakened as we already are," yet "we must make a decisive effort on our part. Our situation demands it. We have the means of success without some unforeseen accident, and it only remains to employ them."

It was not wonderful that Frederic Frelinghuysen should speak of "the amazing expense of attending Congress, and my inability to support it," on a per diem allowance of six shillings! It was not wonderful that the officers of the Jersey Brigade should entreat the Legislature for help, and that it required the matchless influence of Washington to keep them from resigning in a body. The enemy knew our weak point, and smuggled into the different colonies "cart-loads" of counterfeit bills. The difficulties appalled even General Greene, who wrote to Washington on the 21st of May: "Had your Excellency been as much exposed to the murmurs of the people and the complaints of the officers as I have been, you would agree with me in opinion that some healing measures are necessary for both, before great exertions are to be expected from either." Well said, brave ex-Quaker, not now a non-resistant, but quite otherwise! But where are your "healing measures" to come from, when common sense says there is but one healing measure, and that is good hard money, of which there is scarce none in the country? Greene feared lest our affairs "grow worse and worse, until ruin overtake us;" but Washington said, hopefully, "We have the means of success, and it only remains for us to employ them." "Very few of the officers were rich," and therefore a considerable number of them were "compelled to resign their commissions." To complete the trying circumstances of the case, the news reach Morristown that the enemy at the South is carrying every thing before him, and that Charleston is taken. On Washington rested the almost creative work of levying, clothing, feeding, and paying an army, without money; of resisting the disposition of desperate officers to resign their commissions, and of counteracting the influence of defeat at the South, which "the wise

ones" prophesied would soon become defeat at the North also. What an iron will it is that moves the pen at that old secretary in the Ford Mansion! What prodigious courage and resolution are traced on the calm, stern face which bends over that table! The doubting look and take courage. Every where his letters speak prophecies of success, and reproduce the spirit of their writer, North, East, South, and West. As he stands among his Jersey officers, well-nigh desperate by their worthless pay, he speaks to them of the claims of their country; they forget themselves, their sufferings, their beggary, and put themselves new and living sacrifices on the altar of their country, exclaiming, "We love the service, and we love our country!" The influence which beguiled the Jersey officers into such noble self-forgetfulness and sacrifice for the sake of their country was acting on thousands in all parts of the nation; and it is in these facts we find such beautiful illustrations of the influence which pre-eminent greatness and virtue exert.

Amidst all the gloomy and depressing circumstances which are associated with Washington that memorable season, there is an anecdote, apparently trifling, but yet worthy to be told. The late General John Doughty, of Morristown, was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and knew Washington during both the winters he spent at Morristown. He often told his friends that he never heard of Washington's laughing loud but once during those two winters. The exception was one that took place in the spring of 1780, when Washington had purchased a young, spirited horse of great power, but which was not broken to the saddle. A man in the army, or town, who professed to be a perfect horseman, and who made loud proclamation of his gifts in that line, solicited and received permission from the General to break the horse to the saddle. Immediately back of where the ruins of the New Jersey Hotel now are was a large yard, to which Washington and his friends went to see the horse receive his first lesson. After many preliminary flourishes, the man made a leap to the horse's back; but no sooner was he seated than the horse made what is known as a "stiff leap," threw down his head and up his heels, casting the braggart over his head in a sort of elliptical curve. As Washington looked at the man unhurt, but rolling in the dirt, the ludicrous scene overcame his gravity, and he laughed aloud so heartily that the tears ran down his cheeks.

On the 6th of June General Knyphausen attempted to reach Morristown. He landed at Elizabethtown Point, and proceeded as far as Connecticut Farms; but General Maxwell, with "his nest of American hornets," set on the invaders so furiously that they retreated hastily. It was during this incursion that Mrs. Caldwell, the wife of the Rev. James Caldwell, was wantonly murdered, as her epitaph says, "by the bloody hand of a British ruffian," but in reality by a refugee, who shot her "through the window of a room to which she had retired for safety and prayer, two balls passing through her body." This wanton act sent a thrill of horror through the nation, and was of sufficient importance to occupy a place in Washington's correspondence.

On the 10th of June Washington was at Springfield, New Jersey, not far west of Newark, at which place he had his head-quarters until the 21st, except that one day he was at Rockaway. One of his letters states that on the 21st the whole army, except two brigades under General Greene, was slowly proceeding toward the Hudson by way of Pompton. When the enemy learned that our troops were on the march they made another attempt to reach Morristown. The unsleeping sentinels on the Short Hills, on the 23d of June, detected the signs of invasion, and gave the alarm. On that day the Battle of Springfield was fought, Knyphausen commanding the enemy, and Greene our forces. It was on this occasion that tradition says that Parson Caldwell, whose wife had been shot, was present inspiriting our troops. Finding that wadding was needed, he gathered up the hymn-books in the old church and distributed them, with the significant direction, "Put Watts into them, boys!" The arrangements of Greene were consummate, and our men acted valorously. Some whole companies were cut to pieces. Washington was on his way to Pompton when he received word of Knyphausen's incursion, and taking "two brigades of light infantry, he endeavored, by a forced march, to get into the rear of Knyphausen, and prevent his return to New York; and he would have effected his purpose if the retreat of the enemy had been delayed two hours longer." The Rev. Jacob Green, of Hanover, was a spectator of this battle from the neighboring heights, and as several soldiers testify in their pension affidavits, the lion-roar of General Wind's voice that day vied with the roar of fire-arms. Lieutenant-Colonel Benoni Hathaway—he was master of the magazine of powder, and was afraid of nothing but witches, against whose advances he guarded himself by the rightly-adjusted horse-shoe—was also there, having very unlawfully broken from the ranks of his cowardly General. He led forty picked men through an unreaped rye-field. The standing grain concealed the movement from the enemy. Suddenly bold Benoni's sharp voice cried out "Fire!" and a volley of well-directed bullets served as a sort of condiment to the enemy's dinner. William Ball recorded it in his affidavit that he was a member of the same company with Lieutenant Timothy Tuttle, under General Heard. "General Heard seemed slow in his movements toward the enemy, and Lieutenant Tuttle invited all who were willing to face the enemy to follow him. He led us on past the church and to the battle-ground, in the hottest part of it." Ashbel Green was a member of this brigade, and complains that he did not get a shot at the enemy, "owing, as I con-

ceive, to the cowardice of a certain Brigadier-General who commanded us." Afterward he charitably thinks the General acted from *prudence.*

Benoni Hathaway was greatly incensed at the conduct of General Heard, and in the archives at Trenton may be seen the original charges which he sent to Governor Livingston, demanding that Heard should be tried. I suppose he was not tried; but the document deserves to be copied entire and literally:

MORRISTOWN 15*th July* 1780

To his Exilencey the Governor

I send you in Closed Severel charges which I charg B. D. Haird with while he comanded the Militare Sum Time in jun Last at Elizabeth Town farms which I pray his Exilencey would Call a Court of inquiry on these Charges if his Exilencey thinkes it worth notising

from your Hum Ser

BENONI HATHAWAY *Lut Coll.*

To Exilencey the Governor.

This Is the Charges that I bring against General Haird While he Comanded the Militia at Elizabeth town farms sum Time in Jun last 1780

1 Charg is for leaving his post and Marching the Trups of their post and Leaving that Pass without aney gard between the Enemy and our armey without giving aney notis that pass was open Betwen three and fore Ours.

2 Charg is Retreating in Disorder Before the Enemy without ordering aney Reargard or flanks out leading of the Retreat Him Self

3 Charg is for marching the Trups of from advantiges peace of ground wheare we mit Noyed them much and Lickley prevented thear gaining the Bridg at Fox Hall had not the Trups Bin ordered of which prevented our giving our armey aney assistence in a Time of great Distres.

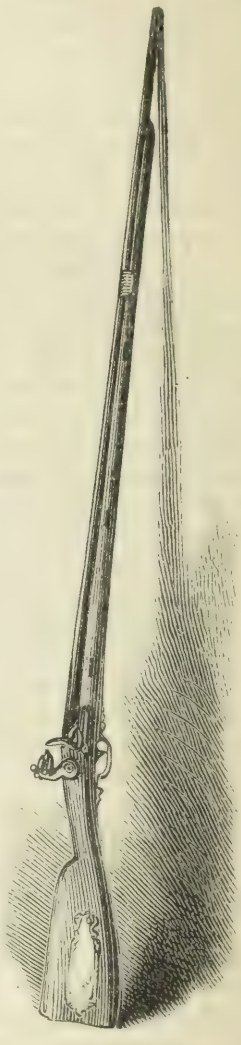
4 Charg is for marching the Trups of a Bout one mile from aney part of the Enemy and Taken them upon an Hy mountain and kept them thear till the Enemy had gained Springfeald Bridg.

List of evidence

Coll Van Cortland	Capt. Nathanal Horton
Wm Skank the Brigad Major	Adjt Kiten King
	Major Samuel Hays
Capt. Benjman Cartur	Leutnant Backover

This singular document does not speak very much for Hathaway's education; but it shows that, in common with many others, he could wield the sword and rifle better than the pen. This battle at Springfield was a sharply contested action. Dr. Thacher, who was in one of the brigades led back by Washington, says: "We discovered several fresh graves, and found fifteen dead bodies which we buried. We were informed by the inhabitants that the enemy carried off eight or ten wagon loads of dead and wounded." As Ashbel Green's company was pushing on in hot haste to the battle he saw "the road in several places literally sprinkled with the blood of our wounded countrymen as they were carried to a distance from the battle-ground." On that day one Mitchel was directed by his colonel to rescue a man who was desperately wounded. As he was executing the order the enemy fired a volley, and in after years the old man said, "As the bullets went *whisht* by my ears, I vow I was scared!" It was on the same day that this man Mitchel was scared again by hearing bullets whistling too near his ears; and he found at last that a Hessian, concealed behind a barn, was firing at him. Mitchel rushed on the German in great fury, and the poor fellow cried out in broken English, "Quarter! quarter!" But Mitchel, enraged by the fellow's skulking way of fighting, said, "I'll give you quarter!" and discharged his gun at him, breaking his arm. He then took his prisoner within the American lines. This man afterward settled in Morris County near his captor, Mitchel, and they "were just as good friends as possible. Many a time did they fight over the Battle of Springfield over a pitcher of cider."

But it is time to bring these desultory sketches to a close. The interest which is felt in even slight things connected with Washington is a sufficient apology for inserting some traditions and facts in this article which have not been published before. Some years ago the writer was well acquainted with a large number of aged people whose memory was stored with incidents pertaining to the Revolution. Among these were soldiers who had fought and suffered in that war. Besides these, in Morris County are many families whose fathers lived here during that trying period, and from these sources I have derived many unwritten traditions concerning Washington while a resident at Morristown. Besides these I have in my possession, or have had access to many old manuscript letters and other documents, which have aided me in adding some light to that interesting period of Washington's life.



ANCIENT RIFLE.

I may appropriately close this historical monograph with an original letter of Washington, which has never yet been published, and which is a very striking commentary on the difficulties of his position the last winter he was in Morristown. It was found among some old papers in the possession of Stephen Thompson, Esq., of Mendham, New Jersey, a son of Captain David Thompson, who is referred to in this article. It will be remembered that the great snow-storm which caused such distress in the camp began on January 3, 1780. The famine which threatened the army caused Washington to write a letter "to the Magistrates of New Jersey," which is published in Sparks's editions of the Writings

of Washington. A copy of that letter was inclosed in the letter which is now published for the first time. It is a valuable letter, as showing that Washington's "integrity was most pure, his justice most inflexible."

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MORRISTOWN, *January* 8, 1780.

"SIR,—The present distresses of the army, with which you are well acquainted, have determined me to call upon the respective counties of the State for a proportion of grain and cattle, according to the abilities of each.

"For this purpose I have addressed the magistrates of every county to induce them to undertake the business. This mode I have preferred as the one least inconvenient to the inhabitants; but, in case the requisition should not be complied with, we must then raise the supplies ourselves in the best manner we can. This I have signified to the magistrates.

"I have pitched upon you to superintend the execution of this measure in the County of Bergen, which is to furnish two hundred head of cattle and eight hundred bushels of grain.

"You will proceed, then, with all dispatch, and, calling upon the Justices, will deliver the inclosed address, enforcing it with a more particular detail of the sufferings of the troops, the better to convince them of the necessity of their exertions. You will at the same time let them delicately know that you are instructed, in case they do not take up the business immediately, to begin to impress the articles called for throughout the county. You will press for an immediate answer, and govern yourself accordingly. If it be a compliance, you will concert with them a proper place for the reception of the articles and the time of the delivery, which, for the whole, is to be in four days after your application to them. The owners will bring their grain and cattle to this place, where the grain is to be measured and the cattle estimated by any two of the magistrates, in conjunction with the Commissary, Mr. Vorhes, who will be sent to you for the purpose, and certificates given by the Commissary, specifying the quantity of each article and the terms of payment. These are to be previously settled with the owners, who are to choose whether they will receive the present market price—which, if preferred, is to be inserted—or the market price at the time of payment. Immediately on receiving the answer of the magistrates you will send me word what it is.

"In case of refusal, you will begin to impress till you make up the quantity required. This you will do with as much tenderness as possible to the inhabitants, having regard to the stock of each individual, that no family may be deprived of its necessary subsistence. Milch cows are not to be included in the impress. To enable you to execute this business with more effect and less inconvenience, you will call upon Colonel Fell and any other well-affected active man in the county, and endeavor to engage their advice and assistance. You are also authorized to impress wagons for the transportation of the grain.

"If the magistrates undertake the business, which I should infinitely prefer on every account, you will endeavor to prevail upon them to assign mills for the reception and preparation of such grain as the Commissary thinks will not be immediately needful in the camp.

"I have reposed this trust in you from a perfect confidence in your prudence, zeal, and respect for the rights of citizens. While your measures are adapted to the emergency, and you consult what you owe to the service, I am persuaded you will not forget that, as we are compelled by necessity to take the property of citizens for the support of the army, on whom their safety depends, you should be careful to manifest that we have a respect for their rights, and wish not to do any thing which that necessity, and even their own good, do not absolutely require.

"I am, Sir, with great respect and esteem,

"Your most obedient servant,

"GE. WASHINGTON.

"P.S. After reading the letter to the Justices you will seal it.

"LT. COL. DE HART."

ETHAN ALLEN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

["She was a lovely, pious, young woman, whose mother, then long in the spirit-land, had instructed her in the truths of the Bible. When she was about to die, she called her father to her bedside, and, turning upon him her pale face, lighted by lustrous blue eyes, she said, with a sweet voice: 'Dear father, I am about to cross the cold, dark river. Shall I trust to your opinions, or to the teachings of dear mother?' These words, like a keen arrow, pierced the recesses of his most truthful emotions. 'Trust to your mother!' said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child."—*Harper's Monthly for November.*]

"THE damps of death are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow,
The past with all its scenes has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future that in vain
My feeble eyes descry:
Tell me, my father, in this hour
In whose stern faith to die?

"In thine? I've watch'd thy scornful smile,
And heard thy withering tone,
Whene'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed above thine own;
I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh at all the childish fears
That cluster round the tomb.

"Or is it in my mother's faith?
How fondly do I trace
Through many a weary year long past
That calm and saintly face!
How often do I call to mind,
Now she is 'neath the sod,
The place—the hour—in which she drew
My early thoughts to God!

"'Twas then she took this sacred book,
And from its burning page
Read how its truths support the soul
In youth and failing age;
And bade me in its precepts live,
And by its precepts die,
That I might share a home of love
In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or curse the Being who hath bless'd
This checkered path of mine;
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

The frown upon that warrior-brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek
That flowed not till that day;
"Not—not in mine"—with choking voice
The skeptic made reply,
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, may'st thou die!"

C. C. Cox.



FOLLIES OF FASHION.

HOW strange is the origin of a fashion! The "abomination of wigs" was first adopted by a Duke of Anjou to conceal a personal defect! Charles the Seventh of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. The absurdly long-pointed shoes—often two feet in length—were invented by Henry Plantagenet to cover a very large excrescence he had upon one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short on account of a wound in the head, the crop became the prevailing fashion of his Court. Madame de Montespan invented the *robe battante*, or hooped skirt, to conceal an accident in her history; which, however, occurred at such regular periods that people soon began to guess the cause when they perceived the effect. Not least curious of all is the origin of the long-fashionable shade of yellow called Isabella. When Ostend was besieged by the Spaniards, the Infanta Isabella of Spain, in a fit of injudicious patriotism, made a solemn vow not to change her linen till the town was taken. The besieged, either not hearing this vow or else too rebellious to regard it, held out till time, which sullies every thing, and possibly perspiration, if, indeed, Infantas of Spain do perspire, brought her Royal Highness's linen to a color which needed a name. In a person of her rank it could not be *dirty;* and so it was called *Isabella*, became the fashionable loyal color, and was worn, so says the chronicler, "with honor by all, and with convenience by many"—making loyalty, so to speak, dirt cheap.

We have it on the best historical authority* that the present prominence of the nasal organ on the Israelitish face divine is owing, in great measure, to the fact that, at one time, when the propriety of abolishing that somewhat distinctive feature was in debate in the Israelitish camp, the tyrant Fashion came to its rescue. Here is the account of the transaction—not in Homeric verse, but as veracious as though it were:

> "Says Aaron to Moses,
> Let's cut off our noses;
> Says Moses to Aaron,†
> 'Tis the fashion to wear 'em."

The gentle reader will perceive (on reference to the first Jewish countenance he may meet) that the plea was found quite unanswerable.

What might have been the result had it been disregarded who can tell? 'Tis certain that

* Mother Bunch.

† With the caution characteristic of a great legislator.

very sad effects have ensued upon a failure to pay proper heed to the behests of the mighty potentate. Take, for instance, the Liliputian nation, who (as recorded by their veracious historian, Swift) declared war against the inhabitants of Blefuscu, solely because the latter refused to break their eggs at the same end which Fashion dictated to the former as the proper one for breakage. The Big-Endian rebellions cost the monarch of Liliput not less than forty first-rate ships of war, a multitude of smaller vessels (the war being chiefly maritime), and 30,000 of his best seamen and soldiers; while the loss of the Big-Endians—the rebels—was, rightly, much greater.

So Louis the Eleventh of France had the temerity to crop his hair and shave his beard at a time when Fashion dictated ambrosial locks and flowing beard. What was the consequence? His Queen, Eleanor of Acquitaine, properly disgusted at such contempt of appearances, rested not till she procured a divorce, and married the Count of Anjou, afterward King of England. Is it too much to suppose that the interminable wars which followed upon this alliance were brought about, primarily, by the injudicious conduct of King Louis?

Who will say, looking upon these and like facts, that Fashion is to be contemned; or that her changes are unworthy the historian's note or the philosopher's attention? As for the popular mind—that is, with its usual sagacity keenly alive to any thing relating to so important a subject as dress, as is at once proven by the common remark, in every body's mouth, of knowing a man by the style of his coat, or, as Captain Cuttle would put it, "by the cut of his jib."

First among fashionable follies—on the score of absurdity—come the trunk hose, which were thought indispensable about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and which were, in fact, a sort of masculine counter-puff to the verdingale, which then first began to swell the fair proportions of feminine loveliness, taking the place of the hoop of our day. The coat is what the dandy of our times most prides himself on. From the time of Henry VIII. of England, and for the three succeeding reigns, his breeches were the objects of a young man's chief solicitude. Figure 1, representing James the First of England in hunting costume, is taken from a book devoted to various fashionable methods of killing time, published in the year 1614. It will be seen that "the great, round, abominable breech," as it was styled, then tapered down to the knee, and was slashed all over, and covered with embroidery and lace. Stays were sometimes worn beneath the long-waisted doublets of the gentlemen, to keep them straight and confine them at the waist. In our illustration the King is evidently incased in whalebone.

The fashion varied. We read of "hose pleated as though they had thirty pockets;" "two yards wide at the top;" and (date 1658) of "petticoat-breeches, tied above the knee,



FIGURE 1.

ribbons up to the pocket-holes, half the width of the breeches, then ribbons hanging all about the waistband, and *shirt hanging out*"—which last fashion may be said to have altogether died out among our modern dandies. We read of breeches "almost capable of a bushel of wheat;" and of alterations which had to be made in the British Parliament House, to afford additional accommodations for the members' seats. It is related of a fast man of the time, that, on rising to conclude a visit of ceremony, he had the misfortune to damage his nether integuments by a protruding nail in his chair, so that by the time he gained the door the escape of bran was so rapid as to cause a state of complete collapse.

A law was made "against such as did so stuff their breeches to make them stand out; whereupon," says an ancient worthy, "when a certain prisoner (in these tymes) was accused for wearing such breeches contrary to law, he began to excuse himself of the offence, and endeavoured by little and little to discharge himself of that which he did weare within them; he drew out of his breeches a pair of sheets, two table-cloaths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a combe, and night-caps, with other things of use, saying, 'Your worships may understand that because I have no safer a store-house, these pockets do serve me for a roome to lay my goods in; and though it be a straight prison, yet it is a store-house big enough for them, for I have many things more yet of value within them.' And so his discharge was accepted and well laughed at; and they commanded him that he should not alter the furniture of his store-house."

Figure 2 is an excellent representation of a dandy of 1646, from a very rare broadside printed in that year. From the description of his garments we learn that he wears a tall hat with a



FIGURE 2.

bunch of ribbon on one side and a feather on the other, his face spotted with *patches*, two love-locks, one on each side of his head, which hang down upon his bosom, and are tied at the ends with silk ribbons in bows. A mustache encompasses his mouth. His band or collar, edged with lace, is tied with band-strings and secured by a ring. A tight vest is left partly open, and between it and his breeches his shirt sticks out. The cloak was in those days carried upon the arm. His breeches were ornamented with "many dozens of points at the knees, and above these, on either side, were two great bunches of ribbon, of several colors." His legs were incased in "boot-hose tops, tied above the middle of the calf, as long as a pair of shirt-sleeves, and double at the ends, like a ruff-band. The tops of the boots were very large, fringed with lace, and turned down as low as his spurres, which gingled like the bells of a morrice-dancer as he walked." In his right hand he carried a stick, which he "played with as he straddled along the street singing."

With such boots "straddling" was an ungraceful necessity. A buck of those days, who was probably not well up to the straddling dodge, complains that "one of the rowels of my silver spurs catched hold of the ruffle of my boot, which being Spanish leather, and not subject to tear, overthrew me!"

The love-lock worn by our beau caused an immense sensation among quiet, staid people. Mr. Prynne wrote against it a quarto volume, called "The Unloveliness of Love-locks," in which he quotes a nobleman who, having been scared from this vanity by a violent sickness, "did declare the love-lock to be but a cord of vanity by which he had given the devil hold fast to lead him at his pleasure; who would never resign his prey as long as he nourished this unlovely bush."

Patches, mentioned above as one of the decorations of our beau, were introduced about the middle of the seventeenth century. The fashion is said to have come from Arabia. Among Eastern nations a black mole is considered a "beauty spot," a fit theme for poetic raptures. Hence those to whom Nature had denied this boon endeavored to imitate it by means of black silk and paste. In England, however, the taste was arbitrary, and the excess to which it was carried during the reign of Queen Anne was as barbarous as comical. Pepys makes frequent mention of the mode in his "Diary," as: "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave [!] to wear a black patch." And again: "May 5—To the Duke of York's Play-house: one thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemaine; she called to one of her women for a little patch off her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own, by the side of her mouth."

When at its height the patching mania must have made curious havoc among the facial charms of the fair daughters of Eve. Various shapes were used. A satirical poet of 1658 says:

"Her patches are of every cut,
For pimples and for scars;
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,
And some of the fixed stars
Already gummed, to make them stick,
They need no other sky."

This lady's face (Figure 3) is from a portrait of a reigning beauty of those times, and may be considered a fair sample of the fashion. She has a star and half-moon upon the cheek, a circular mark upon her chin, and—marvel of mar-



FIGURE 3.

vels—a coach, coachman, and two horses with postillions upon her forehead! The last ornament seems to have been a favorite, for the author of "God's Voice against Pride in Apparel" (1683) says: "Methinks the mourning

coach and horses, all in black, and plying in their foreheads, stands ready to whirl them to Acheron."

Patches were even made a symbol of political allegiance—the ladies who favored the Tories patching the right side of the face, while those who adhered to the Whigs patched the left side. Mr. *Spectator* tells us that, "Whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain there are several women of honor who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interests of the country." And we learn farther that these ladies were very far above sacrificing the public welfare for the sake of any mere personal feeling, as, "in a late draught of marriage-articles, a lady has stipulated with her husband that, whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases."

Patches were absolutely requisite as ornamental toilet appendages even so late as 1766, but soon after went out of fashion. The women of Chili and Peru to this day affect the mode, but with them the black plasters are but little variegated in shape. A patch on each temple is thought a rare beautifier in some portions of Spanish South America.

Masks formed another fashionable decoration to the face—ostensibly to preserve the complexion, but in reality to lend a fancied charm to the features. In Figure 4, from a portrait taken in the middle of the seventeenth century, we see the half-mask, which was thought sufficiently ornamental to be worn with full dress. During the reign of Charles II. few ladies visited the theatre unmasked. We read of

> "Half-wits and gamesters, and gay fops, whose tasks
> Are daily to invade the dangerous masks."

During the latter half of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries vizard masks, covering the entire face, were worn by ladies when they rode out. They were suspended to the side by a string, as shown in Figure 5, copied from a print of 1743. When in use these masks were held by the teeth, by means of a round bead fastened on the inside.

John Durant Breval, who wrote a poem on



FIGURE 4.



FIGURE 5.



FIGURE 6.

"The Art of Dress," in 1717, claims for the hoop an English origin. He sings:

> "When and from whence the Ruff at first was brought,
> Long, but in vain, have puz'ling Criticks sought.
> In after times, some future Bentley's care
> Shall gravely mark the climate, and the year.
> Bentley (great sage), who ne'er vouchsafes to write
> But such important matters come to light.
> Queen Kate of Austrian Blood, Demure and Wise,
> Swell'd the stiff-circle to a larger size,
> And wore it as was then the *Spanish* mode,
> For Female shoulders thought too great a Load.
> Some Winters passed, and then Eliza sway'd,
> Sworn Enemy to *Rome*, a wondrous Maid!
> She turn'd out *Popish* modes, but kept in *That*,
> And introduc'd, besides, the *Steeple-Hat*;
> Fenc'd the huge *Petticoat* with Ribs of Whale,
> And arm'd our mothers with a circling mail."

Hoops, however, seem in the first place to have been rather an extension or exaggeration of a feature in female dress mentioned so early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, under the name of "padding, or false hips." It was not till toward the close of the seventeenth century that we hear much of them. Good old Sir Roger de Coverley, describing the portraits of his ancestors hanging up in his family mansion, says: "You see, Sir, my grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern [1710] is gathered at the waist. My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum; whereas the ladies now walk as though they were in a go-cart." The "drum" style is shown in Figure 6, from a portrait of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, which will give the reader an accurate idea of the state of dress during a part of the reign of James I. of England. The "new-fashioned petticoat," which, according to Sir Roger, caused the ladies to walk as though they were in a go-cart, is shown in Figure 7. It widens gradually from the waist to the ground; and the gown is looped up around the body in front, and falls in loose folds behind, somewhat after the manner of the washer-women of the present time.

The shape and size of the hoop has undergone, at different times, remarkable changes. A writer of the last century says: "It (the hoop) has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter-churn to the cir-



FIGURE 7.

cumference of three hogsheads. At one time it was sloped from the waist in a pyramidal form; at another, it was bent upward like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed upon both sides, almost came in contact with the ears; and again it is nearly oval in form, and scarce measures, from end to end, above twice the length of the wearer!" Figures 8 and 9 furnish samples of these styles, in sketches taken from contemporary prints. Figure 9 is from a print dated 1746, and gives a pretty good idea of those hoops which spread at the sides. These were formed of whalebone, and their wearers doubled them round in front, or lifted them up on each side, when they entered a door or carriage.

About 1740 an ugly novelty was introduced, called the *sacque*—a wide, loose gown, open in front, and hanging free of the body from the shoulders to the ground, being gathered in



FIGURE 8.



FIGURE 9.

great folds over the hooped petticoat, which was thus made to take up more room than ever. Figure 10 exhibits this.



FIGURE 10.

About 1750 an exceedingly small cap (Figure 11) was the mode; and this, with the hair closely turned up beneath it, gave, by contrast with the enormous bulging hoops, an extraordinary meanness to the head when compared with the rest of the body.

The *Spectator* ceased not to make sport of the hoops of his day. We find there the petition of "one William Jingle, coach-maker and chair-maker of the liberty of Westminster," which states that for the service of ladies wearing hoop petticoats said Jingle "has built a round chair in form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it; the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated." And farther, "that petitioner has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top." And "that the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman, in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady and all who beheld her."

The *Tattler* reports the proceedings in a

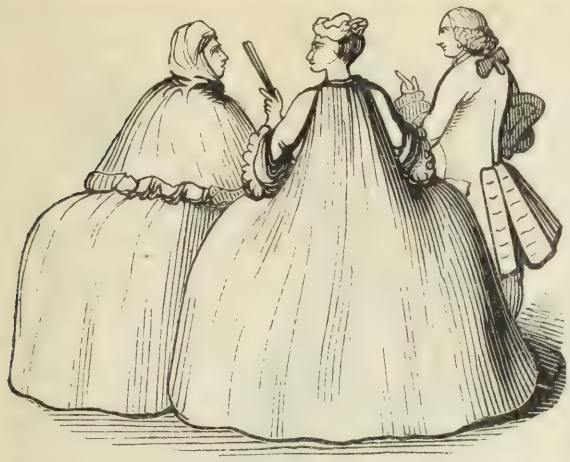


FIGURE 11.

trial held by himself upon one of the hooped ones, who "was taken up as she went out of the puppet-show some three nights ago." Having divested this young lady of her hooped garment, a jury of matrons brought her into the house. "I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it as it should appear in its proper dimensions. I directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment, for before it was half unfolded it described so immoderate a circle that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then inquired for the person who belonged to the petticoat, and to my great surprise was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little crock at my left hand.

"'My pretty maid,' said I, 'do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?' . . . . . I then ordered the garment to be drawn up by a pulley to the top of my great hall, and afterward to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction, as I sat under the shadow of it."

An instrument or appendage called "a pair of hips," was, as before said, the predecessor and also contemporary of the hoop. In 1710, a lady whose maid has run away, taking with her some of the *recherché* articles of her mistress's wardrobe, advertises the truant and the lost valuables. Among the latter are mentioned "four pairs of silk stockings, *curiously darned* (darned stockings being also then the rage), three pairs of fashionable eyebrows, two sets of ivory teeth, and one pair of box (wood) for common use, with two pairs of *hips* of newest fashion."

Figure 12 is from a print in a French work, date of 1727, and represents an Alsatian belle of that period. There is evidence in the manner in which her gown hangs that hoops were then the mode even in Alsace. The dress of this belle is very curious. Her robe appears to be of two different materials, half the petticoat being laid in very fine close plaits and the other half in larger plaits. The body is made with an immensely long pointed stomacher, trimmed with lace and jewels. Over it is a lace handkerchief with long pointed ends, apparently of black silk trimmed with black lace. The sleeves are full, puffed, short, and open, longer beneath than on top, and long gloves join them and conceal the arm. The most singular feature of this costume is the *coiffure*, which consists of an enormous three-cornered edifice of satin, lace, and jewels, stretching out on each side far beyond the width of the figure, and standing up in a point in front. The hair is turned back from the forehead, and hangs in a very long plait which the fair one carries over one arm. Fancy such a figure promenading Broadway!



FIGURE 12.

After being the mode full half a century hoops were discarded. Only, however, to be revived in, if possible, greater extravagance than ever toward the close of the eighteenth century. Figure 13 represents a lady's court-dress of 1796. Not content with its natural enormity, the hooped skirt was at this time decorated with immense bows of ribbon, cords, tassels, wreaths of flowers, and long swathes of colored silks, hung and twisted about it in the most horrid taste.



FIGURE 13.



FIGURE 15.

"Good Queen Bess" was noted for her extravagant and extraordinary taste in matters of dress. She possessed costumes of all countries, and left at her death no less than three thousand habits or suits in her wardrobe. Her courtiers used to give her gowns, petticoats, kirtles, doublets, and mantles, mostly highly embroidered and adorned with jewels. *Paul Hentzner*, a German traveler, who paid a visit to the English Court when Elizabeth was still in her heyday, says:

"The Queen had in her ear two pearls with very rich drops. She wore false hair, and that *red;* her neck was uncovered, and she had a necklace of exceeding fine jewels. Her gown was white silk, bordered with pearls the size of beans; and over it a mantle of flush silk shot with silver threads. Her train was very long. Instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels." This must have been before increasing years induced the Virgin Queen to favor the Elizabethan ruff and high collar con-



FIGURE 14.



FIGURE 16.

cealing even the neck. As her charms decayed she grew more chary of their exhibition.

Ruffs were the leading enormity in the dress of this period. Elizabeth's were the most extravagant. But her courtiers all wore them. The Queen imported a *starcher*, "the substance called starche" being just then brought into use. Stubbs, the chief railer against the vanities of those days, says: "There is a certain liquid matter which they call starche, wherein the devil hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs, which, being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks." We read, too, of wire supports to make the ruffs stand out; of "three or four small ruffs placed under the master-devil ruff," "which was often loaded and adorned with gold and silver and needlework." Thus arranged these monstrous appendages expanded like wings as high as the head, or fell over the shoulders like flags, as shown in our sketches of courtiers of that period.

Several important toilet luxuries and conveniences were introduced in the time of Queen Bess. Sir Thomas Gresham first began to manufacture pins and ribbons during this reign. Knitted worsted stockings, too, were first made in England about the year 1565, by a London apprentice named William Ryder, who, having seen some that came from Italy, imitated a pair exactly, and presented them to the Earl of Pembroke. Also, we find it written in Stowe's "Chronicle" that, "in the 2d yeere of Queen Elizabeth, her silk-woman, Mistress Montagu, presented her Majesty for a New-Yeere's gift a pair of black silk knit stockings," which she had made herself. So well did these please the Queen that she declared, according to Stowe, "Henceforth will I wear no more cloth hose"—that is to say, stockings of cloth sewed into shape.



FIGURE 17.



FIGURE 18.

Elizabeth had a passion for strange ornaments of embroidery work. She had a dress with lizards and all sorts of creeping things on it. There is a portrait of her wherein she wears a gown embroidered with serpents, birds, a sea-horse, a swan, and an ostrich; while in another portrait a spotted ermine crowned, the emblem of chastity, is embroidered upon her gown sleeve.

Figure 17 is from a portrait of Sir William Russell, one of Queen Elizabeth's most distinguished courtiers, and will give some idea of the style of dress among the gentlemen of the later part of her reign. In his immense ruff, his "pease-cod-bellied doublet" of thickly quilted black silk, slashed sleeves, showing a rich lace under-garment, Venetian hose, and stockings of finest yarn, the dandy of those days seems to have been an exceedingly stiff and ungainly figure. In Lord Howard of Effingham (Figure 16), another courtier of Elizabeth's, we see an example of the trunk hose and the sleeveless doubtlet, which were for a time the mode. A poet of the day speaks of

"A fair black coat withouten sleeve,
And buttoned the shoulder round about;
Of xxs. a yard, as I beleeve,
And layd upon with parchment lace withoute."

Sleeves were, while in the mode, a very *recherché* article of dress. They were made separate from the garment, and were often of great splendor. Among Elizabeth's wardrobe were "a pair of sleeves of sypers (Cyprus work), wrought with silver and black silk;" "a pair of sleeves of gold pulled out with lawn;" "a pair of sleeves of gold and silver knytt, cawle fashion;" and many more, each in a different style. Her father, Henry VIII., was also remarkable for his splendid sleeves. The por-

trait of the Earl of Surrey (Figure 18) will give the fair reader some idea of the ridiculous appearance of these sleeves upon gentlemen. This gallant is dressed in a suit of scarlet throughout, and must have presented a most surprisingly gorgeous spectacle as he walked out, rapier in hand, looking at least twice as broad as he was long.

Garters, also, were a most fashionable male ornament. They were worn externally below the knee, and became so expensive and yet so common a luxury that we read of men of mean rank wearing garters and shoe-roses of more than five pounds in value. They were made of gold and silver, satin and velvet, often deeply fringed with gold. Taylor, the water-poet, satirizes those who

"Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold."

The mode seems to have excited the envy of the fair sex. In one of Massinger's plays, a young lady, whose attendant has just supplied her with shoes, garters, fans, and roses, exclaims:

"Would 'twere in the fashion
That the garters might be seen too!"

To which reasonable wish her attendant replies,

"Many ladies
That know they have good legs, wish the same with you:
Men that way have the advantage."

It is recorded at a later period, of the Queen of France, Anne of Austria, that she contrived to elude the jealous scrutiny of Cardinal Richelieu, and to send the Duke of Buckingham her own garter as a memorial.



A SPANISH GENTLEMAN OF 1560.

With all the exposure of the bust permitted by fashion during the reign of the Virgin Queen, "the abomination of wearing short sleeves" failed to receive the countenance of England's fair. Indeed, for many years, "naked down from the elbows" was a fashion which was looked upon with horror and disgust—a hint to our modern ball-room belles.

Ardent a devotee of fashion as was Elizabeth, she could not bear that her subjects should please themselves in the shape, size, and material of their attire. In no reign were so many sumptuary laws enacted. She decreed that no "great ruff should be worn; nor any white color in doublets or hosen; nor any facing of velvet in gowns, but by such as were of the bench. That no gentlemen should walk in the streets in their cloaks, but in gowns. That no hat, or curled or long hair be worn, nor any gowns but such as be of a sad color." All which to the contrary, the "common people," at whom these acts were leveled, were most unlawfully extravagant, causing the clergy great trouble of mind, and calling forth from the reformers of that age such devout tracts as "England's Vanity; or, the Voice of God against the monstrous sin of Pride in Dress and Apparel." In this little book the writer utters the following quaint denunciation:

"Ladies, shall I send you to the Royal Exchange, where a greater than an angel has kept open shop for these sixteen hundred years and more, and has incomparably the best choice of every thing you can

ask for? And because he sells the best pennyworths, himself descends to call, '*What do you lack? what do you buy?*' and advises you to buy of him. Lord, hast thou any *mantoes* for ladies, made after thine own fashion, which shall cover all their naked shoulders and breasts and necks, and adorn them all over? Where are they? Revelations, iii., 18, brings them forth. There they are, ladies; and cheap too, at your own price, and will wear forever; and with this good property, that they thoroughly prevent the shame of your nakedness from appearing; and if you stoutly pass away, and take them not with you, if there be a God in heaven, you'll pass naked into hell to all eternity!"

Among the numerous caprices of Dame Fashion, not the least strange is that in pursuance of which the shape, color, and quantity of the hair has been most curiously diversified. False hair was used by the ancients. The Emperor Commodus used a wig, which was first oiled, then powdered with gold. There is in the British Museum an ancient Theban wig, the curling and arranging of which would puzzle many a modern hair-dresser. After an existence of some thousands of years the hair still preserves the curl imparted to it by some unknown art of the Theban perruquier.

The reign of the peruke in Europe, as an article of fashion, began at the commencement of the seventeenth century. They were soon the rage, their ugliness, and the protests of fair-tressed damsels and love-locked young beaux to the contrary, notwithstanding. The barbers, of course, hailed the innovation with delight; and it is related of one zealous perruquier that he hired his sign-painter to depict, with due pathos and expression of attitude and face, Absalom hanging by his hair in the tree, and David weeping beneath, while out of his mouth proceeded the legend—

"Oh, Absalom! oh, Absalom!
Oh, Absalom, my son!
If thou hadst worn a periwig
Thou hadst not been undone!"

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth it became the fashion for the gallants to comb their wigs in public, as a means of busying their hands.

"How we rejoiced to see 'em in our pit!
What difference methought there was
Betwixt a country gallant and a wit:
When you did order *periwig with comb*,
They only used four fingers and a thumb."



FIGURE 20.

The combs thus publicly displayed were of very large size, of ivory or tortoise-shell, curiously chased and ornamented, and were carried in the pockets as constantly as the snuff-box. On the Mall, and in the boxes, the dandies walked and combed their perukes. There is a picture yet



FIGURE 21.

in existence of John, Duke of Marlborough, at his levee, in which his Grace appears dressed in a scarlet suit, with large white satin cuffs, and a very long white peruke, which he combs; while his valet stands behind him, adjusting the curls after the comb has passed through them.

Miason, who traveled in England in 1698, says of the gentlemen: "Their perruques and their habits were charged with powder, like millers, and their faces daubed with snuff." The muff, now so exclusively the property of the ladies, was then an indispensable article to the gentlemen. Tom Brown gives, in his "Letters from the Dead to the Living," the following description of the beaux of the early part of the eighteenth century: "We met three flaming beaux of the first magnitude. One made a most magnificent figure: his periwig was large enough to have loaded a camel, and he bestowed upon it at least a bushel of powder I warrant you. His sword-knot dangled upon the ground, and his steinkirk, that was most agreeably colored with snuff from top to bottom, reached down to his waist; he carry'd his hat under his left arm, walk'd with both hands in the waist-bands of his breeches, and his cane, that hung negligently down in a string from his right arm, trailed most harmoniously against the pebbles, while the master of it, tripping it nicely upon his toes, was humming to himself."

The costliness of wigs (£20 being a very common price) created a curious branch of robbery—a gang of London thieves devoting themselves to the stealing of perukes from the heads of their owners, and making the streets unsafe for the *big-wigs* after nightfall. The most ingenious mode of day robbery was for the thief to carry on his head, concealed in a basket, a smart lad, who, in passing through the crowd, would dexterously snatch from the head of its wearer and conceal the most attractive looking wig in the company. Also it was dangerous for any child, with a beautiful head of hair, to wander abroad, certain women being always upon the alert to entice such into out-of-the-way places and there rob them of their locks.



FIGURE 22.

Pepys, who was an amateur in wigs, wonders, naïvely, "what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire for feare of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of the people dead with the plague." But the fashion outlived even this blow, and an old writer pointedly says, that "Forty or fourscore pounds a year for periwigs, and ten to a poor chaplain to say grace to him that adores hair, is sufficient demonstration of the weakness of the brains they keep warm."

Wigs, as well as natural hair, were dyed; red being curiously enough the favorite color during Elizabeth's reign. The Virgin Queen herself possessed no less than eighty wigs, of *various colors;* and we may suppose that the broad-ruffled votaries of fashion of those days who were obliged, on account of the breadth and stiffness of their collars, to feed themselves with spoons two feet long, were not far behind their royal mistress in the matter of wigs. The ladies, as in duty bound, followed the example of their lords, and, as usual, so far exceeded the masculine absurdity, that in the course of two centuries the female fashionable head passed through some most extraordinary metamorphoses. The head-dress of the Third William's time —a specimen of which is given in Figure 22— compares oddly with that of a century and a half



FIGURE 23.



FIGURE 24.

previous (see Figure 23); while the fashion of 1783, shown in Figure 24, copied from a French print of that year, is still more *outré* than either.

Such changes gave cause for the old poet's satire:

"Now dress'd in a cap, now naked in none;
Now loose in a *mob*, now close in a *Joan;*
Without handkerchief now, and now buried in ruff;
Now plain as a Quaker, now all of a puff;
Now a shape in neat stays, now a slattern in *jumps;*
Now high in French heels, now low in your pumps;
Now monstrous in hoop, now trapish, and walking
With your petticoats clung to your heels like a maulkin;
Like the cock on the tower, that shows you the weather,
You are hardly the same for two days together."



FIGURE 25.



FIGURE 26.



FIGURES 27, 28, 29.

When wigs were changed from flowing to crisp locks the ladies perpetrated enormities of which Figures 25 and 26, on the preceding page, will give the reader a faint idea, and in which the hair was disposed in rows of curls towering up, one above the other, to a tremendous height. On these followed the *commode*—an actual tower of true and false hair, rags, ribbons, feathers, powder, and pomatum, accompanying which was a head-dress of which the following comic summary is given in an old print of the last century:

"A cap like a bat
(Which was once a cravat),
Part gracefully platted and pinned is;
Part stuck upon gauze,
Resembles mackaws,
And all the fine birds of the Indies.

But above all the rest
A bold Amazon's crest
Waves nodding from shoulder to shoulder;
At once to surprise,
And to ravish all eyes,
To frighten and charm the beholder.

In short, head and feather,
And wig altogether,
With wonder and joy would delight ye;
Like the picture I've seen
Of th' adorable queen,
Of the beautiful, blest Otaheite.
Yet Miss at the rooms
Must beware of her plumes;
For if Vulcan her feather embraces,
Like poor Lady Laycock,
She'll burn like a haycock,
And roast all the Loves and the Graces."

Figures 27, 28, 29, 30, are *fair* examples of this towering monstrosity. So enormous were these "heads" that women of fashion were compelled to ride with them thrust out of the carriage-windows, or kneel down in the carriage to accommodate them within. The body of the vast edifice was formed of tow. Over this the hair was turned, and false hair added in great curls, bobs, and ties, all powdered in profusion; then hung all over with vulgarly large rows of pearls, or even glass beads. Above this came flowers, and the whole was surmounted by broad, silken bands and great ostrich feathers. The entire structure added about three feet to the lady's legitimate height, and caused the gentlemen to look like dwarfs beside their wives. Of course such an edifice was to be constructed only at a vast expense of time and labor, and could not lightly be disturbed. Heads, when properly dressed, "kept for three weeks," as the barbers quietly phrased it. To "keep" them longer necessitated the employment of numerous preparations sold and warranted to destroy the vermin which bred in the flour and pomatum so liberally used. "Directions for opening a three weeks' head," openly circulated in those days, should have been enough to disgust *cleanly* people with the fashion. Of course false hair was still in great demand; and we read of a young country girl, with fine locks, coming to London and selling her hair for fifty pounds ($250), with which sum as her dower she returned, pacified an obdurate father, and married his willing son.



FIGURE 30.

What with the towers and trains of the ladies, the wigs and tight breeches of the gentlemen, and the *stays* worn by both sexes, locomotion in full dress must have been a matter of difficulty, while a departure from the erect position seems to have been an impossibility. At a ball given by an English royal Duke, "Lady H——d" chanced to drop her handkerchief. Having a bad cold, she needed it; but neither she nor her partner, a royal Duke, being dressed for stooping, they were obliged to ring for the servant to assist her ladyship's nose to a handkerchief.

Yet even these towers of flowers and feathers were preferable to the disgusting fashion which followed it, of piling garden stuff—such as carrots and parsneps—on the head. Here is an inventory of the contents of such a fashionable head as we just mentioned:

"Sing her daub'd with white and red,
Sing her large terrific head,
Nor the many things disguise
That produce its mighty size;
And let nothing be forgot,
Carrots, turnips, and what not;
Curls and cushions for *imprimis*,
Wool and powder for the *finis;*
Lace and lappets, many a flag,
Many a party-colored rag,
Pendent from the head behind,
Floats and wantons in the wind."

For a long time gray powder was the rage. This applied on black hair caused it to look blue, transforming young ladies for the time being into actual blues. Figure 31 is a sample of this head-dress. This is alluded to in the following graphic account of a fashionable lady's toilet for the year 1759—just one hundred years ago:

"Hang a small bugle cap on, as big as a crown,
Snout it off with a flow'r, vulgo dict, a pompoon;
Let your powder be gray, and braid up your hair,
Like the mane of a colt to be sold at a fair.
A short pair of jumps, half an ell from your chin,
To make you appear like one just lying-in;
Before, for your breast, pin a stomacher bib on,
Ragout it with curlets of silver and ribbon.
Your neck and your shoulders both naked should be,
Was it not for Vandyke, blown with cheveux-de-frize.



FIGURE 31.



FIGURE 32.

Let your gown be a sack, blue, yellow, or green,
And frizzle your elbows with ruffles sixteen;
Furl off your lawn apron with flounces in rows,
Puff and pucker up knots on your arms and your toes;
Make your petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide
May decently show how your garters are ty'd;
With fringes of knotting your dicky cabob,
On slippers of velvet, set gold à-la-daube.
But mount on French heels, when you go to a ball;
'Tis the fashion to totter, and show you can fall;
Throw modesty out from your manners and face,
A-la-mode de Francois, you're a bit for his Grace."

So vast were the "towers" and so expanded the hoops that the doors of the French Queen's palace were forced to be made both higher and wider to admit herself and her ladies. The author of "The Enormous Abomination of the Hooped Petticoat," 1745, has a description of a lady entering a room which will put some malicious persons in mind of experiences of the present day: "Suppose the fine lady entering a room: First enters, wriggling and sideling and edging in by degrees, two yards and a half of hoop; for as yet you see nothing else. Some time after appears the inhabitant of the garment herself; not with a full face, but is profile. Next, in due time, follows two yards and a half of hoop more; and now her whole person, with all its appurtenances, is actually arrived fully and completely in the room. She sits down: if it be upon a couch or squab, though the couch or squab be five yards long, her hoop takes up every inch of it, from one end to the other. If upon a chair, it is the same in effect; only the hoop is suspended in the air, without any thing else to rest upon."

The "heads" excited the satire of all the poets and poetasters of the age. They were compared to almost every disagreeable subject in nature; but no amount of fun affected the mode. The quick changes from one monstrous fashion to another more monstrous still, caused one to sing,



FIGURE 33.

"O let a wind-mill decorate the hair,
A wind-mill, apter emblem of the fair!
As every blast of air impels the vane,
So every blast of folly whirls their brain."

To shape and order the cumbrous "head" required the strength and energies of a *male* hair-dresser, whose labors are thus described by the author of the "New Bath Guide:"

"And first at her porcupine head he begins
To fumble and poke with his irons and pins,
Then fires all his crackers with horrid grimace,
And puffs his vile rocambol breath in her face,



FIGURE 35.



FIGURE 36.

Discharging a steam that the devil would choke,
From paper, pomatum, from powder and smoke;
The patient submits, and with due resignation,
Prepares for her fate in the next operation.
When lo! on a sudden, a monster appears,
A horrible monster, to cover her ears;
What sign of the zodiac is it he bears?
Is it Taurus's tail, or the *tête de mouton*,
Or the beard of the goat, that he dares to put on?
'Tis a wig *en vergette*, that from Paris was brought.
Une tête comme il faut, that the varlet has bought
Of a beggar, whose head he has shaved for a groat.
Now fixed to her head, does he frizzle and dab it;
'Tis a fore-top no more—'tis the skin of a rabbit—
'Tis a muff—'tis a thing that by all is confest,
Is in color and shape like a chaffinch's nest."



FIGURE 34.

The strong scents which were universal toilet adjuncts from the time of Queen Bess down to the close of the last century, seem to have been necessities rather than luxuries. Cold water as a purifier was not much used in the cumbrous toilets of those days. To ladies who painted in red and white, as they did in the last century, an imprudent washing of



FIGURE 37.

the face would have been almost certain death. Lady Fortrose indeed killed herself by such a rashness, and several similar deaths are on record. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1741 confesses that "from my *love of appearing clean*, and conversing with the ladies, I am what people call a Beau." At Bath, the focus of every thing refined and fashionable during the early part of the last century, they never washed the uncarpeted floors of the apartments; but they were occasionally smeared over with a mixture of soot and small beer, which hid, or at any rate clouded, all unsightly accumulations.

Lest our fair readers think we give undue prominence to the fashionable absurdities of their sex, we must cite here one more extravagance in male attire, which seems to eclipse almost any thing to be laid to the fairer portion of creation. The Prince of Wales, who was afterward George IV., and whose wardrobe sold at auction, after his death, for the trifling sum of $45,000 (it was estimated to have cost $500,000), was the first to countenance buckskin breeches as an indispensable fashionable morning garment. This article was made to fit so close to the person that, we read, the maker and a couple of assistants were usually required to aid at the ceremony of trying it on. In some instances it was actually suspended from the ceiling by machinery, and the wearer *descended into it*, endeavoring, partly by the influence of his natural gravity, and partly by the pullings and haulings of those around him, to get home into the shell prepared for him. The effect of three hours' work of this kind (and the task lasted that time) may be imagined, especially if it was in the summer time. To walk in them was a torture, and to get out of them no less; but the dandy submitted to all with the devotion of a new-made saint, and the imperturbable firmness of a martyr.

In conclusion, we come to bonnets—of which the varying shapes are so numerous that we can give only a few of the most remarkable.

The horned and peaked styles (Figure 32) were in vogue during the reigns of the Plantagenets, but died out before Elizabeth's time. When the tower was the mode, a head-covering to correspond was a necessity. The balloon or hood (Figure 35) seems to have been rather graceful than otherwise. But it was soon driven out by the basket-shaped contrivance shown in Figure 37. This, heavy as it looks, was exceedingly light and fragile, composed chiefly of laces, gauze, wire, and ribbon, and intended to protect and shelter, and not weigh down, the immense head which it covered.

The three styles here presented in Figure 34 were all the rage at different periods, and all are more graceful than the cumbrous head-piece shown in Figure 33.

This was the height of the mode about 1768, and was—so says Stewart, a perruquier-author, in his *Plocacosmos*—thought a most graceful adornment! What taste!

But equally ungraceful and fashionable was the monstrous cap shown in Figure 36—a fact we should be loth to ask the reader to believe, were it not that our engraving is copied from an engraved likeness of the fair Mary Anne Robinson, the first love of that prince who was afterward George IV. One can scarcely imagine that a really beautiful woman would so disfigure herself. No wonder a pious rhymer of those days sang:

"The pride of our females all bound'ry exceeds,
'Tis now quite the fashion to wear double heads.
Approaching this town to disburse heavenly treasure,
I passed by a head that would fill a strike-measure,
If I'd had that measure but close to my side,
I then should have had the experiment tried.
By sins a man's said to be covered all o'er,
With bruises and many a putrified sore;
From the sole of his foot to his crown they aspire,
But the sins of a woman rise half a yard higher."

And yet, not one of the bonnets so ridiculed will seem more strange and *outré* to our small bonneted generation than will this specimen of the head covering which excited the budding vanity and enthusiasm of our mothers.





CARLO ANTONIO LOPEZ, PRESIDENT OF PARAGUAY.

LA PLATA.*

WHATEVER may be the immediate issue of the dispute with Paraguay, which forms so unfortunate an episode in the history of the La Plata Exploring Expedition, the ultimate results of this expedition can not fail to be of the highest importance. The basin drained by the affluents of the Rio de La Plata contains more than 800,000 square miles—a territory seven times larger than Great Britain, four times larger than France, two and a half times larger than the original thirteen States of the Union. In extent it ranks the third of the great river basins of the earth, being exceeded only by the basins of the Amazon and the Mississippi; while, as a home for civilized men and as the probable seat of a mighty Empire, its natural capabilities are surpassed only by those of our own great Western Valley.

The policy of Spain toward her colonies in the New World was always narrow and selfish. None suffered more than the vast region of La Plata. The merchants of Seville and Lima obtained the monopoly of the trade of Peru, and prohibitory edicts were issued against that of La Plata; so that when, after nearly three centuries of possession, the Spanish power passed away, only a few isolated portions of the country had been brought into subjection by civilized man.

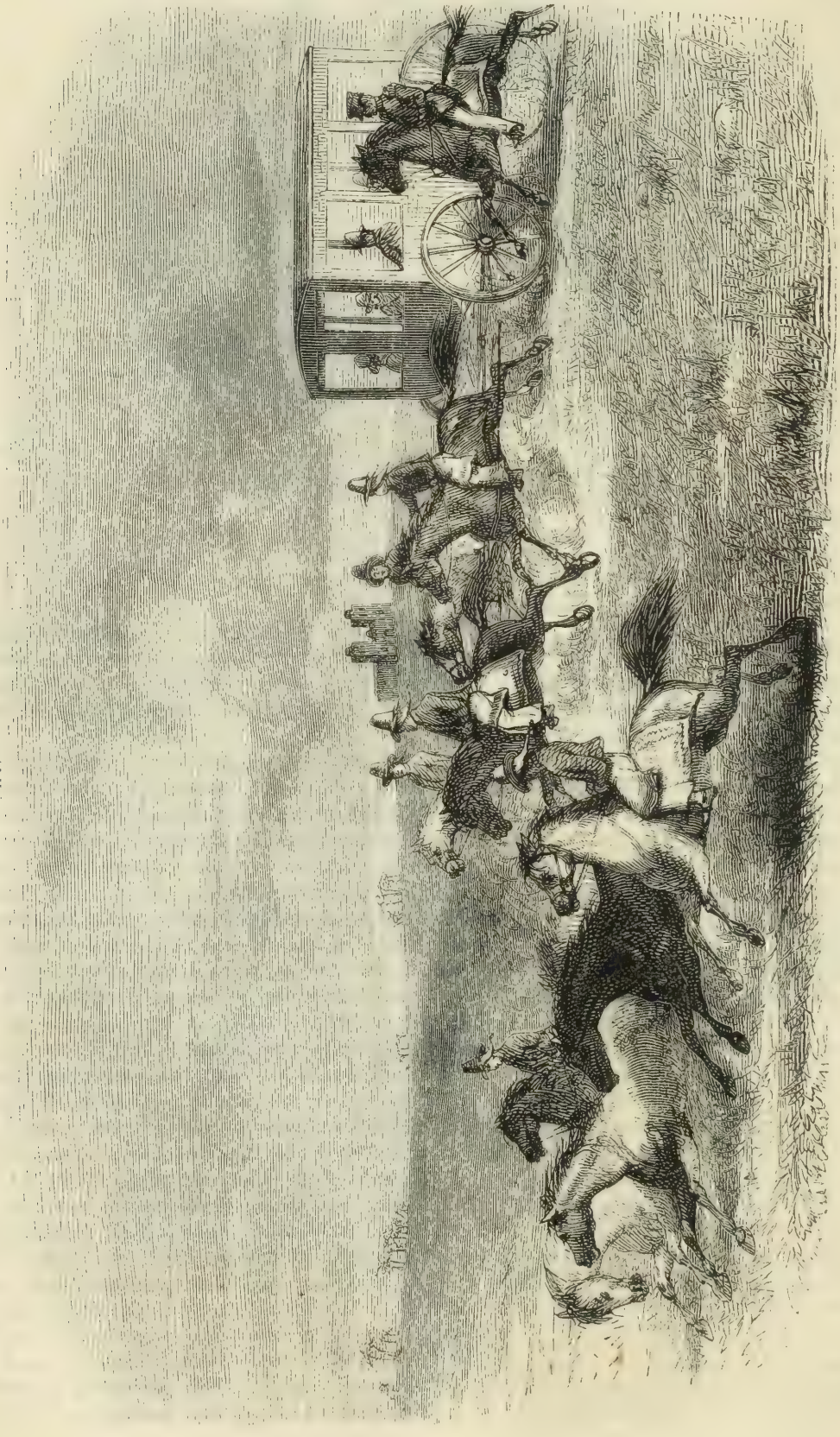
The anarchy and civil wars which ensued were still less favorable to the development of the resources and population of La Plata. Paraguay, under the iron rule of Francia, was shut off from all communication with the outer world; Uruguay, pounced upon by Brazil, was almost desolated in gaining her independence, the ill-consolidated Argentine Confederation fell under the brutal tyranny of Rosas, whose chief aim was to secure for his own State of Buenos Ayres the supremacy over the whole Confederation; to effect which the waters of La Plata were closed to the commerce and navigation of the world. Aided by Brazil, some of whose finest provinces were isolated by the closing of the Paraguay and Parana, the other States of the Confederation, under the lead of Urquiza, took up arms against Rosas, and, after a weary war of years, totally defeated him on the 3d of February, 1852, and secured the independence of the Argentine States, and the right to the free navigation of their own waters. Urquiza, a man of enlarged and liberal views, was placed at the head of affairs; and on the 28th of August, 1852, he issued a decree declaring the navigation of the waters of the Con-

* *La Plata: The Argentine Confederation and Paraguay.* Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata and adjacent Countries, during the years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the orders of the United States Government. By THOMAS J. PAGE, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and Numerous Engravings. Harper and Brothers.

federation free to the vessels of all nations. The seal which had so long closed this great country was broken, and a vast region was at once opened to the commerce of the world.

Our own Government was the first to avail itself of the opportunity thus offered to obtain a more extended knowledge of La Plata. The steamer *Water Witch* was put under the command of Lieutenant (now Captain) Thomas J. Page, who was charged to explore the rivers of La Plata, and to report upon their navigability and the commercial resources of the countries traversed by them.

Lieutenant Page performed the duties intrusted to him with rare tact, fidelity, and intelligence. His narrative, recently published, gives an account of explorations embracing more than eight thousand miles of travel by water and land, in the Argentine Confederation and Paraguay. These explorations were

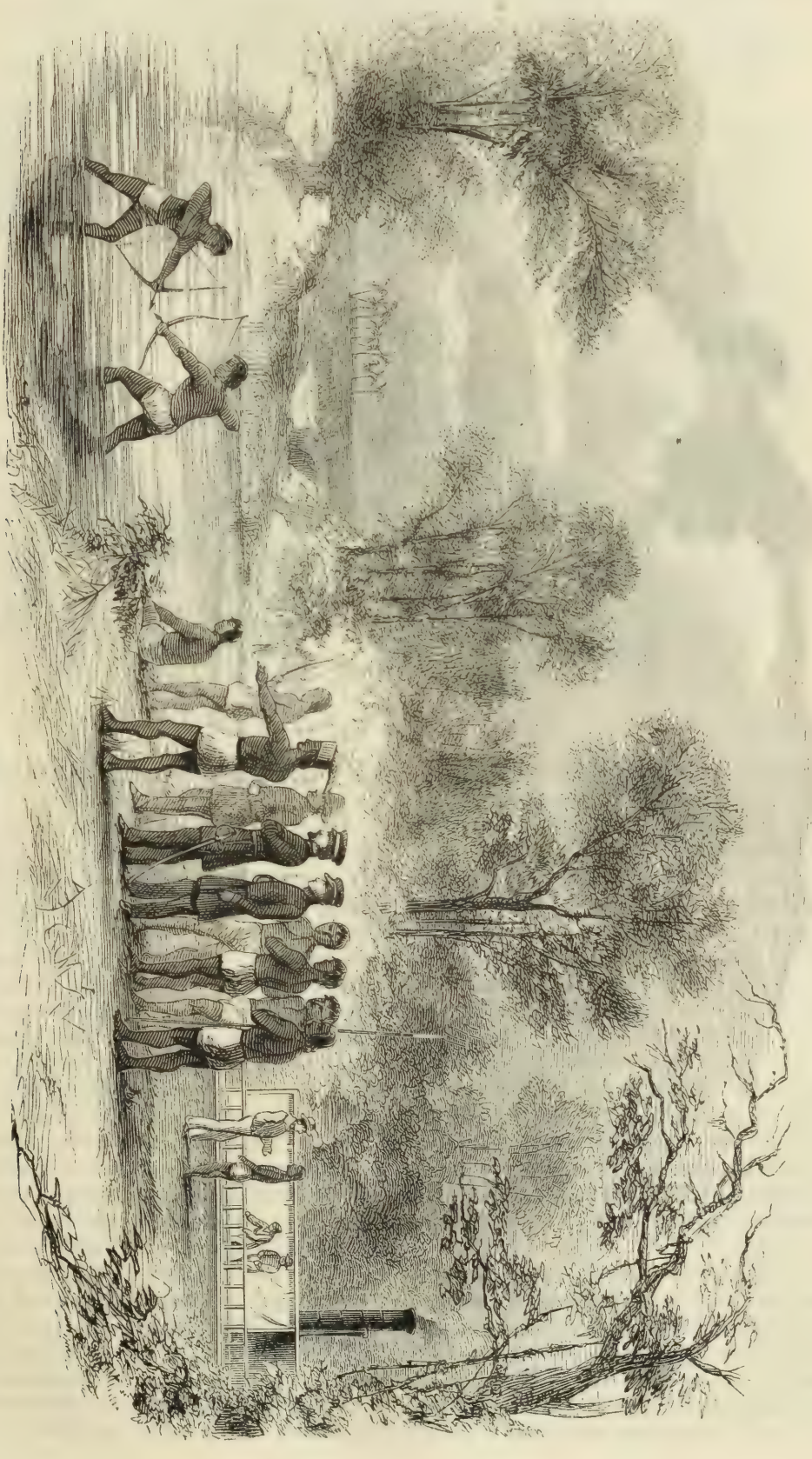


THE GALERA.

made with the full consent and cordial co-operation of all the States in whose territories they took place; and without the slightest unfriendly act on either side, up to the time of the unfortunate rupture with President Lopez of Paraguay, which has at length resulted in the dispatch of the largest naval force which our Government has as yet fitted out.

The *Water Witch* reached Buenos Ayres on the 25th of May, 1853. The country was in a state of civil war. Buenos Ayres, unwilling to recede from her supremacy in the Confederation, had taken up arms against Urquiza, who was besieging the capital by land, while his fleet blockaded the port with the design of starving the city into surrender. He at once formally authorized the expedition to proceed; but various diplomatic reasons detained the *Water Witch* at Buenos Ayres for some months.

The members amused themselves as they



RIO NEGRO—INDIANS FISHING.



USE OF THE LASSO AND BOLAS.

could in watching the movements of the blockading squadron, and those of the merchantmen who were endeavoring to enter the port. The former showed marvelous skill in not overhauling the vessels deeply laden with flour and other edibles designed to feed the hungry population whom Urquiza was trying to starve into submission. How they could fire at them and invariably miss was a secret which was fully exposed one day, by the commander of the blockading fleet openly carrying his vessels over to the inside party. The blockade was at an end, and Urquiza could reduce the city only by bombardment. This he was loth to do; and very willingly acceding to a proposition for accommodation made through the representatives of France, England, and the United States, he withdrew his army from before the city.

The negotiations between the Argentine Confederation on the one side, and the representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and France on the other, were now transferred to the residence of Urquiza in the interior of the Province of Entre Rios, and the *Water Witch* was employed to convey the President, his suite, and afterward the American Ministers, Messrs. Schenck and Pendleton, up the River Uruguay to Gualaguaychu, the port nearest to Urquiza's *estancia* of San José.

From Gualaguaychu to San José, a distance of fifty miles, the road lay wholly within the estate of Urquiza, which extends some ten miles further, embracing several hundreds of square miles of the most fertile part of Entre Rios. The mode of conveyance was by a *galera*—a vehicle not unlike an omnibus, drawn by four horses, each mounted by a gaucho, and capable of carrying a dozen passengers.

While the ministers were engaged in negotiations, Page and his naval companions busied themselves by inspecting the various operations carried on at this great estancia; saw the gauchos, equipped with lasso and bolas, dashing in among the herds of wild cattle, flinging them to the ground, and branding them with the distinctive mark of the owner; visited the wheat-fields, nurseries, and gardens; and wondered at the immense herds of deer, and droves of ostriches—fifty of these long-necked, long-legged birds being counted together—which surrounded the house. Urquiza's dwelling is a one-



COSTUMES IN THE INTERIOR.

storied quadrangular stone building of eighty feet on each side. Two lofty turrets afford a view of miles in every direction over the level pampa. Farther than the eye can reach the land is his own; and this is but one of his many estates. On this estancia of San José are 70,000 sheep, 40,000 head of cattle, and 2000 horses.

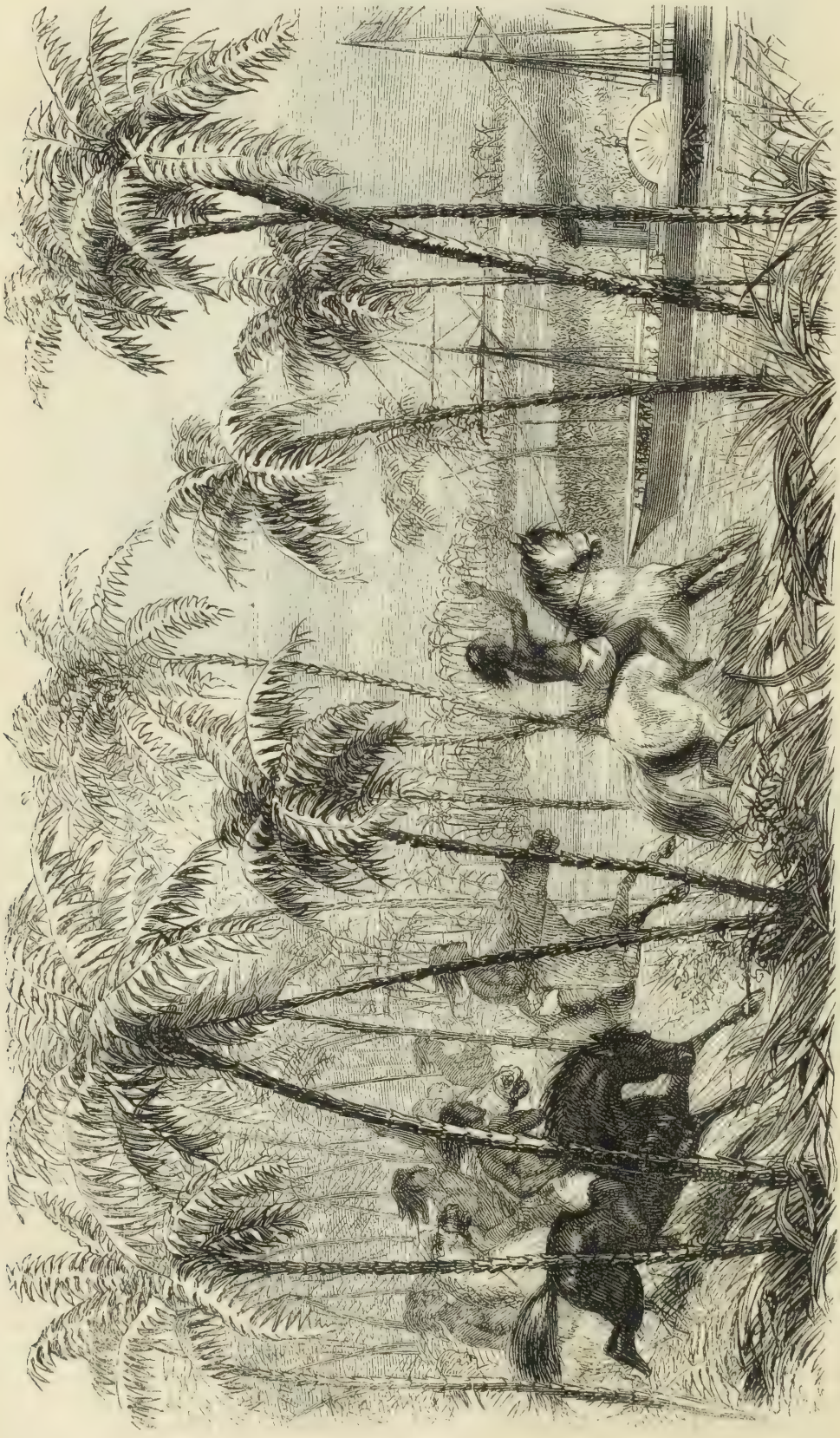
Their time for observation was short. The negotiations were pushed forward rapidly, and with entire cordiality on both sides. Three days after their arrival at San José the treaty of July 27, 1853, was concluded and formally signed by Urquiza; and on the same day treaties in similar terms were concluded with the Ministers of Great Britain and France. The vital article of these treaties is that by which the navigation of the great rivers La Plata, Uruguay, and Parana will henceforth be free to the commerce of the world; this freedom no longer depending upon decrees which may be abrogated, laws which may be repealed, or constitutions which may be changed; but is under the solemn guarantee of international contracts. Buenos Ayres indeed subsequently protested against this treaty; but in her anomolous position, neither in nor out of the Confederation, her discontent is of little consequence. If she remains in the Confederation, she must be governed by the supreme power; if she goes out of it, she has no claim to impede the free navigation of rivers of which she owns only a small part on one shore.

On the 1st of September, 1853, the proper work of the Expedition was begun by the *Water Witch* commencing the ascent of the Parana. The Rio de la Plata is an estuary rather than a river. It is 180 miles wide at the ocean, extending inland 170 miles, where it receives its two great affluents: the Parana, in its lower course running nearly southeast, and the Uruguay, a little west of south; between these rivers lie the states of Entre Rios and Corrientes, while on the western bank of the Parana lie the states of Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, and higher up the almost unknown region of the Grand Chaco, occupied by scattered bands of Indians, who acknowledge fealty to no civilized power.

The design of the exploration was purely scientific. The precise geographical position of all important points was to be ascertained by astronomical observations. During the day these were taken on shore; at night, when the

vessel was at anchor, they were made from the deck. Elaborate charts were also to be prepared, giving a faithful representation of the river and as much as possible of the adjacent country. For this purpose an elevated position was taken on the hurricane deck, where the commander and two assistant officers were always posted when the steamer was under way. One observer, with chart-paper before him, projected the course of the river, noted its width and depth, and delineated the topography of either bank; while the other recorded these observations in his note-book, together with remarks upon any peculiar characteristics of the shores and vegetation. When in deep water, soundings were made every five minutes; when the water was shallow, the soundings were made as rapidly as the lead could be thrown.

For 200 miles the Parana and its branches form a low delta, studded with innumerable isl-



MEETING INDIANS IN THE CHACO.

ands, covered with orange and peach trees. The oranges are of poor quality, but the peaches, which grow wild, are of admirable flavor. The fruiterers lay their boats against the banks, and load them directly from the overhanging trees. These islands, at this season, present an enchanting spectacle. The low banks are fringed with aquatic plants; the willows droop their pensile boughs over the water, forming arbors under which the boatmen indulge in their noontide *siesta*. The air is loaded with delicate odors from innumerable flowers, and the eye is almost wearied with the gorgeous coloring of the tropical vegetation. From the mast-head of the steamer, as far as the eye could reach over the level banks, there was but a wilderness of foliage, and flowers, and fruit.

The river now begins to emerge from this low delta, presenting steep banks of from fifty to a hundred feet in height, with a rich soil. Here



ATTACK UPON THE "WATER WITCH."

are the great estancias, or grazing establishments, covered with herds of cattle and horses. The civil wars which have ravaged the country for so many years have sadly diminished these; but they still constitute the wealth of the country. The great estancieros reside at Buenos Ayres, luxuriating in the enjoyments of city life, leaving their estates to the management of the *capitaz* and his subordinate herdsmen.

Rosario, 200 miles from the mouth of the Parana, and 400 from the ocean, will probably in time become the great emporium of the eleven provinces west of the Parana. When the Expedition reached it, in September, 1853, its population was about 4000. Within two years, and before the *Water Witch* left La Plata, the population of Rosario had increased to 12,000—an increase paralleled only by that of some of our own Western cities

Three hundred and fifty miles from its



PURSUIT OF INDIANS ON THE SALADO.

mouth the Parana receives the Salado, its first great tributary from the west, the subsequent exploration of which forms one of the most interesting features of Captain Page's narrative. From this point, with the single exception of the little hamlet of Capilla de San José, settlements are confined wholly to the eastern bank of the river. On the west, far up the Parana and Paraguay, is "*El Gran Chaco*," which covers an area of 200,000 square miles—equal to that of our four great States of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio. It is partitioned by imaginary lines among the neighboring Governments, but is in the actual possession of hordes of inhospitable savages, who acknowledge allegiance to no power but that of their own caciques, who rule with unquestioned authority.

Corrientes, the capital of the State of that name, is a flourishing town upon the eastern bank of the Parana, just below its junction with the Paraguay, and about 1000 miles from the ocean. The Parana, whose course has hitherto been north and south, turns sharply to the east after receiving the Paraguay. It keeps this course for two or three hundred miles, when it resumes its former direction, running nearly parallel with the Paraguay. Within the peninsula formed by these two rivers lies the inland State of Paraguay, with a territory of 72,000 square miles, and a population of some 300,000 souls. Cut off from the rest of the world by position, Paraguay has been still more isolated by the policy of its rulers. The independence of the country was acknowledged in 1811; the next year the administration was confided to two consuls, Yegros and Francia, the latter of whom soon gained the management of affairs, and established the most absolute system of despotism ever known in the civilized world. He seems to have been possessed by two leading ideas: To concentrate all power in his own person; and to shut out his dominions from intercourse with the rest of the world. No official record of his decrees was kept; his orders, with "executed" marked on the margin, were returned to him, and then destroyed. The only trade allowed was that carried on by himself. When he wanted articles of foreign production, a permit was sent to Corrientes for a single vessel to come to the port of Nembucu. An invoice of the cargo was forwarded to him, upon which he fixed his own price, paying for it in *yerba*. So completely was the produce of this favorite beverage monopolized by Paraguay, that Francia might have parodied our own boast, by saying that in La Plata "Yerba is king." The tyranny of Francia extended to every department of life; his spies and emissaries were at every man's door; his orders admitted of no delay or appeal. He died in 1840, having governed more than a quarter of a century. He left his country impoverished; its resources undeveloped; its population diminished. In spite of the numerous executions which he ordered, more than seven hundred prisoners filled the jails of Asuncion. Yet his power was from first to last unquestioned. In life he was *El Supremo*, and even yet the Paraguayans speak of him, only in whispers, as *El Defunto*—"The Deceased." The church in which he was buried is shunned to this day. One morning when it was opened for prayer his monument was found scattered in fragments over the floor; his bones had disappeared—how or whither nobody knew or cared: it was whispered about that the devil had only claimed his own, body and soul.

After a number of changes in the form of government, Señor Carlo Antonio Lopez was, in 1844, elected President for ten years. He soon possessed himself of power scarcely less absolute than that of Francia, though far more wisely exercised; for Lopez is unquestionably a man of no common talent. It is said that Paraguay has a constitution on paper—there certainly was one in Francia's time; but nobody now seems to know any thing of its provisions; Lieutenant Page could get no official information respecting it. The President is the State; he appoints the commandantes; these nominate the representatives to Congress; and Congress chooses the President. Of course, when Lopez's term expired there was no rival candidate, and he was again elected.

The Expedition left Corrientes on the 26th of September, having been occupied nearly a month in surveying the Parana. They now entered the Paraguay—a noble river of half a mile broad, with a winding course, but an open and unobstructed channel—and soon entered the territory of Paraguay. The country was beautiful. "In the islands of the Parana," writes Page, "we have seen the lovely gardens of La Plata; we have now before us her parks. It is the region of the palm, which here rises to a great height. The grass is green and luxuriant as a well-kept lawn; deer gambol under the trees, and it needs not a vivacious imagination to conceive that at each bend of the river some noble mansion to which these parks pertain will appear. A few habitations are alone wanting to animate the landscape."

The eastern bank is defended by *piquettes* and *guardias;* the former at intervals of three miles, the latter at wider distances. These are the stations of a river police for the prevention of smuggling, and dispatch offices for the transmission of intelligence to the capital. The guardias consist of bamboo huts, with an adjacent lofty look-out; the piquettes are thatched sheds, with raw-hide hammocks for the men. On the west bank is the Chaco. Here are no guardias; the Indians being without canoes, the river is thought a sufficient protection from their incursions.

Asuncion, the capital, lies 160 miles above the mouth of the Paraguay. Immediately on his arrival Page sought an interview with the President, who received him in a plainly carpeted room, with a circular table in the centre, and a few cane-seated chairs arranged around

the walls. At the table sat Lopez, a stout man of fifty-four years of age, wearing his hat, according to his usual habit in receiving visitors of whatever rank. The existing treaty with Paraguay secured the right of navigating the river only as far as Asuncion. There were unsettled questions as to boundaries between Paraguay and Brazil; and as the river formed the only outlet to some of the richest Brazilian provinces, Lopez had closed its navigation above Asuncion, with a view of bringing Brazil to terms. One of the leading objects of the expedition was to explore the upper course of the Paraguay. Lopez hesitated to allow this, lest Brazil should adduce it as a precedent, and demand the right of passage, which he would not grant in the present state of their political relations. Page replied that the Expedition being of a purely scientific character, any privileges granted to it could not be made a precedent for navigation for commercial purposes, and urged the benefits which would accrue to Paraguay from a scientific exploration of waters so little known. Lopez saw the force of this reasoning, and not only gave the required permission, but afforded every facility for carrying it into effect. He allowed them to build a small steamer at Asuncion, designed to traverse the minor streams, and gave orders by which an abundant supply of fuel was furnished for the *Water Witch*. Up to the time of the unfortunate rupture, of which we shall soon have to speak, nothing could be more friendly and courteous than the conduct of the President of Paraguay. Page loses no opportunity of doing ample justice to Lopez in this respect, even while most severely animadverting upon his subsequent conduct.

A month having been occupied in these negotiations, the ascent of the river was begun on the 7th of November. Orders from Lopez had preceded them, and they were every where received with the utmost kindness. On the east bank were occasional villages and estancias; on the west the Chaco, which is here claimed by Paraguay, although no actual authority is exercised over it. One day, while running close to the west bank, they saw a host of mounted Indians in the distance. On they dashed like centaurs, men and women naked with the exception of a piece of stuff about the loins. They had neither saddles nor bridles, guiding their fiery horses among the trees by a hide thong passed around the lower jaw. Arrived at the bank they made signals for a "talk." The steamer was stopped, and a party sent ashore. The Indians proved to be a band of the Angaité, one of the most warlike of the tribes of the Chaco, who have for more than three centuries defied the power of the white man. They have maintained their independence, not among deadly morasses or inaccessible mountains; but in a land of fertile plains, and noble forests, accessible by navigable streams, and irrigated by abundant tributaries; a land in the most literal sense flowing with milk and honey. They were noble-looking creatures, all above the middle stature, well formed, and athletic. The old Jesuits give the most extraordinary accounts of the physical vigor of the Indians of the Chaco. Dobrizhoffer says if one dies at fourscore he is lamented as having been cut off in the flower of his age. He speaks of men of a hundred years mounting fiery horses like boys of twelve. Azara says that they have no equals in physical nobleness; he speaks of men more than a century old, vigorous and athletic, with perfect teeth and unthinned hair. One of these caciques, six feet and two inches in height, who still mounted his horse, handled his lance, went to war, and followed the chase with the youngest, was, in 1794, asked his age. He replied that he did not know; but that when the cathedral at Asuncion was built he was married and had a son. The cathedral was built 105 years before; so that the chief must have been more than 120 years old.

The abandoned fort of Olimpo marks the boundary, as claimed by Paraguay. Beyond this, the west bank belongs to Bolivia, the right to Brazil. Bolivia, in fact, claims Olimpo, and, in 1852, it was named as one of the three free ports of entry; and a prize of ten thousand dollars was offered to the first commercial expedition which should enter either of them. At the time when the Expedition reached it, with the exception of the deserted fortress and a few dilapidated huts formerly occupied by the officers, there was not for miles around the vestige of any occupation by the whites. It stood as isolated from all civilization as a desert island. But since the river has been opened to Brazilian vessels the fort has been again occupied by Paraguay.

Corumba, a little station about 300 miles beyond the frontier, was the point to which Brazil had limited the permission to ascend. It is a forlorn village occupied by a commander, fifteen soldiers, and some thirty half-breed women and children. Permission was subsequently given to explore all the Brazilian affluents of La Plata; but the difficulty with Paraguay rendered this unavailing for the time.

Corumba was reached on the 1st of December. The Expedition then descended the river to Asuncion, where it arrived on the 20th.

The *Water Witch*, drawing nine feet, had thus, at the season of low water, ascended this noble river a distance of 1000 miles from the ocean in a direct line, or twice as far by the course of the river, without meeting with the slightest obstruction. It therefore furnishes a practicable highway into the very heart of the South American continent. With the possible exception of our own great Western River, we may safely affirm that no other river on the earth presents so many facilities for navigation by steam. Of the availability of the country watered by it and its affluents for colonization and subsequent commerce, we shall hereafter speak more in detail.

As the Expedition approached Asuncion the

altered demeanor of the authorities at the various places where they touched showed that something was wrong. What this was was soon explained. Lopez was angry because they had ascended beyond the limits of Paraguay. This cloud quickly blew over. Lopez was highly gratified with the sketch of the river which Page gave him; and the relations between the Expedition and the President became more friendly than ever.

Lieutenant Page projected a series of journeys by land, to be undertaken by himself and his officers, into the interior of Paraguay. Lopez entered cordially into the scheme, and gave directions which every where procured the most hospitable reception to these parties. "A hint from the President," says Page, "would be quite sufficient to insure kind treatment to strangers at the hands of every Paraguayan. But, independent of any influence which the expression of his Excellency's will might have, I believe hospitality to be a national virtue. As there are no public houses, travelers must depend exclusively on private entertainment. I instructed the vaqueano to make remuneration on all occasions in the course of our route. It was invariably offered, but in a majority of cases declined." The Narrative presents throughout a genial picture of the people of Paraguay. Though the country is mainly agricultural, there is little variety in the articles cultivated. The people have few inducements to urge them to the strenuous industry which characterizes our race. Shut out from communication with other lands, they neither know nor desire their luxuries. Give them maté, beef, and mandioca, and they are satisfied. Their climate is deliciously soft, and with the festivals of the Church, and an occasional dance to break the monotony of existence, they dream life away, imagining that Paraguay is the true Elysium. Yet with increased intercourse with other lands new wants will arise, which the productions of their country will afford them the means of gratifying. There is no tropical or semi-tropical product which the soil of Paraguay is incapable of supplying. The women manifest a native grace which the laborious training of other lands can hardly equal. In the remotest towns of Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation women were every where met who had never seen any thing beyond the narrow limits of their secluded homes, who yet manifested all the refinement and delicacy of manner and feeling which we are accustomed to consider the results of elaborate education.

Almost the only instance of inhospitable treatment recorded by Lieutenant Page during his excursions in Paraguay took place at the Puesta del Estado, one of the numerous Government estancias. They had arrived there, after a ride of six hours, hungry and tired. After waiting a long time the servant of the State announced that dinner was ready. They looked about in vain for some token of the promised meal. Presently a couple of men stepped into the porch, each bearing a long stick thrust through a piece of roasted beef. "Is that our dinner?" asked the hungry men. "*Si Señor*," was the reply, delivered in a tone which implied "What more would you have?" The meat, unaccompanied by salt, bread, or vegetables, was so tough as to defy the assaults of knives or teeth. It seemed to have been taken from a bullock as old as the most long-lived Chaco Indian, while right before their eyes two thousand fat beeves were luxuriously grazing. By dint of much solicitation a few eggs were added to the meal, for which a dollar a person was demanded and paid. "I never reported the capitan of this puesta," says Page, "or he would probably have lost his place."

A very interesting journey was performed by Lieutenant Powell into the districts where the *yerba* is grown. From this herb is produced the *maté*, the favorite beverage of La Plata. The word maté means simply a gourd, and properly denotes the vessel from which the decoction is imbibed, by means of a tube with a perforated bulb at the extremity. The *Yerba maté* or *Ilex Paraguayensis* is a species of holly; the lands where it grows belong to the State, and the herb is a Government monopoly. It is gathered either by the officials of the Government, or by individuals who receive permission to collect and prepare it, receiving one-third of the product for the labor. The leaves and tender twigs are stripped from the bushes, roasted for thirty-six or forty-eight hours over a slow fire, pounded to a powder, and packed in hides for exportation. The present net revenue derived from this article amounts to about $360,000 a year.

The little steamer built at Asuncion, and named the *Pilcomayo*, proved a failure. An attempt was made to ascend in her the River Vermejo, which, rising in the Andean chain, passes through the Chaco, and empties into the Paraguay a little above its confluence with the Paraná. In thirty-two days the boat only made 137 miles, through a country of great beauty and fertility. Many Indians were seen on its banks, who subsist mainly by hunting and fishing. So novel an appearance as a steamboat failed to excite their wonder.

These expeditions and the necessary work of the Expedition filled up several months, at the close of which Lieutenant Page determined to prosecute some explorations in the Argentine State of Corrientes. Up to this time the friendly relations of Lopez had continued unbroken, and when Page called to take formal leave the demeanor of the President was unusually cordial. He even relaxed from his usual official dignity so far as to accompany his visitor to the door with many expressions of kindly feeling and proffers of all needed assistance.

Lieutenant Page was soon recalled to Paraguay by intelligence that serious misunderstandings had occurred between Mr. Hopkins the American Consul, who was also agent of a commercial Company, and President Lopez.

It originated in a mere trifle, which in other countries would never have become a government affair. When Lieutenant Page returned it had assumed the aspect of a diplomatic quarrel. Crimination had been followed by recrimination on both sides. The *exequatur* of the Consul had been revoked, and the privileges granted to the Company of which he was the head had been suspended. The Commander of the Expedition used every means to allay the difficulty; but the President seems to have become thoroughly angry, and violated the diplomatic courtesies due to the representative of a foreign power. The upshot of the matter was that the American Trading Company were forced to abandon the country, with no inconsiderable loss of property, and Lopez issued decrees, excluding foreign vessels of war from navigating the waters of the Republic, and prohibiting the further progress of the exploration of the rivers. This decree was issued on the 3d of October, 1854, and an alleged violation of it is offered as a justification of the attack upon the *Water Witch* in the following February.

The Expedition now left the waters of Paraguay, and proceeded down the river, bearing the members of the American Company.

The rupture with Lopez presented an insuperable obstacle to the execution of some of the leading objects of the Expedition. Among these was the exploration of the Pilcomayo, which rising among the Bolivian Cordilleras, courses through the Chaco, and falls into the Paraguay opposite Asuncion. No one, as far as is known, has ever ascended this river for more than forty miles; and an attempt to descend it, made in 1844, under the auspices of the Government of Bolivia, failed of success. Yet there is good reason to suppose that with proper means its navigation is practicable.

Still, however, there was much to be done. The whole Argentine Confederation lay open for exploration. The Uruguay, and the Parana beyond its junction with the Paraguay, were to be surveyed; and above all, the question of the navigability of the Salado was to be settled. This river, which forms the southern boundary of the Chaco, passes through some of the most populous States of the Confederation, whose products have hitherto found a market only by being transported eight hundred miles by ox-wagons, requiring a period of ten months to accomplish the journey both ways. It was confidently hoped that nothing more could break in upon the work of the Expedition.

A considerable portion of the crew of the *Water Witch*, and all the surveying officers, with the exception of Lieutenant Jeffers, who was left in command of the steamer, were detailed for the exploration of the Salado, where hostilities were apprehended from the Indians. Lieutenant Jeffers, in the scantily-manned *Water Witch*, was directed to proceed about a hundred miles up the Parana, beyond its junction with the Paraguay, for the purpose of examining certain rapids said to exist there.

The *Water Witch* left Corrientes on the 1st of February, 1855. On the preceding day Lieutenant Page, with the Salado party, set out in the miserable little *Pilcomayo*. As they put off, a Paraguayan boat, which had been hovering about, was observed to pull rapidly up the river. It doubtless bore to Lopez a report of the division of the American force.

On the 3d of February those on board the *Pilcomayo* were surprised to see the *Water Witch* come steaming down the river after them. The story was soon told. The vessel had proceeded quietly on her work, having on board a native pilot who professed to know where the channel lay. Keeping as close as possible to the Argentine bank, he suddenly ran the steamer aground, nearly opposite the little Paraguayan fort of Itapiru. The pilot said that the main channel lay near the Paraguay bank, but that he supposed there was water enough to float the vessel near the other shore. He was ordered to put the steamer in that channel, which ran close by Itapiru. When near the fort, two or three blank cartridges were fired, followed by a shot, which passed through the after-port, cut away the wheel, and killed the man at the helm. The fire was returned from the steamer; the flag-staff of the fort was cut down, and it is said that a number of the Paraguayans were killed. The *Water Witch* then dropped down the stream, and was soon beyond the reach of the guns of Itapiru.

This attack was an outrage for which it is impossible to assign an adequate cause. The *Water Witch* was not within the waters belonging to Paraguay, but in those common to that State and Corrientes; and was not, therefore, violating the order which closed the Paraguayan river to men-of-war, and prohibited the further prosecution of the exploration. She was proceeding in accordance with the express desire of the Governor of Corrientes, and had a perfect right to use the channel, even though it ran directly under the walls of Fort Itapiru. It is absurd to imagine that the Americans could have had any hostile design against Paraguay; for the *Water Witch* was not equipped as a man-of-war; and, as must have been known, had on board but a single officer, and only twenty-eight men, all told, including cooks and stewards. Close by was the Paraguayan fleet, consisting of five vessels, a steamer, many gunboats, and a body of six thousand men who had assembled here to oppose the passage of a fleet which Brazil was on the point of sending up.

Lopez was doubtless angry at the result of the affair of the American Trading Company, and felt himself affronted at the tone of the official correspondence with the Commander of the Expedition; and having never, in all his life, met with an equal, he resolved to avail himself of the first occasion to vindicate his dignity, relying upon the presumed inaccessibility of his country to protect him from future reprisals. He indeed attempted to justify his course by alleging that the Americans were apparently

taking soundings in the waters of Paraguay which were closed to foreign vessels; and caused a chart to be prepared in which the topography of the scene and the movements of the *Water Witch* were made to correspond with this statement. Lieutenant Page presents this fancy chart side by side with one made from actual survey. No two things could well be more dissimilar.

Lieutenant Page was not disposed to rest quiet under this insult to our flag. The armament of the steamer was not such as to enable him to act efficiently against a fort like that of Itapiru. He, therefore, hurried down the river, hoping to obtain guns from our coast squadron.

Arriving at Buenos Ayres, Page found that the American fleet had just left that port. He sent an account of the attack upon the *Water Witch* to Commodore Salter, urging that the *Germantown* should be dispatched at once to Paraguay. "The *Water Witch*," said he, "with the *Germantown*, or a brig in tow, will be amply sufficient to inflict such punishment upon Paraguay as the insult demands—not only knock down the fort, but capture the squadron also." Captain Lynch, who commanded the *Germantown*, offered either to take the vessel up, or to relinquish the command to Page for that purpose. The Commodore, after consulting with our new minister, Mr. Peden, refused to act. "I can not move in the matter," said he; "the affair is referred to the Government, and I shall await instructions." Page then asked that the *Water Witch* might be furnished with a couple of large guns from the squadron. With these, he would undertake to knock down Fort Itapiru, and would pledge his life for the success of the attempt. It was all in vain. "There are other fields for the Expedition," said the Commodore; "and you had better not return to that part of the river until instructions are received from home."

Foiled in his attempts to obtain means to avenge the outrage upon the *Water Witch*, Page turned his attention to the explorations which remained to be accomplished. Foremost among these was the exploration of the River Salado, which, forming the boundary between the settled portions of the Argentine Confederation and the Indian domain of the Chaco, penetrates several important provinces.

To explore this river a little steamer, which had been sent out in pieces from the United States, was chartered for a few weeks. She was called the *Yerba;* her length was 112 feet, and with twenty-five men, provisions for two months, six tons of coal and two cords of wood on board, her draught was twenty-six inches. The short time for which the steamer was chartered permitted them to ascend only 340 miles by the river, or 91 miles in a straight line; but enough was seen to make it evident that the river was navigable much farther.

Lieutenant Page therefore determined to take the steamer back, and then make a journey by land into the interior, and then descend the river to the point where the exploration had ceased. This purpose was in a good measure executed; and the consequent journey was the longest undertaken by land during the progress of the Expedition.

Page was accompanied on this journey by Lieutenant Murdaugh and Cornelius, one of the crew of the *Water Witch*. The Governor of the province furnished them with a small military escort. Thus reinforced they had no doubt that they could make head against any party of wandering savages whom they might encounter. They left Santa Fé on the 12th of November. For a hundred and twenty miles the way was over "a shoreless sea of grass, where the eye found a resting-place only upon the horizon, from which the sun rose as from the ocean." The solitude was broken only by one military post and a single village of peaceful Indians. Then followed a long day's ride over a half-desert region, where the water is scarce and brackish; after which they entered a comparatively populous and well-cultivated country, whose wheat fields afforded a pleasant sight after the monotony of the pampa. From this point there are postas for the accommodation of travelers, where a little indifferent food and a hide cot without bedding may be had.

Cordova, the capital of the State of that name, is a pleasant town of 15,000 inhabitants, situated 240 miles from Santa Fé. A railroad has been surveyed, by Mr. Campbell, an American, from this place to Rosario, the most flourishing port on the Parana. The Cordovese were not over-cordial toward Lieutenant Page. They feared that if he should be able to establish the navigability of the Salado much of the trade which they wished to monopolize would be diverted from their town.

After a considerable stay at Cordova they started for Santiago del Estero, 360 miles further. When the horses were brought up, Page was disappointed at their sorry appearance. They seemed incapable of making a dozen miles a day. He complained to the master of the posta for giving him such miserable-looking beasts; and vexed by the assurance with which the man insisted that they were excellent horses, struck spurs and dashed off, expecting that the horses would drop down in half an hour. The sorry-looking pampa steeds never broke gallop for twelve miles; and, instead of being distressed, were ready, after half an hour's rest, to be driven back at the same speed. At every posta on the road the horses were driven up fresh from the pasture, and yet in all this long journey Page made never less than ten, and commonly twelve miles an hour, often proceeding from twelve to twenty-four miles upon the same horse.

At Santiago they met with the most hospitable reception. Don Manuel Taboado, the Governor of the province, entered warmly into the design of the Expedition, assigned the party apartments in the Government House, and treated them as the guests of the State. The

hospitality of the people was almost embarrassing. Page was afraid to attempt to procure the smallest article; for it was promptly furnished, and the money invariably returned, with the remark, "You can pay for nothing here, Sir." At a picnic given by some of the principal citizens, among the refreshments provided was English ale, which had been brought 650 miles on ox-wagons across the pampas.

They had now by a circuitous route reached within fifty miles of the Salado, and wished from this point to descend the river to the point to which the steamer had ascended. A boat eighteen feet in length happened to be in a stream near the town. By the order of the Governor this was carried over to the Salado on an ox-cart, and the explorers followed in the Governor's own barouche. The boat was launched on the 11th of September, 1855, to the immense astonishment of the by-standers, who had never seen any water-craft larger than a hide *balsa*. For many days the river was found obstructed by *barricados* of drift-wood, which were removed by men sent on by the Governor. These grew less frequent as they descended; but their removal consumed much time.

On the evening of the 25th of September, while bivouacked upon the bank, they were aroused by the approach of a body of horsemen. It was the Governor, at the head of eighty men, in pursuit of a large body of Indians who had crossed the river from the Chaco side, made an attack upon the estancias, killed several persons, and driven off the flocks and herds. Page asked permission to accompany the troops. The Governor would not stop a moment; so in the darkness they floundered through the mud and water of the river, and soon struck the trail of the marauders. As day dawned their traces became more evident. Soon they saw a cloud of dust in the distance. The Indians were hurrying on at full speed, driving their stolen horses in advance. The pursuers pressed on at full gallop. Twice during the chase of three hours the Indians lassoed fresh horses from the drove, mounted them, and dashed on. It seemed but the work of a moment, but each time the pursuers gained a little. When within a quarter of a mile a party of the savages turned, sprang at full height upon the bare backs of their horses, as if to count the numbers of their enemies, and whooped defiance. The handful of soldiers in advance of the main body charged straight at the savages, who met them half-way, spearing right and left; then, suddenly wheeling about, made after their comrades. The soldiers passed on in hot pursuit, and were gaining rapidly, when the Indians suddenly abandoned their horses, and disappeared in the dense forest which they had closely skirted during the chase, and were lost to sight as completely as though the earth had swallowed them. The result of the chase was the capture of two hundred horses and two hundred and fifty head of cattle.

The forest in which the Indians had taken refuge extended for three days' journey, and was so impenetrable as to render pursuit impossible. The soldiers, after a halt of five minutes, retraced their way, under a burning sun, through a country destitute of water. At night they bivouacked near a marsh, where a little brackish water was found in the deep cattle tracks. The horses had been under saddle twenty hours, and, with a rest of only five minutes, had made 120 miles. For the men there was neither food nor drink. At daylight the march was resumed, and night brought them to the river, where they found food and fresh water, the first which they had tasted for forty hours. Water, indeed, was too plentiful, for a heavy rain set in, notwithstanding which Page spread his India-rubber blanket on the ground, and slept soundly till morning. In this Indian chase they had passed through 135 miles of the Chaco, over a rich plain about five miles broad, bounded on one side by the river, and on the other by an unbroken forest which extends for 150 miles. In returning from their plundering excursions into Cordova and Santiago the Indians pass along this plain, where they can find grass and water for the cattle which they have stolen. They double the southern extremity of the forest, and, taking their last draught of fresh water, push northward across the saline pampa which stretches toward the Vermejo. Page was impressed with admiration for the patient endurance of the Santiagan soldiers. Their only pay is a suit of clothes, a ration of beef, and a little tobacco; yet they serve cheerfully, rarely desert, will march for two or three successive days without food or water. But the long civil wars have so weakened the country that the Indians have actually gained upon the whites; and these western provinces are absolutely less populous than they were at the time when they gained their independence. Within the recollection of living men the banks of the Salado were covered with great estancias which are now deserted; the men having been killed, the women and children carried into captivity, and the horses and cattle driven off by the Indians. We may reasonably hope that a better state of things is about to be inaugurated. The establishment of a few military posts will put an effectual check to these savage forays.

The boat proceeded down the river, which grew more and more free from obstructions, until the 3d of October, when the explorers came up with the Santiagan troops, who had followed the bank of the stream, and were going still further down in pursuit of marauding Indians. Page joined the Governor's party, and, sending back the boat, proceeded to a point about eighty miles in a direct line from Monte Aguara, the highest point reached by the steamer in its upward passage. The Salado was here a broad, well-defined stream, flowing through a beautiful country. The guide of the Governor affirmed that it maintained the same character to Monte Aguara; but the rainy season was setting in, and anxious as Page was to unite his

two explorations, it was thought advisable to return. Enough had been accomplished to demonstrate the navigability of the river for a distance of eight hundred miles.

On their return journey by land they found abandoned estancias, and other evidences of Indian forays. In one place the poles of a deserted lodge were tied with a long tress of hair, which must have come from the head of a white woman. They came in sight of a party of Indians who flung themselves down in the tall grass, which protected them from the unskillful fire of the soldiers, who invariably missed though the distance was not more than thirty yards; but the gauchos are less skillful with the musket than with the lasso. One fellow escaped several successive volleys, and Page was looking on, rather amused at the harmless firing, when the General accosted him:

"Commandante, that is a Cordovese, and a noted reprobate, a villain, a traitor."

In a moment Page's carbine was at his shoulder. A sharp report, and the fugitive fell, throwing up his arms and imploring mercy, declaring that he was a captive carried away by the Indians. He was brought in, shot through the thigh—for Page had fired not to kill, but only to bring him down. A couple of the Indians were finally killed, and one of the soldiers. The wounded refugee was treated with very little compunction, for he was well known as a criminal who had escaped justice and fled to the savages, for whom he had acted as guide in more than one foray.

Returning to Santiago after this expedition, which occupied about five weeks, they proceeded northwestward through Tucuman to Salta, a thriving town far up among the mountains. The opening of the Salado had excited much enthusiasm among the Saltanos; for, although it would not bring navigation to their doors, it would reduce the expenses and time of communication with Rosario full four-fifths. The trade of this province, which is rich in mineral and vegetable products, is now mainly conducted over the Cordilleras, by means of mules, to the single Bolivian port of Cobija, on the Pacific. Many years will not, however, pass before this trade, and that of a large part of Bolivia, and no small share of that of Brazil, will pass through the La Plata.

From this extreme point of his explorations Page returned to the Parana by a different route from that which he had followed in going. He descended the river to Montevideo, which he reached on the 24th of January, 1856. Here he found an order from the Secretary of War, complimenting him upon the energy displayed in the prosecution of his explorations, and directing him to return to the United States. The *Water Witch* accordingly left Montevideo on the 3d of February, and came to anchor at the Navy Yard in Washington on the 8th of May, after an absence of three years and four months.

The results of this exploration are of great value. It has demonstrated that the basin of La Plata is one of the most favored regions of the globe. It is rich in all the productions of temperate and semi-tropical zones; the soil and climate are adapted to the great commercial staples of sugar, cotton, and tobacco; in spite of the long civil wars, its plains are still covered with immense herds of cattle and horses. La Plata furnishes a notable exception to the dictum of Humboldt, that "Extreme fertility of soil and insalubrity of atmosphere are as inseparably connected in South America as in Asia." The men on board the *Water Witch*, notwithstanding their constant exposure, were almost absolutely free from sickness. The journeys in Paraguay were made in February—the hottest month of the year—yet no sick persons were seen; malignant fevers seem utterly unknown; in all Paraguay Page never saw a medical man. In his long journey through the Argentine Confederation he slept continually in the open air, according to the custom of the country, without experiencing the least ill effect. "I am constrained," he says, "to pronounce Paraguay, and those parts of the Argentine Confederation which constituted the field of our operations, one of the healthiest regions of the earth."

That such a region must have a future—"a great predestined future," says Lieutenant Page—"none could doubt who for many months had voyaged through such a valley of beauty, presenting, with the exception of our Mississippi, the fairest unbroken extent of cultivable land in the world. Is this wealth of creation to remain unavailable for the comfort and happiness of men, while the powers holding dominion over it invite immigration, and the over-crowded cities of Europe teem with millions whose cry is for bread? Emigrants to the valley of La Plata may reach their homes in ocean steamers. No barren wildernesses are to be traversed. No long winters or autumnal exhalations are to be feared. No warring with Indian, beast, or reptile, or with those tropical miasmas against which the mind and strength of the white race are impotent. If Bolivia, Paraguay, the Argentine Confederation, and Buenos Ayres would unite and form a community of nations, neither filibustering hosts nor imperial fleets could be feared. Spanish galleons, freighted with the 'fifths' of Majesty, or the ships of Great Britain and Portugal, laden with the profits of illegal trade, will never again sail from La Plata. But the steamers of maritime nations, bearing the products of industrial power, will cover her interior water-courses, and in return will pour into the lap of those nations the agricultural and mineral wealth of the Western Indies. No overthrow of existing governments, no political revulsions are necessary to place the inhabitants of these regions under the beneficent influences of a great republican civilization."

A WOMAN'S POEM.

YOU say you love me, and you lay
Your hand and fortune at my feet:
I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,
For love is sweet.

It is but little to you, men,
To whom the doors of Life stand wide;
But much, how much, to woman! She
Has naught beside.

You make the worlds wherein you move;
You rule your tastes, or coarse, or fine;
Dine, hunt, or fish, or waste your gold
At dice and wine!

Our world (alas, you make that too!)
Is narrower—shut in four blank walls:
Know you, or care, what light is there?
What shadow falls?

We read the last new novel out,
And live in dream-land till it ends:
We write romantic school-girl notes,
That bore our friends.

We learn to trill Italian notes,
And thrum for hours the tortured keys:
We think it pleases you, and we
But live to please!

We feed our birds, we tend our flowers
(Poor indoor things of sickly bloom!),
Or play the housewife in our gloves,
And dust the room.

But some of us have hearts and minds?
So much the worse for us and you;
For grant we seek a better life,
What can we do?

We can not build and sail your ships,
Or drive your engines: we are weak,
And ignorant of the tricks of Trade:
To think, and speak,

Or write some earnest, stammering words,
Alone is ours, and that you hate;
So forced within ourselves again,
We sigh and wait.

Ah! who can tell the bitter hours,
The dreary days that women spend?
Their thoughts unshared, their lives unknown,
Without a friend!

Without a friend? And what is he,
Who, like a shadow, day and night,
Follows the woman he prefers?
Lives in her sight?

Her lover, he: a gallant man,
Devoted to her every whim;
He vows to die for her, so she
Must live for him!

We should be very grateful, Sir,
That, when you've nothing else to do,
You waste your idle hours on us:
So kind of you!

Profuse in studied compliments,
Your manners, like your clothes, are fine,
Though both, at times, are somewhat strong
Of smoke and wine!

What can we hope to know of you?
Or you of us? We act our parts:
We love in jest: it is the play
Of hands, not hearts!

You grant my bitter words are true
Of others, not of you and me:
Your love is steady as a star;
But we shall see.

You say you love me: have you thought
How much these little words contain?
Alas! a world of happiness,
And worlds of pain!

You know, or should, your nature now,
Its needs and passions. Can I be
What you desire me? Do you find
Your all in me?

You do. But have you thought that I
May have *my* ways and fancies, too?
You love me; well, but have you thought
If I love you?

But think again. You know me not:
I, too, may be a butterfly,
A costly parlor doll, on show
For you to buy!

You trust me wholly? One word more.
You see me young: they call me fair:
I think I have a pleasant face,
And pretty hair!

But, by-and-by, my face will fade;
It must with time, it may with care:
What say you to a wrinkled wife,
With thin, gray hair?

You care not, you: in youth, or age,
Your heart is mine, while life endures:
Is't so? Then, Arthur, here's my hand,
My heart is yours.

PAYING THE PIPER.

MR. JOSHUA BEEBE, the tired, hungry father of the family residing at No. 185 East Twenty-seventh Street, applied his dead-latch key to the door of his modest but comfortable house, one rather sharp November evening. It was certainly very attentive in Mrs. Beebe, considering that they had been fourteen years married, to meet him in the hall, help him off with his overcoat, and hang up his hat for him; inquiring as she did so for the headache he had complained of in the morning, and hoping that he had not been obliged to stand up in the car all the way, as it often did happen. All wives are not as thoughtful of the personal ease and comfort of the individual who seems to present some claims to the attention of the household, inasmuch as ten hours of the day are spent by him in providing all that they occupy themselves with consuming in the shape of fuel, food, and wardrobe, asking in return an evening's shelter and a decent lodging. It would be looked upon as presuming in some men if they held the faintest expectation of any thing more. They are desired to be grateful for what is meted out to them, and to find no fault with quality or quantity.

Mrs. Beebe, on the contrary, had spent much time and thought on the reception which she now extended to her "dear Joshua."

The parlors were as neat as the desk at his counting-room—if there was any thing Mr. Beebe enjoyed it was seeing things in order. No chair was astray, no work littered the corner of the sofa, no newspaper cuttings were strewed on the crumb-cloth, which was arranged with the most exact precision on a line with the hearth-rug on the one side and the seam of the carpet on the other. A drugget put down askew had been known to spoil Mr. Beebe's peace of mind for an entire evening. Nor was he obliged to turn some one out of his own particular chair—there it stood, on the side of the fire he liked best to occupy, empty, inviting, ready to embrace him. So were his children—Clementina, the eldest, calling him "precious papa;" Georgy, the only son, not so much as asking if he had brought them home any thing; and Lotty, the youngest, darting away at a signal from her mother to bring his comfortable slippers, Miss Clementina's first specimen of fancy work.

The table was already laid; Mr. Beebe never could bear to be kept waiting for his supper, which made its appearance just at the right moment, and consisted of his favorite dishes. The porter-house steak was done to a turn, the light muffins came up hot and hot, and there were apple fritters, from a receipt he had brought from a favorite restaurant down town, where he had first seen and become enamored of them. Now if you consider that it was "washing-day," when most husbands are doomed to dull fires, disordered dining-rooms, cold cuts, and stale bread, you must acknowledge that Mr. Beebe was a fortunate man, and his wife the most devoted and self-sacrificing of women.

Accustomed as he was to her admirable traits of character, Mr. Beebe began to entertain this opinion quite strongly himself by the time they were comfortably settled down for the evening. The children were sent to bed by seven o'clock—a practice which is nearly obsolete, we are well aware, but, as Mrs. Beebe often said to her friends, it was good for their health, and her own too; and it must be acknowledged that the nursery exit in this model family was accomplished with none of those rebellious murmurs and delays, on the part of the children, or the fretful repetitions of "Come, come, Julia, don't you hear me?" "John, your five minutes is up!" "Ebenezer, don't let me have to speak again!" which usually keep the room and the unfortunate visitor who may be attempting conversation in a state of distraction for half an hour at least.

The juvenile Beebes kissed their parents dutifully on the stroke of the clock and retired. Mr. Beebe looked around the room as the door closed after them, the supper-table had diminished into a very convenient circle, close to his elbow, with drop-light over it, and the *Evening Express* lay temptingly at hand. His wife, in her own sewing-chair, fitted her thimble on her finger, and drew from her work-basket some strips of cambric, one end of which was basted on a square of morocco, for what purpose her husband was not yet able to comprehend, though *broiderie Anglais* had been her favorite evening amusement for two winters past, and the fruits of it flourished on the pantalets and petticoats of the little girls.

"Nice children!" said Mr. Beebe, looking thoughtfully across to their mother. "Nobody has better."

"Don't you think Lotty looks rather thin?" And the purple morocco back-ground crackled under Mrs. Beebe's fingers as she slipped the pattern along a few inches.

"Well, no, I hadn't noticed it." Lotty was the favorite with her father, being the youngest, and "all Beebe," as her paternal grandmother often said. It was natural for the father's face to change with an expression of some anxiety.

"And Clementina stoops dreadfully. I am getting quite worried about that stoop. She's just at an age now to be ruined by round shoulders. By-the-way, did you notice that Georgy hacks a little? Mrs. Slote spoke of it this afternoon, and how narrow-chested he was naturally."

"Well, hadn't you better send around for Dr. Dibble in the morning, Eliza? It won't do to let such things go on." Where a man has a good business, which he is proud of having made himself, and an only son to leave it to, the health of the junior becomes a matter of anxious solicitude.

"I don't think the doctor could do any good. He doesn't seem to have much appetite when he gets home from school. I'm afraid he's too much confined."

"Send him out, then; make him play more.

When I was a boy I never wanted to be coaxed to stay out in the street till dark."

"But I'm so afraid of bad associations," said Mrs. Beebe, with a prudential sigh. "We are so near the Avenue, and there's no knowing what he might pick up among that set of boys. I am uneasy the moment he is out of my sight. Clementina's teacher was here to-day, and she quite agreed with me that all the children needed exercise."

"When I was a boy"—and Mr. Beebe tore off the margin of the newspaper and commenced rolling a lamp-lighter after the most approved pattern—"I used to bring in wood, and fetch water, and go of errands. I always had rather more exercise than I wanted."

"But times are very different now, recollect." And the key on which Mrs. Beebe's previous remarks were modulated was exchanged for one a little higher, while the expression became decidedly *staccato*. "There's no wood or water to bring, and the grocer's cart comes every morning for orders."

"Well, I don't know what you're going to do for them. I suppose the girls can't exercise around the house, as you used to?"

"There's no time, poor little things! what with their school, and music lessons, and practice hours. They want recreation and not work. What do you think of a quarter at dancing-school? They are all large enough to go together; in fact, with Clemmy, at her age, it's now or never."

How naturally and quietly the proposal was uttered! Who would have believed the hours of deliberation and preparation it had cost? Who was to infer that the supper was ordered and prepared mainly by Mrs. Beebe herself, to save the cook's feelings—the rooms placed in an unusual state of tidiness—the hearth freshly swept—the coal-hod searched for the largest lumps—the children put upon their best behavior—and the click of the latch-key listened for, that an affectionate and solicitous welcome might be given—all as a preparation for this unconscious and innocent sentence? Not Mr. Beebe, misguided and unsuspicious man that he was; though its success depended on his good humor, as his wife well knew, and his good humor on all these several contingencies. We are not so base as to hint that husbands are often indebted to similar causes for the delicate little attentions received by them in the family circle. By no means. Mrs. Beebe is probably alone in her much-to-be-lamented duplicity, and her husband a solitary victim.

With what outward indifferent composure she awaited the result of her dissembling! and how unsuspiciously Mr. Beebe ruminated! His mind had reverted to some past transaction of the day, entirely forgetful for the moment of the matter under discussion.

"Every body sends their children to dancing-school nowadays," urged Mrs. Beebe, after a momentary pause. "It isn't looked upon as it used to be, even in Church members."

"Dancing-school? oh!" And Mr. Beebe recalled himself with an effort from the mental contemplation of that lot of pine and locust timber which had not turned out according to invoice, and came back slowly to the fire, the hearth-rug, and his wife opposite to him. "What were you saying about Church members going to dancing-school, Eliza?"

"I did not say they went themselves, Joshua—of course not. Mr. Black and Mr. Grigson would look well at their time of life; but they all send their children."

"A very foolish piece of business if they do; that's all I've got to say—wasting just so much time and money. I never could see the sense of it. I never learned to take a step in my life, and I was a famous dancer in my day. Look at you, when I first met you, at John Davenport's wedding. Why, you waltzed like—well, like a duck! I never could waltz; it always made me so dizzy. I wanted to dreadfully that night to ask you."

Mr. Beebe's face glowed pleasantly with the recollection. How it brought that memorable evening of their first introduction before him! How sweet she did look in white muslin and cherry-colored ribbons! To think what a little waist she had then! and how it did hurt him to see that tall groomsman's arm around it, when they were waltzing, after supper!

Mrs. Beebe assisted in recalling some of the events of that never-to-be-forgotten meeting. How she noticed him the first moment she entered the room, and how she dropped her handkerchief, before they were introduced, and he had picked it up for her, with such a look! It made such an impression! And only think how it had turned out! Here they were, married and settled, with children old enough to go to dancing-school! Artful woman, to draw him thus through the pleasant mazes of the past, that he might regard her and her present plans with more complacency.

"If *you* had only gone when you were young, we might have had that waltz. You get over the dizziness when you have had a little practice."

"It's such a piece of extravagance. Music now, there's some sense in that. I like to hear a good tune myself now and then; but it's just throwing money away to send children to dancing-school."

"Only six dollars a quarter."

"Six too many; and three times six is eighteen."

"Well, what is eighteen dollars, or twenty either, when a man has *your* business, to the children's health, let alone forming their manners and making them graceful. I can tell in a minute, when a person enters the room, whether they went to dancing-school when they were young. It does every thing for them, and they're pining for exercise. You might listen to the advertisement, Joshua; there's so much good sense in it." And without giving time for dissent, Mrs. Beebe produced from under

her work a slip she had cut from the *Times* of the day before.

"Now see how very sensible this is:

"'M. Martenelli would take occasion to say, that he has long felt the *necessity* of introducing a system of instruction for his younger pupils by which the exercise of dancing *would be of more benefit physically*, and more useful in the development of graceful movement than it has been of late years. The facility with which the Polka and similar dances of the present time are acquired, has induced many to neglect those exercises that were formerly indispensable. To *that neglect*, as one of the causes, may be attributed—'

"Now listen, Joshua;" and Mrs. Beebe made an impressive pause, to be sure of attention.

'—the appearance *of so many round-shouldered young misses* of the present generation.'

"Just what I said about Clementina, you see.

"'They are sent to school, and allowed to stoop over their desks, without intermediate exercise, until the growing frame assumes the position in which it has been so long restrained. SURELY THESE THINGS SHOULD BE BETTER UNDERSTOOD!

"'Were children sent to dancing-school early in life—

Pause.

'—at intervals during their necessary studies, and the teacher allowed to exercise them in such a manner as would add grace to the figure, walk, and every movement, something would then be gained consistent with the true object of this valuable accomplishment.'

"There, Joshua! what do you think of that?" exclaimed Mrs. Beebe, triumphantly.

"Why, that learning to jiggle up and down in a polka, or to twist their arms off, as they did in that other dance we saw at the last party we went to—Perkins's—stretching them out till they must be numb, and then stretching them backward 'round each other's waists, with such knock-kneed-looking legs, isn't going to do much toward it."

"Exactly what Mr. Martenelli thinks. He's going to have a very different kind of dancing. Listen:

"'Anxious to restore the art to its former usefulness, M. Martenelli, the past season, instructed his classes in that acknowledged graceful study, the "Minuet de la Cœur," and other dances of similar usefulness. The evident success of this course, in its effect upon the pupils, encouraged him to give more attention *to dancing as connected with Calisthenics;* and during his late tour through Germany, France, and Great Britain, he made it his business to call upon the most prominent teachers, and consult with them in regard to the best method of accomplishing these desirable results. He hopes, therefore, to have gained such information as will, in addition to his own experience, enable him to present to his pupils a system that will not only make them dance the Polka, *but will improve their health, figure, walk,* and consequently *have a salutary effect* UPON EVERY MOVEMENT IN LIFE!'"*

"Now there does seem a little sense in that, don't there, Eliza?" for, being a plain man, of few words himself, rhetoric had its effect on Mr. Beebe's mind; and, what with the deep philosophy of M. Martenelli's reasoning, and his wife's impressive reading of the same, the subject began to assume a new light.

"It sounds well, don't it now?"

"Nothing could be plainer." Mrs. Beebe probably did not allude to the Professor's style, but her own comprehension of the absolute wisdom of his premises that all children ought to be sent to dancing-school. "It can't do any harm to try it, at all events. I should be *miserable* if Clementina should get a bad figure, and always feel reproached that I had not done my duty as a mother; not to mention Georgy's cough."

"Eighteen dollars, you say? Well, I guess it won't break me. I'll give it to you now, and have it off my mind. I never care about laying down money, but I do hate to be asked for it, awfully, by you or any body else."

Mr. Beebe usually acted up to this principle, paid cash for every thing on the spot, provided liberally for his household, and the mistress of many a Fifth Avenue mansion, built and furnished "on the two million plan," might have envied her the ease with which her empty purse was filled. To be sure she was always eminently reasonable and judicious in her expenditures—dressing her children and herself with simple good taste, choosing such things for her own wear as would make over to advantage for the little girls, and adapting Master Georgy's round jackets from the tails of his father's coats. The readiness with which supplies were obtained when really needed was a tacit compliment to her excellent management.

So about the house. It was a great step for the Beebes when they removed from the two-story house in Dry-Dock Street, near Mr. Beebe's business, to their present quarters; very far up-town it seemed to their circle of friends, whose rising jealousy was conciliated, however, by the plain and cautious style of furnishing. The present best chamber carpets, dark ingrain, were then on the parlors, and the chairs were open-backed and cane-seated. Kinsfolk and acquaintance who came to sneer were further mollified by pressing invitations to "stay to tea," as in the Dry-Dock Street days, and found the table laid with the same blue dishes, willow pattern, and that they were not required to show their awkwardness in the use of silver forks. Mrs. Beebe had found it necessary to replace her table service since then, and that silver forks saved so much time and trouble in cleaning; but Mr. Beebe never could be made to see that it was infinitely more convenient to eat—peas and pie, for instance—with one, and obstinately adhered to the use of a knife-blade, as he had been brought up to do. There is no computing how much this single prejudice had done to preserve his home from the innovations of intimate fashionable friends. Mrs. Beebe had attracted "a delightful circle" of callers in their new neighborhood; but she never could make up her mind to be sociable with them, and exchange tea-drinking civilities, so long as Joshua would use his knife in such a shocking

* The historian of the Beebe family would not rob the distinguished Professor of the authorship of this remarkable document. We do but conceal the name, lest he should be embarrassed by too great a rush of applications.

way. It hurt her feelings all the more because she was obliged to suffer in silence. Remonstrances were not only useless, but injured her cause in any other salient point of manner or habit she might undertake to reduce. She was obliged to content herself in reprimanding the children sharply if ever they attempted to follow the parental example; but it determined her that they should have "every advantage," and be fully equal to the higher sphere of life in which her maternal pride destined them to move; and, as a special adjunct to her plans, the dancing-school.

Mr. Beebe took out a well-thumbed leathern pocket-book — no modern *porte-monnaie* could have supported its affluence—and counted out twenty-five dollars.

"When I was a boy"—how his wife always dreaded that preface, especially if any of their more recent acquaintances were present—"twenty-five dollars went a great ways. We apprentices were never allowed more than that for our clothes the first two years or so, and boys hadn't the idea that they could learn a trade in that time either, as they have now, or that they could get into business for themselves without saving up a capital. Folks would have thought my father was out of his mind to spend as much as that on a quarter's schooling for the whole of us, let alone a few dancing steps. But now it's paid, or as good as paid, and off my mind, and that's the end of it, so let's have an apple, Eliza."

It is needless to say that Mr. Beebe was waited on with alacrity, and that his wife overlooked, for this occasion, his rejection of a knife and plate, and allowed him to enjoy his favorite fruit in the natural manner, without any intervention of second causes. Let us hope that he had never met with that admirable little article, "The Rind of Fruit Dangerous!" and was not willfully subjecting himself to an attack of indigestion.

Though pioneered and introduced by Mrs. Slote, the most fashionable of all her acquaintances, who first suggested the absolute necessity of dancing lessons, and had sent her children five quarters to Martenelli, Mrs. Beebe ushered her flock into his elegantly frescoed saloons with considerable trepidation. Her dress and theirs seemed to shrink into such extreme plainness, almost meanness, when brought into contact with the elegantly attired ladies in waiting to enroll the fantastic little puppets, who followed their mammas' example, and seemed determined to stare her out of countenance. When it came her turn to advance to the awful presence of the distinguished Professor himself, when he fixed his piercing black eyes upon her, stroked his glossy mustache lightly, and acknowledged the presentation with a bow that, as Mrs. Slote remarked, "would have done credit to Louis Napoleon"—supposing that celebrated individual to have sacrificed to the Graces—her own deficiencies in early good breeding rose before her so vividly as almost to deprive her of the power of speech and motion. How she ever got back to her place again, crossing that immense floor with the gaze of M. Martenelli in the rear, and exposed to a raking fire of eyes and eye-glasses as she advanced, she never could remember—it was like walking in some dreadful dream, where life depends on speed, but one's limbs are paralyzed. Her face was flame-colored, her heart beat so fast that it almost took away her breath.

She did not wonder that the children—up to this time in a wild state of excitement to go—declined doing so, when the day came, without her aid and countenance. They were dressed very neatly; the girls in fawn-colored all-wool mousselines—her own street-dress the year before—made high in the neck, and finished by a plain row of lace. The sleeves were wide, but came to their wrists, covering the arm entirely; white worsted stockings, tolerably well protected by pantalets and morocco buskins, completed their attire. As they were making a first appearance, Mrs. Beebe allowed them to wear their best bonnets and coats, though their school hoods she considered quite good enough for future service. With the flush and sparkle of the unusual excitement, their mother may be pardoned her pride and satisfaction in them when fully equipped in their dark-green merino coats and gray felt hats. Master Georgy of course did not require so great an expenditure of time and thought on his toilet. "Jacket and trowsers, and a boy's collar, are the same all over the world, fortunately," Mrs. Beebe remarked to Hannah, her up-stairs domestic, who was loud in her admiration of the trio.

Great then was Mrs. Beebe's astonishment at the toilets of such of M. Martenelli's pupils as she encountered in the dressing-room. Nearly all of them were accompanied by a nurse or maid, who obeyed the impatient orders of the juveniles as if they were tolerably well accustomed to them—shaking out flounces, arranging and rearranging sleeve-knots, clasping bracelets, and smoothing curls or braids, until their charges were satisfied with their state and condition—no easy task. Mrs. Beebe looked in dismay at these bare-armed, low-necked, bejeweled and beflounced young women, ranging from Lotty's to Clemmy's age—that is, from five to eleven—dressed more elaborately than she had ever been in all her life, even for a ball or party, yet this was only a regular class-day. Even the nurses stared at the little Beebes, who waited on themselves as they had always been accustomed to do, hung up their best bonnets and coats carefully, and did not think of changing their walking shoes. As to open-work thread stockings, gartered above the knee, and very little pantalet below it, French kid slippers, or thin-soled satin gaiter boots, they beheld them now for the first time, and fortunately did not comprehend the sly gestures and remarks they were the subjects of in lacking them.

Nor were "jackets and trowsers the same"—even in New York, leaving out "the rest of the

world"—as Master George had discovered for himself in the opposite apartment. He had been conducted thither by Julian Slote, who had not been as kind as he might be, it afterward appeared, in introducing the new pupil to his old acquaintances of the past winter. George looked very hot and red when his mother met him in the hall. He was not quite sure he had been laughed at, but he had been catechised in a way he did not like any more than the explosions of laughter that had followed some of his replies. The boys—Julian among them—used words that he did not exactly understand; and when they gathered 'round the window by themselves, and said, "What a muff!" he knew they must be speaking of some lady's furs in the street. But what was "a guy?" He meant to ask his father the minute he came home.

Master Julian Slote and his friends were arrayed almost as elaborately as their sisters. Pumps, short trowsers with embroidered seams, open jackets with more embroidery, and no end of tassels; full linen shirt-fronts, fastened by gold studs, sleeve buttons; and neck-ties the colors of the rainbow — not to mention their glossy curls, fresh from the hands of Phalen or Valet — gave Mrs. Beebe new and extended views on the subject so recently settled with Hannah.

It was opening day, and, of course, little progress made toward the famous calisthenic exercises Mrs. Beebe was impatient to see. Madame Labreuil Martenelli was in attendance, and assisted her distinguished husband in marshaling his juvenile cohorts. In fact, it seemed to Mrs. Beebe that he left most of the work to her, though she looked by no means well or strong, and contented himself with finding fault with most of her arrangements, especially such as had given her the most trouble and fatigue.

The little girls did not profit very much in the way of exercise on this occasion, at least, leaving the seats, where they hovered as close as possible to their mother, but once during the whole time, and then only to be ranged against the side of the room and classified as to height. It must be acknowledged that Mrs. Beebe and her flock returned to No. 185 in a much less talkative and excited mood than that in which they had set out; and Hannah was greatly disappointed in not being able to learn the Lancers immediately from Miss Clementina, who had promised to teach her that evening, in view of a party Mr. Slote's Ellen was to give.

But prospects brightened on the following Friday. The seven dollars remaining in Mrs. Beebe's hands after M. Martenelli's charges were paid had furnished slippers and thread stockings for the girls, and pumps for Master George, with such fascinating bows and steel buckles that he felt prepared to encounter Julian Slote on his own ground. The pantalets were tucked up, as well as the mousseline dresses, so that only an edge of embroidery appeared below the skirts. Mrs. Beebe cut up a grass-cloth stiffener of her own to furnish as near an approach to hoops as she dared to venture on—"a first off," remarked Hannah—and replaced the brown hair-ribbons by very wide bows, made from her fall bonnet-strings. Clementina and Lotty could now "hold up their heads and turn out their toes with the best of them"—also a suggestion of the damsel in attendance, who felt all the family pride of the Beebes arrayed against "them Slotes" since the fair Ellen had outshone her at the recent convivial gathering in her accurate knowledge of "visite and grand chain."

Mrs. Slote was wonderfully cordial, and introduced Mrs. Beebe to several of her own acquaintances among the mammas on the side seats. Mrs. Beebe, taught by experience, had come on this occasion in her best dress, only worn in the evening heretofore—a good dark silk. Her cloak was new; and her bonnet, though of the preceding winter, was excellent velvet, and not overloaded by the cheap lace and flowers of a second-rate milliner. Fortunately, she wore no furs; so her new acquaintances were deprived of that infallible means of determining her social position, for had she appeared in any thing less than mink her fate would have been sealed at once. Moreover, Mrs. Slote took occasion to whisper to poor, tired-looking Madame Martenelli "that the papa of the little girls in those dark dresses was immensely wealthy," which procured them instantaneous notice, abundant smiles, and five minutes on the floor; while some forlorn children remained pinned against the wall, without so much as an opportunity of changing their seats.

"It would never do for the little girls to appear more than twice in succession in the same dress," Mrs. Slote informed her friend, privately; and when Lotty and Clementina found themselves arrayed in corn-colored cashmeres, with low necks and short sleeves, on a future class-day, they began to titter and giggle, and make faces behind Madame Martenelli, with almost as much ease and freedom as her older pupils; even coming to push for places and crowd less adventurous spirits off the floor; so that they stood some chance of "exercise," as well as of acquiring the promised gracefulness and good manners.

It was a vast deal of trouble to let down the dresses and pantalets on Saturday night, as a preparation for their walk to Bethel Church with their father; and the little girls sadly felt the want of their now accustomed crinoline; but they had been made to understand that it was not to be mentioned before him, on pain of discontinuance altogether; and Mrs. Beebe, heretofore as eager to display every purchase as if her husband knew the difference between red and blue, flannel or merino, which he did not, never chanced to take the corn-colored low-necks from their hiding-place in the lower drawer when he was about the house.

"Men could not be supposed to judge of what was proper," reasoned the hitherto open Mrs. Beebe; "and Joshua might object to making a change in sleeves. But, poor things! so

long as she was obliged to get them new dancing-school dresses they might as well be made in the fashion."

"I thought you had them all fixed up for winter?" remarked Mr. Beebe. His wife had ventured to ask for "ten or fifteen dollars, to get some flannels and things for the children." She hated asking for money as much as he disliked the application; but having given her so much of late, and not knowing of the corn-colored dresses, which had absorbed all that remained of the twenty-five dollars — though Mrs. Beebe made them herself—it had not occurred to him to look into the green morocco *porte-monnaie* she had left conspicuously on the bureau for three days past. He was not very amiable either. He had found his wife out, on his return home, for the second time within a week, and, as a consequence, the fire gone down, the house like a barn, and fried ham for supper. Hannah, left to her own devices, like all parlor-maids, never once thought of her duties; and the cook, when no special dish was ordered, always fell back on ham. Mrs. Beebe began to find Martenelli's a delightful place to spend an hour or two in the afternoon. Her acquaintance with Mrs. Slote's friends progressed rapidly, and some of them were people she had aspired to visit ever since coming into the neighborhood. There was a talk of a set of "Sociables" for the children, to practice at each other's houses one evening in every week — "simple little gatherings," as Mrs. Lorimer Gardner expressed it, in proposing that "dear Mrs. Beebe" should make one of the twelve ladies interested; "and such an advantage to the young people. Besides, it will give us an opportunity to see more of each other intimately." And this last remark banished, for the time, the prudential motives Mrs. Beebe was secretly balancing.

She had already exchanged calls with Mrs. Lorimer Gardner, who lived in a new, though very narrow, house on Lexington Avenue, and was by far the most stylish person of Mrs. Slote's acquaintance, and constantly quoted by that lady. Mrs. Gardner's velvet carpets, crimson brocade curtains, and rosewood suits, rose up among other things to remind her of the hazard she encountered in accepting. How would three-ply, window-shades, and mahogany look, by contrast, in the full blaze of her very plain chandeliers? In a hurried morning call, with closed blinds, it was less perceptible, and Mrs. Beebe's face fairly burned with the prospect of seeing Mrs. Gardner's eye-glass scrutinizing deficiencies. However, her turn would not come till toward the last, and she might be able to persuade Mr. Beebe into Brussels at least, about holiday time. So she had allowed herself the afternoon in question to enter fully into the discussion of the proposed plan, so that her return was unusually late, and was considered pledged by the other ladies, though leaving herself a mental loop-hole for escape.

"How much did you say?" asked Mr. Beebe, sulkily, for the odor of fried ham, still lingering about the room, reminded him of his tea-table disappointment. "What is it they want now?"

"I want a new jacket, pa," called out Master George, who was hanging over his father's chair, and taking an unusual interest in the conversation. "I ain't going there again in this one. The boys all laughed when Frank Gardner asked me if it was all I'd got; and I said ma said I must wait till you'd got done with your Sunday coat. I want one like Julian Slote's. He got it down at Genin's Bazar."

"Dancing-school manners," said Mr. Beebe, in a tone that his wife knew only too well. "Any thing else?"

"I say, pa, what do you do for a living?" Master George, finding that he had gained a hearing, was obstinately regardless of his mother's signals for silence. "'Cause Julian Slote got mad at me, and said you were nothing but a mechanic. He told Frank and the rest; and I said you wasn't—you was a carpenter, and had a yard and a shop ten times as big as Mr. Slote's cooped up little store! Yes, I did!"

"Oh, George! I'm astonished!" and Mrs. Beebe's accents were fairly pathetic. "How could you say so, and it will go straight to Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Storm. A ship-builder, child! a very different thing—all the difference in the world!"

"Let him alone," growled Mr. Beebe; "I ain't ashamed of the truth, and don't want my children brought up to be. Brag ahead, Georgy—crow over 'em well—you'll have more to do it on than will ever be made out of dry goods, jobbing, or suing people! You can have your jacket to pay for that!" and coming out of his sulks a little, in the enjoyment of his wife's discomfiture and "Georgy's pluck," Mrs. Beebe found her success with her husband likely to spring from threatened defeat in other quarters.

The truth was, that what with constant wear, and the careless usage which the lady-like manners of Martenelli's young ladies brought into the dressing-room, the beaver bonnets were beginning to look very shabby. Clementina, sharing in the upward tendency that distinguished her mother's aspirations, had fallen in love with the white satin hat, trimmed with blue rosettes and blonde borders, which covered the back of Miss Lily Gardner's head, and Lotty desired her mother to get a crimson one for her with black plumes, like Geraldine Storm's, also a velvet Raglan with bugle trimming. Besides, if they were really going to the Sociables, they must have a silk dress apiece, for it looked so odd to send children out to associate with others, dressed like little Hottentots. Nor were these the only additional expenses springing out of the new arrangements.

It was no easy matter, when the time came, to get Mr. Beebe's consent to let the children go to the evening practice. They had never been up so late before in all their lives, as the

hour set for the commencement of these social gatherings; and as to going out after dark, save for one Fourth of July's experience in fire-works, they would not have known the moon from the stars. Poor Mrs. Beebe was fairly worn-out with trying to get 'round the difficulty, but was obliged at last to take to the open field, and won an unwilling consent with more harsh words and angry feeling than had ever been called up before between Joshua and herself. She had grown very irritable of late—the children were twice as much trouble as ever before, wanting their own way, and teasing her for things that it was impossible to get for them. Clementina's self-will was really frightful, and she did not dare to complain to her father, for he was to know nothing of the points at issue between them. Georgy's rudeness and slang phrases were constantly increasing in the society of the hopeful Julian and Frank: it was questionable whether the "Avenue boys," whose influence his mother had such a horror of, could have done more for this part of his education. Besides, Lotty had such strange feverish attacks, and sometimes coughed all night, Hannah said, though tolerably well, save an increasing fretfulness in the day-time. The quiet, regular, cheerful life of the Beebes was constantly broken in upon, and though Mr. Beebe was too little at home to trace the causes he felt the results, and they chafed him sadly.

Mrs. Gardner, and indeed all the ladies, had spoken of the Sociables as "quiet little affairs;" but when Mrs. Beebe, escorted on foot by Hannah, reached Mrs. Slote's house, the night of their commencement, she found it a blaze of light from attic to basement, with carriages arriving and departing, and the hall filled by people in full dress, who stared at the new-comers in their wraps as they hurried up stairs to the dressing-room. Mr. Beebe, though husbands and fathers were expected, had declined attending, and indeed his wife had not urged it, for after they were once there and in the parlor, he would only have been in the way. She had arrayed herself in the dark silk, now no longer fresh from constant street service, and a very neat set of cambric embroidery. It was a sufficient toilet for any grown-up party she had ever attended so far, in the course of her life. Imagine her consternation at finding most of the other ladies, even their hostess, in full dress—ladies of her own age with uncovered necks and arms—with braids and puffs that belonged to them only by right of purchase and the skill of the hair-dresser, and wonderful dangling head-dresses, that glittered, and trembled, and nodded, whichever way they turned. Mrs. Beebe felt exceedingly like retreating to the dressing-room, and, staid matron as she was, venting her mortification and annoyance by a good cry.

An evening silk and a set of handsome embroidery she must have, at least, before the next came round—the children must go without the new flannels that she usually delayed to purchase until the cold weather fairly set in—and she could cut up the thin brown coat Mr. Beebe had in the summer for George's jacket; he would never know the difference when it was made after one of Julian's, which she could fortunately borrow. Lotty and Clemmy might have her last year's foulard; to be sure she had scarcely worn it, and there was all the expense of making, but it did not signify. The bonnets must be charged—the bills would not be sent in for a while—and it was too bad to keep her so strait, as to money-matters with the business every one said Mr. Beebe was doing!

With these, and similar reflections, Mrs. Beebe consoled herself until she began to think it was high time for the children to be in bed; in fact it was long past ten, the latest hour the household in Twenty-seventh Street were suffered to be astir. Mr. Beebe always locked the doors, and turned out the gas himself; what would he say! But they were just going to have some refreshments, and the children had already made their way with the rest to the supper-room. In fact, their mother had scarcely seen them the whole evening. She could not get near enough to restrain them in the least, and there were oysters fried and stewed, chicken salad, and the usual sweets found on supper-tables. Accustomed to the simplest fare, under watchful supervision, the little Beebes were helped to every thing, and ate twice as much as they would have done had oyster pâtes and rum punch been more familiar food. But their mother had a fresh cause for unrest.

When she consented to join in the Sociables, she had counted on the cost of refreshments. There would be the cake—the cook and herself could manufacture it out of the ample supplies in her store-room; lemonade, a trifle more—possibly ice-cream handed around—she could take the amount from the month's market money without its being known or noticed. There was a man at the piano, she had not provided for the music—how much would he charge? and here a costly supper-table, sparkling with silver, loaded with delicacies, and superintended by a "gorgeous" waiter, in white gloves and neckcloth! But perhaps some plainer party would be given before her own turn came!

Mrs. Storm's was the next, and as much like Mrs. Slote's as if given according to programme, except that a violin accompanied the man at the piano, and the crowd of older people was greater; so of Mrs. Jones's, and Mrs. Smith's, a little added to the gayety and expense at each gathering, until the presence of the juveniles seemed only an excuse for the dress and display and feasting of their elders. Mrs. Beebe increased her millinery bill by two head-dresses, and availed herself of the discovery that she also kept a few gloves for the accommodation of her customers; ribbons for sashes and shoulder-knots followed, and this prepared the way for saying carelessly at the counter of Brown and Co., where she usually made her purchases of dry goods, "Perhaps you'd better charge it; I came out without my purse this morning—" after se-

lecting a second evening silk for Mrs. Gardner's approaching Sociable. The words choked her, though they came forth as naturally as possible, and Brown and Co., knowing very well the business-standing of her husband, were nothing loth to accommodating her, being aware of the peculiar tendency a convenient bill has toward multiplying wants.

Alas for Mrs. Beebe's financial integrity! alas for the night that her husband first became a subscriber at the Republican Reading Room, to pique his offending wife for her Thursday evening desertion, leaving her at liberty to add and subtract from the toilets of her children and herself on those occasions without the dread of his comment and reproof! It was well enough for the little Gardners and Slotes, who had been accustomed to it from babyhood, and rolled to and from the Sociables in a carriage, to go attired after the fashion of *La Petite Amour;* but the Beebes were obliged to walk, and gaiters and sacks were little protection to their bare legs and shoulders when they came out on the damp pavement heated with dancing and stuffed with indigestible supper-dishes. No wonder that Lotty's tendency to croup increased, that master Georgy's "hack" became noticeable even to his father, and that Clementina's teacher called to complain that her pupils were so often absent, so inattentive and idle when they did make their appearance. M. Martenelli's promise of "having a salutary effect upon every movement in life" had not been made good thus far, though "effect" there certainly was, sufficiently marked to all beholders.

The crisis of Mrs. Beebe's mental disquiet was approaching.

Mrs. Gardner reminded her that in three weeks' time her turn would come 'round, and nothing as yet had been accomplished toward the project of refurnishing. The parlors had come to have a habitual slatternly air, from being left entirely to Hannah; the dusty carpets seemed to fade daily before her eyes, the window-panes stared at her from their undraped sashes; and where was supper to be laid, when the back parlor, their only dining-room, was full of guests? Where was it to come from, supposing that a place to lay it could be found? And Mrs. Gardner had suggested that, as their little plan seemed flagging in interest, it would be an excellent idea to make hers—Mrs. Beebe's—a fancy party. "A little change for us, and an excellent practice for the children in supporting character. Of course you know that Martenelli always gives a grand fancy ball in the middle of the season."

No, Mrs. Beebe knew nothing of the kind; but she did not betray her ignorance of it or of fancy parties and costumes in general. Mrs. Slote was privately appealed to, to know "if it would cost a great deal," and from her she heard that Mrs. Gardner had already announced the fancy party at Mrs. Beebe's as a settled thing, and several of the ladies were selecting characters and costumes. Mrs. Slote happened to be employed in the same way when Mrs. Beebe called. She was in the most disorderly of *déshabillés*, seated on the floor, with a great pile of engravings, fashion-plates, and tarnished annuals around her. She offered to take the trouble off her friend's hands, and choose for the three little Beebes as well as her own young people.

"Julian has a fancy dress already—a palmer, with staff and scallop-shells—you have no idea how interesting he looks; and Georgy might go as a Saracen." Mrs. Slote did not mention that a palmer's habit of coarse gray cloth was the cheapest of all costumes, and the Saracen's one of the most troublesome and costly. "Arabella is going to be a nun—very appropriate for her, as she is such a lively child." (Plain linen and black serge would be all the outlay, and she could borrow beads of Bridget, thought Mrs. Slote.) "She wore a peasant's dress at the same ball Julian's habit was made for, and I think it will just about fit Alicia by this time."

Having her own household thus economically provided for, she was at leisure to exercise her taste more fully on the children of her friend. "The Saracen would do for the heroic; Clementina, with her tall, graceful figure, must be classical; and little dumpy Lotty picturesque. Diana, that was a lovely costume, just the thing for Clemy! and it only needed a white skirt, a leopard-skin boddice, a quiver, bow, and a crescent in her hair. Oh, and a large silver arrow to loop up her drapery on the right side. Oh, and fanciful gaiters—buskins, you know—for her feet.

"How would Titania do for Lotty? She was a little too broad, and Titanias were always so common at a child's party! That was the objection to flower-girls. Little Bo-peep—oh, the very thing! and so simple: a petticoat, a jacket, a round straw hat, and a crook; the simplest thing imaginable." So with these suggestions Mrs. Beebe went home, partially relieved, to find Fortune still further favored her. Mr. Beebe had received a letter from a Philadelphia correspondent, with regard to a debt that he was in danger of losing if he did not come on and see to it himself. Usually his shortest absence had been regretted from the moment it was broached, and the hours counted until his return. Mrs. Beebe—to use her own phrase—"always felt lost without Joshua." She was finding herself very fast now, however, and was really obliged to put a restraint upon her words and manner when condoling with him. He naturally expected it, less attractive as home had become, on the threatened journey.

"When would he be obliged to leave?"

"Week after next," he thought. "He should have to wait until after the 29th, when some heavy notes came due, as he might be detained four or five days."

Mrs. Beebe's regrets redoubled. Her party was fixed for the 31st.

Her husband out of the way, half of her difficulties vanished. It made no difference then what he thought of fancy dresses—he would not be near to see, and the bed could be taken out of their own room and the supper laid there. She and the children wouldn't mind if the house *was* turned inside out for one night; the supper and the music must be had, and she must get over the bills with him as she could after his return. There was no retreating from them. And now, elated with the prospect of success thus far, as many an unfortunate has done before her, Mrs. Beebe's mind conceived a bolder stroke still. If Joshua found new carpets down and curtains up he would be forced to give in to the measure, whether he approved of it or not. What was the use of going through two or three scenes, when one grand one was all-sufficient? What *was* the need of being so extremely prudent and economical all the while? She did not intend to live forever in Twenty-seventh Street either, he might make up his mind to that; in a house without an extension room, or at least an English basement, where they could dine on the first floor! He would be sure to flare out about the supper, and she might as well have her carpets at the same time, since she *must* go through with it.

It would do no harm, at all events, to look around a little, and so Mrs. Beebe found herself at Anderson's—for she did not aspire to Sloan's or Humphrey's as yet—the very next afternoon. Then to the upholsterer's. "Suppose—only suppose, you understand—that curtains for two windows were ordered on a given day, could they be finished and put up the day following?"

"Oh, certainly; *cer*-tainly! With the immense facilities of this extensive firm, the best and quickest workmen in the city were constantly employed by them; their enormous business justified it; by all means." And the elegant individual employed as chief salesman to Draper and Co. bowed and rubbed his hands, and attended her, in his extreme politeness, to the very pavement.

Any ordinary instrument of bodily torture is a bed of roses to the mental rack on which Mrs. Beebe found herself stretched until her husband's valise was really packed and she had fairly shut the door upon his departure for Philadelphia.

Mr. Beebe consulted his red silk pocket handkerchief once or twice before he reached the omnibus. He left home so rarely, and so dreaded a strange bed and unaccustomed table that it was really a trial to him. Besides, nobody ever knew what *might* happen! He had never been round the world, or even taken a trip to China to inspect junk building; a journey was a journey to him, and he had not implicit confidence in the Camden and Amboy Railroad. Besides, he always missed the children dreadfully, and Eliza seemed to hate to have him go, especially to-day! How many times she had spoken of it! He had a great mind to turn back and trust to a collector, even after he was on the ferry-boat.

Two days to do the work of six in! Mrs. Beebe had no time for sleep, scarcely for food; the carpets, the curtains, the supper, the music to order; the children's dresses all to see to. It was well Mr. Beebe had left a liberal supply of market money. There was carriage hire to begin with—she never would have got through the first day but for Mrs. Slote's suggestion of a hack; and indeed but for the kindness of this best of friends in taking all the trouble with the supper, and Trombone and Co. Mrs. Beebe was forced to leave both to her, and was greatly relieved to find that dishes and silver would be supplied from Wagner's, as well as brackets for the side-lights Mrs. Slote thought indispensable. Since she was not to pay the bills, Mrs. Slote left general orders—"Every thing as handsome as possible."

The miserable, harassed, distracting day of the party itself! A strange dress-maker, found by Mrs. Slote, in the back chamber finishing the children's costumes; Mrs. Beebe out three hours on a second search among the furriers for the peculiarly spotted skin indispensable to Diana's boddice, and when found, only to be had at the startling price of seven dollars; the two crescents for the Saracen's turban and Diana's hair, of the most brilliant paste, to be hired at a jeweler's, and ten dollars more left in pledge; Bo Beep's crook—"nothing easier to get!"—appeared to be following the missing sheep up to one o'clock, and the quilted red silk petticoat coming home, six inches too long, at three, with a bill of eight dollars more. An unapproachable waiter, too dignified even for suggestions, laying a table in her own room, where every thing that she wanted was, of course. Four o'clock, and no curtains—the shades already taken down—and the carpet people gone for an extra breadth to fit into the recesses after they returned. Five; and Hannah coming to ask if there was to be punch in the gentlemen's dressing-room—a seven-by-nine apartment over the hall! Six; the dress-maker working away on the leopard-skin boddice, breaking her needle or her thread at every stitch, and the room still to be arranged for guests; the upholsterer's man making a distracting noise in putting up the cornices; the children's toilet not begun, and her own entirely unthought of. Seven; with the children at that pitch of excitement when it was impossible to get them to keep quiet a moment, and all the extra force engaged in the endeavor to array them in their unaccustomed habiliments. Eight; and the first carriage rattled up to the door, just as Hannah conveyed the last armful of a miscellaneous collection of articles from the dressing-room, and Mrs. Beebe, shut up in the servants' attic, had progressed as far as stockings and slippers in her own toilet, not so much as knowing whether the man from Draper's had gone, or the gas was lighted in the parlors!

Anticipating, with the eagerness of a child, Eliza's pleasure at his unexpected return, and stealing a kiss from his sleeping children, from

whom he had been separated two whole days, Mr. Beebe turned the corner into Twenty-seventh Street just as the clock at the Station-house sounded eleven. He had driven up from the landing in a hack—an unusual extravagance on his part, for Mr. Beebe still prided himself on his pedestrian powers and the limited amount of his carriage-hire in the course of a year. The cars had been detained, and he had availed himself of all possible speed to reach home before the household were too far gone in slumber to admit him, or the range-fire too low to produce some nice little hot thing for his supper. It would be most a pity to call Eliza and the cook up such a cold night, though; and this most amiable of men was unselfishly relinquishing his original plan, when the driver paused in a stream of light that illuminated the interior of his dingy vehicle.

"Go on, this isn't the house," called out the "fare," not so much as taking the trouble to look about him. Some of the neighbors were giving a party; a full band was playing the "Wedding March" at the top of their speed—the hall door opening at the moment gave a glimpse of the gay crowd that thronged the narrow passage.

"It's No. 185 anyhow; I can see it as plain as day." The night was intensely cold, and the driver was not inclined to give himself or his horses an unnecessary movement.

Mr. Beebe sprang to the pavement a bewildered man, forgetting the dollar bill he had selected from his pocket-book and held in his hand ever since leaving Courtland Street, so as to be prompt with the hackman on his arrival, and would have laid himself open to unpleasant consequences but for that individual's reminder as he prepared to mount the steps. It was his home sure enough; his hall—all he could see of it for the throng; his parlors—no, these windows had curtains, and tassels, and great gilt cornices—and intensely relieved, though still mystified, he was for retreating, valise in hand, as quietly as possible, when he was arrested by the novelty of the sight which the juvenile part of the company presented. Miniature soldiers and sailor boys promenaded about with little girls "rigged up" after a fashion that made Mr. Beebe's unaccustomed eyes stare again—little monkeys that they were, in their powder and patches, their trailing swords, and embroidered doublets.

What was the world coming to? He should like to see *his* children running 'round after that fashion this time of night! and, as if to gratify this sarcastic desire on Mr. Beebe's part, he discovered at the moment—what?—yes, it was—could it be?—he scarcely knew the child, but it was—his own daughter Clementina, a gilt-paper thing with quills sticking out of it hanging over her bare shoulders, a little piece of fur tied around her waist, and short, white petticoats pinned up above her knee, walking about before every body in the most unblushing manner.

Mr. Beebe began to wish for the little dog on which the market dame relied when disturbed with similar doubts as to her own identity, and in this paralyzed state thought to gain his own room and deliberate as to action. It was impossible to force his valise and overcoat through the crowd, and he deposited both on the hat-stand mechanically. The groups in the hall gave way to the rather peculiar late arrival, though the flow of conversation was uninterrupted.

"Who *are* these Beebes?" was the first remark that reached his ears as he attempted to elbow past a tall dame in gold-colored silk with black lace flounces.

"Dear knows!"—gratifying rejoinder to the master of the house, hopelessly squeezed into a niche on the stair-case, and obliged to listen. "Quite common people, I believe—taken up by the Slotes."

"But how came they in *our* set? I don't understand!" and the stout, gold-colored shoulders shrugged superciliously.

"Oh! here comes Mrs. Gardner; she can tell you all about it. How in the world *did* you happen to know the Beebes?"

"Shu!—some of them may be about," and the new-comer laid her finger on her lip, warningly.

"Never fear; *she's* in the back parlor, trying to look easy and unconcerned; and those little torments—abominably rude, under-bred children!—are stuffing themselves at the supper-table beforehand—two of them are, anyhow!"

"How does it look?" and Mr. Beebe found himself shoved a step higher, but still in the throng and in the shadow.

"Oh! that's well enough. Mrs. Slote was afraid, it appears, knowing that Mrs. Beebe wasn't used to such things, and gave Wagner *carte blanche*, so a pretty bill they'll have of it! It's laid in a bedroom, though—only think! and as for the dressing-room, you can't turn round in it!"

"You didn't tell us how they happened to give the party, though."

"Oh! why we undertook to get up the Sociables, Mrs. Storm and myself, and Mrs. John Gardner, my sister-in-law, had to give up—her brother died—just as we got every thing nicely arranged. Mrs. Slote proposed this friend of hers; and though we knew nothing about her we took Louisa's word for it that they were respectable. Do you believe we did not know till I'd called on her, that her husband was—don't scream—only a carpenter! That boy of hers told my Frank."

"Children and fools—ha, ha! Capital joke!" and the black flounces, condescending to notice that some one had been trying to pass five minutes before, swept aside three inches to make room.

But Mr. Beebe began to find himself enlightened, and preferred to remain where he was. He had subdued his first impulse of kicking the strange waiters and musicians, and turning the

whole crowd out of the house, Eliza after them. He was sufficiently enraged even for that at first; and certain undefined plans with regard to shutting her up in an insane asylum began to yield to a more moderate remedy for her apparent mental and moral aberration.

"I can tell you a better joke than that—Are you sure she hasn't left the parlors yet?—the Wedding March always means five minutes to supper, you know. Well, I've just been hearing the oddest thing from Mrs. Slote. She's so droll! you should have heard *her*. You know we have wondered all winter whether there was a Mr. Beebe or not—he never appears any where. Do you think, she got him off to Philadelphia —Mrs. Beebe, you know—and he actually hasn't an idea of the thing, and these very new curtains and the carpets were ordered after he left, and she was in a perfect state of mind for fear they wouldn't be ready in time. Mrs. Slote says she never pitied a poor creature so in all her life, for she's in absolute terror of the bills coming in and her husband finding her out."

"La! she'll get used to that as we have!" and these Roman dames laughed in chorus—stopping suddenly, however, as they caught sight of a pale face and shining eyes looking down over the banister at them. They had forgotten that there are back stairs to most houses, and that it would be natural for the hostess to avail herself of them to glance at her supper-table before the guests were summoned.

Mr. Beebe also recognized the face, and knew from its expression that he should have but little to tell. Where the stout man disappeared to Mrs. Gardner and her set neither knew nor cared, occupied in guessing how much Mrs. Beebe might possibly have overheard of their friendly and charitable comments. Even Hannah did not discover his presence in the house, nor his wife dream that he was this side of New Jersey, as she constrained herself to suppress the anger and mortification she endured, and smile the last guest from the disordered and now dreary-looking rooms.

Had not all gone? She checked the gesture of fatigue and wretchedness that involuntarily clenched her outstretched hands as she threw herself on a sofa, exhausted and miserable, and started up again with a pitiful smile as some one advanced toward her.

"Well, Eliza! Had a nice time? Where's the bills? Suppose we go over 'em together, if you ain't too tired."

But Mr. Beebe's jocular tone was changed into a shout for "Hannah!" and "camfire!" as his wife fell forward on his shoulder, in the first fit of hysterics she had ever treated him to. It did not make much difference whether there was a bed up or not that night, for when Hannah arrived it was with the intelligence that "Lotty was crowing like a chicken with the croup," and Georgy was discovered on the floor of the supper-room, by the doctor hastily summoned, in a severe fit of cholera morbus, that needed quite as much of his attention till daylight.

Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Storm came to the conclusion that Mrs. Beebe must have overheard their lady-like conversation, as she never returned their party-call, and had broken off with Mrs. Slote. She was too gratefully devoted to her husband's comfort, and in gratifying his slightest wish, to care for them or their society. She had good reason to be; for what man in ten thousand would have paid the four hundred and eighty dollars, including carpets, supper, the doctor, dry-goods bill and all, without upbraiding or reproach, contenting himself with the remark that "Those who dance must pay the piper?" We do not know of another in the whole circle of our acquaintance.

"FOUND FLOATING ON THE WATER."

I AM about to comply with your request, my dear friend, and give you some particulars of my rather remarkable history. It will be imposing a severe tax on your patience, but my hope is that the narrative may possess interest enough to offset it.

In order to give you a correct idea of the circumstances in which I was placed, we must go back for a starting-point to the period of my memory's birth. Tracing thence the incidents of my life, you will be forced to recognize the hand which, by causes apparently trifling and insignificant, restrained me from the commission of a crime that would have imbittered my whole existence.

The first thing which I distinctly remember was being held in my nurse's arms to look upon the ocean. I could not have been more than four years old, and the impression then made on my mind has never been effaced. The huge billows flashed with myriad sapphires and emeralds as the bright sunshine rested on them, their foaming crests seeming to be encircled with a dazzling effulgence of glory. Since that distant day I have never gazed on a body of water, especially under bright skies and in a mild clime, without being instantaneously carried back to this my earliest reminiscence.

Of the scenes which immediately succeeded I have no recollection. Either I was not old enough to comprehend, or, as is most probable, sleep, the sound healthy sleep of childhood, wrapped my senses in blessed oblivion. All is a blank until the period when many persons, men, women, and children, came to see me, taking my hands in their own and gazing earnestly into my eyes. Mothers held their little ones to touch and kiss me; girls and boys led me about a large hall, all vying with each other how first and most to attract my attention; and old men laid their hands on my head, tears flowing fast the while, I knew not why, as they repeated, mournfully,

"How strange! Floating on the water."

I can recall the curious way in which they scrutinized me as they crowded around, the eager questioning of each other, the long recital

that I did not understand, and which always ended with, "Found floating on the water."

You, my dearest Evelyn, knew and appreciated the gentle being who permitted me to call her *mother*, whose lavish affection and untiring care never suffered me to feel the loss of my own. Her image, when for the first time I beheld her, as she crossed that long hall and approached the spot where I stood, is at this moment before me vividly distinct as if the event had happened only yesterday.

My heart warmed toward her from the instant she first folded me in her arms and called me her dear child, her darling *Christine*. She took me away with her a long distance in a carriage. Its rocking motion lulled me to sleep. When I awoke, how astonished and delighted were my wondering senses to behold the little chamber which I was ever after permitted to call my own!

How fresh in remembrance is that narrow room with its tiny furniture; the little crib in which I awoke to happiness; the low shelves crowded with toys variously arranged and pretty enough to turn the head of any child; dolls nicely dressed; oh! how beautiful they seemed to me; little story books full of blue-frocked men and women with red-apple cheeks; miniature chairs, and especially one small rocker, on the back of which was inscribed in large letters,

For Papa's good Christine.

How these all stand out in the picture of my child-life! I somehow knew that they were not bought for me, and yet they were there when I awoke, and there they were always, part and parcel of that cozy chamber. On the walls were hung pleasant pictures, exceedingly pleasant to a child. How I used to lie and watch the grave, kind-looking dog, in the frame at the foot of my bed! I asked good Marny, my nurse,

"Is it *my* dog?"

"No; it was the pet of another little Christine. When she went to heaven poor Ponto sat on her grave and mourned till he died. This was his picture."

Then there was a wondrous print of Red Riding Hood, with her pot of butter and the sly old wolf grinning at her through the bushes; and a most attractive representation of the undying "Babes in the Wood," clad in scarlet frocks and weeping into blue handkerchiefs, while the cruel uncle, who sported white pantaloons and bright buttons, coolly walked away in the distance.

Few persons are aware how strong is the direct influence which picture stories exert over the minds of children. How many belligerent manifestos have I hurled at that "wicked old wolf!" How often have I clenched my little fists at the "cruel uncle!" To this day I never see any exhibition of meanness or deceit without having the same temptation to scowl and threaten beset me.

Surrounded by comforts, by luxuries even, my wishes granted for the asking, kindness and love were so showered upon me during my first remembered years, that I neither thought nor cared who I was or how I came to be an object of such affectionate devotion. I was sheltered as much as possible from every annoyance and from all vulgar observation by my beloved mother; and yet I often overheard her, to friends from a distance or to strangers, relating in low tones a long story, which somehow seemed to have reference to me, although evidently not intended for me to hear. Methinks I this moment feel her kind hand as she smoothed my long curls, and hear her kinder voice utter those words, which, from being so often repeated, became stereotyped on my memory—"When all was over, this dear child was found floating on the water."

I was not old enough to reason, yet to be an object of so much attention was gratifying to my pride even at this early age. With a disposition naturally enthusiastic and ardent, I loved every body, because every body loved or seemed to love me.

When I began to attend school, this was still more apparent. I seemed to be singled out for every favor, every little act of kindness, and in my simplicity I believed that all the world was good. My schoolmates universally asserted my right to be exempt from vexation, and the teachers appeared more lenient to me than to others.

"Don't tease Christine; she must not be vexed," was the expression of all. I was, in fact, the pet of the school. If a new pupil came she was immediately taken aside, and, in earnest, mysterious tones, informed why I was thus petted; the communication always ending, as I knew it would end, with—"Found floating on the water."

As I became more advanced in years these words were less frequently heard. It was becoming an old story. The present, with its tangible realities, was crowding out the, to me, uncertain past. Faces and forms which hitherto had indistinctly haunted my imagination gradually faded. In my solitary musings they would sometimes start out from the gathering oblivion, like spectres; and, like spectres, instantly vanish, if duty or pleasure recalled me to myself. I had always heard of another Christine—my angel sister. *My* playthings had been hers. Dreams of her in her far off home would come to me, as I reposed on her little cot and her good Ponto kept guard over my slumbers! All these appeared to me like the details of a pleasant story, some portions of which were fresher and more recent than the rest because they had happened lately.

When Marny laid me away for the night, my dear mother would come and sit beside me, sing me little songs, and tell me about the good children whom our Lord loved and blessed, and who were now gathered to His bosom. These she called "Angel Hymns." How I loved to hear her sing them! She would frequently lay some little toy on my pillow, which she called a dream-charm; and I, clasping it tightly in my

hand, would unconsciously sail away, in sweet forgetfulness, to the shores of dream-land.

Every body knows what a passion children have for head-less, wheel-less, tail-less play-things. Give them the choice, and, five times out of six, a box of mutilated toys would be preferred to one that was perfect. It affords supreme pleasure to the little things to try on heads and set dislocated limbs. Many a time have I seen a stylish doll, decked with silks and lace, forsaken by a child for a rag baby with a flat head, limpsy neck and features, done in pen and ink. You recollect the story of the little prince who, surrounded by multitudes of toys, tired of them all and longed for the privilege of playing at mud-pies in a gutter. Some Scotch divine says that this example confirms the doctrine of innate total depravity; and there are times, perhaps, in the lives of all children, when mothers will be tempted to agree with him.

I certainly can not boast of a taste purer than that of my juvenile brothers and sisters; for I have often left my nicely-arranged play-shelves to tumble over a box of men and women maimed, or of mimic villages which looked as if they had been sacked and plundered. Among these ruins I one day found a little, well-worn shoe. My dear mother caught me in the act of trying to get it on over my own. Taking the little cast-off thing from me she pressed it to her lips, while the large tears which forced themselves through her closed eyelids revealed the intensity of her feelings. I marveled at her emotion then. Bereaved as I have since been, the love which stoops to kiss a little half-worn shoe has nothing mysterious in it.

"It was worn by angel Christine when she lived and walked on the earth!" said she.

"Is she my sister?" I asked.

"Once she came to live with me as you do now. Our Lord then called her to another home in the skies, and gave you to my love. Now I have two Christines—one in my home on earth, and one in my home above!"

"Wasn't God willing that you should have two little girls at the same time?"

"All little children belong to God," she answered. "He has a right to call them home when he pleases."

"Shall we ever see angel Christine?"

"We shall go to her; she can never return to us."

A loving kiss reconciled every thing that to my simple comprehension was obscure; and fully satisfied with the happy lot of one Christine, my childish mind gave itself no disquietude about the higher felicity of the other.

My mind matured with my years; and although those mystical words, "Found floating on the water" were not now heard, they were never forgotten. They had been too often repeated in my hearing to pass entirely out of mind. Occasionally, too, the suspicion would arise that I had not always lived in A——; that at some time other and different scenes had surrounded me. About this time, however, an incident occurred which tended to arouse my hitherto dormant curiosity.

It was at a merry-making—the birthday party of my friend, Marian Slade. She was nine years of age; and though larger and older than myself, we were on this occasion dressed alike, and I was second in importance only to her. Mirth and joy ruled the hour. While frolicking in a circle around Marian my playmates began to compare ages. It was the first time that the thought of my own age had ever entered my mind when one little girl, almost a stranger in A——, turned to me, and abruptly asked,

"How old are you, Christine?"

Chagrined at my inability to answer the question, my confusion became visible in my face. What could I say? How old was I? I had never asked myself the question before, and was now puzzled for a reason why no one else had ever asked it. There was a sudden glance of intelligence interchanged all round the circle, which was immediately broken, and the stranger girl drawn into a corner. From the fragments of whispers which I could catch they were telling her of some fatal calamity. Ah! it was the same old story. Either my ear caught or imagination supplied the words—"Found floating on the water."

Pained, reserved, I had lost all interest in the occasion, except so far as it had reference to the mystery of my own age. I saw that my companions were making every exertion to banish the incident from my mind, but I stood aloof, silent and unhappy.

For the first time in my life I was vexed at being an object of attention and curiosity. Why did my playmates look so pitifully upon me? Why did they patronize me? I needed not their protection. What was the meaning of those strange words? Was I "found floating on the water?"—I, who had such a kind mother, such a dear home? The idea was absurd! It could not be possible that she whom I loved so well was not indeed my *real* mother. Yet, had I always lived with her? There was certainly something which I did not understand; and I firmly resolved to have the mystery unraveled before another day.

That evening I went to my little bed *wide awake* and waited the accustomed visit. My mother soon came. I heard her voice, and the words alone of the hymn fell on my ear. My mind was elsewhere. This night "The Happy Land" had no charms for me. I was of the "earth, earthy." I soon interrupted her with the inquiry,

"Mother, when shall I have a birthday?"

"When you are a little older," she replied. "Marian is a great girl, nine years old."

"When shall I be nine?"

"Not for a great while," and the hymn immediately went on again. But I was not to be put off thus.

"Did I ever float on the water?" I asked.

For a moment she was silent. I could contain myself no longer. Bursting into tears, I opened to her my heart. The circumstances which had taken place at the party, my impressions, recollections, and suspicions, confused and faint as they were, were all narrated.

My mother saw at once that my mind was awake and must be satisfied; that the time had come for a revelation. Taking my hand she said,

"Shall I tell my dear Christine a story? A true story?"

"Yes, mother," I replied; "tell a story about *me*, about me when I was a baby."

Wrapping around me her large shawl and taking me in her arms, she seated herself in an easy chair by the side of my bed. Of that time or of that place I have never lost sight. Methinks I see her now, so gentle, so quiet, just as she sat in that still room. The twilight gradually fading left good Ponto in the shade. His head seemed to droop lower and lower, as if he was glad to resign his watch into the keeping of a friend. The wolf could not be seen in the dim light, and Riding Hood stood out in the foreground a picture of innocence and beauty. The charitable shadows hid the uncle and shrouded the babes in mourning.

There, in the silence of early night, my dear mother related to me, in simple and plain language, the calamity which, at one fatal blow, had probably deprived me of both parents, and made me an orphan. Not a syllable did I lose then; not one has since been forgotten. During that short period, and even while her words were being drunk in, I passed from babyhood to thoughtful, actual maturity. Ideas and impressions then stamped themselves on my mind in characters which to this hour are clear and ineffaceable. My intense curiosity, the painful interest with which I listened to her recital, the thrill of horror that crept over me as she proceeded, are as vivid now as, when pressed to her bosom, I for the first time learned the sad story of my orphanage.

In the spring of 18— a noble steamer left the quay at New Orleans, freighted with human life—happy fathers and mothers surrounded by their children, brothers and sisters, friends, comrades, and strangers, with bright hopes and cloudless anticipations of coming pleasure. On the eve of that happy day the bright sun went down amidst mirth and music and joy. On the morrow that same sun arose in his glory to behold sorrow and silence and death. In the calm midnight that ship-load of sound sleepers were suddenly aroused from their dreams of happiness by the awful cry of "Fire!" The steamer had caught amid-ships, and the doomed passengers awoke with death staring them in the face. To burn or drown were the only alternatives. Isolated from human aid, amidst smoke and bursting flame on one hand and the yawning sea on the other, shrieks of agony arose to God from those who had never before called on his name in prayer. The fire raged with fury. Wives plunged frantically into the deep calling in vain on their burning husbands. Mothers rushed madly into destruction, alike unconscious of the part they acted or of the fate of their offspring. Little children, terrified, distracted, helpless, called on parents whom death had rendered deaf to their call. In that wild night of terror brothers and sisters, friends, comrades, and strangers, were parted never again to meet on earth. Despair sat at the helm until the ship was burned to the water's edge, and when morning dawned the remorseless waves swept over a charred, unsightly wreck.

At daylight a passing vessel came with swift wings to the rescue, alas! too late. All had perished with the exception of a single sailor, who miraculously clung to the burning timbers—all save one little child. When all was over his child was found floating on the water. I needed not my mother's assurance to convince me who that lone child was.

She then told me of herself. Just before this calamity occurred God had taken away her husband and an only child, a dear daughter, named Christine. Hearing of the little child whom both fire and waves had spared she hastened at once to adopt me. Heaven seemed to have directed her, for on the gold clasp of my sleeve-tie was found a single name, the name of her own dear child, *Christine*.

She arose, unlocked a small cabinet, and drew therefrom the little ornament which confined my sleeve when I was rescued from the water. Pointing to the name of Christine, engraven upon it, she said,

"Keep it, my child. Perhaps your own fond mother last clasped it on your arm. Never part with this little relic of your first years. I hoped for a time that it might lead to your discovery; but none have sought, none have claimed you. It may be that all your immediate relations perished on that fatal night. I can call you my own, my darling child, dear to my lonely heart when first found and with the passage of every day growing still dearer. My little Christine left me for a happier home, and you came to take her place in my affections. I clothed you with her garments; the playthings and books in which she took so much delight are yours, and now I shall lay you to rest in her bed."

All that had puzzled me was now understood. Light had broken in on obscurity, and my mind was relieved. For a little time I pondered on the fate of my parents, when sweet sleep vailed the scene and put to rest all my meditations.

Cast as I was into the arms of love, reposing in the lap of luxury, I had never known the absence of comfort or the lack of affection. Thoughts of the past, therefore, could occasion no regrets; and why should I sigh for friends and relations whom I had never known? Attachment for my adopted mother was no whit diminished. My only wonder was, if by possibility I could have loved my own mother more.

Life thus happily passed away until I was about seventeen years old. I then left school

and received private instruction at home. The health of my beloved mother had already begun to fail, and she soon assured herself that the time had come when she must gather hopes for her last journey. What anguish wrung my bosom as I yielded to the conviction that my only friend on earth was about to leave me—forever!

My whole time was now spent at her sick pillow. Only one earthly care now engrossed her thoughts; this was, so far as human foresight and wisdom could avail, to secure my comfort and happiness.

Death hurried his coming. Peacefully and joyfully she bade adieu to her Christine on earth to rejoin her angel Christine in the better land. Although my head was bent for the blow its suddenness prostrated me. I can not portray, even faintly, how desolate, how disconsolate my heart was in that first hour of sorrow. How willingly would I have laid my head beside hers on that pillow of death, and, with her, gone down into the dark valley!

After my mother's death I went to reside with her only brother, Uncle Hugh, as I had been taught to call him, whom she had constituted my guardian. He was as a kind father to me; and yet the encouraging glance, the approving smile, the untiring love which I had enjoyed for so many years were wanting.

How could I fight the battle of life alone? Such consolation as the world has to bestow was profusely tendered; but who, in recent and bitter affliction, was ever thus consoled? My dear mother had been taken from me, and I had no one now to love. Where should I go for sympathy, for counsel? Twice in my short life Fate had made me an orphan. My heart yearned for affection; and many sad days and sleepless nights were passed in sorrow for the dead.

Time, however, blunted my grief, and, with the buoyancy and hopefulness of youth, I again sought pleasure with new friends and among new scenes. Uncle Hugh was a considerate man of fifty, who had buried his heart in early manhood. His housekeeper, a comfortable, cheery dame, carried sunshine wherever she went. But I did not forget my dear mother. She was now with my angel sister; and I took great comfort in looking forward to that reunion of us all which her faith had made certain to my mind would eventually take place.

Some time during the next year I met Harry Dyson, for the first time, at the house of a mutual friend. There was something about him which, at this first meeting, attracted—yes, almost fascinated me. The interest was mutual. With pleasure I heard him inquire who I was, and solicit an introduction. We met strangers—we parted friends. Every hour that we subsequently spent together endeared us to each other more and more. Still there was never any thing like rapture in our attachment. My feelings were the same as if I had always known and loved him. A quiet enjoyment of each other's society—a calm, contented happiness—always marked our intercourse, such as is wont to be the accompaniment of old and long-established friendships only.

In my musing hours, like all young girls, I had often wondered if I should ever be in love. I had set up in my mind an ideal standard of the holy passion. This was higher and more absorbing than the love which now filled my heart. That I loved Harry was abundantly proved by the misery which the mere thought only of separation from him caused me. But my feelings were very different from what fancy had pictured as the rapture of first love. Our tastes were similar. Our hearts beat in unison. Undoubtedly this was love; only too tame, and possessing too little romance, to jump with my preconceived notions. These trifling doubts, however, did not disturb my general satisfaction. Harry and I were content. We talked over our attachment, and spoke of our marriage even, but always with the same calm, equable sensations, precisely as we discussed the love passages of our friends. Perhaps our intercourse was as remarkable for nothing else as for the perfect confidence and candor which characterized it. Strange as it may seem, we would freely discuss each other's faults without occasioning any thing like coldness between us. Contrary to the experience of most lovers, our reproof of one another seemed only to cement more strongly the bond of affection. Mutual friends unanimously declared that we were alike in disposition and temperament, and that our lives would flow on side by side, and get as one, like the gentle course of a river after the flood has abated and the wind is hushed to repose. Every body was satisfied that for us to perform the journey of life together had been written in the decrees of Heaven.

We were not engaged to be married—that is to say, no formal compact had been entered into—and yet, so well did we understand each other's feelings, that, in my mind, matrimony and Harry Dyson were inseparably connected. In fact, our plans were all laid, and we only waited the advent of a new year to cast in our lot together. Even now I shudder when I think of our near approach to what then seemed the consummation of happiness. Had we reached it, what a consummation of misery would it have been to us both!

Harry was in the full enjoyment of health, handsome in person, at the head of a large mercantile house, and possessed of abundant wealth. Some years previous he had come to A—— a stranger. With letters of introduction, independent of his position, which would have carried him into any society, he avoided notice. Passing by all others, he devoted himself to me. Autumn matured what summer had promised, and the coming winter was fixed upon as the season for our marriage.

One evening—I still remember it well—Harry begged the pleasure of introducing a friend to our little family circle. "I do not think

Christine will like Frank Wallace," said he. "However, in spite of his dignified and distant manner, he is a good fellow. Upon familiar intercourse his reserve all wears away, and the genial qualities of his soul make themselves felt. If you can have patience with his manner at first, you will soon discover his worth."

Harry did no more than justice to his friend. Reserved, and at times so much so, indeed, that it almost amounted to austerity of manners, his soul always betrayed its sensitiveness to every touch of honor and every impulse of generosity. I soon discovered, indeed, that this seeming reserve was only the effect of prudence and stern principle. His profession, the law, accustomed him to speak and think logically; while he was now and then so eloquent, so brilliant, that in listening to him one forgot he was ever any thing else. His fine figure, and certain nameless qualities which mark the true gentleman, prepossessed you in his favor at first sight. He struck me as being singularly handsome; yet to this hour I can not tell the color of his eyes, for when he speaks the light of his genius so flashes and dances in them that their hue is changed with every varying sentiment.

Such was Frank Wallace. He was received as Harry's friend, not as a stranger, and it very soon came to pass that all his leisure hours were passed in our society. From the first it was manifest that he approved of Harry's choice; that he was interested in me, and my woman's tact soon led me to suspect that he was not thus interested solely because I was the betrothed of his friend. I was aware, however, that to hint my suspicions would bring down upon me a shower of ridicule; for it was a favorite hobby of Harry's that women were always susceptible, and at all times prone to take too much for granted. By broaching the subject I should lay myself open to his satire, and I did not care to expose myself to it.

I therefore silently watched the growth of a passion which was constantly betraying itself: by look and gesture when I was present; by attention to my unexpressed wishes when absent; by a thousand circumstances trifling in themselves and generally brought about indirectly. He never breathed a syllable of love. I think he did not once dream that I had any suspicion of its existence in his heart. In many ways, however, and always unobtrusively, my pleasure was preferred, my taste adopted. The flowers I most loved were placed on my work-table without comment—never given to me. The poem I praised was ever on his lips. The walks, the drives, the views, which I preferred were his favorites. That which I most admired seemed, more than any thing else, to attract his attention. I loved Harry Dyson, and looked on him as my future husband beyond the spectre of a doubt; yet I often caught myself comparing the two, and more than once thought that if I did not already love the one I should most certainly love the other.

Though my own eyes might be fixed on my work or my drawing, I very well knew, if he were present, that his were riveted on me. When he was absent I pitied him, to think that, young and gifted as he was, he should so misplace his affections. I wished that I had a sister to bestow upon him. My own heart assured me that I had inspired him with love—a love which would probably make him miserable—and yet I did not regret it. I took a guilty pleasure rather—so it then seemed to me—in watching for his coming, in listening to the fine intonations of his musical voice, in witnessing his repressed emotion. When Harry read aloud—you know how well he read poetry—and the sentiment was sad, the low, half-suppressed sigh at my side revealed a sympathy which duty forbade me to reciprocate. Neither could I give vent to hearty merriment, however witty the sentiment might be, knowing, as I did, that the heart of him who sat by my side was full of heaviness.

After he had gone, Harry and I would sit in the moonlight and talk of the future. To his vision all was brightness; for he had no glimpse of the dark cloud which threatened my horizon.

I was perplexed. What ought I to do? Was it possible that, by any change of circumstances, I could separate from Harry? The thought made me wretched. How was I to construe my emotions? Loving one tenderly, *deeply*, as I did, why should the heartaches of another interest me? Why should I be uneasy in his presence? Why moved by his sadness? Did I experience toward him a sensation of pity only, or was it a dearer and different sentiment? If I attempted an analysis of my feelings I had not the courage to complete it. I had no one else to speak to upon the subject but Harry, and he seemed to be stone-blind.

Meantime the preparations for our marriage were going forward. The wedding-day was at last appointed. Harry was calmly happy, I despairingly calm. In this conflict of feeling my affection for Harry never faltered for a moment. My love was constant, devoted, like that of a sister. But it occupied only a part of my heart, in no way interfering with that other embryo passion which now seemed ready to take joint possession and entirely destroy my peace of mind.

I sat alone, and the strange events in my early history occupied my thoughts. If my own parents had lived I should have probably been in a very different position. I should never have seen either Harry or Wallace. Should I not then have been far happier? When in all sincerity I loved him to whom I was betrothed, why did the slightest sigh of another have power to move me and cause my heart to flutter? This was inexplicable. Was I an anomaly among my sex? Did I love two at the same time? Certainly not; for if my affection for one was love, that which I bore the other was something else, so widely different in character and intensity were the feelings enter-

tained toward each. How was I to understand my heart?

Harry came in as usual, and surprised me by asking, somewhat abruptly,

"Did it ever occur to you that our friend Wallace is in love?"

"Why do you ask?" I inquired, with as much calmness as I could command.

"Because his manner is strange at times, and his language somewhat confused. This has made me suspect that he is caught in Cupid's snare."

"Do you know on whom his affections are placed?" I inquired.

Harry laughed aloud.

"Why you take it seriously, as if the matter were settled. I am by no means certain that my suspicions are well founded. If they were, notwithstanding our almost constant intercourse, I should be puzzled to fix upon the object of his adoration. It must be the moon, or some bright particular star, or the last new poem, for he seldom leaves his office except to visit us, and therefore, to my knowledge, sees no woman but you."

"What reason have you, then, to suspect that he is in love?"

"Why, yesterday, in speaking of our marriage, contrary to his usual custom, he burst into a rhapsody about matrimony and misery, disappointment and love, which I could account for in no other way. But my suppositions may be all wrong. Perhaps he thought I expected him to say something, and at the moment he happened to be in a tragic humor. He intends to leave us and spend some months in travel as soon as we are settled."

My heart fainted within me. I lacked courage to tell Harry all, to brave his ridicule, or witness his disappointment. Could I suffer Wallace to go away lonely, wretched, in despair? Should I not thereby be guilty of a wrong, the remembrance of which would haunt me through life? Then again, how could I wound the noble spirit, the generous, unsuspecting nature of Harry, my best friend, my betrothed husband, by revealing to him the apprehension that I loved another? I despised myself on account of the desire which now arose in my mind, and refused to be quieted, the desire to remain as I was—*unmarried*. By so doing I could always esteem Harry as my best friend, without making another, who loved me so well, hopelessly miserable.

Distressed at my situation, ashamed of emotions which I could not control, the wretchedness which my marriage with Harry would entail upon me and his, if I refused to marry him, were clearly foreseen.

In either event, how would it be with poor Wallace? I was on the eve of my marriage, and dared not reflect on its consequences. How confused, how conflicting, how unsatisfactory were my reflections! These were the last moments I should be able to call my own. To-morrow—yes, in a few hours—my hand, my heart, my liberty would be given into the keeping of another. Every thought and impulse of my soul would be schooled into subjection. Another's will must govern me; another's taste, another's pleasure, another's preferences be consulted before my own. Was the prospect before me, such as it should be, a future full of hope and promise? Were these strange contradictory emotions such as should fill the breast of a loving bride on the eve of her marriage? What would Harry Dyson say if he could read my soul?

"Oh God!" I cried, in my extremity, "give me strength to do my duty!"

On the instant there arose within me a calm resolve to look Fate in the face. I determined to tell Harry Dyson all my doubts and all my fears; to open my whole heart. Hopes I had none. To one so brave, so good, so generous, it was a duty which I owed, either to give him all my love or none. His affection ought not to be trifled with. I could not deceive him, and would not impose upon him a divided heart.

And yet how could I bear an eternal separation from Harry, my best friend, and, as it then seemed to me, my only stay on earth? The thought overwhelmed me. Life seemed insupportable without his friendship. My heart was nigh to bursting when tears came to my relief.

A gentle knock at the door told who was there, and for an instant my soul ascended to Him who knows all our infirmities.

"O God, the father of the orphan, have mercy upon me! Guide and guard my steps!"

Harry, surprised, as well he might be, to find me in tears, by no means attributed them to the right cause.

"'Tis hard, I know," said he, "to leave a pleasant home, but ours will be a happy one."

The happy, happy future, bright to him as the stars which paled or glistened above our heads, was, as usual, his favorite theme. Poor Harry! How could I say or do any thing to dim those bright anticipations, to make sad the heart which was so loving, so good, so true? Since our first acquaintance with each other no discordant note had ever marred the harmony of our intercourse. Not a harsh, not a cold, nor an unkind word had ever passed between us. Now I should appear cruel and deceitful: Harry would be wronged and indignant, and both of us be wretched. But the decisive moment had arrived. Either Harry or Wallace must be given up. To separate from one was misery, from the other despair. Harry saw my excited state, and, ever good, ever considerate, attributed it all to nervous sensibility on account of the approaching change in my situation. At one moment I almost determined to abide by my engagement at all hazards, marry Harry Dyson, and forget Frank Wallace. At the next the tall figure of the latter, as I had seen him on the evening previous, rose up before me. His full eyes, with their mournful expression; his face, pale and sad to heart-breaking;

his low voice, tremulous with sadness; his hands, nervously clasped together; and the sigh which escaped him as he bade me farewell—all rushed upon me, begetting an almost irresistible desire to speak that word which would again recall him to his former self.

"Come, dear Christine," said Harry, affectionately taking my hand, "do not give way to sad anticipations. You know me too well to be afraid to intrust your happiness in my keeping."

"Dearest, best of friends!" cried I, with a calmness that astonished me, "I have a confession to make which you must hear this night or never. I have unintentionally deceived your trusting, generous heart. How shall I find words to say that your betrothed wife is unworthy of your love—that she loves another?"

"What mean you? In God's name explain yourself," stammered he, pale as death.

I then opened my heart to him. I revealed all my emotions, contradictory and inexplicable as they were. Nothing was kept back. After I had ceased speaking he stared for a minute into my face, as if he thought me bereft of reason. Uncertain how to construe my perfect calmness and self-possession, the idea of a rival rushed into his mind.

"O God!" he cried, in anguish of spirit, "is it my friend, my almost brother, who has done me this great wrong? Frank Wallace! Is this your honor? Never again will I put confidence in a human being. She whom I love better than life forsakes me. He whom I trusted as a brother betrays me."

"Oh, Harry!" I interposed, "Frank Wallace does not suspect my love, has never breathed his own. I alone am guilty."

"Christine," said he, and his voice was soft as music to my ear, "is all our love come to this? Is all my heart's devotion slighted, scorned even, for the love of one who is ignorant of your passion, and has never declared his own? Christine! Christine! Where, oh! where is your woman's pride?"

"Alas! Harry," I replied, "I love you, and therefore can not deceive you. The pages of my secret soul have been opened, not that Frank Wallace may read what is written there, but because you are too noble, too generous to be wronged. I could not impose on you a divided heart and a divided love."

He took my cold hand in his as he said,

"Forget it all, Christine. I forgive the fright you have caused me. Forget it. To-morrow is our wedding-day. When the nuptial rite has made this dear hand my own, we will laugh at all these foolish scruples. Let it all pass. You are mine in the sight of Heaven as religiously as if our vows had been already exchanged at the altar. Oh, Christine, my beloved, recall it all! Once again say you love me alone. In the wide world there is no one else for me to love but you. I have neither parents nor brother nor sister. An orphan in the widest sense of the term, will you too cast me off?"

Trembling, and with overflowing eyes, he drew me to his side. "Sit down by me," said he, "and listen to the sad story of my life."

He then told me that when twelve years old he was left at school in his native city of New Orleans, while his parents traveled North. His only sister was with her nurse in the country. His parents were intending to take no one with them on their journey except a single faithful servant. They expected to be absent during the summer.

"My sister's name," said he, "was Christine, "and the thought has sometimes entered my mind that I was first attracted toward you on account of your name."

"Was your sister's name Christine?" I asked, struck by the coincidence and with a sensation which words can not portray.

"Christine Dyson was my dear sister's name. Your name, and something which can not be called a resemblance and yet is very nearly akin to it—for it always reminds me of my dear mother—drew me toward you and laid the foundation of a love that has been increasing ever since we met."

"But, Harry," I cried, eagerly, "go on with your story. How did you lose your parents?"

"Oh!" said he, much affected, "theirs was a terrible fate. The remembrance of it always rends my heart. The vessel in which they took passage caught fire, and during the darkness of night was burned to the water's edge. My father and mother, with every soul on board, and with no one near to see or save, either perished in the flames or were drowned in mid-ocean."

"And your sister, your sister Christine?" I cried, trembling with the agony of doubt and conjecture, "your little sister! What became of her?"

"Alas!" continued Harry, "when the intelligence first arrived it paralyzed the whole community. Horror was depicted on every face. I was old enough to know and sensibly feel my loss. A sickness of weeks confined me to my bed. I had yet one consolation left. My dear little sister had been spared, and I was not alone. As soon as my health would allow, I was driven into the country to see her. How little was I prepared for the blow which stunned me! The last thing my mother did before her departure was to visit her darling child. Distressed with the thoughts of separation from both her little ones for so long a time, she suddenly concluded to take the youngest with her. It was an afterthought, consequently her hasty determination was not known to her friends. And so they perished, father, mother, sister, nurse, and servant, all in one dreadful night of terror. You see, my own Christine, I have nothing and nobody left to love, except this single treasured memento of my dear sister."

When he first mentioned his sister I was of course struck by the similitude of name. A suspicion was aroused which gained strength as his recital continued. The name, the incidents connected with his parents' death, so strangely

like those of my own dear father and mother, the time, the circumstances, every thing, served more and more to strengthen my suspicion. Imagine then, if you can, the tumultuous, overwhelming tide of gratitude, love, and joy united which took possession of my soul when he took from the locket that was fastened around his neck a little golden sleeve-tie, the fac-simile of that intrusted to me by the mother of my adoption and ever since cherished as a sacred talisman. I had just strength enough to seize the armlet in my hand, hurry from the room, take its fellow from the repository and place them both in his hand, saying at the same time:

"Thank your God, Harry Dyson, that you have been spared from the crime of marrying your sister," when I fainted and fell in his arms.

On awaking to consciousness I saw that all had been explained. I had nothing to confess, nothing for which to ask forgiveness. My dearest and best friends were around me. Uncle Hugh was smiling through his tears; Dame Matilda bathing my brow. Harry, pale as death but supremely happy, with both my hands in his own, was on his knees before me. Another, need I say who? was in the back-ground. His beaming eyes told at first glance the love that was flooding his soul.

"Come, Frank," cried Harry, "kneel here with me. Dear Christine, he has told me all his heart. Look upon him and love him. You can not be my wife, but none can deny my right to claim you as a sister. Look up, darling Christine, and tell our dear Wallace, as I have done, that he is welcome to the little child who was *found floating on the water*."

A CHRISTMAS IN HAMBURG.

HAMBURG possesses very few of the attractions necessary to induce a foreigner to select it as a place of winter sojournment.

The whole city—with the exception of a small part which was destroyed by the great conflagration of 1842—is built in the planless, uncomfortable style of nearly all the ancient German towns; with dark, narrow, crooked streets; scanty, filthy sidewalks, wretchedly paved with cobble-stones, so that it would be difficult for the inhabitants to keep them clean, even were they so disposed: which latter supposition is by no means warrantable. As to the climate, during the winter season, it is difficult to imagine one more disagreeable. During a large portion of the time we are enveloped in a fog so dense that it is impossible to see across the street; and, when this is not the case, the sky usually lowers until it appears to rest on the chimney-tops, and a mist, or rather heavy dew, continues to distill during the whole day. The condition of the dirty, badly-paved streets in such weather may easily be imagined, as also how agreeable must be our promenades.

The Hamburgers, however, seem as much accustomed to it as do their native ducks, and may always be seen, even during smart showers, loitering unconcernedly along, without umbrellas, and the women even without a head-covering. The weather is seldom cold, but always chilly, and that oppressive, drowsy influence, which, to an American, seems always to pervade the atmosphere of Europe during winter, operates here with double force. The air seems, really, at times, to be impregnated with a soporific gas. The canals, which intersect the town in every direction and withdraw nearly all noise from the streets, cause such a continual silence to prevail that, when strolling along the dusky alleys, I often feel as if "treading the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow."

It would be natural to suppose that the inhabitants of a town which affords so few facilities for outdoor amusements during this long season of the year would seek a compensation through diversions within. This is, in one respect, the case; for the people are among the most inveterate of even German smokers and dancers; but the desire and opportunities for intellectual recreation and improvement may be seen in the fact that the whole city, of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, has but two so-called literary associations, of which wine, cigars, and games of chance form the principal features. In short, I have never before lived in an atmosphere, both mental and material, so well adapted to breed blues as that of Hamburg.

During the last ten days Hamburg has entirely changed its usual aspect, and appeared like one of its own servant-girls who has doffed her smutty gown of russet and appears in her parti-colored, fantastical, holiday attire. Its wonted dullness and stillness, too, have been superseded by extraordinary bustle and preparation; and all this for the celebration of *Christmas*. For Christmas, to the great mass of Germans, is, literally, the day for which all other days were made. Not only have all the streets and walks been blocked up almost to impassableness by temporary booths, displaying every imaginable and unimaginable variety of gimcracks and gewgaws, and the brightly illuminated shop windows filled with dolls and puppets of every possible and impossible description; but every little nook and niche is occupied by a Liliputian shop-tender with his or her miniature store of miniature toys, and the passer-by is every moment greeted by a piping voice, offering and even imploring a purchase, while the sallow faces of the dirty little beggar-merchants assume a look even more pitiful and distorted than that of the dolls they hold forth in their tiny fingers. So prevalent is the custom of Christmas present-making here, and to such an extent do the presents consist of trifles of this class, that, during the week preceding Christmas, a regular bazar is established—a Crystal Palace—with a universal exhibition of trinkets from all parts of the globe. In all these displays the prominent features are the ludicrous, the fantastical, the bizarre.

All the squares, market-places, street-cor-

ners, and steps of public buildings, are covered with little forests of *Christmas-trees*—those all-important, indispensable *Weihnachtsbäume*—on which hang, literally, the Christmas joys and toys of German childhood. More of this anon.

In the literary sphere the change has been no less absolute and all-pervading. Christmas tales, Christmas plays, Christmas legends, Christmas songs, Christmas comedies, Christmas carols, *que sais-je?* Unceasing streams of Christmas advertisements fill all the newspapers and run over in the form of a foaming flood of extras. Room can scarcely be spared for even the telegraphic dispatches from the Paris and London bourses.

Even in the present critical and excited state of Prussia political discussions are almost entirely crowded out by those of more important Christmas and its festivities. In the social circles, of course, the same topic rages. Children prattle about Christmas-trees; servants chatter of dance and spree; young people of wine and waltzing, and old ones of sumptuous feasting and of the best means to make all the others enjoy themselves. Had the potentates of Germany but the power of creating Christmases at will, they would never lack the means of quenching revolutions.

The practice of a friendly fraud and polite, innocent evasion of a tax collected on this day by friend from friend, which lately originated in Paris, has of course already found currency here. I mean the economical method of making *one* gift perform the office of a *dozen* or a *score*. Those of my readers who have ever spent a few months in some retired frontier hamlet, where very little money circulates, have doubtless had occasion to observe how sometimes a stray five-dollar bank-note, which had accidentally found its way there, would be used to pay debts to perhaps twenty times its own value ere it again escaped. The farmer who brought it from the city paid his tailor, the tailor his butcher, and he in turn the farmer, so that the same busy, debt-paying bank-note would pass through the same man's hands half a dozen times in the course of a week. Precisely after this manner it goes here with Christmas present-giving. The fact is, that people have become weary of being annually subjected to so unprofitable a system of mutual taxation; and as it is of too long standing to be easily abolished, they have invented this economical method of relieving themselves of its pecuniary burden; retaining, at the same time, all its agreeable features. For instance, the young lady, Fräulein Lange, receives from a young gentleman a green silk bag tied at the neck with a blue ribbon. She opens the bag and finds it filled with bonbons. She is delighted, returns him her thousand thanks, tastes them, finds them *reizend* (charming), and as soon as the bearer's back is turned ties the bag with a *red* ribbon and sends it to her cousin, Fräulein Schaeffer, as a Christmas present. But the latter, who has perhaps already received half a dozen similar gifts, empties the sweetmeats into a *scarlet* bag, and sends them as a Christmas gift to her aunt, Frau Müller, who, perhaps, immediately sends them as a Christmas present to her young friend, the original Fräulein Lange; whence the busy, important little bag soon starts on a fresh round of calls, in its character of Friendship-carrier, and discharger of civility-debts.

Another kind of present-giving here, is in the donations made by employers to their employés. This is not only universal but also real, and seems to have been conventionally regulated according to the wages of the workers. Servant-girls, whose wages range from twenty-five cents to a dollar a week, get from one to five dollars. Ladies' chamber-maids, and those of equal grade, from three to eight dollars. Apprentices, from two to ten dollars; while clerks and journeymen, whose salaries range from three hundred to one thousand dollars, receive from ten to twenty-five dollars. This present is regarded by both giver and receiver as a reward of diligence and fidelity during the past year, and encouragement to practice the same virtues during the year to come. It always consists of money, and in a community where people seldom hope to rise above the sphere in which they were born, its effect appears to be favorable in cherishing a sympathy between master and servant.

Thus far I had been an unparticipating observer. The novelty and magnitude of the preparations for a festival to which, in my own land, so niggardly a portion of excitement and gayety is appropriated, kept my attention on the stretch, and lent absorbing interest to the whole affair. But now that the culminating moment was at hand, I began to feel an intense longing to be present and assist at the dénouement.

I remarked the joyful anticipations beaming from every face, and recoiled at the prospect of withdrawing to my silent, solitary chamber, and trailing through the long hours of Christmas-eve over Heine and Schiller. From a similar situation must have originated the fable of Tantalus.

Wrapped in moody reflections, I was lounging listlessly along the city's finest promenade, the *Yungfernstieg*, as it borders upon that beautiful little sheet of water, Hamburg's gem and pride, the Binnen-Alster. A heavy slap on the shoulder caused me to turn suddenly, and I found myself at noses' points with the broad, grinning, good-natured face of Carl von Langenstein, a fine, whole-souled law-student, whose acquaintance and friendship I had made at Heidelberg nearly two years before.

Carl is a genuine specimen of the German student-class; frank, generous, and good-humored; not over-shrewd, but relishing even a dull joke; hospitable, kind, and warmly attached to his friends, among the nearest and dearest of which he reckoned, of course, his long pipe and beer-glass.

On learning that I was still unengaged for the evening, his features exhibited the most

satisfactory indications of delightful disappointment, and seizing my hand between both of his, he suited the action to the word in a *pressing* invitation to spend the evening at his father's, and witness a regular old-fashioned, German, family Christmas festival. One-tenth of his cordiality would have insured my acceptation. We took a short turn around the Binnen-Alster, recalled a few prominent and delightful reminiscences, and agreed upon six o'clock as the time for my introduction into his paternal mansion. What a flood of pleasing sensations is often thus, all at once, poured in upon the soul by the happy and unexpected combination of a few little circumstances! I had issued forth, lonely and discontented; I returned full of pleasing anticipations.

As the day wore on signs of the approaching "*Fest*" grew and multiplied on every hand. At one o'clock workmen ceased their labor; shops were shut; through the windows opposite my room I had sundry glimpses of servant-maids flitting about in their gayest short-gowns of parti-colored plaid, small caps, covered with glittering spangles, and white chemise sleeves contrasting with their red, brawny arms; scampering hither and thither in the last hurry and excitement of preparation for a glorious night's dance and Bier-schmaus. At two o'clock, in this latitude, night begins to shadow forth her coming, and already the theatres and other numerous places of public amusement were blazing forth an extra glare. Populous as Hamburg is its greatest diameter scarcely exceeds a mile. The Baron von Langenstein's residence was on the side of the city opposite my hotel. Punctually, therefore, at half past five I called a cab, for a rate of more than two miles an hour, being here considered a luxurious velocity, is obtained only at the expense of a round extra.

The streets were nearly deserted, and as I passed along the sounds of song and boisterous revelry, coming from cellars and grog shops, the gusts of stormy music bursting from ball-room windows, past which whirled couple after couple in the giddy waltz, all proclaimed that the bacchanals were fast approaching their wonted climax of gayety and uproariousness, and that the menials of all grades and classes were in the full enjoyment of their gratuities.

As I stepped out of the "droschkey" a watchman presented himself, touched his hat, and respectfully accosted me with, "Drink your health, Sir?" This respectable method of begging is industriously practiced on Christmas-eve by the watchmen, and so productive do they make it, and so conscientiously do they spend the proceeds, that most of them are dead drunk before midnight.

Hamburg is over one thousand years of age, and the old Senator von Langenstein's mansion, judging from its appearance, might have been built by the founder of the city. The iron knocker, on the huge oaken door, was so heavy that its bare fall made the great halls ring again. The door was slowly drawn open by a servant in a black, high-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat, trimmed with gold lace, a very long-waisted blue coat, with a narrow swallow-tail, reaching to his heels; a reddish vest with four rows of brass bell-buttons on each breast; short knee-breeches, stockings extending half-way up the thighs, and terminating in a long fringe of gilt tassels, low-quartered, high-heeled shoes, with immense buckles, a perfect specimen, in short, of a livery from the fifteenth century. I was neither shown into an ante-chamber to dance attendance, nor yet even asked for my name; but the waiter, nothing doubtful that all was right, conducted me up a broad, steep flight of stairs, into the gentlemen's toilet-chamber, and delivered me over to Carl, who, with his upper lip rolled up, leaving a huge friendly grin below, and eyes beaming a whole soulful of good nature through his concave glasses, insisted on my playing the passive, while he disencumbered me even to my rubbers, examined the bottoms of my pants all around, and perceiving a speck of mud, caught a brush, dashed off the obtrusive particle, and then led the way to the parlor.

The old Baron seems about seventy, dignifiedly corpulent, with a face as round, full, and white as a Dutch cheese, and an upper lip made the invisible support of a shaggy, pale-yellow mustache.

At my entrance he rose, waddled to within about four feet of me, stopped short, brought his heels together, clasped his puffy hands, bringing the thumbs directly over the place where the pit of his stomach lay buried, and made a short, jerking movement of the body, which, I presume, was intended for a bow, and in which the projecting abdomen was thrust still further forward, and the head and haunches thrown back; then, by means of four extra steps, advancing eighteen inches nearer, he buried my hand in his, and with a grin which looked for all the world like the ancestor of all Carl's friendly grins, cordially bade me welcome, and presented me to the circle.

The impression made upon a foreigner by a parlorful of German belles, though peculiar, is not unpleasing; for although their plump, colorless countenances and pale-blue eyes have very little expression, this little is composed of unmingled good-humor, and if their features exhibit, on the one hand, little vivacity, they show, on the other, no vinegar. Their manners, though usually lukewarm, are seldom cold; and the lack of sprightliness in their conversation is abundantly compensated by simplicity and general information. The Senator's lady is by birth Spanish, full twenty-five years younger than himself, and still possessing, in the grace and rapidity of her movements, the quick and delicate play of features, and the lightning of her large hazel eyes, all the bewitching coquetry and fascination of her nation's female sex. She speaks excellent French and tolerable English. Her enunciation is rapid, and the manner in which her agile tongue at-

tempts to sputter off the uncouth, lumbering German, was at times truly laughter-provoking. It reminded me of the antics of a little monkey I once saw trying to roll a heap of large books and magazines down about the floor. In rolling off a small one he entangled himself in a large one, and in disengaging himself from that he tumbled down three or four at once. I had just fairly accommodated myself to my new sphere, when one of the walls of the room suddenly parted asunder, and displayed a vista down the centre of which extended a dining-table decked with a confusing profusion of things, among which flowers, grapes, oranges, and fancy-cut decanter-tops were conspicuous. Hamburg is noted for the comforts of her kitchen, and our dinner did ample justice to her fame. But why make my readers' mouths water by a description, or even an enumeration, of the twenty-three courses of soups, meats, sauces, and intermediates, of which the dinner consisted? We all know that the Germans are fond of good living: suffice it to say that my host, as far as good living goes, nourishes a thoroughly national taste.

Although a German may not be as capable as some other people of either fabricating or appreciating a keen witticism, his corporeity has good capacities for comprehending good cheer, and as much loud laughter is the result in the one case as the other. Had a foreigner unacquainted with the language been present, he would never have doubted that some of the wittiest remarks ever uttered were produced on this occasion.

Among the guests was a Heidelberg student of theology, with a pair of long, white, silky mustaches, and on the end of his chin a tuft of tow-colored beard about an inch in diameter and four or five inches long, who had come to spend the holidays with his *Duzbruder* Carl. He was the self-constituted spokesman of the company, and entertained us at first with such Black Forest legends and Christmas tales as were either too ancient or too new to be generally known. As the stream of his loquacity became shallow and insipid he managed to feed it for a time longer with college anecdotes, a very few of which would bear to be retold. Among them was that of a student who, after wasting the term, like most of his classmates, in carousing away the night and sleeping off the day, went, at the approach of vacation, to one of his professors, and requested the necessary certificate of having attended his just-ended course of lectures. The professor gazed at him attentively, but could not recollect having ever seen him at his lectures. "Very likely," replied the student; "my seat is behind the pillar yonder." "Wonderful!" quietly remarked the the old professor, as, with fallen under-jaw, he gazed through his green glasses at the post in question; "there must be some architectural error in the construction of that pillar. You are the twenty-seventh student who has occupied the seat behind it during this course of lectures." The appearance, however, of twenty bright thalers from the pocket of the student quickly convinced the professor that he too was one of the multitude whom the miraculous twenty-inch post had concealed from his view during a whole course of lectures, and the certificate was soon safe in the desk of the clerk.

Another anecdote was of the lecturer on Chemistry, who brought out his electrical apparatus, one day before the class, to show them the principles and effects of electricity. "Now, gentlemen," began he, "this battery is very heavily charged. A spark from the knob would instantly *kill* a *man*, and would *stun* even an *ox*." A moment after, in one of his heedless gestures, the professor brought his knuckles within striking distance of the knob. The bright flash and sharp report followed—the professor fell—the students gathered around, supposing him, from what he had just affirmed, to be killed. A moment after, however, he opened his eyes, and with immense drops of sweat on his face, began to gather himself up. "We believed you were killed," outbroke the students, in glad surprise. "No," said the professor, "I was only *stunned*." The students recalled his previous remark, and roared.

Should the reader already begin to tire of such entertainment, let him recollect that I have selected the very spiciest out of at least twenty, and then decide whether wit or wine was at the bottom of all our mirth.

The hostess presided at the table, and both her tongue and eyes were ubiquitous. Not the slightest incident occurred that she did not notice, and pleasantly remark upon; not an article disappeared from either the plates or glasses of a guest which was not instantly replaced. She had a word for all and every body, now in one language, now in another, with a fluency and rapidity of succession truly astonishing.

Our host meanwhile preserved his good-natured gravity undisturbed, and appeared to become by degrees entirely absorbed in his good cheer, or rather, *that* in him. It seemed as if there was, somewhere within his bulky system, a little Sahara which absorbed glass after glass, and bottle after bottle, without producing the least visible effect.

The character of the assembly was now approaching the uproarious. The rapid and ceaseless flow of Weiss-wein and Roth-wein had at length begun to undermine the foundations of common sense, protected though it was by even German nerves. The light-blue eyes of the ladies assumed an unnatural brightness, and flushes were making desperate efforts to show themselves through their fat cheeks.

As the dinner gave place to the dessert, the tales and anecdotes changed to songs and jests, which, notwithstanding the presence of the ladies, made up in vociferousness what they lacked in delicacy.

The old Senator, now perceiving the turn things were taking, showed how well his sense

of propriety had preserved its equilibrium by rising from the table.

Then followed the universal shaking of hands, each one with all the rest, commencing with the hostess and making the whole parallelogram of the table, accompanied by the friendly *gesegnete Mahlzeit* ("blessed be the meal to you!"), and we adjourned to take coffee; the hostess and ladies to the parlor, while we followed the Baron to his smoking apartment; for, to a German, his pipe or cigar, and a cup of strong coffee, after dinner, are as indispensable as the dinner itself. The room was spacious and simply but richly furnished, and the effects of ages of perpetual tobacco-smoke were visible on the antique but elaborate furniture. The richly-papered, smoke-dinged walls were hung, on three sides, with portraits of all the German emperors, from Conrad the First down to Franz the Second. The fourth side was entirely occupied by an immense pipe-case, or pipe-*rack*, containing several hundred pipes. This collection would vie, at least in variety, with Professor Davies's collection of Indian pipes. Here were long-stailed and short-stailed; straight and crooked; large-bowled and little-bowled; plain and ornamented; meerschaum, porcelain, clay, stone, and wooden. These, as the old Senator assured me, were all either Christmas or birthday gifts. The collection which, at its establishment in its present location, consisted of only a dozen or fifteen, has been receiving semi-annual accessions during the last half-century. "Nothing was more fit, therefore, than, at each of these festivities, to place the collection at the service of his convivials."

On a centre-table in the middle of the room stood a gilt and burnished *vase à cigarres*, of elaborate workmanship, and containing a hundred or more of Upman's best. On the floor beside it stood a large vase-shaped vessel, holding at least half a keg of superior Holland tobacco. All around the room luxurious arm-chairs, settees, and sofas, invited us to repose after the arduous labors of an *extensive* dinner. Most of us, pipes and cigars being duly got in operation, accepted the invitation. Curling clouds now began to obscure the ceiling, and the silence that reigned was like that of a dormitory, being interrupted now and then by a long-drawn sigh-like sound, as a long dense stream of smoke issued from one or another pair of inflated cheeks. I amused myself meanwhile by examining the heterogeneous display of pipes. They were arranged in chronological order, and displayed, at a glance, a concise history of the rise and progress of pipe-manufacture in Germany. The first one in the upper tier, which purported to be nearly two hundred years old, and to have descended from one Herr Rittmeister von Baumeister, consisted simply of a cubic piece of common stone, hollowed out, with a straight elder stick about six inches long for a stail. Next, came one with the bowl scooped out of an oak knot, and bearing a close resemblance to a soup-ladle, the cavity being twice as broad as deep, and capable of holding half a pound. Not far from this was a huge, uncouth one of iron, with a sheet-iron tail, almost large enough for a stove-pipe. This a blacksmith named Taugenichts had made for his own use more than a century since.

But even a slight sketch of half the collection would fill a book; and, indeed, it is a source of wonder to me that a quarto volume of 4500 pages, with copious explanatory notes and an appendix, has not already appeared on this subject. Many of the pipes were of really curious design and workmanship; but I looked in vain for a *beautiful* specimen. All the carvings and paintings, whether designed to represent human heads, beasts, or reptiles, were caricatures, and most of them very poor ones. Here, also, German taste had not left itself without a witness. Most of the more modern ones bore an inscription, motto, or stanza; and I remarked that these, as well as the carvings and pictures, were generally on the *back* side of the bowl, so that the smoker might puff and contemplate at the same time. The jovial, and, in many instances, even more than jovial character of the inscriptions, showed them to date from the time when their present owner was also a harum-scarum Heidelberger blade.

The fumidity of the atmosphere had by this time become quite insupportable, and its soporiferous influence on the smokers was both visibly and audibly evident, inasmuch as the sonorous snoring of the sleepers constituted a harmonious concert almost equal to that proceeding from a populous pig-sty in a July noontide.

I therefore adjourned to the drawing-room. The German ladies are, as every body by this time knows, in one respect, at least, like those of all the other Continental nations; they are passionate lovers of dancing. The billiard-room had attracted those few of the young men who were not disposed to a nap in the smoking-room; but the ladies had made partners of one another, the piano was in full operation, and all the girls were engaged in waltzing, the only dance known or recognized here; and at this they certainly excel. Why should they not? From earliest infancy they are as much accustomed to it as a Tartar to his saddle.

I was scarcely seated and enjoying the whirl and twirl of their confusing revolutions before the pretty hostess was at my side, and inquiring why I did not join in the waltz? "I am not an adept at the art," was my answer. "Do they not, then, waltz in America?" "Comparatively little!" "Why not; is it not fashionable?" "Yes; but not popular." She did not fully comprehend me; I explained.

Then followed what former experience had led me to expect, namely, a good-humored but satirical and unsparing philippic upon the hypocritical Puritanism of the Americans. A German will seldom let slip a good opportunity for inveighing against our method of spending existence. We are almost universally regarded as

a race of ascetic misers—heartless, covetous religionists—whose real, though unwritten articles of faith ever contain, as the fundamental truth—*money*, and of it the quickest method of making the most. We were now joined by the Heidelberger theological student, who was anxious to learn about the festivities with which we Americans filled up our Christmas holidays. Here was another exposure of my country and countrymen to the weak shafts of good-natured irony. My story was short and plain, and quickly told. "For the morning a sermon; for dinner, a roast turkey; for the afternoon, a magazine; in the evening, whist and drunken Irishmen." An equally brief and authentic description of a holiday among the Hottentots could not have made a more original impression. Madame clasped her small white hands, and threw them up and down at arms'-length, with ringing laughter, and then declared, in her soft and charming broken English, that it was just what she should expect, after hearing that waltzing was unpopular; while the student, after twisting back his mustaches, in order to laugh without inhaling them, drew out his portfolio, noted down the heads of my narration, and avowed his intention of making it the basis of a magazine article on American life and manners.

The next demand was for a Christmas tale, tradition, or legend. Here I was compelled to plead utter poverty. The student took the opportunity to extol the German as exceeding all other languages in its richness in legendary lore, and went on to expatiate at some length, and with evident pride, always calling it "the poetical feature of the language." This boast is common among educated Germans, and corresponds to the vanity of many Englishmen over their own John Bullism. Thus passed the time until a huge, ancient Nuremberg clock, in a distant room, hammered off nine reverberating strokes.

Soon after an irregular and vociferous thumping in the adjoining hall made me start in surprise. The others, however, seemed to have been waiting for it, and greeted it with outbursts of joy, particularly the younger members of the company. A simultaneous rush was made to the source of the racket, and there stood the bald-headed, gray-mustached, pursy old patriarch, with a little drum attached to his neck and resting upon his enormous abdomen. In his puffy hands were a pair of short drumsticks, with which he was battering the little drum-head with a clumsiness and unmercifulness not to be exceeded by the best drum-major in Christendom.

This, as Carl informed me, is a traditional custom by which the good German ancestors used to frighten away all the vagabond witches which might happen at the time to have appropriated to themselves lodgings in the house, in order not to be pestered with them the succeeding year. We formed a processional march and followed the drummer, the servant in livery going before, as marshal, and opening the doors. In this manner we marched all through the house, up stairs and down stairs, into bedrooms and through lumber rooms, not omitting even the garret or the cellar, in which latter the variegated and savory odors of the lately cooked dinner mingled with those of the preparing supper. At last, after having effectually scared all the rats and witches out of all the unfrequented recesses and cobweb corners, we came suddenly to a halt, before the door of the only yet unvisited room. This was the nursery; and, as Carl told me, had, for a fortnight past, been locked against every body but the parents. The waiter-marshal, with more than usual pomp and circumstance, swung open the door, and my eyes met a novel and interesting sight. In the centre of the room stood a fir-tree, about ten feet in height, illuminated by something like one hundred and fifty little wax-tapers fastened to the branches, which latter were also literally loaded down with toys, grapes, golden apples, dolls, and gewgaws of every possible and impossible description. The effect was brilliant, even splendid, and would have been very beautiful had not the harmony of the whole been marred, in true accordance with German taste, by a huge, hideous double mask, or rather Janus-head, placed in the centre of the bush, and so lighted by candles within it that flames and smoke issued from its mouth, nose, eyes, and ears. I soon found, however, that my taste did not accord with that of the majority. This was precisely the feature most admired by all except the Baroness.

After walking around the tree, admiring it and its contents, and commenting upon them in whole and in detail, for half an hour or more, the impatient juvenile throng was let loose, and like a band of little poachers, quickly stripped the tree of its gaudy and variegated burden. The twinkling tapers, dispersed among the unadorned boughs, looked like the waning, lonely lights of a ball-room after the midnight hour has robbed it of its gay and gaudy groups.

Now came the *tempus ludendi;* the romping, racketing, confusion worse confounded. Squeaking pigs and squeaking dolls, squalling boys and whining dogs, peeping birds and piping beastlings, wooden whistles, tin whistles, sugar whistles, and the whole genus of whistles, trumpets, horns, and squawkers; all did their duty to raise the din; while half a dozen minikin drums, mingled with the shouts and screams of the juvenile performers, completed the concert.

Amidst all this rumpus and hurly-burly my attention was attracted to a pale but interesting little girl, apparently eight or ten years of age, with long flaxen hair and light-blue eyes, who, having received as present a small but excellent guitar, had withdrawn to a distant corner, seated herself recliningly on a sofa, and was thrumming with her slender fingers the most plaintive and melancholy tones. There was something so touching and prepossessing in her sad yet delicate and sensitive expression of counte-

nance that I was induced to inquire about her of Carl. "Poor little Aminchen!" said he; "one year ago she was the merriest member of this mirthful flock here; but for the last six months she has hardly smiled, and even when she does her smiles are more sorrowful and affecting than other girls' tears."

"What misfortune," asked I, "could it be, so great, or which so young a mind could sufficiently appreciate to be thus suddenly and severely chilled and withered by it?"

"Disappointed love," said Carl, earnestly, yet evidently anticipating a smile of incredulity on my part. The bare idea was so unnatural and preposterous that I, of course, at first felt inclined to regard it as one of Carl's serio-comical jests; but another look at the delicate and sensitive expression of settled sorrow in little Amina's wan yet highly intelligent countenance produced an involuntary semi-conviction; and Carl, in compliance with my request for further explanation, went on to relate that her parents, whose only child she was, were Germans, and resided in Braunschweig; that her mother was of Spanish descent; and that the little Aminchen was born while her parents were once lying in quarantine at the island of Malta. About a year since a fine, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy, the son of her father's friend, and some two or three years older than herself, came from Greece to pay them a visit. Although it was the first time they had met their mutual attachment soon became unusually strong, and the girl, in particular, gave every indication of being seriously and deeply in love. She became all at once grave and womanly in her ways; was meditative, and often melancholy; and in her little lover's presence she was reserved, and even embarrassed. At this period the boy began to suffer from the effects of the northern climate, became ill, was taken home, and died. Little Amina, on hearing the news, fainted, and had since been pining continually, under every symptom of a broken heart. Should the eye of a psychologist light by chance on this little sketch, let him regard it as he deems most metaphysically orthodox; that is, provided he deigns to regard it with any opinion at all. To me the very appearance of this little embodiment of infantile grief moving about like a spectre, as it were, in the broad sunlight of mirth and happiness, made her an object of touching interest. Poets and novelists have moralized and sentimentalized *ad nauseam* on faded flowers and faded cheeks, blue violets and blue veins, and the whole genus of symbols and symptoms of disappointed passion, until we have come to regard them in a matter-of-fact light, and like all other things of course. As I am neither poet nor novelist, my province is neither fiction nor sentimentalism, but only to speak right on just as I think, like any other plain, blunt man. But in this case I will not deny that there seemed to me to be something tenderly affecting — not from its very nature, but, quite the contrary, from its very unnaturalness and uncommonness. When the shaft of Death pierces the *old* dove, or Cupid's dart the *young* one, we yield them with resignation, as payment due, the one of Nature's debt, the other of her tribute; but here was Cupid and Death united—a most unnatural coalition—to make the little *fledgling* a victim to their undue rapacity. Misfortune, like a rash and ruthless boy, had beaten down and destroyed the beautiful young butterfly even in the early spring morning of its existence, and while it was innocently and unsuspectingly engaged in sipping sweets from its very first flower. Her parents had sought, by every means that could be devised, to expel the gnawing idea that was preying upon the vitals of her infant soul. They had traveled abroad with her, sent her to school, set her to learn music, drawn her into youthful society, immersed her in amusements and recreations; but all to no effect. The stem of the rose-bud was broken. Of what use, now, that the gardener should place it in the warmest sunbeams, and in the society of the gayest flowers? It droops and wilts even quicker than it would have done in shade and solitude.

My reverie was interrupted by a scene of quite a different character. No people are so fond of rejuvenescence, in the term's most childish signification, as the Germans. The old Senator had become entirely absorbed in the sports of the little ones, and it was ludicrous in the last degree to see him floundering about on his hands and knees; his immense paunch swaying from side to side like that of a female hippopotamus; grinning so desperately that his toothless gums showed like a bloodless gash from ear to ear; the long beard of his long chin tickling the point of his nose; wheezing and whining out his fits of phthisicky laughter; while his eyes gleamed with that peculiar pale glow which aged eyes assume when under the excitement of delight, like the dying embers of decayed wood fanned by a sudden breeze. It is interesting to see old age thus making a sudden revolution, and seeming, for a short time, to cast off the yoke of care and decay. The old Baron, like the vast majority of his countrymen, is a faithful and practical follower of Epicurus. Pleasure is the chief end of existence, and therefore, among all other pleasures, he has enjoyed the childish Christmas-tree fun nearly seventy times over.

In the midst of our merriment a servant appeared at the door, and by a bow, which tested the elasticity of his hamstrings, announced that tea was on the table.

Leaving the children, therefore, to their sports, we repaired to the dining-room. Here another agreeable surprise awaited us. I had noticed, during the last half hour, that the Baroness and her daughter were absent from the nursery, and now, we beheld all the napkins raised by an irregular heap, greater or smaller, of something under them. Each guest, on being seated and raising his napkin, discovered his pile of presents. Each lot was accompanied by a slip

of paper, with a stanza or two written on it, in which the names of the articles presented were interwoven with a tender sentiment or friendly wish. My Heidelberg intimacy with Carl had been closely connected with pipe-smoking; for whether playing at a game of chess, roaming about the romantic old castle-garden, taking a jaunt up to the Königstuhl, Wolffbrunnen, or along the lovely valley of the Neckar, the long pipe-tail and good-natured grin were Carl's lips' constant companions. Partly from sympathy, but chiefly because his tobacco was of the very best quality, I acquired the habit of keeping him company; but quitted it and Heidelberg at the same time. Carl had found something quite rare and rich in the idea of having taught smoking to an *American*, from the very home of the tobacco-leaf; and now I found, among my presents, an elegant meerschaum accompanied by a couple of stanzas, a plain translation of which I venture to give, not from their intrinsic excellence, but as truly indicating the social and moral drift of ideas among the generality of young Germans:

"Friendship and tobacco-smoke agree;
Warm, strong, and savory, they both should be:
Smoke rolls in volumes from the glowing bowl;
Thus Friendship gushes from the kindling soul.
Then smoke, and think on Heidelberg and me;
In heaven, where cigars grow on every tree,
Where brooks run beer, tobacco grows in groves,
We'll meet, and smoke, and drink to former loves."

My present from the Baroness was a beautiful cravat, attended with an elegantly written Spanish couplet, gently requesting me "to bear the giver in mind" as often as I the "cravat around my neck should bind." Beside it was a gold pen from the old Senator, with an awkward, half-rhymeless, limping pair of stanzas, written, doubtless, in half the time that it took me to read them, and expressing the idea that letter-correspondence is one of the best uses to which the pen can be put; and begging to be occasionally remembered in this use of my present.

The old gentleman received his usual quantum of pipes, which, indeed, seems here to form a leading article of Christmas-present commerce.

This was, of the whole evening, and, *par excellence*, the real feast of friendship, and flow of social feeling. Each one was, in turn, requested to exhibit to the company his presents, which were freely admired and commented upon. Then came the reading of the rhymes. These, according to the degree of intimacy between the parties, were polite, affectionate, friendly, or jovial, and gave rise to a great deal of hilarity and facetiousness. True, some of the jests, both oral and written, as well, in fact, as some of the presents themselves, were not as Puritanically unexceptionable as would have been expected in a Bostonian society of equal grade; but then the two countries differ as widely with regard to the standard of taste in *this* respect as in many *others*. This leads me to remark, that, during my travels on the Continent, I have been the victim of much rallying and satire concerning the prudery which my countrywomen continue to exhibit to the world. I am free to own that I never could see much harm in the ladies of New York forcing the Crystal Palace committee to dress the statues, as was, at that time, a universal report; nor could I relish, as much as many did, the immense amount of fun, ridicule, contempt, and caricature to which that report gave occasion among the European press and public. At the same time I just as frankly acknowledge myself equally stupid with a German in ability to perceive any good reason why the legs of a piano should be changed to its *limbs;* the knees of a sleigh to its *elbows;* or the tail of a man's coat to the extremity of a gentleman's outer vestment. Miss America is little aware how notorious her false modesty has become throughout Christendom; and even if she were, I presume she wouldn't care much. She is young and beautiful, though somewhat large of her age, and her precocity has drawn upon her the world's attention; every body watches with criticising, or even carping scrutiny, her every word and movement; they seem bent upon compelling her, *nolens volens*, to assume the position of a model and a paragon: where the wonder if, in the immaturity of her judgment and experience, she occasionally betrays a little *mauvaise honte?* She errs at worst but on the right side: which one, of all her transatlantic sisterhood, can boast a similar error in this regard?

After tea, cards—that universal, indispensable source of social amusement all over Europe—were introduced, and absorbed the time until two o'clock. Then came the breaking-up bustle, a repetition of the wholesale hand-shaking, the *Schlafen Sie wohl* ("sleep well"); and to me, a stranger, intending soon to depart, was always added the friendly wish of *eine glückliche Reise* ("a prosperous journey"). Arm in arm with Carl I took the way to my hotel, along the streets, now deserted, except by a few who seemed to be doing their best to supply the absence of a crowd by occuping each walk in rapid alternation. As we passed the numerous gin-hovels and wine-palaces the waning lights, the maudlin gabble, the low, drawling bacchanalian song told that another lusty Christmas festivity had nearly exhausted its vigor and vivacity, and was fast sinking into the leaden arms of Morpheus.

Arrived at my door, Carl took his long pipe from his mouth, and, in true accordance with his nation's rites of friendship, threw his right arm over my shoulder, pressed his mustached lips to mine, gave a smack that would have made a house-maid's heart leap within her (endurance or offense is, in such cases, the alternative), and, with enthusiastic cordiality in his tone and features, gushed out his hearty "*Leben Sie wohl.*"

HINTS ON SELF-CULTURE.

Second Article.

THERE are certain principles which should always guide us in the work of self-culture; for this is not a work of chance or accident, but one founded in the nature of the soul, and controlled by laws that the Creator of all mind has established for its discipline and development. It is easy to forget this fact. The spiritual nature of man is so far removed from material objects, so pure and unearthly in its essence, so open to impulses apparently fitful and irregular, so secret and subtle in many of its modes of action, that we are prone to overlook its dependence on fixed and permanent principles. But God designs that we should labor intelligibly in every thing. The pursuit of truth involves order and method at every step, and its use, in whatever form applied, requires the same steady conformity to the plan which divine wisdom has instituted. The cultivation of mind is our greatest work, and in proportion to its superiority are we under obligation to execute this task with intelligence and success.

First of all, we should recollect that self-culture, as its name implies, is our own work. Its necessity, importance, dignity, are derived from ourselves. Its claims are inward, not outward. Its means and aids demand that our will and strength should be infused into them before they can contribute to personal growth. In nothing is the idea of our individual existence raised so high and associated with such supremacy as in self-culture. Here the soul has sovereignty without dispute or rivalry. Filled as the universe is with influences to promote its enlargement of capacity and to secure its attainment of excellence, they are utterly powerless unless the soul itself breathe its own vitality into them. Not an archangel can cross the threshold of its sanctuary without its leave. Not even Christ can redeem and save it, if it refuse its co-operation. What a fearful prerogative is this! And yet it is not a vaster thought than we need. Such is our feebleness of purpose, our indolence and frailty, that we require a momentous sense of responsibility like this to arouse and sustain our faculties. Amidst the multiplied ties that bind us to life and act on us without our sympathy or concurrence—amidst those circumstances which so frequently reduce us to a state of passive recipiency—we are here exalted to a position in which our individuality is perfected. We are separated from the world. We are a world in ourselves. No man is our fellow—no Eve is our "help-meet." The dearest connections, no less than the coarser bonds uniting us to material objects, drop away from the spirit, and we are inclosed in the silence and solitude which befit a being ordained to decide its immortal destiny. A great thought, then, meets us in the outset of this work—the thought of self-culture as our own work, to be begun, carried on, consummated, as a peculiar trust, devolved on us from Heaven, and for which we are amenable to the throne of God.

But again, it is pre-eminently our work. Whatever else may claim attention and regard, self-culture always and every where takes precedence. Not indeed that we are to neglect other duties, or violate any of the manifold obligations which are binding on us; but the sentiment of self-culture is ever to be uppermost, and in every thing done for others the growth of our own moral nature is to be faithfully respected. No man has a right to serve another at the expense of his own improvement. Sacrifices of time, convenience, and comfort, sacrifices of interest and even intellect, he may justly and honorably make for the welfare of others; but the true, real good of his own being must never be bartered away in exchange for any supposed advantages to society or country. That is a false philanthropy which would impoverish a human soul to enrich the wisdom and virtue of the world. Indeed, it can not enrich them. A man's soul is worth more in its life than in its loss; and the best service that we can possibly render to humanity is to build up such a force of character, to attain such excellence, to embody such a spirit in all our acts, as shall tend to awaken the sympathies of others and draw them to the communion of goodness. Yet many persons think that their own moral nurture is to be held secondary to the welfare of others. According to their ideal of usefulness, they are to practice an entire self-abnegation, to forget themselves utterly, and to be simply and solely intent on doing good to the world. We have known not a few who had fallen into this error. Preachers of the Gospel have sometimes confessed, that, in their zeal to see others converted, they have quite exhausted their own spirituality. Teachers we have seen who labored for their pupils until their intellects were brought down to the level of mere machines—all their generous impulses stifled—all their elasticity of soul crushed. And philanthropists have often crossed our path, who, in their eagerness to abate evil, have forgotten the duties they owe to themselves—have abandoned all thoughtful meditation—have lost self-control and self-direction, and, to those in contact with them, have presented the pitiable spectacle of a temper and an example in utter hostility to the spirit and aims of the cause which they advocated. This is a deep wrong to one's own heart. It is treachery to the dignity and glory of our nature. The imagination is so easily excited to clothe our philanthropic schemes with delusive aspects, and a sort of moral romance is so apt to lead us off into the regions of extravagance and folly, that we need a wise caution so to govern our judgment, discipline our passions, and direct our enthusiasm as to avoid, in such enterprises, the sacrifice of our own souls. In the eye of truth and justice no one can be innocent who holds his growth and advancement in goodness subordinate to usefulness. It is nothing less than moral suicide to destroy the aspirations and deaden the instincts of our inner life for the sake of philanthropic

objects. God's martyrs are not found among these ambitious men. Our highest obligation is to implant the image of God within us; to show it in the serene beauty of Christ-like actions; to perfect, as far as possible, our own character, and to make it the medium of a pure, hallowed, transforming influence on other minds. Such a character is kingly in its power, priestly in its purity. Such a manhood is patriotism and philanthropy in its presence, in its breath and motion, in its eye and countenance and tone. It is in character as exhibited in a genuine, Christian manhood—a character stamped from above, and witnessing to the workmanship of Christ—that our real greatness lies. We are not to look for it in deeds. Deeds are often more splendid than their actors, borrowing a lustre from some adventitious aid, and heightening their value by the chances of time, place, and circumstance. Or they may fall below the standard of the actors, and, by adverse agencies past control, fail to be the exponents of their virtue and energy. Viewed in either light, actions are deceptive tests of truth, power, and scope of manhood. But character always expresses the certain measure of a man's greatness. It reveals the precise degree of his goodness. It tells how far he has conquered himself and the evil in his pathway, how high he has ascended in the realms of being, how much of the Infinite and the Eternal he has realized; and by this means it takes the rank of the noblest social influence in the world. Men read it as they read no written volume; men listen to it as they listen to no other eloquence; men admire it as they admire nothing else, and by admiration grow into its excellence and become like it.

Again, in the work of self-culture, we should remember the dependence of all our faculties on one another. Nothing is more common than the idea that intellectual power may be the result of the development of a single faculty; and, accordingly, if a person is conscious of possessing any one attribute in a marked degree, he is almost sure to employ his strength in its improvement. Now this opinion ought to be received with no slight qualification. Indeed it is scarcely true in any respect, that genuine vigor of mind ever springs from the prominence of one faculty. Wherever the higher offices of mind are concerned, wherever the nobler forms of truth are to be apprehended and brought home with intense vividness to the consciousness, it is not reason or imagination or judgment, simply as such, that are exercised, but all the powers of the mind are engaged in the process and concur in the result. Often, when not apparent to us, memory is busy in the use of its garnered treasures, and association is suggesting its concealed resemblances. There is much less of this independent action of single faculties than is usually supposed; and really there is reason to doubt if the mind ever puts forth its active energy in this way. Certain it is that, in its loftier flights, in its deeper penetrations, all the faculties move together and assist each other; for it is our spiritual nature, not any distinct portion of it, that embraces and appreciates the great facts which constitute intelligence, wisdom, virtue.

Aside from this, however, the primary object of these faculties would seem to be, that they should act as means or instruments by which the mind could contemplate the different aspects of truth, enter into all its relations, and avail itself of its whole worth in the expansion of its range and the increase of its force. As the mechanic uses his various tools in producing a piece of work, as any creation of art must go through numerous processes before it can be completed, so the mind employs its faculties in obtaining and assimilating knowledge. Side by side imagination and reason go forth in quest of wisdom, and often analysis, suggestion, and taste are so closely connected as practically to blend into oneness. But be this as it may, there is no one province of the mind that does not derive aid and advantage from every other. It frequently happens that imagination presents a conjecture or a hypothesis to reason out of which it rears a magnificent structure. And nothing is more common, in the evolving of truth, than for a train of argument to inspire fancy and conduct the quickened intellect into the illuminated realms of beauty and sublimity. A thought may provoke an image, an image may lead back to a principle. These are constant phenomena in mental history, and they serve to show the interdependence of all our intellectual attributes.

There is practical value in this fact. Let us suppose that we are cultivating the memory. To store it simply with the results of perception, to burden it with the contents of books, is surely not to cultivate it. Memory is something more than a chest of drawers or a furniture shop. Such a course may make it a mechanical memory; but that is not the memory which an intellectual agent needs. To cultivate the memory is to awaken its power of simultaneous action with the kindred faculties of the mind, to identify it with their operations, to make it their close companion in all their exercises. If reason is pursuing a process of investigation, if imagination is creating its wondrous forms of beauty and grandeur, if the moral sensibilities are engaged in their holy offices, memory is constantly wanted to recover a fact, an illustration, a sentiment previously acquired; and frequently the whole success of the work, then in course of performance, depends on the facility with which memory can yield its service. How is this vitality of memory to be secured? We must make its acquisitions the common property of all the intellectual faculties. Memory retains the thought, fact, image but in trust for them, and whenever needed it is prompt to obey their bidding. But this supposes a process of mind that has been previously performed by the other faculties. The fact was not merely acquired by the memory. Nor was it simply

lodged there. Reason and imagination, if rightly trained, connected themselves with it on its first entrance into the memory, and established ties of association with it. They have, therefore, a work to do for the memory as well as the memory for them; and by this faithful mutuality of action their strength is developed, and completeness of intellectual power secured.

In mental culture it is very desirable to remember this law of relation, and to derive from it those benefits which it was designed to confer. We often lose much of the power of one faculty by the weakness of other faculties. The habit, so common to all, of viewing the mind as a collection of attributes, has insensibly affected our modes of thought, and, in a great degree, prevented us from apprehending the intimate connection between its varied offices. No exercise of mind can be long continued without calling all its qualities into action; and hence the method of nature indicates, that whatever awakens one faculty should tend to quicken the others. Sensation arouses perception; but it is equally clear that perception, if cultivated aright, imparts a new vitality to sensation. The senses are inlets to mind. This, however, is only a partial statement of the fact, for they are outlets also. If, then, these senses feed the intellect, it is just as certain that the intellect reciprocates their work and trains them to mature effectiveness. Agreeably to this law, as culture advances with age and experience, the senses become more and more spiritualized. The distinction between matter and mind is, of course, as broad as ever, but the senses lose much of their grossness, and enter into nearer, fuller sympathy with spirit. In the progress of a true education the same law appears in application to the nobler intellectual faculties. The union between them becomes more complete. Hence, poets who have produced their great works late in life have combined the poetic and philosophic elements in the highest perfection. In this respect age seems essential to breadth and unity of genius. One class of emotions predominates in a less degree; the circle of impressions is widened; nature is both a more general and generous ministry, and the mind, open in all its sympathies and allied in all its powers, receives and communicates to the utmost of its capacity.

Our efforts at self-culture should constantly recognize this connection among the mental faculties and their interdependence. No one of them ought to be cultivated for its own sake. Nor should we exercise any property of the mind because of the pleasure which is peculiarly the effect of its functions. Reason ought never to be so absorbed in a process of argument as to exclude the presence of the other mental powers; nor should imagination ever consider itself the solitary tenant of its world. Such habits are common, but pernicious. If reason is investigating a great truth, imagination, when disciplined, is frequently a valuable ally in its work. There are few subjects of thought that have not the elements of knowledge, beauty, emotion united in them. Nearly all objects appeal to the nature of man, not to his intellect or sensibilities, in their exclusive functions; and hence no rule in the practical culture of mind is more worthy of rigid observance than, as far as possible, to get the whole scope of a truth or a fact, to use it as tributary to our entire inner being, and thus make it the means of a thorough and uniform growth. Especially should the connection between the intellect and the moral constitution be kept in view. Knowledge becomes wisdom whenever the heart appropriates to itself the ideas of the intellect; and the intellect is always invigorated by the presence of well-ordered affections. In all mental action we should put as much of ourselves as can be embodied, and we are always the nobler and the better in proportion as thought and language express the force of our nature. It is one of the infirmities of our condition—a sad sign of degradation—that intellect and affection should be so frequently divorced. Nor can there be a more satisfactory proof of the healthy progress of the mind, in the discipline of its ability and the attainment of excellence, than this reunion of the functions of thought and feeling. In our vocabulary Light and Love ought to be convertible terms. Intellect would then be more trustworthy, and impulse a safer guide to human conduct.

Another principle that should govern us in self-culture is to use all the means within our reach to promote its work. Among these books are prominent. They are the best gifts of former generations. In them the past ministers to us with even more wisdom and devotion than it served its own day. Books create a social world of their own, and afford us the most genial fellowship that intellect can enjoy. They yield us intercourse without the restraints of conventionalism, and the forms of etiquette are set aside by the gentle force of sympathy. The satisfactions of companionship are found in them. If not adapted to our mood, we dismiss them; if we are weary, we can resign them. We have no character to sustain in their presence. Dignity does not awe, contrast does not humiliate us. There is a better bond than courtesy to unite us. A common interest in the truth, a kindred joy in the beautiful and the glorious inspire the same hope and trust, create the same intellect and heart. Books feed the mind. We derive much of our most assimilable nutriment from them. By them we grow into larger stature. They add the senses of others to our own, and we have a clearer eyesight, a keener touch, an acuter hearing. Our life is multiplied by them. Books enlarge the sphere of our being. They are the open highways of thought, along which we are borne on distant journeys to realms more gorgeous than the East, more fertile than the tropics. By means of books our consciousness—that latent heart of being—is more fully revealed, and we are thus made better known to ourselves. In this respect books are

often our most valuable friends. They have a more subtle, penetrating insight into our character, comprehend our wants more fully, and respond to our aspirations more kindly and heartily than even our warmest, truest friends. With them, we are souls. Our disguises are thrown off; vanity ceases its masquerade; pretension endures rebuke, and is patiently silent beneath the probe of reality. And what a vast service they render by interpreting our thoughts, by bringing out into open and illumined spaces the dim conceptions of the mind, by perfecting our half-formed ideas, by assuring our hesitancy and relieving our doubts! What benefactors are like them! The great Lawgivers have gone, Prophets have completed their visions and departed, Apostles walk the earth no more; but we can never want for the presence of majesty and goodness so long as books enshrine the wisdom, heroism, piety of the world. From these "*sceptred urns*" we are still ruled; and what a sovereignty in being subjected to so ennobling a sway!

In the work of self-culture we should attach a great importance to books. There is no other medium through which the human mind can come in contact with so much to arouse its dormant energy, to inflame its sluggish spirit, to expand its capacity. If you desire a horizon of boundless sweep, a landscape of vast extent, a firmament of unlimited expanse, books only can furnish such a scene of magnificence. The literature of the world, considered in its relations to the variety, depth, and compass of intellect contained in it, is the grandest exhibition of its powers that man has displayed. Hence our minds can nowhere find such a store-house of intelligence. Books are admirably fitted on this account to render us invaluable aid in self-culture. If we enter a large library, we can not fail to meet with many works which are adapted so perfectly to us that we almost fancy they were decreed to suit our temperament, habits, and constitution. We recognize ourselves in them. Our future is pictured in them. They speak what we need, above all else, to hear and point us to the path our steps are struggling to discover. In communion with them we are lifted out of our ordinary state. Renewing the youth of the mind, they awaken a fresh sense of strength that thirsts for arduous efforts. A charm is contained in them that we can not comprehend—a magic that our critical skill wonders over but fails to explain. Now these are the books for you to take to your heart. They are your property by spiritual ownership. Whatever aim their writers had in view need not concern you; they are commissioned to do you service; and the more confiding your fellowship with them the stronger and nobler you will become. Judicious friends may give you profitable advice about books. But remember that the benefit of advice is found in the subsequent ability which it creates to advise yourself. You will soon learn that books do not conform, in many instances, to recommendations, and few prove to be to us what they were promised by our advisers. Books are like articles of diet; the mind is quick to learn what can be best digested and make the healthiest blood. Do not read merely to get information—that is the least advantage of reading. If you are simply a well-informed man, you will never have much pleasure or power in the exercise of your intellect, nor will society ever have any great use for you. Read that you may get something more than reading. Be a reader that you may step higher and be a thinker. A true education begins where acquirement ends; and at the precise point where your favorite authors terminate their offices within you, the growth of your genuine manhood will commence. Do not be afraid of being detained over a page. If a wise author arrest you by a profound thought, hours may be profitably spent over it. After all a few things cultivate us, and intellectual experience will soon show you where they are found.

But let us not suppose that books alone are adequate to the intellectual and moral wants of self-culture. They have their limits. Invaluable as a means of instruction and influence, they are confined, nevertheless, within a restricted range, and if pressed beyond their true bounds of service they may be converted into instruments of weakness and stupidity. We have endeavored to show that all the faculties of the mind are intimately connected, and find their best development in assisting each other. A similar principle applies to the means of culture. Reading, meditation, the study of outward objects, the study of inward experience, social relations, life, religion, are all combined into a great system auxiliary to this end. Each performs its share of the work and aids the others. If we read in such a manner as to strengthen and discipline the intellect, it will be more competent to practice the art of observation and to enter into the meaning of objects around us. Thus, too, the study of ourselves, the careful cultivation of insight, prepares us to be more scientific and rational interpreters of external phenomena. Viewed merely as an intellectual influence, religion exerts a wonderful power over the perceptions as well as the consciousness, and by its effect on the habits of the mind qualifies it to be a more energetic and successful agent in all the relations of thought and action. Self-culture embraces the use of all those means that exercise our faculties and fit them to discharge the functions which creative intelligence has assigned to them.

The visible universe is full of wisdom and beauty. It is the workmanship of an Infinite Mind, and as such addresses us. If the laws of material nature are the expression of infinite thought; if all its scenery is alive with the presence of God, sympathetic with His love, and majestic with His grandeur—then it must be adapted to cultivate thoughtfulness and sensibility in us. It is not an idle show, a pageant to amuse the senses; nor is it a series of won-

ders to startle the imagination; but a display of the Divine attributes, designed to elevate our conceptions, to purify our spirit. To be insensible to its order, utility, excellence, is to neglect the glory of God as manifested in his works. To study the material universe for the gratification of a love of science, to contemplate it for imaginative enjoyment, to avail ourselves of its machinery for economic uses, and to look no higher than the ends of science, imagination, and utility, is to stop short of its true design—to fail in appreciating its great purpose. Nature appeals to the intellect, and affords a vast field for observation, reflection, analysis. It trains the understanding and the reason. Over what a wide surface its mighty instrumentality is spread! There is not an attribute of mind but has worlds upon worlds here opened before it. Kingdom rises above kingdom, empire swells beyond empire, to invite us to activity, pleasure, reverence, and gratitude. A thousand objects teach us how to see, feel, act. Lessons in sagacity, prudence, forethought, are every where abundant. At one time we are instructed as though we had no province distinct from the bee and the ant; at another time the emphasis of nature seems to be laid on common sense as the one ever-urgent, ever-present necessity of human life. Here, labor is magnified as a main fact in the restorative economy of providence, the curse of sin lost in the blessing of redemption; and there, nature wears such aspects as would appear to indicate that we were formed chiefly to revel in the joys of contemplation. Why is nature so manifold, so varied? Why has it so many outlets in all directions? Why this vast succession of audience-chambers, in which poet, philosopher, divine, every form of intellect, every kind of taste, every grade of talent and genius, finds nature in waiting to enlighten and inspire? This is a divine provision to meet the numerous wants of our intellectual and moral being. It is this that adapts nature to all moods, temperaments, vocations, ages, and fits it to be a ministry of truth and power to the mind of our race.

One can not but feel sad at the thought that so much of the cultivating influence of outward nature, of its orderly arrangements, of its beauty and beneficence, is lost on the great, common mind of the world. The evidences of skill around us; the tokens of God's parental love, that are fresh every morning and new every evening, the wonders of Omnipotence and Omnipresence; the invocations to sentiment and feeling; were never intended for a select class of gifted men and women, but for man as man—for man as a creature of boundless capacity, infinite aims, eternal hopes. The vast universe is not for poets and artists, for philosophers and sages. The love of nature was never designed to be a professional badge, an artistic accomplishment. No; its reason lies deeper than images and pictures. God ordained the material heavens and the earth to be a witness of Himself, of his perfections, of his glory; and hence, "*there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.*" "*No speech nor language:*" what words are these! "*No speech nor language!*" It speaks to childhood, maturity, age. It speaks to learned and unlearned, rich and poor, high and low, bond and free. The sense of beauty, the sense of gratitude for beneficence, the sense of humility in the presence of infinite power, the sense of confidence in the love that governs the universe, are bestowed upon all, that they may be purified and exalted through their influence. No man, therefore, can become a cultivated man without their agency. He must know God in his works. He must know beauty and sublimity as God has represented them in their myriad shapes and aspects. Self-culture, then, embraces a study of the universe. The senses must be trained to receive its images of simplicity, uniformity, grandeur, magnificence. Imagination and reason must appropriate its revelations. Nor must it be a mere study of intellect. The devotion of the heart must be yielded, in love and reverence, to its manifestations of the character of God; and witnessing in every thing, from the grass beneath our feet to the majestic orbs rolling through remote space, the silent but touching tokens of His parental providence, we must learn the trust that leans on His goodness and is calm amidst the anxieties of life.

Our social relations are important means also of self-culture. Instituted by the benevolence of the Creator for the benefit of our entire nature, they are not to be regarded merely as sources of pleasure, but as invaluable aids to the growth and maturity of our inner being. What an expenditure of mind in the daily business of life! The wants of society must be consulted; and, to provide for them, the most far-sighted intelligence has often to be exercised. Take a barrel of flour, a bale of cotton, a hogshead of sugar, and think of the intelligence, forethought, practical skill in the use of means, required in their production and manufacture. The whole system of labor, trade, commerce, involves the constant activity of mind; and even those minute things in domestic life which are almost too insignificant to be noticed, have taken their place in household economy as the result of patient study and repeated trials of ingenuity. When we examine the structure of a steam-engine or a watch, we see clearly enough the connection between mind and art; but, in reality, there is not a tool, a machine, an instrument in daily use, which it has not cost more or less thought and genius to create. The silks and laces of a lady's wardrobe strike any one's eye as evidences of tasteful design and elaborate workmanship; but the thread and the needle used in converting them into articles of clothing, the hook-and-eye fastenings, the indispensable pin, are also the fruits of wisdom and skill which mankind slowly acquired. We are not to suppose, then, that business is a mechanical routine—a dull and heavy drudgery. Some occupations are indeed so;

but nevertheless the idea of business, as a portion of the system of Providence, is the idea of intellectual activity. Any form of business may educate the mind, may enlarge its views, train its faculties, elevate its spirit. Do not think, therefore, that you must necessarily seek a profession to find opportunities of culture. No; the day-laborer, the farmer, the mechanic, are intellectual and moral agents. The homeliest toil takes hold upon the faculties of an immortal nature; and no work is so humble, no service so insignificant, as not to contribute to the soul's growth.

Let us turn from business to home. Every thing connected with home is a discipline—a culture. To provide for its wants; to regulate its order, convenience, and comfort; to guard it from evil; to secure its peace and happiness; to fulfill the purpose of God in establishing the domestic constitution—what strength of intellect, what strength of virtue are needful! A human being, standing amidst the responsibilities of home, presents the most impressive moral spectacle that this world can exhibit. On his intelligence, on his firm will, on his truthful integrity, on his kind spirit, how much depends! The different members of a household are daily called to adjust themselves to each other's peculiarities; to afford counsel, sympathy, support; to shun occasions of ill-feeling and angry passions; to aid one another by every office of tenderness. The acquirement of good manners, the practice of the genuine, unaffected, heartfelt politeness of the fireside, is a task of no small moment. How many efforts have to be made, how many humiliations to be endured, how many defeats borne, ere we learn to be kind—uniformly and reliably kind—on principle! Looking simply to the intellectual aspects of home, we see a provision for the daily use of intelligence, taste, and adaptation of thought in the intercourse of family life. Few appreciate properly this feature of domestic character. Nor are there many who think that their intellectual resources are much needed in the fellowship of the table and the private circle. And yet home is the place, above all others, for our talents and even genius to be brought into the service of others. The same sort of mind that we employ in the business of the world is not, indeed, required here; but, notwithstanding, it is a beautiful and varied field for the display of one's knowledge, tact, wit, and power. Home ought to have a much higher position, intellectually, than opinion ordinarily assigns. We believe that it is essential to the development of the more refined, the nobler qualities of the mind; and that, independently of its agency, the finer arts of thought, taste, expression, can not be fully acquired. Scholarship may be elsewhere attained; but the intellect of the accomplished man, the wisdom of the true gentleman—genial, attractive, inspiriting—is formed at home. All of us have seen and recognized this type of intellect. In any company it defines itself at once, by its perfect harmony with surrounding circumstances; by the self-possessed ease with which it takes your level, and abates none of its charming dignity; by its noiseless motion through the atmosphere of thought; by the serene strength with which it glides unawares into your heart, and occupies your being without disturbance. Apart from this, home cultivates our best sensibilities; teaches patience, forbearance, gentleness, sympathy; breaks down the barriers which our exclusiveness is always raising around us; gives others a property in us; gives us a property in them.

The greatest means of self-culture remains to be noticed. It is Christianity. Through its instrumentality the infinite attributes of the Divine nature are brought into contact with the human mind. By that strength its weakness is invigorated; in that light its vision is made clear and bright. Revealing such truths as we need most to know, it teaches them in the way most suitable for us to learn, presents them to intellect, will, conscience, sensibility—strengthens the understanding and quickens the heart. It never expands the intellect at the expense of the heart. Impulse is not stimulated to the injury of reason and judgment. But for Christianity man would be a creature of sense. It centralizes the principle of faith within him, and thus establishes a new law for the control of his intellectual and moral being. None of us can measure our obligations, in this particular, to Christianity. Faith is the vital sentiment of spiritual existence. Limited as the mind is within a narrow horizon, distrustful of itself even on its own ground, conditioned by the terms of probation, and subjected to circumstances that oppress and perplex its operations, faith opens a new mode of being, and makes it an heir to the treasures of immortality. The habit that faith creates of looking to the future, is in itself a mighty intellectual power, for by this means we liberate ourselves from the thralldom of the near, the tangible, the material; we are victorious over the present, and anticipate the approaching but distant glory of our nature. But, in a moral point of view, it is yet more ennobling. By it we are united to infinite goodness. We partake of His boundless life, share the love and imbibe the spirit of His perfect nature.

Christianity lays a deep emphasis on the mind. It attaches a profound importance to its faculties, aims, hopes, aspirations. No system ever taught such elevated sentiments in respect to its dignity and capacity. The soul is the great idea of Christianity. For its sake all things exist, and apart from it life has no meaning, the universe no grandeur, Providence no purpose. There is a vast moral power in this fact, for it exalts the mind at once to the loftiest position of which it is capable. Agreeably to this view of the intrinsic worth of the soul, it provides all the means and influences necessary to raise it above the corruptions and infirmities of earth, and to restore it to the inheritance of

heavenly excellence. Every thing in human life—all forms of experience, all kinds of contact with the outer world—are converted into instruments to serve this paramount end. We labor and toil, not only to provide food and raiment, but to create and foster those virtues which ennoble our being. According to its idea, friendship and love are not mere joys but awakenings of the heart to its higher wants, prophecies of a holier fellowship beyond the grave. Christianity is much more than a system, with its own select and appropriate means. Beyond this, it is an influence permeating every object in the universe. All things are subordinated to its supremacy. All things honor its incomparable majesty. All things are hallowed to its ministry. The grass, the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, convey its instruction to us. It brings heaven and earth into our service, and lays the resources of infinity at our feet. Nowhere have we such perfect sympathy, such mighty aid, as it offers; and hence, in the work of self-culture, it is at once the highest wisdom and the truest happiness to seek its guidance and depend on its support.

HESTER GRAHAME: ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

"EVERY face is either a history or a prophecy." I think that of my friend Hester Grahame was both; for I studied it many years since, and each year proves the truth of my reading.

Hester was born in a little wood-colored house half-way up Red Mountain, in a town and county known to all tourists. The father and mother of this child did not possess, to any considerable degree, that thrift and energy which characterizes most Yankee farmers; for they were always in trouble. Nobody's cattle had such a genius for running away; no other fences fascinated the wind to such an extent as did theirs; and it was certain that they were always a little too late for any good fortune that befell their neighbors. They had been blessed with many children; but, as Mrs. Grahame said, "Nobody was ever so onlucky with their children as Job and her." So, when little Hester was born, there were but three boys left. If you were ever in a house where the article most needed could never be found; where the person most depended upon was never ready; where the neighbors knew much better than the parents where the next meal was coming from, you can form some idea of the influences that surrounded the childhood and girlhood of which I am endeavoring to tell you.

Schools and churches were not so common then as now; and by the time Hester could walk the four miles that lay between her own hill and the one upon whose top the schoolhouse was perched, the poor, inefficient mother had fallen into a decline, and before the child could spell the word death, the mother knew to the fullest extent its wondrous meaning. Of course there was no more school for Hester. She must see to the house—must take care of father and brothers; and her natural quickness and energy coming to her aid in the course of a few months, she did far better than her mother had ever done. So all her daily work was done well; but when she looked down upon the lake bathed in the glory of sunset; when she watched the grand old mountains as they threw off their robe of mist and stood alone against the sky, there came longings to that child's heart for another, a broader life—one that should be as beautiful as that smooth lake—as great and self-reliant as those moveless mountains.

They were not altogether vague yearnings either; for as the years gave her strength and judgment she saw that she must contrive some way to know more, and so do more, than she could now; and the how to do it was soon decided. One day, after the housework was done, she went out and picked a basketful of the large raspberries that clung to the sides of the mountain. This time she did not make them into pies, but walked to the nearest village and tried to sell them. I do not know about faint heart never winning fair lady; but sure am I that faint heart never succeeded in selling berries; and poor little Hester was almost discouraged as she knocked at the door of a substantial-looking house and asked the old gentleman who opened it the oft-repeated question. She thought he was pleasant-looking; and while he went to ask his wife, peeped timidly into the large entry, and then into the room beyond—almost screaming with delight as she saw long, deep shelves lined with books. By-and-by the old gentleman and his wife came back, and when the latter had examined the berries, after the manner of steady housekeepers, concluded to take them. "But the price. What would the little girl ask?" No one knew less about the price than the little girl; they might give her what they liked.

This amused the good man; and he soon found out that the child wanted the money to buy a book with; and after a few more questions, he told her that he was Mr. Center, the minister, and that he would pay her for the berries and give her a book besides. Never child climbed Red Mountain with a lighter heart than did Hester that afternoon; the stern heights above her seeming to smile their congratulations as she held up the long-coveted treasure. But it must not be opened until the supper was ready—until the dishes and milk-things were washed. Then down upon the broad, flat stone that served for door-step she spelled out the title of Mr. Center's present. It was that old, old book, the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and not until the long summer twilight was ended did she lift her eyes from its pages. It was hard work for her to read; she had to spell many words; but still she gathered somewhat of the meaning; and before Saturday night she closed the covers with a tear as she thought, "I have no more to read." When the Sab-

bath came, she thought if she could go to the village for a book she could surely walk there to church; so, prevailing upon one of her brothers to accompany her, they started, and, very much to his astonishment, Mr. Center saw his little brown-eyed friend walk into his meeting-house.

After service he came and spoke to her; and upon the next day his well-fed nag ambled to the foot of the mountain, where Mr. Center dismounted and left the beast to his own pleasure while he climbed the rugged pathway you thought so picturesque last summer.

The child Hester had finished washing; so she sat down with him and told him some of her dreams and plans—he listening kindly, and promising to befriend her. Of course Hester's father did not object. Alas! Job Grahame's character is told only too clearly when I say he was never known to object to any thing except a deficient supply of cider and tobacco. So this arrangement was made: Mr. Center would lend her books, and if she found any thing very difficult in them he would explain. He proved as good—in fact, much better—than his word; for, besides the faithful teacher, he became the warm, earnest friend; and many times said, proudly, as he marked his pupil's progress, or watched her expressive face, "Hester will make her way in the world!" And from that hour Hester's true life began; from that hour, whatever drudgery (and there was much), whatever of care and anguish (and she had many a bitter hour) came to her, she had this one consolation—she could leave it, lose it in her books. Mr. Center (blessed be his memory!) kept a firm, steady hand with her. Dearly as she loved reading, the Grammar and Arithmetic must be learned first; passionately as the child's heart asked for poetry, it was given but sparingly—oftener some earnest, strong prose that made the girl look down deep into herself, and grow strong, because she had to be so strong in order to understand it all.

No bookworm was she either. If the "Midsummer Night's Dream" made her a little discontented with home care and roughness, then from the very same volume would be found a passage elevating any life, however humble, so it was well-lived.

Being a poet, being famous, Mr. Center told the eager, ambitious child, was of little value, so that one was a Christian, and did their work well; not stopping to murmur because it was not to their liking. So the years went by, and still Mr. Center watched and guarded her; and it was well that he did so, for before she was a woman life grew to be a hard thing for her.

A village had grown up at the foot of the mountain, just on the shore of the lake, and its public-house possessed great attractions for Job Grahame and his oldest son. He was the brightest of the three; and poor Hester's heart sank within her when she found that she could no longer depend upon him; that night after night the two would return from a drunken carouse, and only arise the next morning to betake themselves to the scene of their last night's degradation. That is not a pleasant time to remember; it makes the tears come to Hester's eyes now when she recalls how earnestly she used to pray for one quiet hour, when, with Milton or Shakspeare, she could dream by herself. But I am glad to say she did not neglect what the selfishness of others threw upon her. She planned, she asked advice, and in the autumn the barn held nearly as much as when old Grahame mismanaged the farm. And there were still leisure minutes, and every one was improved, so that once a fortnight she trudged down the mountain to her teacher. Once, as she was reciting a lesson, she chanced to look up, and saw, sitting at the other end of the room, a man whom she did not know, and whom her teacher carelessly presented as "My nephew, Mr. Brownlow," and then asked the next question.

When the lesson was finished Paul opened the door for Hester, as he would have done for any woman, she thanking him by a little bend of her head; and before she had walked a mile she had forgotten his existence in the fascinating pages of "Marmion." A deep sigh, as she reached her own door, told that she thought there was a long distance between the book and milking the cow; but the smile never left her face as she did all her work that night, for she was young, and youth makes not much of stepping over the line which separates fact and fancy.

A few days after, as she was picking up some chips in the door-yard, her deep sun-bonnet pulled over her face and her thoughts with Lady Clare, a voice at her side startled her by saying, "Good-evening."

She looked up hastily, and saw Mr. Brownlow. The "good-evening" was returned; and then the gentleman, taking a book from his pocket, said, "My uncle says you are fond of reading, and as I was coming this way I thought I would bring you something new."

"Oh! I am so glad!" was the eager, joyous cry; and Hester let fall the chip-basket, and, taking the book, seemed completely absorbed in its contents.

Mr. Brownlow smiled. He did not know what to make of this young girl; but being a patient man, he seated himself upon a log and looked at her.

Thirty-five years had passed over Paul Brownlow's head—years in which he had enjoyed more than most men do in a lifetime. Inheriting a large fortune, he had not known a single ungratified want until a few months before, when he had trusted his property in a speculation that failed and ruined him—if a man can be ruined by losing his money. But he was no weak boy to shrink and shiver at what life gave him; so he entered a lawyer's office, worked hard, and the week he was at his uncle's saw him admitted to the bar—beginning at so late an hour the struggle for fame and livelihood

which many men earn, if they earn it at all, before that time.

When he was a rich man many mothers had paraded their daughters before him, and rumor had many times coupled his name with that of the reigning belle; but none of these women had power to move him. Indeed, he had sometimes distrusted his own ability to love. He had looked around his quiet, luxurious library, with its old books, its fine paintings, and beautiful statues (every one of which his own taste had collected in his foreign tours), and said that one room had more charms for him than any woman's face, however beautiful, or woman's heart, however loving. If he had thought so when ease and luxury were his, how much more when toil and poverty stared him in the face!

He was not a great man, but he had a good heart, and that strong will and patient perseverance which mean almost genius. One quiet month he had resolved to pass at his uncle's; after that he would count each day as loss that did not advance him a long way upon his upward road.

He was a little interested in his uncle's account of Hester, and her earnestness as she recited a prosaic lesson in Latin Grammar upon that first day of their acquaintance rather pleased him. As I have said, she did not remember him long, but he watched her climbing the mountain, eyes bent on book, yet just as secure of foot as a mountain goat, and could not help smiling a little to himself to think that his eyes would follow her so persistently. He could not help thinking of her long after the winding path concealed her from his view; and in the two or three days that intervened between that first meeting and his call upon her he surprised his good uncle not a little by asking him if he did not wish to send his pupil Hester some books. Mr. Center replied that she came after her books when she wanted them, which reply made Paul ask, "How often?" "When she gets time," was the answer; whereupon Mr. Brownlow thought he should do a very kind thing if he carried her one. So the afternoon I have told you of, he started with a volume of Woodstock, and during the course of his hard walk came to the conclusion that he was doing a decidedly foolish thing. He changed his mind after he heard the joyous exclamation, and saw the bright eyes sparkle as she took the book. And all this time he was seated upon the old log, looking at Hester. If the pages had been open before his own eyes he thought he could not have told more clearly what she was reading, for flushing cheek and ever-changing eye told him how imagination possessed itself of the fascinating story.

I think Hester must have felt his gaze, for she looked up after a time and seemed to be aware of her incivility.

"I am very sorry I have left you sitting upon the stump so long. Won't you walk into the house and rest you?"

Paul thought he could not stop, but found he could stop long enough to find out her opinion of "Marmion;" and as she told him, he did not fail to notice the freshness of her ideas, even of her forms of expression. She had not read the book—she had lived it; she was no unmoved spectator; in very deed and truth she had acted her part in those deeds of chivalry. At length, with a half-smile, she resumed her long-neglected employment of chip-picking, her quick sense of the ridiculous telling her at that particular moment how amusing it was for a barefooted girl like herself to pass so much time amidst the stately revelry of palaces, with knights and high-born dames for her companions. Paul saw it too; and although she was much too honest and noble to think herself lowered by her surroundings, he could not help pitying her as the quick blood crimsoned her cheek when she saw him glance almost unconsciously at her bare, brown feet. Timidly, yet most earnestly, for she was very thankful for the book, she pressed him to stay and share their supper of bread and milk, and, wondering at himself, he at last consented. Poor Hester, she has never forgotten how happy she was that father and brother were sober that night. It was not the last bowl of milk he drank in that little house, for month after month went by, and still he dallied at his uncle's; and when the autumn came he could no longer deny that Hester Grahame's smiles and words were the dearest things on earth to him; that to have and hold that simple girl would be the most precious possession that life would give him. For the first time in his life he found a part of himself which he could not master. And how was it with Hester? She has told me since, amidst tears even, that no summer of her life was like that; she has told me Mr Brownlow did almost every thing toward making her what she afterward became; how he taught her, read to her, and, more than all, saw what none had seen before, that by-and-by this young girl would find in herself a power of utterance that would place her high in the world of authors. She has told me how a sense of rest came to her through him; how his calmness strengthened her, and that his keenly-felt appreciation became the dearest part of her life. And yet, close to womanhood as she was, she did not dream that she loved Paul Brownlow other than as a friend. She had read of love and lovers; but it was a grand thing for poems and for plays, suited to gallant knights and courtly women, but it was altogether above her simple life. And Paul saw it—saw that she was as free and unrestrained in her intercourse with him as she would have been with a dearly-loved brother; and to his honor be it spoken, not by word or look did he try to draw away the screen from the pure heart. He could not marry her then (oh, how he longed for the money that he had thrown away upon himself!); he had only his brain and his hands; he could not tell yet if there was force enough in them

to support himself; and Hester herself was fastened at home, for her father had been growing infirm all summer, and now scarcely ever left the house. It was very hard for him to leave her there. He saw what her life must be, and he longed to take her in his arms and give her rest and leisure by his own toil; but he could not do it then. "At least," he said, "I can wait one year before I tell her this that she does not dream of." So one night he walked up the mountain and tried to say his "Good-by" simply, as friends say it; but he made a poor dissembler, and if Hester had not been so unconscious, if she had not trusted him so entirely, he never would have kept the promise he made himself. He would have taken her little form very close to his heart, and in wild words, such as he, calm man, never thought of before, would have told her what she was to him. But her simplicity checked him; so he only told her that he should write her very often, should send her books, and think of her many times each day. He told her how his letters and her answers would pass through his uncle's hands; then released the hands that had been hidden in his almost ever since he came, and pressed his lips to the brow that he hoped would lie on his bosom for many a year; then went away; and many white hairs mingled with his dark locks ere he saw Hester again. The parting was not to her as it was to him; for she was young and ignorant of the world's ways, and never thought but he knew best. He said it was right for him to go; that took away the sting for her; still she was very lonely. She did not try to disguise the fact to herself, and many places whose beauty attracted her were shunned because they brought to her so many memories of him. The letters came and went, almost the only events in her life. The minister was old and feeble, and did not try to teach her now, so she worked on by herself, learning more each day than the student of many a college does in a year. Her tact and diligence did much for the farm; so that matters were rather looking up with them when her oldest brother was attacked with fever, and after weeks of suffering died.

While she was watching him her old friend, Mr. Center, died by reason of years, and when she found time to think, she mourned his loss deeply; but not for many years did she know that with him she lost the great blessing of Paul Brownlow's love. Upon the same day that Mr. Center was seized with paralysis, a letter came from Paul to Hester telling her that he was obliged to go to France for a client, that he was succeeding in his business as he had never dared hope he should, and then in words as true and manly as a great love could make them, he told her what she was to him, and besought her, if she could indeed love him, to wait and trust him until he could take her to the home that would certainly be theirs at last.

But Hester never received that letter. It was probably overlooked among the mass of papers Mr. Center had accumulated; so that Paul waited and waited, and still no answer. Then from different European cities he wrote, and wrote again, without ever receiving one word in return, and by-and-by he thought her dead; and the weary heart that man carried about for many a year proved how dear she had been to him. I have no power to tell you how Hester toiled and hoped through all the years that lay between her and the success which was at last given her. While her father lived she knew she could not leave home, but she never lost sight of her aim; and as, summer after summer, she taught the district school, she denied herself dress and many little luxuries any other woman would have called indispensable, in order to buy good strong books that would help her to mould herself, until her character should be somewhat in unison with all noble, beautiful things. She called no work beneath her. Any thing she could find she made her hands do, and withal there was not a better daughter or sister in New Hampshire.

Of course there were moments of sadness, almost despair; but she noted God's discipline with the hardy mountain pine near her own door, and said, "So He deals with me; it is hard, but I can bear it." Full well she knew that she loved Paul Brownlow—that knowledge came to her with the sickness of heart that followed the cessation of his letters—but she did not repine, although her eye was very dim, and her lip quivered painfully as she tried to be brave, and tell herself, "That the love would be very blessed if God had given it; but so long as He withheld it, He could make up for it wholly, entirely."

And so her beautiful youth passed; and when the infirm old father died and one brother married, Hester took the other, who was partially insane, into the city with her, and with her brain and a few manuscripts attempted to support herself and him. She did not know how much her poems and stories were worth; but she could not help hoping that the words she had prayed over so earnestly, and felt so keenly, would not fall entirely unnoticed by her fellows. That city life is too painful for me to write much of. If you have ever haunted publishers' offices, beseeching them to give you work, not for fame but for daily bread, you can tell a little about it; if you have never done it, bless God that you have no such bitter experience to remember. As Hester was unknown, the sketches and poems, although accepted, were not often paid for, and when she found no money came from them, she procured sewing, and managed to do what Thomas Carlyle says is the first problem of all philosophy—"Keep soul and body together." Day after day she sewed, and waited patiently her time, which came at last; for her poems began to be copied, and one day she received a letter from the editor of a popular newspaper offering her steady work and good pay. Now that her books are the fashion, she thinks with sadness of the

first money that gentleman paid her, for she sees again the childish look with which her helpless brother regarded the bright fire she dared afford that night. She knew not all the agony of that upward ascent until she stood upon the summit.

Very soberly, very earnestly, she did her work—God never loosing her from care for one single day; for no hand but hers ever ministered to her brother's wants, and every evening she sang the simple hymn which would alone persuade him to lie quietly in his bed. There was no great variety in Hester's life; but still she persevered, and at the close of every year she might have said, "I am gaining—nearer my end than I was a twelvemonth since;" and the day came when she lived comfortably, and allowed herself to rest now and then.

And all this time Paul Brownlow was in the same city, about his own business, their paths never for one moment crossing. He had not forgotten Hester—his love for her kept his heart young and pure, and many times he drew back his hand from a selfish act, for he felt those pure eyes upon him. Life gave him very much of success. He came from Europe, and found himself famous for the skill with which he had managed an intricate law question; but almost every evening he thought, "Life has given me all but the treasure I valued most—that was not for me." But God was very good to these two lovers. One Christmas-day a friend handed Paul a little volume, saying, "Here, Brownlow, is your Christmas present." The book chanced to be Hester's poems. Paul read many of them, and liked well their quiet, tender beauty. It was as if the heart of the writer were opened to him; he saw how it had waited, suffered, conquered, too, at the last; noted its wonderful acquaintance with nature, its earnest sympathy with truth, its loving faith and invincible will. Then he read a descriptive poem, but stopped at the last line in perfect amazement. Who wrote this book? He remembered one such day, one such scene, in his life, and—Hester Grahame was very near him. And that line was certainly an allusion to himself.

The book was thrown down, and he went from his room, hunted up his friend, and in a few words obtained the information he wanted. He sought Hester's quiet, secluded home—more than ever solitary on this Christmas evening, for out of it she had followed the dead body of her brother not many hours before. She sat by her west window, and as the servant opened the door Paul saw again the face which was dearer to him than aught else upon earth. She knew him directly, and held out her hand; but when I tell you that she is now Paul Brownlow's wife, you will not doubt his right to the kiss which he certainly took. They had been long parted, these lovers; they had loved more than most men and women do; and yet, by God's grace, they had been able to stand alone, to do each their life-work well; and you can understand why, as they sat together, they spoke no passionate words—why silent caresses and murmured thanksgivings were their only signs of betrothal. They had nothing to wait for; so on the morrow they were married—and you know, now, why Paul Brownlow loves his wife so much—why, when you turned the leaf down in that volume of "Woodstock," he told you, "You may do it in any other book of mine, but not in that;" for that was the first book of his that his wife's fingers ever touched.

I heard him ask Hester, one day as they sat very close to each other, "if she was content;" and when she said, "Perfectly content," I knew they were the dearest words he had ever heard.

BIRD MINISTRY.

WHAT a grand old nurse Nature is! The griefs of man are not more numberless than are the remedies for them which she has in her great store-house. She deals always in simples, and is ever unerring in *the fit*, will we but trust her. Do we come to her with the heartache, and throw ourselves upon her bosom, and ask her for sympathy and help? How kindly does she receive us, and fan us with her breezes, and soothe us with sweet sounds, and anoint us with the balm of a thousand flowers! The imps that have tortured our hearts take to themselves wings and fly away, we know not whither, as we receive her soothing attentions. Is the spirit fretted by the losses and crosses of life? How skillfully does she mix up her sunshine and green leaves and fragrant flowers and strengthening winds; and to one who will go forth and willingly take the medicine at her hand, how soon is the dose operative! All *pathies* are alike at her fingers'-ends. She is allopathic, homeopathic, or even hydropathic, to suit the taste or necessities of her patients. To be sure she does not force open the jaws and compel the swallowing of her prescription, whether we will or not. We must come to her lovingly, and ask in faith for help; and at once, wisely and well, she bestows it. And there is no bill sent in claiming remuneration for either medicine or prescription. Not one whit of a quack is she. She does not have a mint, or a julep, or some No. 6 to give to all indiscriminately for all ailments, whether colds or fevers. But she takes the diagnoses of cases most skillfully. The pulse is felt, all the symptoms looked at, and the remedy applied accordingly.

Is the heartache very severe? She does not burst upon us at once in the full splendor of her glory, with all her strong voices and pleasant odors and bright hues, and so disgust us by the want of consonance with our feelings. She vails herself when she meets us, and mayhap sends a violet to peep out from between its green leaves, or a little bird to charm us with its untaught song, tuned carefully to the complaining minor; and then, when this homeopathic dose—*this similia similibus*—has done its work, with the most careful modulation, she gets into her own

full, joyous major, and the heart soon loses its heaviness.

In the winter the good dame seems to retire from business, and give up her practice to clumsy second-hand practitioners, who administer pills and powders, calomel and jalap, until the whole creation groans. But this is a mere pretense. All the while she is really at work in her laboratory, getting ready for a new season; and when it comes, most vigorously does she set to work. Pools of Bethesda are every where, and the waters continually troubled. The poor, the lame, and the halt have only to wash and be whole. Melancholies, disgusts, and despairs, that have become chronic during her vacation, are soon tumbled off; and heartaches, and carpings, and complainings gotten rid of.

Far be it from me to slight any of the sweet influences of nature or single out one and say to it, Thou art better and more holy than thy companions. There are debts which have long been due to each and all of them which I would fain pay when the exchequer is ready for it. But as only one thing can be done at a time, I would now make a small installment on my account with the good Dame for value received *per* the notes of her minstrels, the birds.

I remember, not many years since, there was a time when spring played the laggard. Long after the time when the almanac assured us she ought to have come, bearing in her hands birds, and flowers, and the green leaves with the pleasant breezes playing between them, she lazily delayed her coming, and let winter continue to hold dominion over us until our hearts were weary with waiting.

I was at the time a sojourner in a land that lies far to the westward. One Saturday night, just as the clock sounded its curfew notes, a little bird flew in at my window, that was open just far enough to admit its tiny form. The storm was raging without, and I knew it had come to me for protection. It was a wee thing, not so large as a sparrow, and trembled with fear and cold. I caught it in my hands and was endeavoring to assure it of sympathy and friendly care, when, as I stepped into the hall, I heard a knocking upon the glass that was over the front door. Immediately the door was opened and in came the mate of the bird I held in my hand. At any rate they were as like as two peas. I liked the way it had announced itself. It did not ring the bell like any common visitor, but, in evidence of familiarity and confidence, gave a pass-word entirely intelligible to me who was in communication, but would have escaped the ear of the uninitiated or unfriendly.

That night the two had shelter from the storm, and a night's lodging free of charge. But when the night was gone and the storm was over they had leave to go where they listed.

But it was soon revealed to me that they had been sent as heralds or spies, or in the two characters combined, and that they had carried back a good report. For upon that day, which was the Sabbath, they, and their brethren and sisters according to the flesh, came and occupied a little tree that stood just beneath my window, and all day long made it vocal with sweet melodies. They were my preacher and my orchestra on that day. They carried my thoughts backward to the pleasant valley where I had first learned to love their songs—to the time when I had no more care than they, and was quite as light-hearted and forward, to "the land of the Hereafter," where swift wings will carry the spirits of the "just made perfect" on messages of mercy and errands of love to our Father's sorrowing children, who have not yet been gathered into "the house not made with hands."

How many ways Nature has of keeping us simple-hearted and childlike, if we will but let her!

It would do us all good, it seems to me, if we would oftener yield to the sweet influences that take us back to the time when we were guileless children, and knelt nightly at our mother's knee to say "Now I lay me down to sleep." Even business men, who are almost surrounded by brick and mortar and buried up therein, would often be rested by thoughts of birds and brooks and trees and flowers and clear country air, and they might make money all the faster thereafter and therefor. Would they sometimes let their thoughts go back to "the grand old hills," the trees and grass, the birds and butterflies, their hearts would not grow old so fast, and a love for the freedom and freshness of nature would be kept alive therein. Their vision, which is almost obscured by dollars and cents, would be cleared, and their eyes opened to see other values than commercial, and their hearts, instead of turning into money-chests, would retain a little of their youth and freshness.

But to go back to the birds. Dear little creatures! how they always stir up my heart until the good gets uppermost! And yet most unuseful of all useless things are they—most *un*-American in their notions as to the importance of creating money values. To be sure, they are useful to those who are in possession of that rather unfashionable commodity—a heart, as they always enable those who possess it to ascertain precisely where it is—whether it is in the right place or not.

Thorough little Democrats are they all, singing just as merrily and sweetly for the ragged urchin that has not where to lay his head as for the grandest millionaire; being just as glad to cure the heartache for the outcast maiden as for the finest lady arrayed in silks and laces.

Yet to the strict utilitarian most unprofitable and *shiftless* things do they seem, singing away, hour after hour, as hard as they can, to any one who will take the trouble to listen; never asking even "a quarter" for admission to their concerts, or passing around a hat just to get enough to pay expenses! They ask no "eight dollars a day" for laboring for the pub-

lic good; but work "free, gratis, for nothing," and board themselves into the bargain! And yet churlish men will shoot them because they come to their cherry-trees and help themselves to refreshments after their fatiguing labors are over; or perhaps these men, in case of their own absence, put up other scarecrows in the trees, and so the poor birds, naturally mistaking the effigies for the originals, either go away dinnerless, or eat in mortal fear, and so impair their digestion. And that, too, when they have sung themselves hungry for the benefit of these same "lords of creation"—ungrateful wretches that they are! The birds are welcome to every blessed cherry that is growing upon my trees or ever shall grow there. No ugly scarecrow shall ever frighten them away or give them the palpitation of the heart.

How often I have wished that I had all the birds in the world shut up in a great cage, with nothing to do but take care of them! Would they not have soft beds and good dinners! None of them should ever die, without benefit of clergy, from the shots of wicked men or the stones of cruel boys. When they "paid their debt to nature," quietly and carefully should they be laid down to rest with "the kings and counselors of the earth."

This love for birds is one of the earliest feelings that I remember, and I have sundry violations of the command "Thou shalt not kill" lying heavily upon my conscience in consequence of attempts, in the "days langsyne," to make divers individuals of them forsake their nomad life and dwell in fixed habitations.

Richer than Crœsus was I once, when I had given me, to be all my own, a beautiful red-bird, recently captured. He wore upon his head a crest that waved more gracefully than the plume of an ancient knight. I put him in a cage, and gave him candy and cake and every nicety that the house afforded. Nay, to have secured its life I would have given all my earthly possessions, including my new waxen doll, that opened its blue eyes so bewitchingly whenever it was *made to*, with all its paraphernalia of dresses and head-gear. I was unwearied in my attentions. But my efforts were vain. The little bird drooped and died. Died, I suppose, of a broken heart. Often since when I have pined in desolation in a strange place, and my heart has seemed nigh unto breaking with its longing for "the loved ones away," I have thought of that little bird that folded its wings so mournfully and died because it was kept from its nest and its loved ones.

The chipping-bird was my earliest acquaintance, and the mere flapping of its wings will stir within me now every recollection that is dear of home and childhood. With what earnestness and assiduity did I seek to sprinkle salt upon its tail, that I might catch it and have a real live bird of my own! as I was assured that the one would follow the other as certainly as any effect follows any cause whatsoever. But the task was about as difficult as to find the pot of gold at the bottom of the rainbow. No single one of the birds would ever stand still to be salted!

I have a mournful recollection connected with this same little bird. I came home from school one summer's day feeling that the whole world was "upside down." I had been sitting upon a backless bench the live-long afternoon. The young life drooped within me as the flower shrinks away from the continued gaze of the sun. Besides, I was at the foot of my class, and had been put under the master's desk for whispering. Coming home in such a mood, I threw my bonnet behind the door, and deposited my book upon the floor with a decided emphasis. I was then ready to make baby cry, pull pussy's ears, or do any other desperate and unamiable thing. Even my new doll had lost its power to charm, and would not behave itself! At length, weary of every thing because weary of myself, I went out to my garden. This was a charmed place. To it daily were my "earliest visitation and my last." It was a little spot, not larger than a breakfast table, which I held in fee simple. It was all my own, to do just what I pleased with and in. I had planted there a pink-root that dear Kate had given me, and red and white and yellow four-o'clocks, and speckled ones besides, and there were lady's slippers so very double that the tiniest foot of elf or fay could not have found its way into them. Then there were two little johnny-jump-ups, with their tri-colored faces peeping up from between the green leaves, to say a cheery good-morning to me when I made them my morning visit. But the crowning glory of the whole was a great yellow sun-flower that was so big and so high I could not see the whole of it at once. I generally contrived to escape from mamma's eyes, and once or twice during every shower steal out there to see how the flowers liked the rain, and whether they were well-bred enough to say "Thank you" for it, as they ought. I was always in my garden as soon as I came from school, to see if the four-o'clocks did open their eyes just at the right time, or if some of them did not occasionally deserve a fault-mark for being tardy, and to ascertain if the sun-flower did always impudently stare the sun right in the face. I must not forget to mention that, in the corner just by my bed, there stood an emigrant barberry bush, beneath which I used to lie, and, while the sun was baking my face, watch the butterflies and wonder where they went to in winter, and what kind of a bed the sun slept in at night, and if the angels up in heaven had to learn spelling lessons, and if they had any backs to their seats up there, and if they all had as large flower-beds as they wanted and could raise as many flowers in them; and much I wondered if these same blessed angels were all as fortunate as I was, and had Aunt Hannahs in the country where they could go and stay as long as they pleased, which *I* could not do.

For days before the afternoon aforesaid I

had been watching with the intensest delight the operations of a pair of chipping-birds that were nesting in this same barberry bush. I had seen them carry the straw and construct the outer walls of their tenement, then borrow some hair from the back of a good-natured ox for ceiling purposes, and afterward carefully put in the lining of down. I had seen, soon after this was done, three little eggs deposited in this snug receptacle so carefully prepared. They were little things not much larger than great O in the primer; and, to my childish fancy, the birds seemed to have stolen some blue from the sky with which to color them, over which, while they were putting it on, some dust had blown, or snuff from grandpapa's great silver snuff-box.

I am sure the architects themselves were not prouder of their work than I, or disliked more to go away from it. There was a league of amity between us. I gave them a part of every meal, and they were fearless of my approach, for they soon learned that their happiness was precious to me.

Thither, as I have said, I went that evening, and there was one of these identical little birds singing away with all its might as merrily as any little bird ever sang in the world. Why should it not? Its house was all builded, and there were no carpenters coming with unpaid bills for doing it. Its mate was well and happy, and they had nothing to do but love one another. But for the first time the joyous notes of the little songster fell gratingly upon my ear. The sense of justice spoke in the child's heart and demanded sympathy in its griefs from those in whose joys it had so much rejoiced. "It mocks me!" I cried, passionately. "It mocks me because I am feeling so badly." In a moment, almost before I knew it, a stone that lay at my feet was thrown, and the bird lay gasping before me. My passion was gone in an instant. I caught the bird in my hands, and held it to my bosom until it grew stiff and cold in death. I kissed it again and again, while the tears fell thick and fast. The dear little bird was dead, and I with my own hands had killed it. Worlds would I have given, had they have been mine to give, to have had power to call it back to life. But the wish was vain. That which I could not give I had taken away. Beneath the barberry bush I dug its grave, and sorrowfully laid it down to sleep with all the departed; but from that hour my garden lost its gayety. I always approached the bush with sadder heart and slower step.

There are times in the experience of all when the spirit is so worn by its contact with uncongenial souls, or the heart so wounded by the cares and deceits of business, that it refuses to be comforted by any of man's devices. It must receive its benediction from some of the sweet influences of nature or go unblessed. In none of her utterances does she speak more soothingly or with more infallible power to charm than by the songs of her minstrels.

It is stated by the biographer of Kant, the great metaphysician, that at the age of eighty he had become indifferent to much that was passing around him in which he had formerly taken great interest. The flowers showed their beauteous hues to him in vain; his weary vision gave little heed to their loveliness; their perfume came unheeded to the sense which had before inhaled it with eagerness. The coming on of spring, which he had been accustomed to hail with delight, now gave him no joy save that it brought back a little hedge-sparrow, which came annually and made its home in a tree that stood by his window. Year after year, as one generation went the way of all the earth, another would return to its birth-place to reward the tender care of their benefactor by singing to him their pleasant songs. And he longed for their return in the spring with "an eagerness and intensity of expectation."

I remember how I was rested once by the song of a little bird. I had walked far, and wearily went onward, dragging heavily my aching limbs. Winter held every thing bound in its unrelenting grasp, and presented to the eye no pleasant or grateful thing. The face of mother earth was bare and uninviting. The trees stretched out despairingly their naked limbs. The sky, too, looked frowningly upon me. Hope was about taking its flight, when a little bird came and sat upon a limb just before me, and sang of hope and rest. When I came where it was it flew on before me again, and so on and on, ever singing, until I came to my resting-place, when it flew away to accomplish its mission of hope and love to some other one who was weary or suffering.

Even the commanding tone of that pedagogue, the whip-poor-will, does not fall gratingly upon my ear as it comes borne upon the still air of the evening. To be sure, in these days of reform and refinement, the command is considered rather old fogyish and indelicate. But the bird can refer to the law and the testimonies, and quote chapter and verse; for it is but other language for the "Spare not the rod" of the wisest man about whom the Catechism asks us. I like the conservative spirit which keeps it from running after any of the new-fangled notions. It does not say, harshly and coarsely, "Flog that rascal Bill!" nor, in more modern and polite parlance, "Chastise that refractory William!" But just as its father and grandfather, and all its ancestors away back to the time of "good old Noah," have said, it says, "Whip-poor-Will, Whip-poor-Will!"—thus using an expletive of pity with an abbreviation of affection to show that the command is given reluctantly, and from a conscientious conviction of its deservedness.

I have sometimes thought that "will," in bird-language, was a generic term, and a synonym for "man" in our own; and, as used here, was intended to be applied to all mankind; and that the command, thus applied, was the utterance of a nice sense of justice which would give to

all their deserts. This bird, as every one knows, has its reflective organs greatly in preponderance, and is, therefore, of a meditative character. Its days are devoted to solemn thought upon the ways of the world, and its nights to the announcement of its conclusions. Now who that looks upon mankind with an eye half open does not see that there are few who so live through the day that, by the time night comes, they do not deserve the punishment this bird-judge so sympathizingly pronounces? Nay, who of *us* would escape, if all had their deserts?

The mournful cooings of the meek-eyed dove always touch my feelings, and make me certain that I have still a heart within me. Who can resist the influence of its plaintive strains? The whole appearance of the bird, too, is in keeping with the minor inflection of its song. There is a subduedness about the expression of the eye, a meek looking-upward for sympathy, that always makes me wish to do something to bless it. It comes to us in no flaunting array of scarlet or yellow, demanding admiration whether we feel it or not; but in the unpretending garb of humble worth it presents itself. Yet, though unobtrusive, how tasteful is the blending of colors, the curving of the neck and the rounding of the breast, how beautiful! Who but the Great Architect could so have moulded form as to produce such beauty?

Very serious, too, seem to be its views of life. It does not chirp and chatter away its existence. Looking beneath the surface, it is not cheated by the smile on the outside, but sees the heartache within, and then sends forth its sympathizing song to tell the lonely and the sorrowing that their griefs are cared for, and that nature has in her great heart a feeling respondent to their own.

Among my feathered friends there is an emblem of faithfulness that commends itself to my conservative spirit in these days of instability and overturnings. While kingdoms pass away, and the old every where gives place to the new, this bird, "faithful among the faithless," sings ever the same song, "Bob White, Bob White!" There comes forth no other utterance—no modern improvements are ever adopted. It never talks of Reginald, or Mortimer, or Malcolm; but, with the fixedness of woman's devotion, tells us ever and forever of "Bob White, Bob White!" though who the said Bob White was, or what he did to make him worthy of perpetual remembrance, the memorializer sayeth not, neither can any man say.

With a liking for looking at the inward significance of things, and seeing correspondences between the different orders and ranks of creation, I sometimes trace resemblances between these feathered bipeds and Plato's bipeds without feathers. At such times the whip-poor-will shadows forth the croakers among mankind—those that tell us that all mankind are knaves and villains, and all the stock in trade would be insufficient to buy halters for those who deserve hanging!—those also whose eyes are ever open to see any want of righteousness in their neighbors, and their tongues ever ready to pronounce sentence of condemnation, while they entirely forget to look after their own ways. They demand a whipping for "poor Will," while they forget to inquire how many stripes "the beam in their own eye" makes them worthy to receive.

The dove finds its counterpart in the meek and gentle of the earth, who have open hearts and ready hands for all the sons and daughters of affliction; yet their love flows out in silent rills, and blesses without noise or ostentation.

The lark, with its gay, glad song, is an emblem of the light-hearted, the care-hating. If the sun shine to-day, they make not their hearts sad lest shadows and darkness come to-morrow. If to-day there are storms and darkness, they see the sun shining behind the cloud, and believe that the silver lining will soon be turned toward them. Human sun-flowers are they, that ever look the sun in the face—larks that have always a voice tuned to the notes of gladness.

Even the domestic hen, with its industrial cackle, saying over and over after every so worthy effort, "I've laid an egg—I've laid an egg!" is not without its prototype among men. I never hear a man telling of the great things that he has done, the enterprises he has accomplished, how every thing would have fallen through or nothing been attempted had *he* not have been there, without thinking I hear an imaginary hen cackling just over his shoulder, and declaring, vociferously, "I've laid an egg—I've laid an egg!" Nay, such a vision as this has sometimes greeted my inward eyes even in the sacred desk! Ah, yes! the hen has many imitators among men who will not let their good deeds proclaim themselves, but they must needs cackle until all run to see. Nay, there are those who will even do the deed for the sake of the cackling!

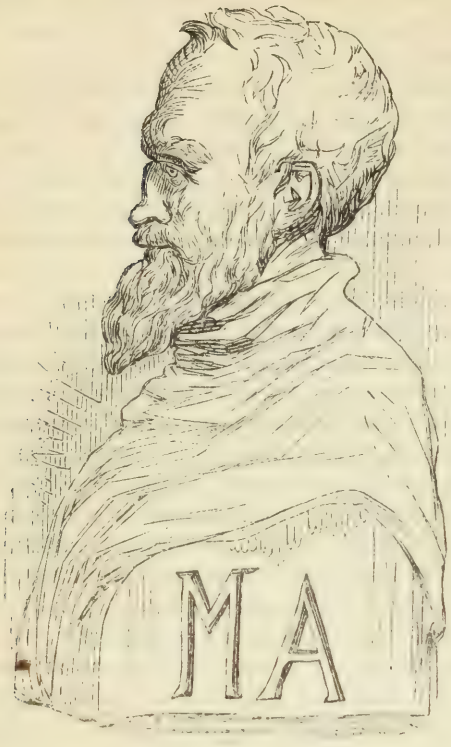
THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LVII.

IN WHICH MR. HARRY'S NOSE CONTINUES TO BE PUT OUT OF JOINT.

MADAME DE BERNSTEIN was scarcely less pleased than her Virginian nephews at the result of Harry's final interview with Lady Maria. George informed the Baroness of what had passed, in a billet which he sent to her the same evening; and shortly afterward her nephew Castlewood, whose visits to his aunt were very rare, came to pay his respects to her, and frankly spoke about the circumstances which had taken place; for no man knew better than my Lord Castlewood how to be frank upon occasion, and now that the business between Maria and Harry was ended, what need was there



of reticence or hypocrisy? The game had been played, and was over: he had no objection now to speak of its various moves, stratagems, finesses. "She is my own sister," said my lord, affectionately; "she won't have many more chances—many more *such* chances of marrying and establishing herself. I might not approve of the match in all respects, and I might pity your ladyship's young Virginian favorite; but of course such a piece of good fortune was not to be thrown away, and I was bound to stand by my own flesh and blood."

"Your candor does your lordship honor," says Madame de Bernstein, "and your love for your sister is quite edifying!"

"Nay, we have lost the game, and I am speaking *sans rancune*. It is not for you, who have won, to bear malice," says my lord, with a bow.

Madame de Bernstein protested she was never in her life in better humor. "Confess, now, Eugene, that visit of Maria to Harry at the spunging-house—that touching giving up of all his presents to her, was a stroke of thy invention?"

"Pity for the young man, and a sense of what was due from Maria to her friend—her affianced lover—in misfortune, sure these were motives sufficient to make her act as she did," replies Lord Castlewood, demurely.

"But 'twas you advised her, my good nephew?"

Castlewood, with a shrug of his shoulders, owned that he *did* advise his sister to see Mr. Henry Warrington. "But we should have won, in spite of your ladyship," he continued, "had not the elder brother made his appearance. And I have been trying to console my poor Maria by showing her what a piece of good fortune it is, after all, that we lost."

"Suppose she had married Harry, and then Cousin George had made his appearance?" remarks the Baroness.

"*Effectivement*," cries Eugene, taking snuff. "As the grave was to give up its dead, let us be thankful to the grave for disgorging in time! I am bound to say that Mr. George Warrington seems to be a man of sense, and not more selfish than other elder sons and men of the world. My poor Molly fancied that he might be a—what shall I say?—a greenhorn perhaps is the term—like his younger brother. She fondly hoped that he might be inclined to go share and share alike with Twin junior; in which case so infatuated was she about the young fellow that I believe she would have taken him. 'Harry Warrington, with half a loaf, might do very well,' says I; 'but Harry Warrington with no bread, my dear!'"

"How no bread?" asks the Baroness.

"Well. No bread except at his brother's side-table." The elder said as much.

"What a hard-hearted wretch!" cries Madame de Bernstein.

"Ah, bah! I play with you, aunt, *cartes sur table!* Mr. George only did what every body else would do; and we have no right to be angry with him, really, we haven't. Molly herself acknowledged as much, after her first burst of grief was over, and I brought her to listen to reason. The silly old creature! to be so wild about a young lad at her time of life!"

"'Twas a real passion, I almost do believe," said Madame de Bernstein.

"You should have heard her take leave of him! *C'était touchant, ma parole d'honneur!* I cried. Before George, I could not help myself. The young fellow, with muddy stockings and his hair about his eyes, flings himself among us when we were at dinner; makes his offer to Molly in a very frank and noble manner, and in good language, too; and she replies. Begad it put me in mind of Mrs. Woffington in the new Scotch play that Lord Bute's man has wrote—Douglas—what d'ye call it? She clings round the lad; she bids him adieu in heart-rending accents. She steps out of the room in a stately despair—no more chocolate, thank you. If she had made a *mauvais pas* no one could retire from it with more dignity. 'Twas a masterly retreat after a defeat. We were starved out of our position, but we retired with all the honors of war."

"Molly won't die of the disappointment!" said my lord's aunt, sipping her cup.

My lord snarled a grin, and showed his yellow teeth. "He, he!" he said, "she hath once or twice before had the malady very severely, and recovered perfectly. It don't kill, as your ladyship knows, at Molly's age."

How should her ladyship know? She did not marry Doctor Tusher until she was advanced in life. She did not become Madame de Bernstein until still later. Old Dido, a poet remarks, was not ignorant of misfortune, and hence learned to have compassion on the wretched.

People in the little world, as I have been told, quarrel and fight, and go on abusing each other, and are not reconciled for ever so long. But people in the great world are surely wiser in their generation. They have differences; they cease seeing each other. They make it up and come together again, and no questions are asked. A stray prodigal, or a stray puppy-dog is thus brought in under the benefit of an amnesty, though you know he has been away in ugly company. For six months past, ever since the Castlewoods and Madame de Bernstein had been battling for possession of poor Harry Warrington, these two branches of the Esmond family had remained apart. Now, the question being settled, they were free to meet again, as though no difference ever had separated them; and Madame de Bernstein drove in her great coach to Lady Castlewood's rout, and the Esmond ladies appeared smiling at Madame de Bernstein's drums, and loved each other just as much as they previously had done.

"So, Sir, I hear you have acted like a hard-hearted monster about your poor brother Harry!" says the Baroness, delighted, and menacing George with her stick.

"I acted but upon your ladyship's hint, and desired to see whether it was for himself or his reputed money that his kinsfolk wanted to have him," replies George, turning rather red.

"Nay, Maria could not marry a poor fellow who was utterly penniless, and whose elder brother said he would give him nothing!"

"I did it for the best, madam," says George, still blushing.

"And so thou didst, O thou hypocrite!" cries the old lady.

"Hypocrite, madam! and why?" asks Mr. Warrington, drawing himself up in much state.

"I know all, my infant!" says the Baroness in French. "Thou art very like thy grandfather. Come, that I embrace thee! Harry has told me all, and that thou hast divided thy little patrimony with him!"

"It was but natural, madam. We have had common hearts and purses since we were born. I but feigned hard-heartedness in order to try those people yonder," says George, with filling eyes.

"And thou wilt divide Virginia with him, too?" asks the Bernstein.

"I don't say so. It were not just," replied Mr. Warrington. "The land must go to the eldest born, and Harry would not have it otherwise: and it may be I shall die, or my mother outlive the pair of us. But half of what is mine is his: and he, it must be remembered, only was extravagant because he was mistaken as to his position."

"But it is a knight of old, it is a Bayard, it is the grandfather come to life!" cried Madame de Bernstein to her attendant, as she was retiring for the night. And that evening, when the lads left her, it was to poor Harry she gave the two fingers, and to George the rouged cheek, who blushed for his part, almost as deep as that often-dyed rose, at such a mark of his old kinswoman's favor.

Although Harry Warrington was the least envious of men, and did honor to his brother as in all respects his chief, guide, and superior, yet no wonder a certain feeling of humiliation and disappointment oppressed the young man after his deposition from his eminence as Fortunate Youth and heir to boundless Virginian territories. Our friends at Kensington might promise and vow that they would love him all the better after his fall; Harry made a low bow and professed himself very thankful; but he could not help perceiving, when he went with his brother to the state entertainment with which my Lord Castlewood regaled his new-found kinsman, that George was all in all to his cousins: had all the talk, compliments, and *petits soins* for himself, while of Harry no one took any notice save poor Maria, who followed him with wistful looks, pursued him with eyes conveying dismal reproaches, and, as it were, blamed him because she had left him. "Ah!" the eyes seemed to say, "'tis mighty well of you, Harry, to have accepted the freedom which I gave you; but I had no intention, Sir, that you should be so pleased at being let off." She gave him up, but yet she did not quite forgive him for taking her at her word. She would not have him, and yet she would. Oh, my young friends, how delightful is the beginning of a love-business, and how undignified, sometimes, the end! What a romantic vista is before young Damon and young Phillis (or middle-aged ditto ditto) when, their artless loves made known to each other, they twine their arms round each other's waists and survey that charming *pays du tendre* which lies at their feet! Into that country, so linked together, they will wander from now until extreme old age. There may be rocks and roaring rivers, but will not Damon's strong true love enable him to carry Sweet-heart over them? There may be dragons and dangers in the path, but shall not his courageous sword cut them down? Then at eve, how they will rest cuddled together, like two pretty babes in the wood, the moss their couch, the stars their canopy, their arms their mutual pillows! This is the wise plan young folks make when they set out on the love-journey; and—oh me!—they have not got a mile when they come to a great wall and find they must walk back again. They are squabbling with the post-boy at Barnet (the first stage on the Gretna Road, I mean), and, behold, perhaps Strephon has not got any money, or here is Papa with a whacking horse-whip, who takes Miss back again, and locks her up crying in the school-room. The parting is heart-breaking; but, when she has married the banker and had eight children, and he has become, it may be, a prosperous barrister—it may be, a seedy raff who has gone twice or thrice into the *Gazette*—when, I say, in after years Strephon and Delia meet again, is not the meeting ridiculous?

Nevertheless, I hope no young man will fall in love, having any doubt in his mind as to the eternity of his passion. 'Tis when a man has had a second or third amorous attack that he begins to grow doubtful; but some women are romantic to the end, and, from eighteen to eight-and-fifty (for what I know) are always expecting their hearts to break. In fine, when you have been in love and are so no more, when the King of France, with twenty thousand men, with colors flying, music playing, and all the pomp of war, having marched up the hill, then proceeds to march down again, he and you are in an absurd position.

This is what Harry Warrington, no doubt, felt when he went to Kensington and encountered the melancholy reproachful eyes of his cousin. Yes! it is a foolish position to be in; but it is also melancholy to look into a house you have once lived in, and see black casements and emptiness where once shone the fires of welcome. Melancholy? Yes; but, ha! how bitter, how melancholy, how absurd to look up as you pass sentimentally by No. 13, and see somebody else grinning out of window, and evidently on the best terms with the landlady. I always feel hurt, even at an inn which I frequent, if I see other folks' trunks and boots at the doors of the rooms which were once mine. Have those boots lolled on the sofa which once I reclined on? I kick you from before me, you muddy, vulgar highlows!

So considering that his period of occupation was over, and Maria's rooms, if not given up to a new tenant, were, at any rate, to let, Harry did not feel very easy in his cousin's company, nor she possibly in his. He found either that he had nothing to say to her, or that what she had to say to him was rather dull and commonplace, and that the red lip of a white-necked pipe of Virginia was decidedly more agreeable to him now than Maria's softest accents and most melancholy *moue*. When George went to Kensington, then, Harry did not care much about going, and pleaded other engagements.

At his uncle's house in Hill Street the poor lad was no better amused, and, indeed, was treated by the virtuous people there with scarce any attention at all. The ladies did not scruple to deny themselves when he came; he could scarce have believed in such insincerity after their caresses, their welcome, their repeated vows of affection; but happening to sit with the Lamberts for an hour after he had called upon his aunt, he saw her ladyship's chairmen arrive with an empty chair, and his aunt step out and enter the vehicle, and not even blush when he made her a bow from the opposite window. To be denied by his own relations—to have that door, which had opened to him so kindly, slammed in his face! He would not have believed such a thing possible, poor simple Harry said. Perhaps he thought the door-knocker had a tender heart, and was not made of brass; not more changed than the head of that knocker was my Lady Warrington's virtuous face when she passed her nephew.

"My father's own brother's wife! What have I done to offend her? Oh, Aunt Lambert, Aunt Lambert, did you ever see such cold-heartedness?" cries out Harry, with his usual impetuosity.

"Do *we* make any difference to you, my dear Harry?" says Aunt Lambert, with a side look at her youngest daughter. "The world may look coldly at you, but we don't belong to it: so you may come to us in safety."

"In this house you are different from other people," replies Harry. "I don't know how, but I always feel quiet and happy somehow when I come to you."

"Quis me uno vivit felicior? aut magis hâc est
Optandum vitâ dicere quis potuit?"

calls out General Lambert. "Do you know where I got these verses, Mr. Gownsman?" and he addresses his son from college, who is come to pass an Easter holiday with his parents.

"You got them out of Catullus, Sir," says the scholar.

"I got them out of no such thing, Sir. I got them out of my favorite Democritus Junior—out of old Burton, who has provided many indifferent scholars with learning;" and who and Montaigne were favorite authors with the good General.

CHAPTER LVIII.

WHERE WE DO WHAT CATS MAY DO.

We have said how our Virginians, with a wisdom not uncommon in youth, had chosen to adopt strong Jacobite opinions, and to profess a prodigious affection for the exiled royal family. The banished prince had recognized Madam Esmond's father as Marquis of Esmond, and she did not choose to be very angry with an unfortunate race, that, after all, was so willing to acknowledge the merits of her family. As for any little scandal about her sister, Madame de Bernstein, and the Old Chevalier, she tossed away from her with scorn the recollection of that odious circumstance, asserting, with perfect truth, that the two first monarchs of the House of Hanover were quite as bad as any Stuarts in regard to their domestic morality. But the king *de facto* was the king, as well as his Majesty *de jure*. De Facto had been solemnly crowned and anointed at church, and had likewise utterly discomfited de Jure, when they came to battle for the kingdom together. Madam's clear opinion was, then, that her sons owed it to themselves as well as the sovereign to appear at his royal court. And if his Majesty should have been minded to confer a lucrative post, or a blue or red ribbon upon either of them, she, for her part, would not have been in the least surprised. She made no doubt but that the King knew the Virginian Esmonds as well as any other members of his nobility. The



lads were specially commanded, then, to present themselves at Court, and, I dare say, their mother would have been very angry had she known that George took Harry's laced coat on the day when he went to make his bow at Kensington.

A hundred years ago the King's drawing-room was open almost every day to his nobility and gentry; and loyalty—especially since the war had begun—could gratify itself a score of times in a month with the august sight of the Sovereign. A wise avoidance of the enemy's ships-of-war; a gracious acknowledgment of the inestimable loss the British isles would suffer by the seizure of the royal person at sea, caused the monarch to forego those visits to his native Hanover which were so dear to his royal heart, and compelled him to remain, it must be owned unwillingly, among his loving Britons. A Hanoverian lady, however, whose virtues had endeared her to the prince, strove to console him for his enforced absence from Herrenhausen. And from the lips of the Countess of Walmoden (on whom the imperial beneficence had gracefully conferred a high title of British honor) the revered Defender of the Faith could hear the accents of his native home.

To this beloved Sovereign Mr. Warrington requested his uncle, an assiduous courtier, to present him: and as Mr. Lambert had to go to Court likewise, and thank his Majesty for his promotion, the two gentlemen made the journey to Kensington together, engaging a hackney coach for the purpose, as my Lord Wrotham's carriage was now wanted by its rightful owner, who had returned to his house in town. They alighted at Kensington Palace Gate, where the sentries on duty knew and saluted the good General, and hence modestly made their way on foot to the summer residence of the Sovereign. Walking under the portico of the Palace, they entered the gallery which leads to the great black marble staircase (which hath been so richly decorated and painted by Mr. Kent), and then passed through several rooms, richly hung with tapestry and adorned with pictures and bustos, until they came to the King's great drawing-room, where that famous Venus by Titian is, and, among other master-pieces, the picture of St. Francis adoring the infant Saviour, performed by Sir Peter Paul Reubens; and here, with the rest of the visitors to the Court, the gentlemen waited until his Majesty issued from his private apartments, where he was in conference with certain personages who were called in the newspaper language of that day his M—j—ty's M—n—st—rs.

George Warrington, who had never been in a palace before, had leisure to admire the place, and regard the people round him. He saw fine pictures for the first time too, and I dare say delighted in that charming piece of Sir Anthony Vandyke, representing King Charles the First, his Queen and Family, and the noble picture of Esther before Ahasuerus, painted by Tintoret, and in which all the figures are dressed in the magnificent Venetian habit. With the contemplation of these works he was so enraptured, that he scarce heard all the remarks of his good friend the General, who was whispering into his young companion's almost heedless ear the names of some of the personages round about them.

"Yonder," says Mr. Lambert, "are two of my Lords of the Admiralty, Mr. Gilbert Elliot and Admiral Boscawen: *your* Boscawen, whose fleet fired the first gun in your waters two years ago. That stout gentleman all belaced with gold is Mr. Fox, that was minister, and is now content to be paymaster with a great salary."

"He carries the *auri fames* on his person; why, his waistcoat is a perfect Potosi!" says George.

"*Alieni appetens*—how goes the text? He loves to get money and to spend it," continues General Lambert. "Yon is my Lord Chief Justice Willes, talking to my Lord of Salisbury, Doctor Hoadley, who, if he serve his God as he serves his King, will be translated to some very high promotion in heaven. He belongs to your grandfather's time, and was loved by Dick Steele and hated by the Dean. With them is my Lord of London, the learned Doctor Sherlock. My lords of the lawn sleeves have lost half their honors now. I remember when I was a boy in my mother's hand, she made me go down on my knees to the Bishop of Rochester; him who went over the water, and became minister to somebody who shall be nameless—Perkin's Bish-

op. That handsome fair man is Admiral Smith. He was president of poor Byng's court-martial, and strove in vain to get him off his penalty; Tom of Ten Thousand they call him in the fleet. The French Embassador had him broke, when he was a lieutenant, for making a French man-of-war lower topsails to him, and the King made Tom a captain the next day. That tall, haughty-looking man is my Lord George Sackville, who, now I am a major-general myself, will treat me somewhat better than a footman. I wish my stout old Blakeney were here; he is the soldier's darling, and as kind and brave as yonder poker of a nobleman is brave and— I am your lordship's very humble servant. This is a young gentleman who is just from America, and was in Braddock's sad business two years ago."

"Oh, indeed!" says the poker of a nobleman. "I have the honor of speaking to Mr. ——"

"To Major-General Lambert, at your lordship's service, and who was in his Majesty's some time before you entered it. That, Mr. Warrington, is the first commoner in England, Mr. Speaker Onslow. Where is your uncle? I shall have to present you myself to his Majesty if Sir Miles delays much longer." As he spoke, the worthy General addressed himself entirely to his young friend, making no sort of account of his colleague, who stalked away with a scared look as if amazed at the other's audacity. A hundred years ago a nobleman was a nobleman, and expected to be admired as such.

Sir Miles's red waistcoat appeared in sight presently, and many cordial greetings passed between him, his nephew, and General Lambert; for we have described how Sir Miles was the most affectionate of men. So the General had quitted my Lord Wrotham's house? It was time, as his lordship himself wished to occupy it? Very good; but consider what a loss for the neighbors!

"We miss you, we positively miss you, my dear General," cries Sir Miles. "My daughters were in love with those lovely young ladies— upon my word they were, and my Lady Warrington and my girls were debating over and over again how they should find an opportunity of making the acquaintance of your charming family. We feel as if we were old friends already; indeed we do, General, if you will permit me the liberty of saying so; and we love you, if I may be allowed to speak frankly, on account of your friendship and kindness to our dear nephews: though we were a little jealous, I own a little jealous of them, because they went so often to see you. Often and often have I said to my Lady Warrington, 'My dear, why don't we make acquaintance with the General? Why don't we ask him and his ladies to come over in a family way and dine with some other plain country gentlefolks?' Carry my most sincere respects to Mrs. Lambert, I pray, Sir; and thank her for her goodness to these young gentlemen. My own flesh and blood, Sir; my dear, dear brother's boys!" He passed his hand across his manly eyes: he was choking almost with generous and affectionate emotion.

While they were discoursing—George Warrington the while restraining his laughter with admirable gravity—the door of the King's apartments opened, and the pages entered, preceding his Majesty. He was followed by his burly son, his Royal Highness the Duke, a very corpulent Prince, with a coat and face of blazing scarlet: behind them came various gentlemen and officers of state, among whom George at once recognized the famous Mr. Secretary Pitt, by his tall stature, his eagle eye and beak, his grave and majestic presence. As I see that solemn figure passing, even a hundred years off, I protest I feel a present awe, and a desire to take my hat off. I am not frightened at George the Second; nor are my eyes dazzled by the portentous appearance of his Royal Highness the Duke of Culloden and Fontenoy; but the Great Commoner, the terrible Cornet of Horse! His figure bestrides our narrow isle of a century back like a Colossus; and I hush as he passes in his gouty shoes, his thunder-bolt hand wrapped in flannel. Perhaps as we see him now, issuing with dark looks from the royal closet, angry scenes have been passing between him and his august master. He has been boring that old monarch for hours with prodigious long speeches, full of eloquence, voluble with the noblest phrases upon the commonest topics; but, it must be confessed, utterly repulsive to the little shrewd old gentleman, "at whose feet he lays himself," as the phrase is, and who has the most thorough dislike for fine *boedry* and for fine *brose* too! The sublime minister passes solemnly through the crowd; the company ranges itself respectfully round the wall; and his Majesty walks round the circle, his royal son lagging a little behind, and engaging select individuals in conversation for his own part.

The monarch is a little, keen, fresh-colored old man, with very protruding eyes, attired in plain, old-fashioned snuff-colored clothes and brown stockings, his only ornament the blue ribbon of his Order of the Garter. He speaks in a German accent, but with ease, shrewdness, and simplicity, addressing those individuals whom he has a mind to notice, or passing on with a bow. He knew Mr. Lambert well, who had served under his Majesty at Dettingen, and with his royal son in Scotland, and he congratulated him good-humoredly on his promotion.

"It is not always," his Majesty was pleased to say, "that we can do as we like; but I was glad when, for once, I could give myself that pleasure in your case, General; for my army contains no better officer as you."

The veteran blushed and bowed, deeply gratified at this speech. Meanwhile the Best of Monarchs was looking at Sir Miles Warrington (whom his Majesty knew perfectly, as the eager recipient of all favors from all ministers) and at the young gentleman by his side.

"Who is this?" the Defender of the Faith condescended to ask, pointing toward George

Warrington, who stood before his sovereign in a respectful attitude, clad in poor Harry's best embroidered suit.

With the deepest reverence Sir Miles informed his King that the young gentleman was his nephew, Mr. George Warrington of Virginia, who asked leave to pay his humble duty.

"This, then, is the other brother?" the Venerated Prince deigned to observe. "He came in time, else the other brother would have spent all the money. My Lord Bishop of Salisbury, why do you come out in this bitter weather? You had much better stay at home!" and with this, the revered wielder of Britannia's sceptre passed on to other lords and gentlemen of his Court. Sir Miles Warrington was deeply affected at the royal condescension. He clapped his nephew's hands. "God bless you, my boy!" he cried; "I told you that you would see the greatest monarch and the finest gentleman in the world. Is he not so, my Lord Bishop?"

"That, that he is!" cried his lordship, clasping his ruffled hands and turning his fine eyes up to the sky; "the best of princes and of men."

"That is Master Louis, my Lady Yarmouth's favorite nephew," says Lambert, pointing to a young gentleman who stood with a crowd round him; and presently the stout Duke of Cumberland came up to our little group.

His Royal Highness held out his hand to his old companion in arms. "Congratulate you on your promotion, Lambert," he said, good-naturedly. Sir Miles Warrington's eyes were ready to burst out of his head with rapture.

"I owe it, Sir, to your Royal Highness's good offices," said the grateful General.

"Not at all; not at all: ought to have had it a long time before. Always been a good officer; perhaps there'll be some employment for you soon. This is the gentleman whom James Wolfe introduced to me."

"His brother, Sir."

"Oh, the real fortunate youth! You were with poor Ned Braddock in America—a prisoner, and lucky enough to escape. Come and see me, Sir, in Pall Mall. Bring him to my levee, Lambert;" and the broad back of the Royal Prince was turned to our friends.

"It is raining! You came on foot, General Lambert? You and George must come home in my coach. You must and *shall* come home with me, I say. By George you must! I'll have no denial," cried the enthusiastic Baronet; and he drove George and the General back to Hill Street, and presented the latter to my Lady Warrington and his darlings, Flora and Dora, and insisted upon their partaking of a collation, as they must be hungry after their ride. "What, there is only cold mutton? Well, an old soldier can eat cold mutton. And a good glass of my Lady Warrington's own cordial, prepared with her own hands, will keep the cold wind out. Delicious cordial! Capital mutton! Our own, my dear General," says the hospitable Baronet, "our own from the country, six years old if a day. We keep a plain table; but all the Warringtons since the Conqueror have been remarkable for their love of mutton; and our meal may look a little scanty, and is, for we are plain people, and I am obliged to keep my rascals of servants on board-wages. Can't give them seven-year-old mutton, you know."

Sir Miles, in his nephew's presence and hearing, described to his wife and daughters George's reception at Court in such flattering terms that George hardly knew himself, or the scene at which he had been present, or how to look his uncle in the face, or how to contradict him before his family in the midst of the astonishing narrative he was relating. Lambert sat by for a while with open eyes. He, too, had been at Kensington. He had seen none of the wonders which Sir Miles described.

"We are proud of you, dear George. We love you, my dear nephew—we all love you, we are all proud of you—"

"Yes; but I like Harry best," says a little voice.

—"not because you are wealthy! Screwby, take Master Miles to his governor. Go, dear child. Not because you are blessed with great estates and an ancient name; but because, George, you have put to good use the talents with which Heaven has adorned you; because you have fought and bled in your country's cause, in your monarch's cause, and as such are indeed worthy of the favor of the best of sovereigns. General Lambert, you have kindly condescended to look in on a country family, and partake of our unpretending meal. I hope we may see you some day when our hospitality is a little less homely. Yes, by George, General, you must and shall name a day when you and Mrs. Lambert, and your dear girls will dine with us. I'll take no refusal now, by George I wont!" bawls the knight.

"You will accompany us, I trust, to my drawing-room?" says my lady, rising.

Mr. Lambert pleaded to be excused; but the ladies on no account would let dear George go away. No, positively, he should *not* go. They wanted to make acquaintance with their cousin. They must hear about that dreadful battle and escape from the Indians. Tom Claypool came in and heard some of the story. Flora was listening to it with her handkerchief to her eyes, and little Miles had just said:

"Why do you take your handkerchief, Flora? You're not crying a bit."

Being a man of great humor, Martin Lambert, when he went home, could not help entertaining his wife with an account of the new family with which he had made acquaintance. A certain cant word called humbug had lately come into vogue. Will it be believed that the General used it to designate the family of this virtuous country gentleman? He described the eager hospitalities of the father, the pompous flatteries of the mother, and the daughters' looks of admiration; the toughness and scarci-



GEORGE MADE MUCH OF.

ty of the mutton and the abominable taste and odor of the cordial; and we may be sure Mrs. Lambert contrasted Lady Warrington's recent behavior to poor Harry with her present conduct to George.

"Is this Miss Warrington really handsome?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

"Yes, she is very handsome indeed, and the most astounding flirt I have ever set eyes on," replies the General.

"The hypocrite! I have no patience with such people!" cries the lady.

To which the General, strange to say, only replied by the monosyllable "Bo!"

"Why do you say 'Bo!' Martin?" asks the lady.

"I say 'Bo!' to a goose, my dear," answers the General.

And his wife vows she does not know what he means, or of what he is thinking, and the General says,

"Of course not."

CHAPTER LIX.

IN WHICH WE ARE TREATED TO A PLAY.

THE real business of life, I fancy, can form but little portion of the novelist's budget. When



Thus, in talking of the present or the past world, I know I am only dangling about the theatre-lobbies, coffee-houses, ridottos, pleasure-haunts, fair-booths, and feasting and fiddling-rooms of life; that, meanwhile, the great serious past or present world is plodding in its chambers, toiling at its humdrum looms, or jogging on its accustomed labors, and we are only seeing our characters away from their work. Corydon has to cart the litter and thrash the barley, as well as to make love to Phyllis; Ancillula has to dress and wash the nursery, to wait at breakfast and on her misses, to take the children out, etc., before she can have her brief sweet interview through the area-railings with Boopis, the policeman. All day long have his heels to beat the stale pavement before he has the opportunity to snatch the hasty kiss or the furtive cold pie. It is only at moments, and away from these labors, that we can light upon one character or the other; and hence, though most of the persons of whom we are writing have doubtless their grave employments and avocations, it is only when they are disengaged and away from their work that we can bring them and the equally disengaged reader together.

he is speaking of the profession of arms, in which men can show courage or the reverse, and in treating of which the writer naturally has to deal with interesting circumstances, actions, and characters, introducing recitals of danger, devotedness, heroic deaths, and the like, the novelist may, perhaps, venture to deal with actual affairs of life; but, otherwise, they scarcely can enter into our stories. The main part of Ficulnus's life, for instance, is spent in selling sugar, spices, and cheese; of Causidicus's in poring over musty volumes of black-letter law; of Sartorius's in sitting, cross-legged, on a board after measuring gentlemen for coats and breeches. What can a story-teller say about the professional existence of these men? Would a real rustical history of hobnails and eighteenpence a day be endurable? In the days whereof we are writing, the poets of the time chose to represent a shepherd in pink breeches and a chintz waistcoat, dancing before his flocks, and playing a flageolet tied up with a blue satin ribbon. I say, in reply to some objections which have been urged by potent and friendly critics, that of the actual affairs of life the novelist can not be expected to treat—with the almost single exception of war before named. But law, stock-broking, polemical theology, linen-drapery, apothecary-business, and the like, how can writers manage fully to develop these in their stories? All authors can do is to depict men *out* of their business—in their passions, loves, laughters, amusements, hatreds, and what not—and describe these as well as they can, taking the business part for granted, and leaving it, as it were, for subaudition.

The Macaronis and fine gentlemen at White's and Arthur's continued to show poor Harry Warrington such a very cold shoulder that he sought their society less and less, and the Ring, and the Mall, and the gaming-table knew him no more. Madame de Bernstein was for her nephew's braving the indifference of the world, and vowed that it would be conquered if he would but have courage to face it; but the young man was too honest to wear a smiling face when he was discontented, to disguise mortification or anger, to parry slights by adroit flatteries or cunning impudence—as many gentlemen and gentlewomen must and do who wish to succeed in society.

"You pull a long face, Harry, and complain of the world's treatment of you," the old lady said. Fiddle-de-dee, Sir! Every body has to put up with impertinences: and if you get a box on the ear, now you are poor and cast down, you must say nothing about it, bear it with a smile, and if you can, revenge it ten years after. *Moi qui vous parle*, Sir!—do you suppose I have had no humble pie to eat? All of us in our turn are called upon to swallow it; and, now you are no longer the Fortunate Youth, be the Clever Youth, and win back the place you have lost by your ill luck. Go about more than ever. Go to all the routs and parties to which you are asked, and to more still. Be civil to every body—to all women especially. Only, of course, take care to show your spirit, of which you have

plenty. With economy, and by your brother's, I must say, admirable generosity, you can still make a genteel figure. With your handsome person, Sir, you can't fail to get a rich heiress. *Tenez!* You should go among the merchants in the City, and look out there. They won't know that you are out of fashion at the court-end of the town. With a little management, there is not the least reason, Sir, why you should not make a good position for yourself still. When did you go to see my lady Yarmouth, pray? Why did you not improve that connection? She took a great fancy to you. I desire you will be constant at her ladyship's evenings, and lose no opportunity of paying court to her."

Thus the old woman who had loved Harry *so* on his first appearance in England, who had been so eager for his company, and pleased with his artless conversation, was taking the side of the world, and turning against him. Instead of the smiles and kisses with which the fickle old creature used once to greet him, she received him with coldness; she became peevish and patronizing; she cast jibes and scorn at him before her guests, making his honest face flush with humiliation, and awaking the keenest pangs of grief and amazement in his gentle manly heart. Madame de Bernstein's servants, who used to treat him with such eager respect, scarcely paid him now any attention. My lady was often indisposed or engaged when he called on her; her people did not press him to wait; did not volunteer to ask whether he would stay and dine, as they used in the days when he was the Fortunate Youth and companion of the wealthy and great. Harry carried his woes to Mrs. Lambert. In a passion of sorrow he told her of his aunt's cruel behavior to him. He was stricken down and dismayed by the fickleness and heartlessness of the world in its treatment of him. While the good lady and her daughters would move to and fro, and busy themselves with the cares of the house, our poor lad would sit glum in a window seat, heart-sick and silent:

"I know you are the best people alive," he would say to the ladies, "and the kindest, and that I must be the dullest company in the world —yes, that I am."

"Well, you are not very lively, Harry," says Miss Hetty, who began to command him, and perhaps to ask herself, "What! Is this the gentleman whom I took to be such a hero?"

"If he is unhappy why should he be lively?" asks Theo, gently. "He has a good heart, and is pained at his friends' desertion of him. Sure, there is no harm in that?"

I would have too much spirit to show I was hurt, though," cries Hetty, clenching her little fists. "And I would smile, though that horrible old painted woman boxed my ears. She *is* horrible, Mamma. You think so yourself, Theo! Own, now, you think so yourself! You said so last night, and acted her coming in on her crutch, and grinning round to the company."

"I mayn't like her," says Theo, turning very red. "But there is no reason why I should call Harry's aunt names before Harry's face."

"You provoking thing, you are always right!" cries Hetty; "and that's what makes me so angry. Indeed, Harry, it was very wrong of me to make rude remarks about any of your relations."

"I don't care about the others, Hetty; but it seems hard that this one should turn upon me. I had got to be very fond of her; and, you see, it makes me mad, somehow, when people I'm very fond of turn away from me, or act unkind to me."

"Suppose George were to do so?" asks Hetty. You see it was George and Hetty, and Theo and Harry, among them now.

"You are very clever and very lively, and you may suppose a number of things; but not that, Hetty, if you please," cried Harry, standing up, and looking very resolute and angry. "You don't know my brother as I know him—or you wouldn't take—such a—liberty as to suppose—my brother, George, could do any thing unkind or unworthy!" Mr. Harry was quite in a flush as he spoke.

Hetty turned very white; then she looked up at Harry, and then she did not say a single word.

Then Harry said, in his simple way, before taking leave, "I'm very sorry, and I beg your pardon, Hetty, if I said any thing rough, or that seemed unkind; but I always fight up if any body says any thing against George."

Hetty did not answer a word out of her pale lips, but gave him her hand, and dropped a prim little courtesy.

When she and Theo were together at night, making curl-paper confidences, "Oh!" said Hetty, "I thought it would be so happy to see him every day, and was so glad when papa said we were to stay in London! And now I do see him, you see, I go on offending him. I can't help offending him; and I know he is not clever, Theo. But oh! isn't he good, and kind, and brave? Didn't he look handsome when he was angry?"

"You silly little thing, you are always trying to make him look handsome," Theo replied.

It was Theo and Hetty, and Harry and George, among these young people, then; and I dare say the reason why General Lambert chose to apply the monosyllable Bo to the mother of his daughters was as a rebuke to that good woman for the inveterate love of sentiment and propensity to match-making which belonged to her (and every other woman in the world whose heart is worth a fig); and as a hint that Madam Lambert was a goose if she fancied the two Virginian lads were going to fall in love with the young women of the Lambert house. Little Het might have her fancy—little girls will—but they get it over; and you know, Molly (which dear, soft-hearted Mrs. Lambert could not deny), you fancied somebody else before you fancied me," says the General; but Harry had evidently not been smitten

by Hetty; and, now he was superseded, as it were, by having an elder brother over him, and could not even call the coat upon his back his own, Master Harry was no great catch.

"Oh yes; now he is poor we will show him the door, as all the rest of the world does, I suppose," says Mrs. Lambert.

"That is what I always do—isn't it, Molly?—turn my back on my friends in distress?" asks the General.

"No, my dear! I *am* a goose, now, and that I own, Martin!" says the wife, having recourse to the usual pocket-handkerchief.

"Let the poor boy come to us, and welcome: ours is almost the only house in this selfish place where so much can be said for him. He is unhappy, and to be with us puts him at ease: in God's name let him be with us!" says the kind-hearted officer. Accordingly, whenever poor, crest-fallen Hal wanted a dinner, or an evening's entertainment, Mr. Lambert's table had a corner for him. So was George welcome, too. He went among the Lamberts, not at first with the cordiality which Harry felt for these people, and inspired among them; for George was colder in his manner, and more mistrustful of himself and others, than his twin-brother; but there was a goodness and friendliness about the family which touched almost all people who came into frequent contact with them; and George soon learned to love them for their own sake, as well as for their constant regard and kindness to his brother. He could not but see and own how sad Harry was, and pity his brother's depression. In his sarcastic way George would often take himself to task before his brother for coming to life again, and say, "Dear Harry, I am George the Unlucky, though you have ceased to be Harry the Fortunate. Florac would have done much better not to pass his sword through that Indian's body, and to have left my scalp as an ornament for the fellow's belt. I say he would, Sir! At White's the people would have respected you. Our mother would have wept over me as a defunct angel, instead of being angry with me for again supplanting her favorite—you *are* her favorite; you deserve to be her favorite: every body's favorite: only, if I had not come back, *your* favorite, Maria, would have insisted on marrying you; and that is how the gods would have revenged themselves upon you for your prosperity."

"I never know whether you are laughing at me or yourself, George," says the brother. "I never know whether you are serious or jesting."

"Precisely my own case, Harry, my dear!" says George.

"But this I know, that there never was a better brother in all the world; and never better people than the Lamberts."

"Never was truer word said!" cries George, taking his brother's hand.

"And if I'm unhappy, 'tis not your fault—not their fault—nor perhaps mine, George," continues the younger. "'Tis fate, you see; 'tis the having nothing to do. I *must* work; and how, George?—that is the question."

"We will see what our mother says. We must wait till we hear from her," says George.

"I say, George! Do you know, I don't think I should much like going back to Virginia?" says Harry, in a low, alarmed voice.

"What! in love with one of the lasses here?"

"Love 'em like sisters—with all my heart, of course, dearest, best girls! but, having come out of that business, thanks to you, I don't want to go back, you know. No! no! It is not for that I fancy staying in Europe better than going home. But, you see, I don't fancy hunting, duck-shooting, tobacco-planting, whist-playing, and going to sermon, over and over and over again, for all my life, George. And what else is there to do at home? What on earth is there for me to do at all, I say? That's what makes me miserable. It would not matter for you to be a younger son; you are so clever you would make your way any where; but for a poor fellow like me, what chance is there? Until I do something, George, I shall be miserable, that's what I shall!"

"Have I not always said so? Art thou not coming round to my opinion?"

"What opinion, George? You know pretty much whatever you think, I think, George!" says the dutiful junior.

"That Florac had best have left the Indian to take my scalp, my dear!"

At which Harry bursts away with an angry exclamation; and they continue to puff their pipes in friendly union.

They lived together, each going his own gait; and not much intercourse, save that of affection, was carried on between them. Harry never would venture to meddle with George's books, and would sit as dumb as a mouse at the lodgings while his brother was studying. They removed presently from the court-end of the town, Madame Bernstein pishing and pshawing at their change of residence. But George took a great fancy to frequenting Sir Hans Sloane's new reading-room and museum, just set up in Montague House, and he took cheerful lodgings in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, looking over the delightful fields toward Hampstead, at the back of the Duke of Bedford's gardens. And Lord Wrotham's family coming to May Fair, and Mr. Lambert, having business which detained him in London, had to change his house too, and engaged furnished apartments in Soho, not very far off from the dwelling of our young men; and it was, as we have said, with the Lamberts that Harry, night after night, took refuge.

George was with them often, too; and, as the acquaintance ripened, he frequented their house with increasing assiduity, finding their company more to his taste than that of Aunt Bernstein's polite circle of gamblers, than Sir Miles Warrington's port and mutton, or the daily noise and clatter of the coffee-houses. And as he and the Lambert ladies were alike strangers in London, they partook of its pleas-

ures together, and, no doubt, went to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, to Marybone Gardens, and the play, and the Tower, and wherever else there was honest amusement to be had in those days. Martin Lambert loved that his children should have all the innocent pleasure which he could procure for them, and Mr. George, who was of a most generous, open-handed disposition, liked to treat his friends likewise, especially those who had been so admirably kind to his brother.

With all the passion of his heart Mr. Warrington loved a play. He had never enjoyed this amusement in Virginia, and only once or twice at Quebec, when he visited Canada; and when he came to London, where the two houses were in their full glory, I believe he thought he never could have enough of the delightful entertainment. Any thing he liked himself he naturally wished to share among his companions. No wonder that he was eager to take his friends to the theatre, and we may be sure our young country folks were not unwilling. Shall it be Drury Lane or Covent Garden, ladies? There was Garrick and Shakspeare at Drury Lane. Well, will it be believed, the ladies wanted to hear the famous new author whose piece was being played at Covent Garden?

At this time a star of genius had arisen, and was blazing with quite a dazzling brilliancy. The great Mr. John Home, of Scotland, had produced a tragedy, than which, since the days of the ancients, there had been nothing more classic and elegant. What had Mr. Garrick meant by refusing such a master-piece for his theatre? Say what you will about Shakspeare; in the works of that undoubted great poet (who had begun to grow vastly more popular in England since Monsieur Voltaire attacked him), there were many barbarisms that could not but shock a polite auditory; whereas Mr. Home, the modern author, knew how to be refined in the very midst of grief and passion; to represent death, not merely as awful, but graceful and pathetic; and never condescended to degrade the majesty of the Tragic Muse by the ludicrous apposition of buffoonery and familiar punning, such as the elder playwright certainly had resort to. Besides, Mr. Home's performance had been admired in quarters so high, and by personages whose taste was known to be as elevated as their rank, that all Britons could not but join in the plaudits for which august hands had given the signal. Such, it was said, was the opinion of the very best company, in the coffee-houses, and among the wits about town. Why, the famous Mr. Gray, of Cambridge, said there had not been for a hundred years any dramatic dialogue of such a true style; and as for the poet's native capital of Edinburgh, where the piece was first brought out, it was even said that the triumphant Scots called out from the pit (in their dialect), "Where's Wully Shakspeare noo?"

"I should like to see the man who could beat Willy Shakspeare," says the General, laughing.

"Mere national prejudice," says Mr. Warrington.

"Beat Shakspeare, indeed!" cries Mrs. Lambert.

"Pooh, pooh! you have cried more over Mr. Sam Richardson than ever you did over Mr. Shakspeare, Molly!" remarks the General. "I think few women love to read Shakspeare: they say they love it, but they don't."

"Oh, papa!" cry three ladies, throwing up three pair of hands.

"Well, then, why do you all three prefer 'Douglas?' And you boys, who are such Tories, will you go see a play which is wrote by a Whig Scotchman, who was actually made prisoner at Falkirk?"

"*Relictâ non bene parmulâ*," says Mr. Jack the scholar.

"Nay; it was *relictâ bene parmulâ*," cried the General. "It was the Highlanders who flung their targes down, and made fierce work among us red coats. If they had fought all their fields as well as that, and young Perkin had not turned back from Derby—"

"I know which side would be rebels, and who would be called the Young Pretender," interposed George.

"Hush! you must please to remember my cloth, Mr. Warrington," said the General, with some gravity; "and that the cockade I wear is a black, not a white one! Well, if you will not love Mr. Home for his politics, there is, I think, another reason, George, why you should like him."

"I may have Tory fancies, Mr. Lambert; but I think I know how to love and honor a good Whig," said George, with a bow to the General: "and why should I like this Mr. Home, Sir?"

"Because, being a Presbyterian clergyman, he has committed the heinous crime of writing a play, and his brother parsons have barked out an excommunication at him. They took the poor fellow's means of livelihood away from him for his performance; and he would have starved, but that the young Pretender on *our* side of the water has given him a pension."

"If he has been persecuted by the parsons there is hope for him," says George, smiling. "And henceforth I declare myself ready to hear his sermons."

"Mrs. Woffington is divine in it, though not generally famous in tragedy. Barry is drawing tears from all eyes; and Garrick is wild at having refused the piece. Girls, you must bring each a half dozen handkerchiefs! As for Mamma, I can not trust her; and she positively must be left at home."

But Mamma persisted she would go; and, if need were to weep, she would sit and cry her eyes out in a corner. They all went to Covent Garden, then; the most of the party duly prepared to see one of the master-pieces of the age and drama. Could they not all speak long pages of Congreve? had they not wept and kindled over Otway and Rowe? Oh ye past literary glories, that were to be eternal, how

long have you been dead? Who knows much more now than where your graves are? Poor, neglected Muse of the by-gone theatre! She pipes for us, and we will not dance; she tears her hair, and we will not weep. And the Immortals of our time, how soon shall they be dead and buried, think you? How many will survive? How long shall it be ere Nox et Domus Plutonia shall overtake them?

So away went the pleased party to Covent Garden to see the tragedy of the immortal John Home. The ladies and the General were conveyed in a glass coach, and found the young men in waiting to receive them at the theatre door. Hence they elbowed their way through a crowd of torch-boys, and a whole regiment of footmen. Little Hetty fell to Harry's arm in this expedition, and the blushing Miss Theo was handed to the box by Mr. George. Gumbo had kept the places until his masters arrived, when he retired, with many bows, to take his own seat in the footman's gallery. They had good places in a front box, and there was luckily a pillar behind which Mamma could weep in comfort. And opposite them they had the honor to see the august hope of the empire, his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, with the Princess Dowager his mother, whom the people greeted with loyal, but not very enthusiastic, plaudits. That handsome man standing behind his Royal Highness was my Lord Bute, the Prince's Groom of the Stole, the patron of the poet whose performance they had come to see, and over whose work the Royal party had already wept more than once.

How can we help it if, during the course of the performance, Mr. Lambert would make his jokes, and mar the solemnity of the scene? At first, as the reader of the tragedy well knows, the characters are occupied in making a number of explanations. Lady Randolph explains how it is that she is so melancholy. Married to Lord Randolph somewhat late in life, she owns, and his lordship perceives, that a dead lover yet occupies all her heart; and her husband is fain to put up with this dismal, second-hand regard, which is all that my lady can bestow. Hence, an invasion of Scotland by the Danes is rather a cause of excitement than disgust to my lord, who rushes to meet the foe, and forget the dreariness of his domestic circumstances. Welcome Vikings and Norsemen! Blow, northern blasts, the invaders' keels to Scotland's shore! Randolph and other heroes will be on the beach to give the foemen a welcome! His lordship has no sooner disappeared behind the trees of the forest but Lady Randolph begins to explain to her confidante the circumstances of her early life. The fact was, she had made a private marriage, and what would the confidante say if, in early youth, she, Lady Randolph, had lost a husband? In the cold bosom of the earth was lodged the husband of her youth; and in some cavern of the ocean lies her child and his!

Up to this the General behaved with as great gravity as any of his young companions to the play; but when Lady Randolph proceeded to say, "Alas! Hereditary evil was the cause of my misfortunes!" he nudged George Warrington, and looked so droll that the young man burst out laughing.

The magic of the scene was destroyed after that. These two gentlemen went on cracking jokes during the whole of the subsequent performance, to their own amusement, but the indignation of their company, and perhaps of the people in the adjacent boxes. Young Douglas, in those days, used to wear a white satin "shape" slashed at the legs and body, and when Mr. Barry appeared in this droll costume, the General vowed it was the exact dress of the Highlanders in the late war. The Chevalier's Guard, he declared, had all white satin slashed breeches, and red boots—"only they left them at home, my dear," adds this wag. Not one pennyworth of sublimity would he or George allow henceforth to Mr. Home's performance. As for Harry, he sat in very deep meditation over the scene; and when Mrs. Lambert offered him a penny for his thoughts, he said, "That he thought Young Norval, Douglas, What-d'ye-call-'em, the fellow in white satin—who looked as old as his mother—was very lucky to be able to distinguish himself so soon. I wish I could get a chance, Aunt Lambert," says he, drumming on his hat; on which Mamma sighed, and Theo, smiling, said, "We must wait, and perhaps the Danes will land."

"How do you mean?" asks simple Harry.

"Oh! the Danes always land, *pour qui sçait attendre!*" says kind Theo, who had hold of her sister's little hand, and, I dare say, felt its pressure.

She did not behave unkindly—that was not in Miss Theo's nature—but somewhat coldly to Mr. George, on whom she turned her back, addressing remarks, from time to time, to Harry. In spite of the gentlemen's scorn, the women chose to be affected. A mother and son, meeting in love and parting in tears, will always awaken emotion in female hearts.

"Look, Papa! there is an answer to all your jokes!" says Theo, pointing toward the stage.

At a part of the dialogue between Lady Randolph and her son, one of the grenadiers on guard on each side of the stage, as the custom of those days was, could not restrain his tears, and was visibly weeping before the side box.

"You are right, my dear," says Papa.

"Didn't I tell you she always is?" interposes Hetty.

"Yonder sentry is a better critic than we are, and a touch of nature masters us all."

"*Tamen usque recurrit!*" cries the young student from college.

George felt abashed somehow, and interested too. He had been sneering, and Theo sympathizing. Her kindness was better—nay, wiser—than his skepticism, perhaps. Nevertheless, when, at the beginning of the fifth act of the play, young Douglas, drawing his sword and looking up at the gallery, bawled out—

Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complained,
Hear and record my soul's unaltered wish:
Living or dead, let me but be renowned!
May Heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept,
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die!

The gods, to whom Mr. Barry appealed, saluted this heroic wish with immense applause, and the General clapped his hands prodigiously. His daughter was rather disconcerted.

"This Douglas is not only brave, but he is modest!" says Papa.

"I own I think he need not have asked for a gigantic Dane," says Theo, smiling, as Lady Randolph entered in the midst of the gallery-thunder.

When the applause had subsided, Lady Randolph is made to say—

My son, I heard a voice!

"I think she *did* hear a voice!" cries Papa. "Why, the fellow was bellowing like a bull of Bashan." And the General would scarcely behave himself from henceforth to the end of the performance. He said he was heartily glad that the young gentleman was put to death behind the scenes. When Lady Randolph's friend described how her mistress had "flown like lightning up the hill, and plunged herself into the empty air," Mr. Lambert said he was delighted to be rid of her. "And as for that story of her early marriage," says he, "I have my very strongest doubts about it."

"Nonsense, Martin! Look, children! Their Royal Highnesses are moving."

The tragedy over, the Princess Dowager and the Prince were, in fact, retiring; though, I dare say, the latter, who was always fond of a farce, would have been far better pleased with that which followed than he had been with Mr. Home's dreary tragic master-piece.

CHAPTER LX.

WHICH TREATS OF MACBETH, A SUPPER, AND A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

When the performances were concluded, our friends took coach for Mr. Warrington's lodging, where the Virginians had provided an elegant supper. Mr. Warrington was eager to treat them in the handsomest manner, and the General and his wife accepted the invitation of the two bachelors, pleased to think that they could give their young friends pleasure. General and Mrs. Lambert, their son from college, their two blooming daughters, and Mr. Spencer of the Temple, a new friend whom George had met at the coffee-house, formed the party, and partook with cheerfulness of the landlady's fare. The order of their sitting I have not been able exactly to ascertain; but, somehow, Miss Theo had a place next to the chickens and Mr. George Warrington, while Miss Hetty and a ham divided the attentions of Mr. Harry. Mr. Lam-



bert *must* have been on George's right hand, so that we have but to settle the three places of the General, his son, and the Templar.

Mr. Spencer had been at the other theatre, where, on a former day, he had actually introduced George to the green-room. The conversation about the play was resumed, and some of the party persisted in being delighted with it.

"As for what our gentlemen say, Sir," cries Mrs. Lambert to Mr. Spencer, "you must not believe a word of it. 'Tis a delightful piece, and my husband and Mr. George behaved as ill as possible."

"We laughed in the wrong place, and when we ought to have cried," the General owned; "that's the truth."

"You caused all the people in the boxes about us to look round and cry, 'Hush!' You made the pit-folks say, 'Silence in the boxes, yonder!' Such behavior I never knew, and quite blushed for you, Mr. Lambert!"

"Mamma thought it was a tragedy, and we thought it was a piece of fun," says the General. "George and I behaved perfectly well, didn't we, Theo?"

"Not when I was looking your way, Papa!" Theo replies. At which the General asks, "Was there ever such a saucy baggage seen?"

"You know, Sir, I didn't speak till I was bid," Theo continues, modestly. "I own I was very much moved by the play, and the beauty and acting of Mrs. Woffington. I am sorry that the poor mother should find her child, and lose him. I am sorry too, Papa, if I oughtn't to have been sorry!" adds the young lady, with a smile.

"Women are not so clever as men, you know, Theo!" cries Hetty, from her end of the table, with a sly look at Harry. "The next time we go to the play, please, brother Jack, pinch us when we ought to cry, or give us a nudge when it is right to laugh."



MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH.

"I wish we could have had the fight," said General Lambert—"the fight between little Norval and the gigantic Norwegian—that would have been rare sport: and you should write, Jack, and suggest it to Mr. Rich, the manager!"

"I have not seen that; but I saw Slack and Broughton at Marybone Gardens!" says Harry, gravely; and wondered if he had said something witty, as all the company laughed so.

"It would require no giant," he added, "to knock over yonder little fellow in the red boots. I, for one, could throw him over my shoulder."

"Mr. Garrick is a little man. But there are times when he looks a giant," says Mr. Spencer. "How grand he was in Macbeth, Mr. Warrington! How awful that dagger-scene was! You should have seen our host, ladies! I presented Mr. Warrington in the Green Room to Mr.

Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, and Lady Macbeth did him the honor to take a pinch out of his box."

"Did the wife of the Thane of Cawdor sneeze?" asked the General, in an awful voice.

"She thanked Mr. Warrington in tones so hollow and tragic that he started back, and must have upset some of his rappee, for Macbeth sneezed thrice."

"Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth!" cries the General.

And the great philosopher, who was standing by, Mr. Johnson, says, "You must mind, Davy, lest thy sneeze should awaken Duncan!" who, by-the-way, was talking with the three witches as they sat against the wall.

"What! Have you been behind the scenes at the play? Oh, I would give worlds to go behind the scenes!" cries Theo.

"And see the ropes pulled, and smell the tallow candles, and look at the pasteboard gold, and the tinsel jewels, and the painted old women, Theo? No. Do not look too close," says the skeptical young host, demurely drinking a glass of hock. "You were angry with your Papa and me."

"Nay, George!" cries the girl.

"Nay? I say, yes! You were angry with us because we laughed when you were disposed to be crying. If I may speak for you, Sir, as well as myself," says George (with a bow to his guest, General Lambert), "I think we were not inclined to weep, like the ladies, because we stood behind the author's scenes of the play, as it were. Looking close up to the young hero, we saw how much of him was rant and tinsel; and as for the pale, tragical mother, that her pallor was white chalk, and her grief her pocket-handkerchief. Own, now, Theo, you thought me very unfeeling?"

"If you find it out, Sir, without my owning it, what is the good of my confessing?" says Theo.

"Suppose I were to die," goes on George, "and you saw Harry in grief, you would be seeing a genuine affliction, a real tragedy; you would grieve too. But you wouldn't be affected if you saw the undertaker in weepers and a black cloak!"

"Indeed but I should, Sir!" says Mrs. Lambert; "and so, I promise you, would any daughter of mine."

"Perhaps we might find weepers of our own, Mr. Warrington," says Theo, "in such a case."

"Would you?" cries George, and his cheeks and Theo's simultaneously flushed up with red; I suppose because they both saw Hetty's bright young eyes watching them.

"The elder writers understood but little of the pathetic," remarked Mr. Spencer, the Temple wit.

"What do you think of Sophocles and Antigone?" calls out Mr. John Lambert.

"Faith, our wits trouble themselves little about *him*, unless an Oxford gentleman comes to remind us of him! I did not mean to go back further than Mr. Shakspeare, who, as you will all agree, does not understand the elegant and pathetic as well as the moderns. Has he ever approached Belvidera, or Monimia, or Jane Shore; or can you find in his comic female characters the elegance of Congreve?" and the Templar offered snuff to the right and left.

"I think Mr. Spencer himself must have tried his hand?" asks some one.

"Many gentlemen of leisure have. Mr. Garrick, I own, has had a piece of mine, and returned it."

"And I confess that I have four acts of a play in one of my boxes," says George.

"I'll be bound to say it's as good as any of 'em," whispers Harry to his neighbor.

"Is it a tragedy or a comedy?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

"Oh, a tragedy, and two or three dreadful murders at least!" George replies.

"Let us play it, and let the audience look to their eyes! Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant," says the General.

"The tragedy, the tragedy!" Go and fetch the tragedy this moment, Gumbo!" calls Mrs. Lambert to the black. Gumbo makes a low bow, and says "Tragedy?" yes, madam."

"In the great cow-skin trunk, Gumbo," George says, gravely.

Gumbo bows, and says "Yes, Sir, with still superior gravity.

"But my tragedy is at the bottom of I don't know how much linen, packages, books, and boots, Hetty."

"Never mind, let us have it, and fling the linen out of window!" cries Miss Hetty.

"And the great cow-skin trunk is at our agent's at Bristol; so Gumbo must get post-horses, and we can keep it up till he returns the day after to-morrow," says George.

The ladies groaned a comical Oh! and Papa, perhaps more seriously, said, "Let us be thankful for the escape. Let us be thinking of going home too. Our young gentlemen have treated us nobly, and we will all drink a parting bumper to Madam Esmond Warrington, of Castlewood, in Virginia. Suppose, boys, you were to find a tall, handsome step-father when you got home? Ladies as old as she have been known to marry before now."

"To Madam Esmond Warrington, my old school-fellow!" cries Mrs. Lambert. "I shall write and tell her what a pretty supper her sons have given us; and, Mr. George, I won't say how ill you behaved at the play!" And, with this last toast, the company took leave; the General's coach and servant, with a flambeau, being in waiting to carry his family home.

After such an entertainment as that which Mr. Warrington had given, what could be more natural or proper than a visit from him to his guests, to inquire how they had reached home and rested? Why, their coach might have taken the open country behind Montague House, in the direction of Oxford Road, and been waylaid by

footpads in the fields. The ladies might have caught cold or slept ill after the excitement of the tragedy. In a word, there was no reason why he should make any excuse at all to himself or them for visiting his kind friends; and he shut his books early at the Sloane Museum, and perhaps thought, as he walked away thence, that he remembered very little about what he had been reading.

Pray what is the meaning of this eagerness, this hesitation, this pshawing and shilly-shallying, these doubts, this tremor as he knocks at the door of Mr. Lambert's lodgings in Dean Street, and surveys the footman who comes to his summons? Does any young man read? does any old one remember? does any wearied, worn, disappointed, pulseless heart recall the time of its full beat and early throbbing? It is ever so many hundred years since some of us were young; and we forget, but do not all forget. No, Madam, we remember with advantages, as Shakspeare's Harry promised his soldiers they should do if they survived Agincourt and that day of St. Crispin. Worn old chargers turned out to grass, if the trumpet sounds over the hedge, may we not kick up our old heels and gallop a minute or so about the paddock till we are brought up roaring? I do not care for clown and pantaloon now, and think the fairy ugly, and her verses insufferable; but I like to see children at a pantomime. I do not dance or eat supper any more; but I like to watch Eugenio and Flirtilla twirling round in a pretty waltz, or Lucinda and Ardentio pulling a cracker. Burn your little fingers, children! Blaze out little kindly flames from each other's eyes! And then draw close together and read the motto (that old namby-pamby motto, so stale and so new!)—I say, let her lips read it and his construe it; and so divide the sweatmeat, young people, and crunch it between you. I have no teeth. Bitter almonds and sugar disagree with me, I tell you; but, for all that, shall not bonbons melt in the mouth?

We follow John up stairs to the General's apartments, and enter with Mr. George Esmond Warrington, who makes a prodigious fine bow. There is only one lady in the room, seated near a window: there is not often much sunshine in Dean Street; the young lady in the window is no special beauty, but it is spring-time, and she is blooming vernally. A bunch of fresh roses is flushing in her honest cheek. I suppose her eyes are violets. If we lived a hundred years ago, and wrote in the *Gentleman's* or the *London Magazine*, we should tell Mr. Sylvanus Urban that her neck was the lily, and her shape the nymph's; we should write an acrostic about her, and celebrate our Lambertella in an elegant poem, still to be read between a neat new-engraved plan of the city of Prague and the King of Prussia's camp, and a map of Maryland and the Delaware counties.

Here is Miss Theo blushing like a rose. What could Mamma have meant an hour since by insisting that she was very pale and tired, and had best not come out to-day with the rest of the party? They were gone to pay their compliments to my Lord Wrotham's ladies, and thank them for the house in their absence; and Papa was at the Horse Guards. He is in great spirits. I believe he expects some command, though Mamma is in a sad tremor lest he should again be ordered abroad.

"Your brother and mine are gone to see our little brother at his school at the Chartreux. My brothers are both to be clergymen, I think," Miss Theo continues. She is assiduously hemming at some article of boyish wearing apparel as she talks. A hundred years ago young ladies were not afraid either to make shirts or to name them. Mind, I don't say they were the worse or the better for that plain stitching or plain speaking: and have not the least desire, my dear young lady, that you should make puddings or I should black boots.

"So Harry has been with them?" "He often comes, almost every day," Theo says, looking up in George's face. "Poor fellow! He likes us better than the fine folks, who don't care for him now—now he is no longer a fine folk himself," adds the girl, smiling. "Why have you not set up for the fashion, and frequented the chocolate-houses and the race-courses, Mr. Warrington?"

"Has my brother got so much good out of his gay haunts or his grand friends that I should imitate him?"

"You might at least go to Sir Miles Warrington; sure his arms are open to receive you! Her ladyship was here this morning in her chair, and to hear her praises of you! She declares you are in a certain way to preferment. She says his Royal Highness the Duke made much of you at court. When you are a great man will you forget us, Mr. Warrington?"

"Yes, when I am a great man I will, Miss Lambert."

"Well! Mr. George, then—"

"*Mr.* George!"

"When Papa and Mamma are here, I suppose there need be no mistering," says Theo, looking out of the window, ever so little frightened. "And what have you been doing, Sir? Reading books, or writing more of your tragedy? Is it going to be a tragedy to make us cry, as we like them, or only to frighten us, as *you* like them?"

"There is plenty of killing, but, I fear, not much crying. I have not met many women. I have not been very intimate with those. I dare say what I have written is only taken out of books, or parodied from poems which I have read and imitated like other young men. Women do not speak to me, generally—I am said to have a sarcastic way which displeases them."

"Perhaps you never cared to please them?" inquires Miss Theo, with a blush.

"I displeased you last night—you know I did?"

"Yes; only it can't be called displeasure, and afterward I thought I was wrong."

"Did you think about me at all when I was away, Theo?"

"Yes, George—that is, Mr.—well, George! I thought you and Papa were right about the play; and, as you said, that it was not real sorrow, only affectation, which was moving us. I wonder whether it is good or ill fortune to see so clearly? Hetty and I agreed that we would be very careful for the future how we allowed ourselves to enjoy a tragedy. So, be careful when yours comes! What is the name of it?"

"He is not christened. Will you be the godmother? The name of the chief character is—" but at this very moment Mamma and Miss Hetty arrived from their walk—and Mamma straightway began protesting that she never expected to see Mr. Warrington at all that day—that is, she thought he might come—that is, it was very good of him to come, and the play and the supper of yesterday were all charming, except that Theo had a little headache this morning.

"I dare say it is better now, Mamma," says Miss Hetty.

"Indeed, my dear, it never was of any consequence! and I told Mamma so," says Miss Theo, with a toss of her head.

Then they fell to talking about Harry. He was very low. He must have something to do. He was always going to the Military Coffee-house, and perpetually poring over the King of Prussia's campaigns. It was not fair upon him to bid him remain in London, after his deposition, as it were. He said nothing, but you could see how he regretted his previous useless life, and felt his present dependence, by the manner in which he avoided his former haunts and associates. Passing by the guard at St. James's, with John Lambert, he had said to brother Jack, "Why mayn't I be a soldier, too? I am as tall as yonder fellow, and can kill with a fowling-piece as well as any man I know. But I can't earn so much as sixpence a day. I have squandered my own bread, and now I am eating half my brother's. He is the best of brothers; but so much the more shame that I should live upon him. Don't tell my brother, Jack Lambert." "And my boy promised he *wouldn't* tell," says Mr. Lambert. No doubt. The girls were both out of the room when their mother made this speech to George Warrington. He, for his part, said he had written home to his mother—that half his little patrimony, the other half likewise, if wanted, were at Harry's disposal, for purchasing a commission, or for any other project which might bring him occupation or advancement.

"He *has* got a good brother, that is sure. Let us hope for good times for him," sighs the lady.

"The Danes always come *pour qui sçait attendre*," George said, in a low voice.

"What, you heard that? Ah! George, my Theo is an ——. Ah! never mind *what* she is, George Warrington," cried the pleased mother, with brimful eyes. "Bah! I am going to make a gaby of myself, as I did at the tragedy!"

Now Mr. George had been revolving a fine private scheme, which he thought might turn to his brother's advantage. After George's presentation to his Royal Highness at Kensington, more persons than one, his friend General Lambert included, had told him that the Duke had inquired regarding him, and had asked why the young man did not come to his levee. Importunity so august could not but be satisfied. A day was appointed between Mr. Lambert and his young friend, and they went to pay their duty to his Royal Highness at his house in Pall Mall.

When it came to George's turn to make a bow the Prince was especially gracious; he spoke to Mr. Warrington at some length about Braddock and the war, and was, apparently, pleased with the modesty and intelligence of the young gentleman's answers. George ascribed the failure of the expedition to the panic and surprise, certainly, but more especially to the delays occasioned by the rapacity, selfishness, and unfair dealing of the people of the colonies toward the King's troops, who were come to defend them. "Could we have moved, Sir, a month sooner, the fort was certainly ours, and the little army had never been defeated," Mr. Warrington said; in which observation his Royal Highness entirely concurred.

"I am told you saved yourself, Sir, mainly by your knowledge of the French language," the Royal Duke then affably observed. Mr. Warrington modestly mentioned how he had been in the French colonies in his youth, and had opportunities of acquiring that tongue.

The Prince (who had a great urbanity when well pleased, and the finest sense of humor) condescended to ask who had taught Mr. Warrington the language; and to express his opinion that, for the pronunciation, the French ladies were by far the best teachers.

The young Virginian gentleman made a low bow, and said it was not for him to gainsay his Royal Highness; upon which the Duke was good enough to say (in a jocose manner) that Mr. Warrington was a sly dog.

Mr. W. remaining respectfully silent, the Prince continued, most kindly: "I take the field immediately against the French, who, as you know, are threatening his Majesty's Electoral dominions. If you have a mind to make the campaign with me, your skill in the language may be useful; and I hope we shall be more fortunate than poor Braddock!" Every eye was fixed on a young man to whom so great a Prince offered so signal a favor.

And now it was that Mr. George thought he would make his very cleverest speech. "Sir," he said, "your Royal Highness's most kind proposal does me infinite honor, but—"

"But what, Sir?" says the Prince, staring at him.

"But I have entered myself of the Temple, to study our laws, and to fit myself for my duties at home. If my having been wounded in the service of my country be any claim on your

kindness, I would numbly ask that my brother, who knows the French language as well as myself, and has far more strength, courage, and military genius, might be allowed to serve your Royal Highness in the place of—"

"Enough, enough, Sir!" cried out the justly irritated son of the Monarch. "What! I offer you a favor, and you hand it over to your brother? Wait, Sir, till I offer you another!" And with this the Prince turned his back upon Mr. Warrington, just as abruptly as he turned it on the French, a few months afterward.

"Oh, George! oh, George! Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" groaned General Lambert, as he and his young friend walked home together.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS has been mainly occupied in discussing the topics presented in the President's Message, though as yet no decisive action has been reached upon any of the prominent subjects under consideration.—The first "Congressional fight" took place between Messrs. English of Indiana, and Montgomery of Pennsylvania, both of whom were prominent in the Kansas measures of the last session. They met in the street, when the latter refused to acknowledge the salutation of the former, whereupon the gentleman from Indiana knocked down, with a heavy cane, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, who retorted by flinging a brickbat at the other.

In the Senate Mr. Douglas was displaced from his position as Chairman of the Committee on Territories, upon the ground that his views upon the question of popular sovereignty were not in accordance with those of the Democratic party. He is succeeded by Mr. Green, of Missouri.—The most interesting debates in the Senate have been upon the Pacific Railroad Bill. The absolute necessity of such a road is admitted by all; but there is a great diversity of opinion upon the mode of construction, and especially upon the line to be chosen. The Southern members wish the road to run through Arkansas, Texas, and New Mexico, while those from the North and West wish it to run through Kansas or Minnesota. Mr. Seward, of New York, on the 21st of December, made an elaborate speech in support of the original bill. This, in effect, provides that the President shall be provided with means to contract for the building of a railroad, starting on the western borders of the State of Missouri, at some point between the Big Sioux and the Kansas rivers, and thence proceeding to San Francisco, by the most eligible route, regard being had to feasibility, shortness, and economy. He urged the immediate construction of the road on the grounds of public policy. If he were allowed to prescribe the route and the policy of constructing the railroad, he would choose a path which would be a continuation of the road that our great Northwestern emigration had hitherto followed. He would discard all employment of Companies, and all grants of public lands, and would build the road, as a military, postal, and national highway, with the money and credit of the Federal Government, and surrender the lands along the route to actual settlers, free of cost. But he had concurred in the presentation of the present Bill, though objectionable in many particulars, as the only alternative. The time for deliberation had passed, and that for action had begun. The road was wanted for political and military purposes—commerce was a mere adjunct. If such a means of communication were not provided, the Atlantic and Pacific States would not remain always united; and the action of Congress would decide whether Washington should remain the capital of the whole United States, or only of the United States of the Atlantic, while the city of Mexico became the capital of the United States of the Pacific. Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, moved that the bill be recommitted, with instructions to the Committee to report two routes—a Northern and a Southern one. He believed the dissolution of the Union to be at hand, and was unwilling to vote money and lands for a road which was sure to be located outside of the South; but wished the South to have a route which should aid her while in the Union, and belong to her when out of it. Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, advocated the building of the road not so much as the best means of developing the material wealth of the intervening country as of maintaining our rights and protecting our citizens on the Pacific coast. The location of the route, whether a few degrees further north or south, was of secondary importance, though for himself he preferred a central route. Viewed simply as a military measure, it was worthy of the best efforts of Government; for were war to break out with a great maritime Power, without this means of concentrating our forces, California would speedily be cut off from communication with the Atlantic States. Six months of such a war might cost more than such a railroad. With this road, what Power would be strong enough to meet us on the Pacific? Without it, what Power would be too weak to annoy us there? He could see little difference between the construction of such a work and that of forts to defend the commercial cities of the sea-board. Three or four hundred millions of dollars would, if required, be voted for the purchase of Cuba, and why should not a grant of public lands be made for the protection of California, Washington, and Oregon? As a channel of commerce, also, this road would open the direct route to China and Japan—not indeed for heavy tonnage, but for the finer fabrics, for precious metals, and for the mails from the East to the West. Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, advocated the central route, as passing through the centre of population. Topographically, there was little difference between the three lines surveyed; either could be built in ten or twelve years without deranging the financial condition of the country. The work should be undertaken by Government, since its cost—which would be one hundred millions of dollars, one-third of the surplus capital of the country—put it beyond the means of native capitalists or companies, and it would not be advisable to place it under foreign control; and, furthermore, there would be no security that contractors, after having secured the best lands in the fertile districts, would

push the road through the precipitous mountains and sterile plains of the interior.—Various amendments to the Bill have been proposed. One offered by Mr. Polk, of Missouri, in favor of the Southern route was lost by 17 to 29; another, by Mr. Foster, of Maine, providing that American iron should be exclusively used in the construction of the road, was adopted by 25 to 23.—Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered a new Bill, providing that the President and Senate should appoint five civil engineers, who, within two years, shall locate the route of a railroad from the Missouri River to San Francisco, between the 34th and 43d parallels; if the decision of the Commissioners is approved by the President, the railroad shall be built under the direction of a Board, consisting of the Secretaries of War, of the Interior, the Postmaster-General, and Attorney-General, who shall contract for its construction with the lowest bidders, in sections of not more than twenty-five miles, the money to be raised by loan, as needed, in sums of not more than $10,000,000 a year; from the passage of the Act until the road is located, all the public lands between these parallels to be withheld from sale, but to be open to pre-emption by actual settlers; then the proceeds of the lands for 150 miles on each side of the road to constitute a fund for the construction of the road and the payment of the debt incurred by it.—Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, offered a bill providing for the survey of two routes: one from Lake Superior to Puget's Sound, with a branch to the navigable waters of the Columbia, the other from the western border of Texas to San Petro, or San Diego, on the Bay of San Francisco; the termini to be determined by the President, with the consent of the States and Territories in which they are situated; the lands for forty miles on each side of these routes to be surveyed, and the present settlers to have the right of pre-emption on the payment of ten cents per acre; each alternate section, for ten sections on each side of the routes, to be granted to the States and Territories in which they lie, for the construction of the roads; 200 sections may be sold along every twenty miles of the road, as completed, but if the road is not completed within twenty years, all lands unsold to revert to the United States. Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, offered another amendment, referring the whole subject back to the Committee on Public Lands, with instructions to appoint three sets of Commissioners, each consisting of three members, whose duty shall be to locate, within the present year, a Northern, a Central, and a Southern road, and to report the location and cost to the President, who shall thereupon enter into contracts, subject to the approval of Congress, for the building of the roads; none of the public lands to be alienated to the contractors, but the proceeds of the sale to actual settlers, at the rate of $2 50 an acre, to go toward paying the cost of the roads; whenever a section of twenty-five miles is built, Government shall issue bonds to the contractor for $10,000 a mile, to be secured by lien on the road.

Bills have been introduced for building ten additional sloops of war; for the organization of the Territories of Arizona and Dacotah; granting 1,000,000 acres of public land for the aid of schools in the District of Columbia; for abolishing the franking privilege, etc.——The "Leavenworth Constitution" for Kansas was introduced by Mr. Seward. The French Spoliation Bill having been discussed, was passed by 16 to 21.——The Senate took possession of its new Hall on the 5th of January; at the last meeting in the old Hall eloquent commemorative speeches were made by the Vice-President and Senator Crittenden.

In the House, besides some of the questions touched upon in the Senate, the most important business has been the passage, by a vote of 130 to 73, of a bill granting pensions to those who were engaged in the war of 1812; the sums allowed are: for 60 days' service $50 per annum; for 6 months $50; for 12 months and upward $96; the widow of a pensioner to receive the pension during her natural life. The entire amount, exclusive of land grants, paid as army and navy pensions, from the organization of the Government to the 30th of June, 1858, is $86,376,087.

The Message of the Governor of *New York* gives the debt of the State as $31,000,000, of which $24,000,000 are placed to the canal account; the whole amount of tolls upon the canals was $2,072,000, being $700,000 less than the current expenses, interest upon the debt, and other claims upon the canal revenues; he, however, recommends the speedy completion of the enlargement of the Erie canal. Aside from the canal deficiency, there is a deficiency in the general revenue of $460,000. There are 88 railroad corporations in the State, having a debt, funded and floating, of $109,000,000; the roads have cost $137,000,000; of these corporations only 14 paid dividends during the past year. He says that New York has always maintained a conservative attitude toward other States whose system of labor differs from her own; but while disclaiming all right or wish to interfere with their domestic concerns, she insists on her right to maintain the superiority of liberty over slavery, wherever the issue is legitimately presented.——The Message of the Governor of *Massachusetts* is devoted wholly to the concerns of that State, the financial affairs of which are represented to be in a very favorable condition. The public debt is $1,314,000, for the payment of which, as it becomes due, ample provision has been made; the school fund amounts to $1,500,000, which the Governor recommends should be increased to $3,000,000, by the sale of lands.——The Message of the Governor of *Pennsylvania* gives a satisfactory view of the finances of the State, the revenue amounting to more than $4,000,000, exceeding the expenditures by $250,000; the supplies on hand being $750,000. The public debt is nearly $40,000,000, which he recommends should be greatly reduced, with a view to its extinguishment. He opposes any addition, under the present system, to the banking capital or the number of banks; states that the condition of the General Treasury demonstrates the necessity of an increase in the tariff, and favors the President's views in respect to specific duties. In reference to Kansas he says that, under various pretenses, the right of franchise has been denied the people of that Territory; he affirms that no fair construction can be given to the "Dred Scott" decision of the Supreme Court, which would make it the duty of Congress to protect slavery in the Territories, and condemns any such doctrine, no matter how sanctioned.——The Message of the Governor of *Ohio* represents the general condition of the State as flourishing, the finances are easy, the public works well-managed, and the agricultural interests of the State are recovering from the depression of last year. The number of persons receiving public relief is one in one hundred and sixty-two of the population. The ratio

of crimes to the population is about one to two hundred and eight; that of criminals being somewhat less. The Governor thinks that the small ratio of convictions to crimes indicates a defective administration of justice, and is persuaded that in many cases murder escapes adequate punishment through the reluctance of juries to find verdicts which must be followed by sentence of death. He attributes half the crimes, and four-fifths of police offenses, to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and recommends the establishment of an asylum for inebriates. The administration of civil justice, he says, has not disappointed the expectations of the advocates of an elective judiciary.——The Governor of *Indiana* represents that the revenues of the Wabash and Erie Canal have greatly diminished, and fears that they will be insufficient to keep the works in repair; that the bond-holders have informed the trustees of their determination to close the canal and abandon the work whenever the revenues become inadequate. He says that the laws of the State in regard to the qualifications of voters are inadequate, and recommends a law inflicting severe penalties upon officers who admit illegal or refuse to admit legal votes.——The Governor of *Maine* says that the finances of the State demand the most exact economy in the public service. The expenditures of the year are estimated at $431,000, and the receipts at $368,000. He regards the policy of the General Government upon the Slavery question as injurious to the rights of the Free States, and calls upon the Legislatures and the people to maintain their resistance to the extension of slavery.——The Governor of *Delaware* recommends that the faith of the State be pledged in favor of railroads; that the Public School system be changed so as to secure the better education of children; and favors the restoration of the tariff of 1842.——The Governor of *Illinois* represents the finances of the State to be in a favorable condition. The amount of taxable property has increased $50,000,000 during the year. The debt, principal and interest, is $11,138,000. During the past two years more than $1,100,000 have been paid; and the Governor anticipates that the whole will be paid within six years. In the present aspect of national politics he sees increased reason for a reiteration of adhesion to the Union, and a declaration of opinions adverse to the extension of slavery.

Mr. Douglas, who may now be styled an "anti-Administration Democrat," has been re-elected Senator from Illinois. Since the conclusion of the arduous canvass of the State he has made an extended tour through the country, being every where received with great consideration.—Messrs. H. S. Lane and W. M. M'Carty, Republicans, have been elected United States Senators from Illinois, who will contest the seats now held by Messrs. Bright and Fitch, on the ground of illegality in their election by the last Legislature.——Messrs. Preston, of Kentucky, and J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, the newly-appointed Ministers to Spain and Austria, have set out for their respective posts.——Recent intelligence has been received of the Paraguay fleet; the different vessels of which, having suffered somewhat from storms, are concentrating toward the mouth of the River La Plata.——New troubles, of a serious nature, have broken out in Kansas, and on the borders of Missouri. They are personal rather than political, growing out of feuds between two opposing gangs of desperadoes, headed by Hamilton and Montgomery. The Governor of the Territory has called out the military.——The filibusters who left Mobile in the *Susan* on the 6th of December returned to that port on the 1st of January. The vessel was driven by adverse winds on the coast of Honduras and wrecked on the 16th of December. With much difficulty the men made their way to Belize, where they found themselves unable to procure a vessel to carry them to their place of destination. Governor Seymour at length offered to send them back to the United States in the British armed steam-sloop *Basilisk*. He would not inquire into their original intentions, but as they had violated no law of England, would consider them simply as shipwrecked American citizens.——Some months ago a yacht called the *Wanderer*, belonging to Mr. Corrie, of South Carolina, was seized at New York on suspicion of being bound on a voyage to Africa for slaves. Nothing being found to substantiate the suspicion, she was discharged, and was cleared with papers for a voyage to Trinidad. The yacht made her appearance on the coast of Georgia about the middle of December, and it was reported that she had landed a large number of native Africans, who were dispersed among the neighboring plantations. The case is now undergoing judicial investigation, there being little doubt that the charge is well-founded.—The subject of reopening the slave-trade is warmly discussed at the South; but though it has many earnest advocates, the general sentiment appears to be decidedly averse to any such project.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* affairs have taken an unexpected turn. For some weeks the adherents of Zuloaga appeared to be gaining the advantage over their opponents. They had routed General Degollado, and taken possession of Guadalajara, besides gaining the upper hand of the Pinto Indians, who had advanced upon the capital. Meanwhile General Robles, formerly the Minister at Washington, who, upon the accession of Zuloaga, retained his post as the representative of the new Government, returned to his country, made his way through the "Liberals" who held the coast, and reached the capital, where he began to intrigue against his chief. The troops went over to him and deposed Zuloaga, who took refuge with the British Minister. Robles announced himself to be the head of the "Conservatives," and sent a commission to Vera Cruz proposing to treat with Juarez for a union with the "Liberals."

EUROPE.

From *Great Britain* the most interesting item is the Queen's India Proclamation, announcing that "Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the colonies and dependencies thereof in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, Queen, Defender of the Faith," which is now the title assumed by her Majesty, has, "for divers weighty reasons, resolved, by and with the advice of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in Parliament assembled, to take upon herself the government of the territories in India heretofore administered in trust for her by the Hon. East India Company." The proclamation calls upon all subjects in India to render obedience to the appointed authorities; confirms all the officers of the Company in their several posts, subject to the Queen's future pleasure; announces that all treaties made by the Company with native princes will be scrupulously maintained; repudiates all desire for further territorial extension; acknowledges the same duties toward In-

dian as toward other subjects; disclaims all right to interfere with their religion, promising that none shall be unduly favored or in any way molested on account of religious faith, and that all, of whatever race or creed, shall be impartially eligible for such offices as they may be qualified to fill; promises that in framing and administering law due regard shall be paid to the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India; pardons the offenses of those who, having been misled into rebellion, desire to return to the path of duty—clemency to be extended to all except such as may be convicted of having taken part directly in the murder of British subjects, with respect to whom "the demands of justice forbid the exercise of mercy;" to those who have given asylum to murderers, or have acted as leaders in the revolt, their lives only are guaranteed, but in apportioning their punishment consideration will be given to the circumstances under which they acted; to all others who are in arms against Government an unconditional pardon and amnesty is promised upon their return to their homes.——In Ireland secret societies of "Ribbonmen" are reviving, and the Lord Lieutenant has issued a very stringent proclamation warning all persons against joining any illegal societies, under pain of severe penalties, and offering large rewards to informers. These societies are reported to have branches in all the great towns in England. One object of these associations is reported to be to favor an invasion by "filibusters" from America. In Skibbereen and its neighborhood a number of arrests have been made upon this charge, and others were anticipated.——The Ionian Islands, over which Great Britain has exercised a protectorate since 1815, are in an extremely disaffected state. Mr. Gladstone, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been sent on a mission to investigate the state of things. In the mean while a number of secret dispatches to the Government from Sir John Young, the Lord High Commissioner, have been surreptitiously published. In them he recommends an effort to induce the European powers to consent that Great Britain should formally "annex" Corfu, the principal island of the group, and give up the smaller islands to the Kingdom of Greece, affirming that the inhabitants of Corfu desired to be incorporated with Great Britain. A copy of this dispatch was purloined by a Mr. Guernsey from the table of an official, to whom he had paid a visit, and furnished to a London newspaper. He was tried for theft, but the jury acquitted him on the ground that the document was not taken with any intent of deriving any personal advantage, but merely that it might be made public. The deputies of Corfu, as soon as they were made aware of the contents of the dispatch, drew up a solemn protest against it. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the Secretary of State for the colonies, transmitted a dispatch to the Senate of the Islands, the purport of which is that the object of Mr. Gladstone's mission is simply to inquire whether the relations between the Islands and Great Britain may not be improved, leaving the protectorate untouched.——The Atlantic Telegraph Company have applied to Government for aid to enable it to lay down a new cable. They ask a guarantee for four and a half per cent. upon a capital stock of two and a half or three millions of dollars. Recent investigations lead to the supposition that the main fault in the present cable is about 270 miles from the Irish coast, at a depth of 900 fathoms, and that there is another fault on the other side, probably 300 miles from Newfoundland. Electric currents are still perceptible, but too feeble and uncertain to be of any practical service. Mr. Henley is manufacturing an apparatus from which he hopes some present results may be obtained; but it is now generally admitted that permanent communication can be attained only by an entirely new line. As soon as the season permits an attempt will be made to underrun the cable so as to recover as much of it as possible.

Count Montalembert appealed from the decision of the Court sentencing him to fine and imprisonment. The Emperor offered to pardon him; but the Count refused the offer, and demanded that his appeal should be brought before the tribunal. Upon the new trial the time of imprisonment was reduced to three months, but the same fine was imposed as before. The English newspapers, which contained the report of the first trial, and the eloquent speeches of MM. Berryer and Dufaure, the counsel for the prisoner, were seized.——The commission appointed by the Emperor to inquire into the African emigration scheme have reported in favor of its continuance.

The "Mortara case" has for some months excited much attention throughout Europe, as well as in this country. At Bologna a child of Jewish parents, named Mortara, was secretly baptized, while an infant, by its nurse, thus becoming legally a Christian. The boy had attained the age of seven years when this fact was made known by the nurse. He was at once taken from his parents, on the ground that it was contrary to law that a Christian child should be educated out of the true Church.

THE EAST.

The campaign in India has been opened with every prospect of the speedy suppression of the revolt. The rebels had been dislodged from many strongholds. Several engagements are reported, each resulting in victory on the British side, and heavy losses to the enemy. On the 30th of October the rebels were defeated near Mood Poor; on the 31st the fort of Berwha was taken by storm; and on the same day the strong fort of Berra was captured; on the 23d a detachment was assailed by a thousand rebels, but they were repulsed, with the loss of men and guns; on the 27th the fort of Rohes was taken; and on the 29th Benes Madho, with 20,000 men, was captured, with loss. Tantia Topee was a fugitive, his forces having been routed, with the loss of all their guns and six hundred killed. The number of rebels was still very large—at the lowest estimate, 50,000—but they are scattered about in small bodies. The proclamation, in which the British Crown assumes entire command over India, and promises an amnesty on certain conditions, was read throughout India on the 1st of November, and is said to have given great satisfaction.

The Cape Town (Cape of Good Hope) *Monitor* of November 10 says: "Letters have just been received in Cape Town from Dr. Livingstone. He has arrived in safety as far up the Zambesi as Tete, and he and his whole party were in perfect health and high spirits. Of his Makololos, whom he had left there two years before (about 150 in number), thirty had died of small-pox, and six more had been killed during his absence. The remainder were still at Tete, and would proceed up the country with him."

Literary Notices.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, Vol. III., by William H. Prescott. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The eventful fortunes of the Moors in Spain, to which a very considerable portion of this volume is devoted, affords a congenial theme for the descriptive powers which have given such graphic beauty to the previous historical compositions of the author. In point of flowing sweetness of narrative, elegance of expression, and sustained picturesque effect, Mr. Prescott has here not only justified his well-established reputation, but even presented new claims to public admiration. It was in the year 711 that the Arabs, after traversing the southern shores of the Mediterranean, reached the celebrated straits which separate Africa from Europe. After pausing for a moment, they descended on the sunny plains of Andalusia; met the whole Gothic array on the banks of the Guadalete; and, within the space of three years, spread themselves over every part of the Peninsula. The whole of that fair domain—with the exception of a small corner in the north, where a remnant of the Goths maintained a savage independence—became subject to the victorious Saracens. Unlike the results of the Norman conquest in England, however, no union between the two races was effected. A wide difference of blood, of religion, of national tradition, placed an impassable gulf between the victors and the vanquished. No length of time served, in the eye of the Spaniard, to give the Moslem invader a title to the soil; and after the lapse of nearly eight centuries the Arabs were still looked upon as intruders, whom it was the sacred duty of the Spaniards to exterminate or expel. During the long period of the Middle Ages, when other nations were occupied with feudal quarrels or border warfare, the Spaniard was intent on the one great object of reclaiming his country from the possession of the infidel. His progress in this work, though certain, was gradual, and was measured by centuries rather than by years. By the end of the ninth century it had reached as far as the Ebro and the Douro. By the middle of the eleventh the triumphant Cid had penetrated to the Tagus; and by the middle of the thirteenth the Moslems had been stripped of the other southern provinces, and reduced to the petty kingdom of Granada. On this narrow spot they continued to maintain a national existence, and to bid defiance, for more than two centuries longer, to all the efforts of the Christians. It was not till the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella (January 2, 1492), that, after a war which rivaled the siege of Troy in its duration, the invaders were finally overcome, and "the august pair made their solemn entry into Granada; while the large silver cross, which had served as their banner through the war, sparkling in the sunbeams on the red towers of the Alhambra, announced to the Christian world that the last rood of territory in the Peninsula had passed away from the Moslem." The war against the Saracens partook of the nature of a religious crusade. Every man learned to regard himself as the soldier of Heaven, forever fighting the great battle of faith. The orders of chivalry, of which there were several in the Peninsula, were founded on the same principles as those of Palestine, where the members were pledged to perpetual war against the infidel. The patriotic principle thus became identified with the religious. In the enemies of his country the Spaniard beheld also the enemies of God; and national hostility was aggravated by religious hatred. By the terms of the capitulation of Granada, it was stipulated that the Moslems should be allowed to remain in possession of their religion, and that no inducements should be held out to effect their conversion to Christianity. But it was only for a few years that these provisions were respected by the conquerors. The clergy were impatient for the triumphs of the cross, and were eager to adopt decided measures in the work of conversion. Cardinal Ximenes, especially, devoted himself to the cause with characteristic energy, and with little scruple as to the means to be employed. In the defect of reason and expostulation he did not hesitate to resort to bribes, and, if necessary, to force. Under these potent influences the work of proselytism made rapid progress. Thousands were added to the Christian fold. The more devoted Mussulmans dreaded the general apostasy of their countrymen. Exasperated by the course of the clergy, they broke out into an insurrection which soon extended along the mountain ranges in the neighborhood of Granada. But this only strengthened the hands of the clergy. The Moors, as Ximenes urged upon the sovereigns, had thus forfeited the advantages secured by the treaty, and incurred the penalties of death and confiscation of property. Their offense could be overlooked only on condition that they should at once receive baptism or leave the country. This proposal found favor in the eyes of Ferdinand and Isabella. As but few of the Moslems were prepared to renounce their country and their worldly prospects for the sake of their faith, in a short space of time the greater portion acceded to the conditions, abjured their own religion, and received that of their enemies. Such was the state of things on the accession of Philip the Second, and at the time when this portion of the history commences. The principal cities of the south were filled with a mingled population of Spaniards and Moriscoes (as the Moors were now called), the latter of whom gave evidence of conversion to the faith of their conquerors. But a large majority of the Moorish population was scattered over the mountain range of the Alpujarras, southeast of Granada, and among the bold sierras that stretch along the southern shores of Spain. Amidst those frosty peaks was many a green, sequestered valley, on which the Moorish peasant had exhausted the resources of his unrivaled cultivation. He constructed terraces from the rocky soil, planted them with vines, and clothed the bald sides of the sierra with a delicious verdure. The land was irrigated by a network of canals. The different elevations afforded the climate of different latitudes. The fig, the pomegranate, the orange grew almost side by side with the hemp of the north, and the grain of more temperate localities. Flocks of merino sheep pastured on the lower slopes of the mountains, and mulberry-trees were raised in great abundance for the manufacture of silk. In these little hamlets the people of the Alpujarras maintained the same sort of rugged independence which was enjoyed by the ancient Goth when he had taken shelter from the Saracen invader in the fastnesses of the Asturias. Here the Moriscoes cherished their national associations, and perpetuated the usages that kept alive the memory of ancient days. The measures

adopted by the Government, under the influence of the clergy, to reduce these sturdy mountaineers to the discipline of the Church, form the principal topics of this interesting volume. The progress of the rebellion, which followed the attempt to enforce the Catholic faith upon the unwilling Moslem, is described in glowing colors. Nor is the tragic picture completed until the policy of the Court is crowned by the expulsion of the Moriscoes. They were first driven away from their mountain homes in Granada. The lands and houses of the exiles were forfeited to the Crown. On the day appointed for their removal they were gathered into the principal churches of their districts, formed into divisions, and sent forth on their dreary march. Within a few years not a Morisco remained on their wonted soil. The outcasts who still lurked in the fastnesses of the mountains were exterminated by the sword, the gallows, and famine. But the exiles carried their superior skill and industry into the various provinces where they were sent. Their presence was revealed by the more minute and elaborate culture of the soil. With their skill in husbandry they combined a dexterity in the various kinds of handicraft that was unknown to the Spaniards. The products of their industry were accordingly more abundant, and were sold at a cheaper rate than those of their neighbors. They continued, however, to be oppressed by the most cruel legislation. Their national songs and dances, the holidays and celebrations which had come down to them from their ancestors, were interdicted under heavy penalties. They were even forbidden to speak or write the Arabic, on pain of imprisonment; and for a repetition of the offense, of four years' confinement in the galleys. Still they flourished under this iron system. As they found a shelter in their new homes, and resumed their former habits of quiet industry, their spirits revived, and they gradually became cheerful and even gay. They lived to a good old age, and furnished examples of longevity which it was not easy to match among the Spaniards. At length, under the reign of the imbecile Philip the Third, the Moriscoes were finally expelled from the Peninsula, an act which deprived Spain of the most industrious portion of her population, and led, among other causes, to the subsequent decline of the monarchy. In addition to the vigorous recital of the oppression of the Moriscoes, Mr. Prescott has devoted several chapters of the present volume to the wars with the Turks, and the domestic affairs of Spain, in which he has ample opportunity to illustrate the qualities which have given him such an eminent rank among American historians. If not the most profound, he is certainly one of the most pleasing of narrative writers. His pen never loses its animation. He gathers materials for picturesque description from the driest detail of facts; and although he seldom kindles into enthusiasm, or betrays the earnestness which proceeds from intensity of conviction, his sympathies are always on the right side—portraying whatever is lovely, noble, and honorable with evident pleasure, and never lending his countenance to baseness, duplicity, or tyrannic power.

Sylvan Holt's Daughter, by HOLME LEE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The plot of this novel is original in its conception, and its development is marked by ingenuity of resource and vigor of combination. Margaret Holt is the daughter of a recluse misanthrope, who, from early domestic misfortune, has forsaken society, and nurses a grim, sullen independence in the retirement of the country. She grows up, under the fostering influences of nature, into a maiden of rare beauty and peculiar loveliness of character, in spite of a certain dash of eccentricity, which she partly inherits from her father, and partly derives from the isolated position in which she is placed. Marrying into an ancient aristocratic family, she suffers from the usual effervescence between pride of birth and the gifts of nature; but every new trial only proves a new revelation of her sweet womanly dignity, until at length she is placed in a position which shows that her strength of character is equal to her gentleness of disposition. The subordinate figures in the scene are mostly arranged with excellent effect, although the story is hurried toward the close, and the situations such as do not urgently invite the sympathies of the reader.

What will he do with it? by Pisastratus Caxton, A Novel, by SIR E. BULWER LYTTON. (Published by Harper and Brothers). Every new production of Bulwer appears to justify the opinion of those who assign him the highest rank among modern writers of fiction. The present work exhibits the same knowledge of the world, insight into the springs of passion, power of artistic grouping, and richness of vocabulary which have given most of his previous novels their eminent place in English literature. In his masterly handling of characters and scenes the reader, who is weary of the wretched affectation and imbecility of so many aspiring novelists, will find a positive refreshment.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, by HENRY BARTH. (Harper and Brothers.) In this third and concluding volume, Dr. Barth pursues his narrative from the time when, dispirited by the loss of his friend and companion, Overweg, and prevented by the wars in Bornu from pursuing the exploration of that region, he set forth westward to explore the countries on the Isa, or Niger. The road which he had to traverse was long and arduous, leading through the border region lying between the Bornu and Fufulde empires, through the dominions of the conquering Fulbe, through Arbindi and Hombori, unsettled provinces obstructed by nature and infested by man; along the lakes and backwaters of the great river, until he reached the famous city of Timbuktu, to reach which was the object of his arduous undertaking. Here he experienced many inconveniences, and was detained in a sort of honorable captivity for many months. The time was occupied in his usual laborious manner, by researches into the history, character, and customs of the people. Being at length suffered to depart, he retraced his course by a different route; then crossed the desert to Tripoli, whence he embarked for Europe, having occupied nearly six years in his long and adventurous journey. He had succeeded not only in exploring a vast region which was scarcely known even to the Arab merchants, but had established friendly relations with all the most powerful chiefs along the mysterious Niger. In accuracy of observation, patience of research, and minuteness of detail, Barth stands at the head of all modern travelers. He may be considered as having fairly laid open the whole region of Central Africa to within eight degrees of the equator, leaving only a tract of sixteen degrees in breadth between his explorations and those of Livingstone to complete our knowledge of the interior of the continent.

Editor's Table.

A REVISION OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.—The question of a new translation of Scripture, or, to speak more exactly, of a revision of our received version, is one which, at the present day, is not confined to men of scholarly attainments, but has excited a deep interest in all classes of intelligent minds. This is in some degree owing to the intense evangelism so characteristic of our era—a spirit somewhat akin to that which prevailed during the Reformation, and which led to the execution of the versions, now existing, in the languages of modern Europe. At all events, we not only find the question mooted by biblical scholars, but the experiment actually made by individuals and by religious societies. We believe it is not the design of all of these new versions to supersede our standard English Bible; but they indicate a dissatisfaction with it, and a desire that its alleged defects may be remedied. It becomes, therefore, a duty of importance to us, who hold the position of mediators between the scholastic and the general mind, to inquire whether the defects of our received version are so many and so great as are alleged, and whether an emendation of it is desirable or practicable.

We admit, at the outset, that the successful transfusion of thought and sentiment from one language into another is a work of almost invincible difficulty; especially when the languages under treatment belong to widely separated eras of the world's history, and are the media of expression for races largely differing in habits of mind, in social usage, and in general spirit. This difficulty is increased when part of the matter to be translated is poetic in form; for in poetry so much depends upon diction and rhythm, that its fine spirit may entirely escape us while making the effort to house it, as it were, in another body. What adequate translation have we of Homer? In Pope's poetic paraphrase the blind old bard appears before us in the garb and wears the mien of a fine gentleman of the eighteenth century; while, in the blank verse of Cowper, he is so prosy, so bare of all appropriate appareling, that we scarce recognize his identity. In the one instance we have Alexander Pope acting the part of Homer; in the other, alas! naught but Homer's ghost. As Boswell once wittily said (and it is the only witty saying of his that we remember), "A translation of poetry may be in the same tune but not in the same tone; Homer plays on a bassoon, Pope on a flageolet."

A translation can never be more than a close approximation to its original. There will always remain delicate shadings of meaning perceptible to those alone who are familiar with both languages. Making, however, every allowance for this and the like difficulties, we may safely say that our English version of the Bible approaches more closely the spirit of its originals than any book ever rendered from an ancient into a modern tongue.

But what are the defects complained of? We do not include now the renderings of the ecclesiastical terms which the churches variously interpret, and which they naturally desire to have translated, or at least construed, according to their own views. We propose rather to select those which interest all readers, the correction of which would, in all likelihood, be universally accepted as an improvement.

The first class of cases which we note are those where, from the constant flux and change which is the normal state of a living language, words in our version which accurately represented the thought of the sacred writers two hundred years ago, do not, at the present day, so precisely express their meaning. Thus, "to prevent," in the language of our translators, meant "to go before;" "to let" signified "to hinder;" "wot" and "wist" were common forms for "know" and "knew;" as also was "bewray" for "expose," "lease" for "lose," "to eschew" for "to avoid," "to entreat" for "to treat," "leasing" for "lies," "bruit" for "rumor," "minish" for "diminish," "an hungered" for "hungry." "Worship" is now limited in its significance to "the homage rendered to a divine being," it included then "civil respect or honor" likewise; "pitiful" then meant "compassionate," but now means "contemptible;" "meat" and "food" were then synonymous terms, now they are not. Such words as "taches," "ouches," and "to ear" (to plow), are unintelligible to the present generation; but it may be said, on the other hand, that they are unimportant and rarely occur.

More important instances are, "Take no thought for the morrow," which, in the time of King James, was good English for "take no anxious thought;" and in Paul's address to the Athenians, the words, "When I beheld your devotions," by which our translators meant the "objects of your worship;" and again, in the account of his journey to Rome, "We took up our carriages," which term, in the English of the sixteenth century, stood for "luggage or baggage." "Grudge not" was then equivalent to "murmur not." And we may add to these what is presumed to be a typographical blunder, "Strain *at* a gnat," for "Strain *out* a gnat"—an allusion to a well-known Eastern custom.

To these must be added the instances where the authors of our version have confessedly not chosen the happiest terms for conveying the meaning of the sacred writers. Thus, in one of the finest passages of St. Paul's writings, they have substituted "charity" for the better word "love" of the earlier English translations. They have written "Jesus" for "Joshua" in Hebrews, which, though literally correct, is confusing to the common reader. They make the Apostle Paul tell the Athenians, quite bluntly, that he considers them "too superstitious," whereas it is in his mind to say that, as a stranger, he has observed that they "are much given to religious devotion;" a statement which affords him the desired opportunity of presenting to their consideration the doctrine of Christ. Indeed, in this entire passage our version fails to indicate adequately the exquisite tact and skill of the Apostle Paul.

Other cases are those where the meaning, already clear, might, in the judgment of the learned, be given with greater clearness, and yet with no loss in the felicity of expression. Such a one is the following: "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." A closer rendering would doubtless be, "And there shall be one flock, and one shepherd," which expresses the idea of unity more perfectly.

Then again, it is thought by some that the language of our English Bible is, in a few places, too homely, not to say indelicate. An attempt to remedy this and other defects by a new translation,

was made by our distinguished American lexicographer, Noah Webster, but we believe without success. It is not our purpose, however, neither is it practicable in a brief discussion, to make a complete catalogue of the defects of our household version of Scripture. It would be an ungrateful task at best; and besides, we do not attach as much importance to them as do those who insist upon a revision. We might admit every count in the bill of charges, and yet deduce a different practical conclusion. Some of the charges we conceive to be frivolous; others, again, are weighty, and entitled to serious consideration. Yet we hold with Sir Thomas Browne, that "if the substantial subject be well forged out, we need not examine the sparks which irregularly fly from it." In laying the many courses of a building a stone may here and there be illy adjusted to the rest; but if the edifice is so finely proportioned that its architectural effects impress every beholder, we may well bethink ourselves a little before we undertake to meddle with or to mend it. If our readers will conceive the instances above cited and others like them to be somewhat multiplied, they will readily apprehend the nature of the improvements desired. It will be perceived that they do not touch the vital interest at stake—the discovery, by persons of the plainest understanding, of the true path of life. When gathered together they may at first sight make a formidable array; but that they are many, relatively to the entire contents of Scripture, no one possessed of competent knowledge will, we think, undertake to affirm.

The agitation of this question will doubtless excite in many minds the desire to know from what sources we have derived our received version of Scripture, and upon what grounds its title to pre-eminence rests. We may claim for it two signal advantages: the one, that it was made precisely at that stage of the growth of the English language best fitted for such a work; the other, that it is not in itself an original translation, but the sixth of a series of versions, each one of which is a careful revision of its predecessors. We shall devote a portion of our space to the illustration of these points.

The English, being a composite language, is, at different epochs, much affected by the various elements of which it consists. Rooted deeply in the Anglo-Saxon, it is yet supplied in large measure from the resources of the Latin and French. And though its normal state is found in a predominance of Anglo-Saxon vocables, and a simplicity of grammatical structure altogether its own, yet it has been subject to perturbations not unlike those of the planets, when brought within the sphere of each other's influence. From the awkward phrase of Sir John Mandeville to the Latinisms and deep-breathing periods of Milton and Jeremy Taylor, and from thence to the subdued grace of Steele and Addison, and from thence to the pomp of the Johnsonian diction, and from thence to the indescribable contortions of the Carlylean sentence, is a path of direction not agreeing with any rectilinear or known curvilinear movement. This irregular advance proves that our vernacular submits, for a season, to influences which, in process of time, are repelled and cast aside. Our version of the Bible enjoys the felicity of having been made in the period immediately succeeding the primitive one, when the revival of classical learning had infused a new spirit into our literature and enlarged its resources, but had not yet burdened it with imitations of the classic forms. It was the period which gave us our Shakspeare, the wealth and purity of whose diction are not the least of the legacies he has left us; the period afterward characterized as the one when authors drew "from the wells of English undefiled." The ponderous Latinists had not yet Romanized our tongue; the wits of the reign of Queen Anne had not yet subdued it to the quiet grace of the French style of expression. It was in its first vigor, large, hearty, with the dew of the early morning upon it, and, under the inspirations of the universal awakening of the human intellect, ready for the first essays of its power.

We have said that our version belongs to this period of our language, for, though reduced to its present form in the reign of King James I., it is derived from William Tyndale—the earliest translator from the original languages of Scripture into English—who lived in the reign of Henry the Eighth. There is something irresistibly attractive in the character, and withal tragic in the fate, of this man. Deeply learned, and sincerely pious, he was literally without a place to lay his head. To give the Bible to the people of England in their own tongue was the cherished purpose of his life. In a controversy with a church dignitary who opposed his scheme, he had declared with lofty confidence, "If God spares me many years, I will cause the boy that driveth the plow to know more of Scripture than you do." Driven from the soil of England by Henry, whose policy was in the main hostile to the general circulation of the Scriptures, he found a refuge at Antwerp, and subsisted upon the bounty of English merchants resident there. Entrapped at length by the King's emissaries, he was burned at the stake near Brussels, where, from the midst of the flames, he uttered the ever-memorable words, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" Who can tell how far such a life, corresponding so closely in its sufferings with the lives of the inspired authors of the New Testament, may have quickened his appreciative sympathy with much that they wrote!

The condition of the English language at the time we have described fitted it admirably for the task of rendering the thoughts and expressions of the Bible. For the greater part of Holy Scripture was written in a tongue which was never over-refined by the action of the speculative intellect. Its tone is one of dignified simplicity. It deals with the primary feelings of our nature, and the striking aspects of the outer world. The New Testament, though the product of a more refined period, has much of it the same character, from the limited culture of nearly all its writers, and the absence on their part of all thought as to their mode of expression. No better representative of its letter and spirit could have been found than the Anglo-Saxon English of the sixteenth century, pre-eminently the language of the people, refined by the advance of learning, and yet not made scholastic by writers whose only world was the student's closet. Tyndale, and his associate Coverdale, though deeply learned, had been made familiar by their manner of life with the common speech of the house, the market, and the wayside. Our version is therefore singularly free from what a writer of the time sarcastically calls "the inkhorn terms," with which the affectation of scholarship and the intercourse of the learned with each other was already infecting our language. Of the sixty-nine words of the Lord's Prayer as rendered in it, five

only are not Saxon. The celebrated Robert Hall, whose sense of the harmony of style was perfect, delighted to quote the sweet Saxon phrases of our Bible, and would describe them as affording him the pleasure of fine strains of music.

Tyndale's translation, though made independently from the original Hebrew and Greek, is closely allied to Wicliff's from the Vulgate, made as far back as 1380. He did not live, however, to complete his work. His friend Coverdale revised and finished his version, and published a complete Bible in English in 1535. A revision of this was published by Mathew in 1537; and still another under the direction of Archbishop Cranmer in 1539; and yet another by the English refugees at Geneva in 1560; and another, called "the Bishops' Bible," in 1568, under the authority of Queen Elizabeth. These several versions have been very appropriately described as bearing "a strong family likeness." They are successive growths from one and the same stock, and in them we can see our English Bible slowly advancing toward its perfection. So well received were they, that, before the undertaking of the final revision by the authority of King James, upward of one hundred thousand copies of the Testament or of the whole volume were in circulation among the people—an extraordinary number for that age.

Our English Bible is not, then, a first attempt, or an independent attempt, to translate the Word of God, but a revision of pre-existent versions made with great care and under favorable auspices. Our language was in a fluent state, which made it pass readily into the moulds of Scripture thought and expression. The Reformation had given a mighty impulse to learning, and in the time of King James there were in Oxford, Cambridge, and London, many eminent Oriental and classical scholars. The King's directions to the translators were drawn up with skill. Among them were the following:

"The ordinary Bible read in the church, commonly called the Bishops' Bible, to be followed, and to be as little altered as the original will permit."

"These translations to be followed, where they agree better with the sense than the Bishops' Bible, to wit, Tyndale's, Coverdale's, Mathew's, Whitchurch's, Geneva."

When none of these accorded with the original, they were, of course, to follow that. We need not repeat the old, familiar story of their labors; how the forty-seven good and capable men, divided into six companies, each company taking a part of the entire volume, wrought at their task three entire years; how each man's work was revised by his associates, and each company's work by the other companies, until every passage had passed under scrutiny from thirteen to seventeen times; how, too, after the exercise of this scrupulous care, a select number of the whole devoted nearly a year to a re-examination of all that had been done. These facts we need mention only in passing. But we may dwell for a moment upon the character of the translators as men every way worthy of their high responsibility, whose ability was only exceeded by their modesty. They say of themselves: "We never thought to make a new translation, but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one." And again: "Neither did we disdain to revise what was done, and to bring back to the anvil that which was hammered." And thus have we our incomparable version of Scripture. Rooted in the remote past, it has grown with the growth and become perfect with the perfection of our language. In its slow maturing was contained the promise, the sure prophecy of its enduring vitality. It is permeated by the richest life of our beloved vernacular, and has budded and blossomed with its fairest flowers of expression. Its early translator, Tyndale, chose for his motto, "Time tryeth;" and time *has* tried this work of his learning and piety, and of the no less learning and piety of his successors, and has attested its priceless value. Time has added to it much of the venerableness and authority of the sacred records of which it is so faithful a transcript. The memory of the martyrs who died to produce it and to make it a household volume is embalmed in it. No other book of our language can be so appropriately termed *nutrix gentium*, the foster-mother of races of men. It has met one after the other the advancing generations of Anglo-Saxon lineage, and has guided their spiritual life and given to it its expression. There is not an emotion of our spiritual nature, from the wail of the penitent to the almost seraphic rapture of the translated believer, which does not find in its happy phrase appropriate utterance. So powerfully has association interfused its thought and expression that it would be impossible for us even to think upon these themes in other terms than those which are provided us in our English Bible.

We believe we may safely assume that whatever new translations of Scripture may be made for scholars or for private reading, the use of our received version will never be superseded by any other among the people. If ever amended, it must be with the reverent touch with which we restore the painting of an old master. And even then the changes must stand out as proposed, and receive the sanction of universal consent, before being incorporated with the text. They must by no means be foisted in. We can conceive of no event which would awaken a more universal rebellion in the popular mind than the discovery that, unawares, their received version had been changed. But we doubt if the attempt is desirable in the present divided state of Christendom. At present our Bible is a bond of union between the scattered branches of English and American Protestantism. It is for all sects a common standard of appeal. It is the broad, unbroken platform upon which they may unitedly stand. It is at once a reproach of their divisions, and an eloquent homily upon the necessity of union among Christian men. No more melancholy spectacle could be witnessed than that of the various religious bodies appealing to their own exclusive versions as their ultimate answer in matters of debate. In such a juncture of affairs we believe the world without the churches would correct and rebuke the folly of the world within them. Shortly after the completion of King James's translation, and while the publishing of Bibles was in the hands of private printers, violent sectaries procured the issuing of editions corrupted to suit their own purposes. Some of these alterations seem to have been dictated by a spirit of mischief, if not of malice. Thus one printer is said to have omitted the important word "not" in the Seventh Commandment, for which he was afterward fined several thousand pounds; others changed in decisive passages "unrighteousness," to "righteousness," and "shall not inherit" to "shall inherit." Pos-

sibly there is an allusion to this madness in the doggerel of Hudibras:

"Religion spawned a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts."

The numerous improved versions made and issued by private scholars are of very various merit. Some of them come to us with every sanction which great reputation can give them, and are really admirable specimens of critical ability. But all that we have seen are inferior to our common English Bible in one important particular—they are not so readable. Who more judicious than the celebrated Dr. Campbell of Aberdeen? Yet who would exchange our common version of the Gospels for his? Unfortunately not every one who addresses himself to this task is as fully qualified to do it well. About forty years ago a well-known divine of England rushed into the field with defiant trumpet blast, denied the literary competency of King James's translators, affirmed that no version had been made from the original Scripture since the days of Jerome, and proceeded to remedy this deficiency in our literature by drawing directly from the Hebrew records. How far he succeeded in his undertaking we are not precisely aware; but we have seen the following cited as a specimen of his earlier efforts: it is from the account of the creation of Eve, the mother of us all:

"Then he brought one to her side, whose flesh he had inclosed in her place. Then Jehovah built the substance of the other, which he took for the man, even a woman," etc.

Our readers may, at their leisure, compare this jumble with the simple rendering of our standard version.

Another luckless wight, who wishes the style of our English Bible to be modernized and made more vivacious, perpetrates the following. It occurs in the answer of the Roman centurion to our Saviour:

"Lord, don't give yourself the trouble of coming. I don't deserve you should honor my house with your presence."

And another, who has an itching for a more dignified diction, travesties the twenty-third Psalm in the following style:

"Deity is my pastor, I shall not be indigent. . . . Thou anointest my locks with odoriferous unguents. My chalice exuberates," etc.

These are follies, but who will say that they are not seriously meant by their authors? They show that a translator may enter upon his work with the utmost self-confidence, and yet totally misconceive the spirit and tone if not the sense of the inspired volume.

But without the alteration of a single syllable the text of our version might be presented in a far more readable form. The division into chapters and verses has its uses, but no one will pretend that it does not interrupt the flow of narrative, of poetry, and of argument. It creates, besides, the pernicious habit of contemplating the contents of Scripture as composed of so many distinct aphorisms; whereas the aphoristic form is peculiar to the book of Proverbs alone. Why not, as in the editions of Homer or Milton, relegate the chapter and verse numbers to the margin, dividing the text into suitable paragraphs according to the sense? The division of the Bible into chapters and verses is no part of its inspiration; it was made on individual responsibility, and, more than that, very carelessly made. It was not originally designed to facilitate reading, but to make reference to a concordance more easy. We owe to Cardinal Hugo de Santo Caro—a concordance-maker of the thirteenth century—the division into chapters, and to a Jewish Rabbin the subdivision of the Old Testament into verses. Robert Stephens, the famous editor and printer, distributed the matter of the New Testament into verses to adjust it to a concordance which he was then passing through the press. He tells us, moreover, that he did the work while traveling on horseback (*inter equitandum*) between Lyons and Paris. Whether he wrought at this verse-making while cantering his good steed on the road, or while baiting at his inn, he does not say—probably both. We can not think that Scripture has been, by this arrangement, rightly divided; in some instances it has been fearfully dislocated to the detriment of its symmetry and beauty. Much would be gained, too, if the citations, in the New Testament from the Old, were indicated by quotation marks and printed in spaced letter. Besides the gain in clearness by this change, it would keep prominently before the eye and mind the confirmation by the authors of the New Testament of the genuineness and inspiration of the more ancient Scriptures. We are of opinion too, that a slight difference in arrangement would give greater impressiveness to the hymn-book of Scripture, the model of all hymnology, the collection of Psalms. These ancient songs, which have a power still to touch the dullest sensibilities, may reasonably ask to be treated with the appearance of justice. What syllabic measure is to classic, and rhyme to modern poetry, the parallelism of the verse-members is to the poetry of the Hebrews. The alliterative treatment of the theme is frequently followed at intervals by a choral refrain; but these features scarcely appear in our present mode of printing the text. The loss of effect is the same as if we were to print a collection of modern hymns as so much prose, leaving the reader to pick out the rhyme and the reason as he best could.

Our discussion has carried us not unwillingly to the remote past; to the seed-time of the rich harvests of blessing which we are now gathering year by year. Then, King Henry's Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, condemned all who were suspected of importing or concealing Tyndale's New Testament to ride through the streets of London with their faces to their horses' tails, with paper caps on their heads, with the copies of Scripture hanging from their cloaks, which they were compelled to cast into the fire at Cheapside; now, one of the noblest organizations known to Christendom strains its resources to the utmost to place a copy in every man's house. Who at that day would have predicted so great a change! Yet we hear one as early as 1610, anticipating, in the spirit of prophecy, and in language of almost superhuman eloquence, the good to be achieved by the universal diffusion of the Scriptures. His words are worthy to be written in gold:

"That most excellent light of Christian wisdom revealed in the sacred books of the divine oracles is incomparable and peerless, whereupon all others do depend; the bright beams of which heavenly light do show us the ready way to eternal happiness amidst the sundry turnings and dangerous windings of this life. And lest either the strangeness of the language wherein these holy books were written, or the deepness of the mysteries, or the

multiplicity of hidden senses contained in them, should any way hide us from the clear view and perfect beholding of that heavenly brightness; God hath called, and assembled into his church, out of all nations in the world, and out of all people that dwell under the arch of heaven, men abounding in all secular learning and knowledge and filled with the understanding of holy things, who might turn these Scriptures and books of God into the tongues of every nation; and might unseal this book so fast clasped and sealed, and manifest and open the mysteries therein contained, not only by lively voice but by writings to be carried down to all posterities. From hence, as from the pleasant and fruitful fields watered with the silver dew of Hermon, the people of God are nourished with all saving food. Hence the thirst of languishing souls is restinguished as from the most pure fountains of living waters and the everlasting streams of Paradise. Hence the want of needy souls is supplied, as out of the best and richest store-house in the world. From hence, as out of the school of all heavenly virtues, all the life, manners, and duties of men are framed and fashioned aright, the unlearned are taught, the learned are exercised; they that are fallen are holpen, that they may be able to rise again; they that stand are preserved from the danger of falling; in a word there is nothing honest, nothing profitable, pleasant, great or rare or excellent, tending either to instruction, holiness of life, or the attaining of endless happiness, but here it may be found."

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is a dismal proverb that a green Yule makes a fat church-yard. Dismal, because it is so pleasant to slip unawares into the very heart of the winter; to pass beyond Christmas, and find ourselves standing in the first days of the new year without those stinging reminders in the agony of which "June is twice June;" or, at least, seems so to the chilled and shuddering imagination.

Nothing ever better described the Italian climate than to say that roses bloom in February. They do. You may see them, in Rome, upon the grave of Shelley, in the still February mornings, under the old wall of the city. "It might make one in love with death," he wrote of Keats's grave, "to think one should be buried in so sweet a place."

Yet the Roman winter is not all sunny. The season is rather like that of a green Yule. There are weeks of damp, gloomy days—half rainy and misty—under which the solemn old city becomes more deeply and sternly solemn. Even the galleries are chilly then; the statues are doubly cold; and, by contrast, the lovely landscapes of Claude are never so alluring, hanging like warm bits of summer upon those winter walls. The traveler goes up from the cheerless streets into those hushed rooms. A surly *guardiano* opens the doors, like a grim watch-dog in faded livery. Sometimes he follows you at a little distance, as if to see that you do not put a square acre of canvas in your pocket, or smuggle out a Venus under your coat.

Pax vobiscum, Guardiano! you shall have *due*, yes, *tre paoli*—two, or even three pauls (two shillings)—if only you will retire to your den, and leave us alone with Claude and Salvator, with Titian and Raphael.

Yes, those are the days for Claude! Then your eye clings to him. His pictures open upon peace and beauty, like windows that look into Arcadian summer. Tranquil days at home, wherever home may be; happy hours that have been, or might have been; songs, and walks, and shady rambles; delicate lines of hills and winding streams; broad, open, sunny repose! These are the glimpses you get on dark winter days in Rome, as you stroll through the galleries and look at Claude's pictures.

And the victory is of the same kind as that of warm, pleasant days in our climate, stretching on from the autumn into the winter—such as led us this last year, just ended, from Thanksgiving to Christmas. For, after all, moisture and warmth are full of life; and cold is uncompromising death. Even the winter rain tinkling upon the window is yet a sort of song—a sign of life; but the stone silence of snow and ice, if it be beautiful, is fearful. The moral heroism of Kane and his companions, which resisted the silence, is quite as remarkable as the physical endurance that braved the cold of the North. Youth, love, beauty, poetry, enthusiasm, are all typified in the summer and flowers. The glory of winter is an inverted splendor; it is the bright but deadly magnificence of Dis.

Of course there is much to be said for skating and sleighing and mulled wine; for the great sparkling and flaming Yule-log, and the happy faces in which it is reflected. And, upon the whole, the old argument is the best one: the family circle around the family hearth triumphantly conquers winter; and, in a land where there are few pictures, is as good as Claude.

There shall be music and games and talk. Yes, but there must also be books—good books for the winter evenings. And what shall they be?

Here are two, very different. It will do us all good to read them both: Carlyle's Frederick the Great, and Dr. Sanger's History of Prostitution.

It is too late to sneer at Carlyle's style of saying what he has to say; and when you have ascertained that he has something to say, it is useless to quarrel with the manner. Thomas Carlyle is now sixty-three or four years old, and he will hardly change his style. That it is racy, strong, picturesque, pathetic, melodious, witty, and sparklingly satirical; that, upon the whole, it displays the variety, the resources, and the power of the English language, no thoughtful reader will be in haste to deny. That it is entirely unlike other styles in the language, and the model styles—such as Milton's, Addison's, Gibbon's, Sir Thomas Browne's, Bacon's, and Jeremy Taylor's—is very plain; and it is equally clear that it is somewhat colored, not spoiled, by some German styles.

But what is style, in the literary sense, but an original man's way of saying what he has to say? And what determines that but his temperament, his imagination, his education, and his earnestness? The first and chief demand the reader can make upon his author is, that he shall say what he has to say in the strongest and clearest manner. Could Milton have pleaded the cause of unlicensed printing more appropriately than in his stately and sonorous periods? Could Bacon have stated the simple truths of his essays better than in his simple music? Could Addison have chatted of social manners more fitly than in his colloquial clearness? Could Sir Thomas Browne have believed "because it was impossible" more delightfully than in his quaint and garnished manner? or Charles Lamb with more dainty tenderness have mingled the

pathos, the wit, and the delicate wisdom of his Elia?

In all these cases the style was the man. It was the expression of the thought according to the characteristics of the thinker. In every case—except the two last, between whom there was a deep intellectual sympathy—the style is entirely distinct, yet entirely simple, natural, and agreeable.

Now, would any body like to have Milton write as Browne did, or Goldsmith like Dr. Johnson? Could there have been any balder affectation?

Carlyle is quite as original a thinker as any Englishman of this century. He has a great deal to say upon a great many subjects, and he says it in a manner entirely his own. He may be extravagant in his own way, as Charles Lamb was in his, but that is part of the charm. A kind of enthusiastic extravagance, in what is really striking, degenerates into mannerism, but it is still not without a charm. Carlyle, for instance, gives a force to the figure of Dryasdust, by his persistent iteration, which he could not do if he named him more rarely. Moreover, as a rich, full, magnificent, descriptive style, there are few that can compare with Carlylese. The profound appreciation of character, the delicate sympathy with it, the hearty admiration and Titanic partiality for whatever pleases him; his confidence in honesty and his utter horror of incapacity and bombast—and the results of the same habits in his studies making his scholarship broad and accurate—his quick humor and colossal wit, and his marvelously picturesque presentations of scenes and events, isolate him among all his contemporaries in literature, very much as Michael Angelo was isolated among the artists.

People complain that his style is not as "pure" and "simple" as when he wrote the Life of Schiller and the early Essays; and undoubtedly it has very much changed. But so does the style of every author change, and necessarily. It grows, and deepens, and gets richer with more years and wider experience. Let any man read the opening pages of the Life of Frederick containing the picture of the old King sauntering upon the terraces of San Souci, and ask himself whether the portrait could be half so effective if it had been touched in with the limpid brevity of Addison, or even the imperfect earlier hand of Carlyle himself. The man *is* the style, after all, if he only be a man. And though every thing seems to be imperfect, surely we may allow that the style of Carlyle is not more so than any other entirely different manner.

The book itself is only half completed. The first of the two published volumes carries us through the early history of the Brandenburg family; and the stalwart historian throws the most grotesque and vivid lights upon the driest and darkest details. If any old forgotten German ancestor had a point of interest or beauty, it starts into life upon the page like a dust-buried diamond brushed to light by the foot of a wanderer in a tomb. This first volume is a lurid phantasmagoria of times and people that seemed to have died forever out of human interests. But they live one little moment more. They pass and float and fade in all their heroic or foolish proportions, the long line of Brandenburgs, from the youth who, in a dim century, descended from the mountain-castle in Southern Germany, down to the greatest of the race, the hero of the history.

The second volume is occupied with the reign of the father of Frederick the Great. It is intensely interesting, and skillfully elucidates the confusion of European politics during the early part of the last century. The memoirs of Frederick's sister, and the memoirs of every body else, are pressed into the service, and the old century is shown in all its details, its little interweavings of human interests, as we may not hope to see it elsewhere.

But Carlyle is wayward as a giant. He has long since declared that he likes capable men; his capable men apparently meaning, in the judgment of many, men who can do whatever they set themselves to do. Hence his overwhelming hero worship. But this must not be confounded with a worship of mere success. Carlyle, at least, must believe that the end and the man were both honest and both of service to the world, or he does not spare his sneer. What can surpass, for instance, the ludicrous contempt with which he smears Napoleon in the beginning of the first volume? He makes him a sheer melodramatic hero strutting upon a stage—and the secret of the contempt is, that Carlyle evidently believes Napoleon to have been a charlatan of genius—a man skillfully and successfully pursuing his own personal aggrandizement.

We do not mean that Carlyle may not often be mistaken. It is conspicuous enough in this book. All his energy and power and splendor—all his sarcasm, irony, and wit—can not make the father of Frederick the Great a great King, a good man, a wise parent, or a valuable citizen of the world. Carlyle talks much about "a King," and the necessity of "governing" and "being governed;" but there was not a single kingly quality in this Frederick. He had nothing which thousands of his subjects must not have had; while thousands of his subjects doubtless had, in addition, those qualities without which firmness is pig-headedness. Frederick's father was a petty despot—an insolent martinet: a boozing booby, led by the nose by dexterous knaves, and all according to Carlyle's own showing. He outraged his son beyond human endurance, and then, when the son tried to run away from him, wanted to hang him; and did hang one of his friends, a young soldier who, so far as appears, was a thousand-fold better fitted to be King of Prussia than the actual King.

In fact, there was never a more disastrous commentary upon the whole business of kingship than in Carlyle's picture of Frederick Wilhelm. If *that* is the sort of thing that so stout an admirer of kings as Carlyle has to present as a specimen, it will not be very hard to believe that the best argument is ludicrously poor. If Squire Western had been crowned King of Prussia he would have made a more respectable figure than the foolish, squat, ignorant, muddle-headed boor who stole men six feet high wherever he could find them, and threw dinner-plates at the head of his daughter.

That he succeeded in breaking the spirit of his son, the hero of the book, is clear enough. He made him a cold, selfish man. In his next volumes Carlyle will show us the harvest that sprang from this parental planting. The great event in his life, thus far, is his friendship with Voltaire. He is a good soldier, who has learned hypocrisy by hard treatment, and he is the friend of Voltaire.

The writing of the lives of kings, when it is done by such masterly hands as Carlyle's, is a profound service to mankind; for it shows us whether, to use a rough phrase, they pay for their keeping.

But there is another book which we may well

read and ponder in the winter evenings and the summer evenings, and all other days and evenings, until we feel such a sympathy that some help shall arise. It is not a story of heroes nor of heroines. It is not a romance or a biography; but as dismal a history as was ever written—the record of unutterable shame and woe and despair. And yet over that woe and despair Christ stretched his protecting hands, and bade those who had sinned to go and sin no more. Why is it, then, that Christian society thinks the sin too dreadful to be even spoken of? Why does it say to the sinner, with a shudder, "You are the one hopelessly lost?"

Dr. Sanger, in his "History of Prostitution," which is an official report to the Board of Alms-House Governors of the City of New York, has discussed calmly, soberly, and wisely the great question which no parent is justified in disregarding as too peculiar or delicate. The story is startling and sickening. There is a general feeling, indeed, that nothing can be done, for the sin is of deliberate choice. But the most careful statistics, both here and in other countries, show how great is this mistake. Not a quarter of the unfortunates can be said, in any sense, to have preferred their ghastly profession. And the testimony of the women, as recounted by the Doctor, is mournful beyond imagination.

He does not propose to abolish, but to regulate, the great evil. And there is one regulation, not of the law, but of the Gospel, of which we are all capable. That is, a greater charity, a tenderer sympathy, for these unfortunates. There is no justice in the peculiarly vindictive condemnation which attends their offense. For upon what ground of morals, decency, or reason shall a woman who falls from her adoring love for an unworthy man be lost forever to honor and sympathy and human fellowship, while he passes on as untouched by social scorn as if he were not as blackly guilty as any criminal who ever lived?

This unequal judgment springs from the hereditary treatment of women by men as subsidiary and inferior. The woman exists for the man, according to this theory. *His* honor is compromised by the infidelity of a woman whom he practically owns; and as a terrible warning and preventive, men agree to condemn the sin of women as they have never condemned their own.

Let Dr. Sanger's book open our eyes to this great wrong. Let us understand why, if a daughter is to be cast out and lost for an offense, a son is not to be punished in the same way for the same offense. Let us seriously consider for how much of the crime that poisons the moral and physical health of society men are not directly responsible.

This history is one of the most important additions to the moral statistics of society. It is prepared in such a way that it can not fail to occasion discussion and consideration of the great question. It is a matter too grave to wink out of sight. It is too sober to be treated as "impossible to discuss." Why not talk about it before terrible and loathsome diseases, insanity, and death are brought into our own home circles, as well as afterward? Such social venom asks only silence and darkness. Give it them, and it will take care of its own propagation, and spread its own consuming blight.

THE Easy Chair is delighted to hear once more from its old friend Mumm—Mr. Mumm, the distinguished lecturer:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—This winter has been very favorable to your favorite amusement, the lecturing system. Not only has the weather been open, but so have the purses and the minds of our fellow-citizens. Never was the Lyceum more vigorous. It has burst out in new effulgence after the partial and temporary eclipse of last winter, and runs over the country like a fire over the prairie, illuminating, let us hope, and warming.

"The Lyceum, I think, now stands alone, and asks no favors. It has educated both speakers and hearers. The smallest towns show the degree of their energy and prosperity by the encouragement they give to it. If it sinks in one town—in Jonesville, for instance—it reappears in Smithtown. People will go somewhere—to hear singing, to dance, to see the elephant, and also to hear lectures.

"And under this universal interest the Lyceum itself has changed. It has become the arena for broad and general and vital discussion. So long as he is not partisan, or personal, or unfair, the lecturer may treat any topic of universal interest, and as boldly as he will. What he says will not always please nor persuade; but every honest hearer is glad to know there is one place in which it is allowed to express individual convictions. They will often seem to many to be heresies; but the same many will remember that Martin Luther, and the Master whose great doctrine of the individual conscience he taught, were both accounted heretics; and one was excommunicated, and the other, by the same spirit, put to death.

"In fact the Lyceum has grown to be the Chapel of Ease to the Church—a chapel in which honesty of life and nobility of principle are strenuously and eloquently urged—a chapel which clergymen of all persuasions enter as a lay-church, and enlarge their parishes by the number of the earnest, generous souls they touch. The lines of a false, unnatural separation among men are worn away by the attrition of humane sympathies. The clouds of foolish and unjust prejudice are dispelled, and a sweeter charity and a better life are necessarily the flower and fruit of such seed.

"Indeed, I have sometimes thought that your old friend Solomon Gunnybags would believe that the era of the political Lyceum had come, if he could have heard some of the lectures I have heard on my off nights during the winter—I mean, that there has been such a statement of principles which must necessarily affect the political action of thinking men that Mr. Gunnybags might have suspected the speaker of some such intention.

"I did not. I always acquitted him. I no more suspected the lecturer of delivering a political speech because he stated and enforced certain fundamental truths of human action, than I suspect my excellent pastor of political preaching when he takes for his text the golden rule.

"It seems to me that other lecturers must have discovered what I have—that the audience requires something more than soap bubbles, however large they may be blown. That used to be the great thing. To blow a huge beautiful bubble—put into it all the wind you could muster—dandle it on the end of your pipe for an hour before the eager eyes of the audience—then puff it into their faces at the end, and send them home half bewildered with a damp sensation of faded rainbow rhetoric—that was the thing. It could not last. The rogues found out that east wind was east wind whether

you put it in a glittering globe of soap-suds or not, and it did not satisfy. This winter shows that it did not satisfy.

"I think the lecturers hereabouts are a little shy of the West. They seem to think there is great uncertainty in trains and accommodations. Some of them have been caught upon the prairies in terrific winter tempests, and, in fact, would prefer the summer for Western travel. Besides, most of them have other work than lecturing, and they can not run away for so long a time.

"I do not find that the old favorites wear out—although new ones are discovered. It is, perhaps, because they have kept pace with the demands of their audiences. You see it is no light task for a man to follow the Hon. John Doe and be followed by the Reverend Richard Roe. People inevitably compare, and the orator knows it. He knows that he owes his best work both to the audience and himself, and he tries to give it. As long as he succeeds he is safe.

"And yet, if any reader of yours fancies that it is altogether a halcyon business to peddle lectures round the country, let him try it. Let him, for instance, be invited to the good sized town of ——. No! why should I exasperate a whole town by calling its name? No matter; let him go there, and arrive by the noon train. The day shall be grim and gloomy. Two or three seedy hacks and omnibuses are at the station. A silent, severe man approaches you as you stand, with your traveling-bag in hand, waiting for your committee.

"'Is this Mr. Mumm?'

"'That is my name, Sir.'

"'How do you do, Mr. Mumm?'

"'How do you do, Sir?'

"'Have you any baggage, Mr. Mumm?'

"'Only this bag, Sir.' And by this time the profound gloom of the day, concentrated in the severe man's manner, has depressed your spirits irretrievably.

"The omnibus walks into the town, for the roads are muddy or frozen. The town looks blighted and dismal. You wonder what on earth they have lectures for.

"'How many lectures have you had, Sir?'

"'Three, Sir. Yours is the fourth.'

"Profounder silence falls upon the scene; and in a melancholy frame of mind you are dumped at the hotel door. One glance reveals every thing.

"The Germans have hotels 'to' every place and thing under the sun; to the City of Rome, of Frankfort, of Paris; to the Good Citizen, the Red Lion, the Pair of Suspenders. This is simply 'the Hotel to Dirt.' You know just what your bed is, though you have not entered the house. You see the dirty white counterpane, the soft pillows, and 'smells so, pah!' *Who slept in that bed last?* Just Heavens, what an awful thought! Two or three wild Erin-go-braghs are rushing about the hall, which is white, deadly, dirty white. Two or three lazy, greasy fellow-beings are slouched into the hall seats, and stare at you. The landlord is unshaven and half cross—as cross as a landlord dares to be. You order a fire in your room, and the committee departing, you are left to grapple with the tavern alone.

"Your room is very small, and a vicious black stove is roaring savagely as you enter, hurrying to heat up so that you can not stand it. You do not look at the bed—why should you? It is the same old bed. Like remorse, it attends all your journeyings. Like a conscience, it is always there. The tavern bed—the pillows stuffed with hasty pudding. The tavern bed—and who slept in it last?

"The table rocks on its legs; the vicious stove, having bolted all the wood, and made itself and the room very feverish and uncomfortable, suddenly falls into an alarming syncope. It grows cold visibly. There is no wood. There is no bell-pull. Why should there be? There are no accessible waiters.

"You descend and persuade somebody to bring some wood, and begin again. The gong for dinner makes Pandemonium of the 'establishment,' and you rush with the rest to the table. Oh dear! 'Fair Greece, sad relic of departed worth! Immortal—'

"Do you 'agnize' a third-rate tavern dinner? Much pork and pickle—much red arm of dowdy Erin-go-braghs of all sexes. Clatter, dump, bang, and the rapid fellow-citizens around you have reached the mince-pie neck and neck.

"But why should I make you an Uneasy Chair by telling the tale farther. Depend upon it every lecturer earns his money. Don't grudge it to us, generous Lyceums! Don't forget that when we take the early train next morning we have to hear ourselves and our performances criticised terribly. Jones thinks us 'most a splendid speaker;' but then his neighbor, Smith, 'opines' that we don't use such beautiful language as the Reverend Peeled Willow, who lectured last Friday evening. Jenkins doesn't consider it so funny as Drole's lecture on Attic Salt, and Brown would like something a little more solid.

"These things are not considered in the contract. But they count. They might easily count out a sensitive man.

"Good-by, dear Easy Chair. You won't mind my querulousness. You know how glad I am of the Lyceum, and what I think it is doing for the country. Your obedient,

"MUMM."

THE Easy Chair is permitted to share its appreciation of the following elegiac verses with the public. They are in memory of George Steers, and express the sincere regrets of a worthy man. Their literary character is peculiar; and their solemn dedication to the New York Yacht Club will probably induce some of the members of that sporting body to shorten sail a little. At least so hopes the author, and the Easy Chair cries Amen!

TO THE NEW YORK YACT CLUB.

MR. N. P——, ESQ., SECRETARY.

GENTLEMEN to you these lines . I . send
To Cherish the memory of Your departed Friend
Forget not—I entreat you while in this world of strife
How sudden Dear George was deprived of this life

With You and I—It may even be exactly So
So let us try and be prepared to go
The Yact . Men I . would also exhort
To prepare themselves for the Hevenly Port

One word to You all I . would Kindly Say
Beware of Sailing for Pleasure on the Sabbath day
I number of Yacts I have seen, I . must Say
Pass . by Fort Scuyler on the sabbath day

My friends to You the enclosed lines I send
Hoping of Course they will not you offend
And if they will do you or any one good
It . will repay this . Long Island farmer called Wedgewood
B. Homer.

To the memory of George Steers, who was killed on the road as He was coming to my house at Little Neck, Sept. 25, 1856.

By a Long Island Farmer.

While sitting lonely in my deserted room
With a sad mind and spirit clad in gloom
Reflecting on the loss of one such dear friend to me
So sad so sudden that Constrained me to write to his memory

This sad accident struck me with such surprise
The effect therefrom I can hardly reilize
So kind so pleasant so agreeable the other day
But now it seems from this earth He's called away

The last sabbath of his life He told me of his Father dear
And of his good actions and kindness far and near
And what his parent did in his lifes short span
Deeds that entitled him to be called an honest man

I. told him I thought it would oftimes restrain a man from Sin
In reflecting and thinking his good parents eye was on him
So by those restraints he would do just and right
The same as if his beloved parent was in sight

How delighted I was with his Conversation
So kind so humble in such an exalted station
He listened so attentively to a simple fact
Of a wicked sailor conversion by a young lady. giving him a tract

He took one of my tracts to read Called the Conversation in a boat
Between two sailors as she lay afloat
Both belonging to the Repulse 74 of the British Nation
About the most Important of all matters their Souls Salvation

He was so Interested with this tract I. heard it Said
That He lay and read it even in his bed
I hope and pray by his reading and Meditation
He was prepared for his Change and a Blest habitation

Ah. little did I think, when I heard him read about Lawyer Shepherds funeral
To be called on the next sabbath to attend his own burial
O what is life when attended with such sad fatality
But calls for each one of us to remember our own mortality

We are poor mortals of a few. years, Short Span
We are born and live and die this befals man
What is the result of our plans upon this earth
We are soon Cut down and Covered up with earth

Before our beloved Friend was called to his rest
His name for his Ingenuity was famous east and west
Altho brought up and reared in humble Stations
He modeled the Vessels that beat all Nations

His fame increased from day to day
Since the famous victory of the yact America
For my part I venerated him at that time with honest pride
For the victory gained by her on the American side

Then that splendid steamer Queen of the West
Which surpassed for speed all of the rest
So gracefully on Eries waters She did go
So fairylike She made a splendid Show

Then the famous yact Julia was built some time after
Which sailed as if she sometimes flew on the water
Which gained the contest. I believe in every fair trial
And I. believe. it is admitted without any denial

The next great Wonder was the Noble Adriatic
Her. lines so true her construction so systematic
When I. visited and viewed her some time ago
Astonishment filled me before I got half through

And the next great Wonder that I went to see
Was the Celebrated War steamer called the Niagara
. As I view her and was shown by Him each part
I was struck with astonishment at his noble art

He also showed me the Construction of her noble bow
How it was kneed and braced and bolted through
And as we viewed her and paced her decks so wide
I remarked. to him her bows could stave in an Enemys broadside

But of that plan and War I hope In Our day
Of this noble Ship and Ourselves we will not have that to say
But of Her and all others of her Kind
I hope will be employed in benefitting mankind

If nothing happens when in Europe she appears
The world will resound with the name of her builder George Steers
And America will be rewarded by her fame.
Which will make us all venerate her builders name

For a humble man O what a Monument
Does this Magnificent Steamship represent
The magnitude of her in my humble mind
Convinces me as one of the best reared by Mankind

What Signifies all Egypt monument of Stone
In benefitting mankind what have they all done
By their Construction and History we can plainly [see?]
That their Builders was in the most abject Slavery

But to be a benifit to all mankind
This seems the greatest in my humble mind
And by his works left amongst uss it to me appears
That we all as a nation should venerate George Steers

A man of such genius from an humble station
What a sad loss to Our growing and Mighty Nation
But we must submit to the decree of Our Gracious Lord
And leave our labours at his Sacred Word

I hope and pray. from his labours He does rest
And is permitted a habitation with the Blest
I hope and trust his family may reconciled be
And submit with humility to the divine decree

Altho her adored husband lies beneath the sod
Yet Our Lord has declared He will be the widows God
And a Father to the Children of the Fatherless
And in sincerely trusting Him she will be blessed

To his beloved Children I will say one Word
Always Obey your parent in the Lord
Remember your departed Father who was so kind
And always your kind mother mind

If you do this and Your Heavenly Father seek
For He has promised in his Word to reward the meek
You in your generation will be blessed
And will be rewarded by and Everlasting rest

Remember in all your trials what patient Job. did Say
How the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away
And in all his troubles He did bless his Holy name
And for the Consolation He received try and do the same

And to all the rest of the family I would say
I hope they will all have peace of mind in the same way
So when they all arrive on Canaan. Immortal Shore
They may all meet their beloved George one more

Wedgewood B. Homer.

October 1, 1856.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every where in this old world there is a dreary face upon things at this opening of the year. The railway trains are shooting indeed farther and faster across the plains of France and the steppes of Russia; and in England their differences are settled, and the North Western and Great Northern are equitably dividing spoils. The looms of Lyons are clashing with swift silken music all through the tall, smoky houses that rise upon the Rhone banks; the Rouen spindles are humming, and the Norman barns are full; great sheets of canvas are pouring white gleams to the eye of every passer

upon the Mediterranean waters, and of every dweller in every bay; the stock of a Suez canal is subscribed in the Paris banking houses; peaceful gunpowder blasts are bellowing and echoing in the half-made Alpine tunnels; a half crazed, tipsy Prussian King has yielded to a live King of daring and promise (if we may believe his record); an iron bridge spans the great canal of Venice, and another is lifting its black hulk from the Tuileries garden to the nether bank of the Seine; Mario is singing, never so sweetly; Paris idlers are listening dreamily to Greek dramas lightened with a Paris buskin, and a Paris choir; Scottish Macbeth is married by French interpretation to the passion of Gaul; never was more quiet in the streets, or yet such store of hackney cabs, such careless buyers of Christmas bonbons; where, then, lies the dreariness?

In signs that are back of these. Signs that declare themselves not so much to the eye or to the ear as to a secret consciousness. Poor Turkey, with all the Oriental calmness of feature, is tottling upon uneasy foot; her protective Christian allies being so many dogmatic and capricious masters, making her beautiful capital a mere spittoon in which to cast their juiceless, foul quids of difference; compelling her to tolerate the vagabond Greek Christians who lie and thieve, and unsettle Crete, and plague the Mufti; disordering all the hopes and serenity of the calm but liberal-minded Ottomen (such few as there are), who hoped for gradual and placid growth into assimilation with the West; and kindling the worst of Mohammedan fanaticism, which flames out in barbarities upon the Red Sea, in Egypt, and along the Mediterranean shores.

The Ionian Isles are not yet mollified with the dulcet tones of Gladstone, but listen surlily while the debauched kingdom of Greece makes signs of beckoning from the shore.

The Montenegrins are turbulent, and among their rocky fastnesses keep good a kind of boastful, predatory Christianity, which has the banner of Austria at its back, and the red-breeched soldiers of the Sultan in front.

The new King of Prussia stands in a sense overwhelmed by the current of his own liberalism; the Russian conservatives, taking silent counsel with the dowager Queen, are hatching plots, while the Radicals, who saw and furthered the bloody work of 1848, are more bold and talkative.

In Russia itself all breath is not given to Imperial flattery—there are those in the Church and in the ranks of nobles who fret and smart under the threatened reforms of Alexander, and hope they may end like the flash reforms of the Pope Pius.

Throughout Italy there is a low buzz of movement, of which little waifs of sound, when the wind is fair, reach even to Paris. The other day it was the story of certain medals circulating, on which was stamped the effigy of Emanuel as King of Italy; another day it was the story that Mazzini had waived his Republican desire, and joined interests with the liberal Sardinians; another day, how the men of Milan had all abandoned the use of tobacco, that so they might cut off so much from the Austrian revenue (the Government holding monopoly of its manufacture and sale).

Again, in Tuscany, there are stories of how the Grand Duke is drawing closer his relations with Austria, as if there might be quick need to both.

At Rome they have the Mortara bugbear and the terrible democratic threat of a new railway to Civita Vecchia. In Naples and Sicily there is always enough to create expectancy of dreadful things to come.

Then in France, all about us, but most of all by reason of the untalking Press, we feel somehow that the hammer of despotism is driving the rivets so sharply and hard that the plates may be cracking though we hear only the hammer-strokes.

In England, Mr. Bright and his friends are stirring a loud cry about reform, and the old-fashioned Liberals, outridden upon their own hobbies, are falling back into the place of respectable conservatives; while the Tories are toying with the Radicals to keep their places good.

And the hopeful ones will straightway ask, what is there so very dreary in all this? Is it not the buzzing in the hive of opinions that foretells the outcoming of a new brood? Very likely; but for all that, or rather by reason of that, hearts and hopes are dreary with doubts and a strange unrest. At present there is shelter and a dull peace; the shelter may be cramped and the peace ignoble, but the change which destroys the one and oversets the other must carry wars and death in its train.

If Italy emerges, at length, from that long, doleful, dungeon sleep of hers to life and mental activity and freedom, it must needs pass through the delirium of battle-fever.

How many brave ones shall bite the dust before those long-drilled troops of Austria will yield? How much red blight fall on these streets of Paris before the 400,000 of the army will forget the man who feeds and who pampers them?

Again: it is dreary and disheartening to think what small increase of fitness for administrative action and self-control has been won by the peoples of either France or Germany or Italy in these ten years past. Not for fifty years past have they been so zealously kept away from such sources of information as would fill them with healthful political food. Indeed, it is something doubtful if the increased loom-working and field-working, and the working upon luxurious gewgaws, has not made the millions more of machine men less thoughtful and earnest than they were ten years gone.

Yet again: the look is dreary, because in Italy, where just now the stir is greatest and the hopes hottest, the intervention of France and Russia, and Sardinia (as a distinct nation) looks more like a new parcelment of European territory than any guarantee for Italian independence. And in France the fever heat, which such prosecutions as that of Montalembert is ripening, prompts a fear (if the overturn comes) of the opposite extreme of agrarian license.

Yet here we are, quiet as yet, looking out upon the river that flows under the palace walls—full of its winter rains, indeed, but placid of surface, and bringing down great barges full of wines, and wood, and wheat from the east country.

The theatres are filled to overflowing. At the Vaudeville the *Dame aux Camelias* has been revived with its wonted success; and this leads us to say that its author, the younger Dumas, narrowly escaped with his life, a day or two since; his carriage being dashed in pieces by a runaway horse, in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysées. The elder Dumas is reported quite ill and still in Russia. His famous Chateau of Monte Christo

was sold, not long since, to a well-known American dentist, for the sum of seventy-five thousand francs. Dumas is said to have expended upon it no less than four hundred thousand.

A new comedy, *Le Luxe*, the work of Jules Lecomte, has latterly drawn full houses to the French Theatre; and as it turns upon the extravagance and baseless pretensions which belong nowadays as much to our side of the water as to this, we venture to give a glimpse of its plot and current:

The scene opens in the Casino of Wiesbaden: Madame de Barges is a wealthy Parisian widow, possessing title and freedom, with remains of beauty, and still larger remains of coquetry. Rupiéra is a Brazilian marquis, rich to repletion, and amusing himself, among other ways, by gallant attentions to the sprightly Countess de Barges.

There is, besides, a Madame Morel, with her daughter Esther. The Morel father is by no means rich, but is simply director and manager of a large railway company; and his nephew, Lauvray by name (also in this time at Wiesbaden), is chief engineer of the same railway, and the affianced suitor of Miss Esther.

The father, like the honest man that he is, keeps by his office and work, while the wife, with her head full of the notion of commanding attentions for her daughter, wastes the poor husband's means incontinently, and apes the style and luxuries of the wealthy De Barges. She even goes so far, in the heat of her summer's campaign, as to pledge her own little private estate in consideration of an advance of a large sum from a certain Farju, who is the sharper of the play, and the main intriguer in the plot. He is no vulgar pickpocket, but elegant, shrewd—his antecedents all unknown—watching his chances, and conciliating the Morels, in view of obtaining the concession of a great contract from the railway over which the father, Morel, presides.

Esther, being pretty, and, by the mother's instruction, provocative in her advances, engages the attention of the Marquis de Rupiéra. Lauvray, disgusted by her action, and by the wanton extravagance of the mother, which he knows to have no sufficient basis, retires and leaves the field open.

The Countess de Barges is incensed at the loss of her lover, and in womanly way contrives graceful vengeance. She is master of all tongue-craft; and there follows delicious raillery of the Morels, irony full of stinging innuendo, and less pointed Morel retorts. Yet always the claws that might scratch are concealed in immaculate kid. Nothing the French relish better than such stage fights as these, if gracefully managed: keenest sarcasm sheathed in most courteous of phrases; most amiable of smiles, while the tongue is distilling only gall: our matter-of-fact language can not compass the half of such things.

Rupiéra, in the course of a mountain promenade with mother and daughter, has the good fortune to rescue the latter from imminent danger of falling down a precipice.

The good mother can not tell of the matter loudly or boastfully enough. The elegant Marquis is chagrined by her bourgeois vehemence. The Countess de Barges is still more chagrined by the noisy triumph of Mademoiselle Morel.

She encounters them at the Casino; she challenges the Marquis (still in attendance upon the rescued girl) to a hand at *écarté*.

The Brazilian declines except his fair companion will join his fortune in the game. Esther, encouraged by a glance from the ambitious mother, and nerved by her hate of the Countess, sits down to the play.

The Countess deploys all her force. The little company Rupiéra-Morel is a loser to the tune of twenty thousand francs, making ten thousand for the daughter of our good, quiet railway manager, who is intent upon his business.

Thenceforward the play bounds forward to an end. Sheriffs (we should call them such) are in the Morel house, with ominous slips of paper in their hand; scandal provoked and published by the intriguer Farju (still intent upon winning, by black mail if need be, his railway contract); the miserable extravagances and pretensions of the summer have wrought ruin; Lauvray has married a reserved daughter—wiser than Esther—of the discomfited Morel; and very little hope comes to the family, or has reason to come, from the subsequent marriage of Esther with Rupiéra.

The moral of the play is—Mind who your associates are; and don't spend more money than you have.

And besides this—Luxury is for the rich; the poor had best content themselves without it.

Apropos of plays, and of playwrights, Madame Ristori has latterly written a very characteristic letter to the editor of the *Arpa* of Bologna, one of the best known journalists of Italy.

We translate a portion: "To encourage authors and to secure to their labor applause, reputation, and pecuniary reward, is my aim, as it should be the aim of every actor. For the maintenance of elegant taste in the public there may be need to reproduce, from time to time, classic works; but an actor's first duty is to the authors of the times in which he lives—to illustrate their labors, to give expression to their silent language, and to prove to the future that we do not content ourselves simply with honoring the past, but enrich our time with always new glories. Actors and authors should join together to give expression to the national genius.

"In this faith I devote myself to the work, and I remunerate to the utmost of my power all who commit to me the fruit of their labors. I engage to give myself fully to any worthy creation—to contend with its author for his rights, and to share with him his triumphs.

"Until better days come, when literary piracy shall have ceased, I will employ all legal means to secure justice and the author himself, or the poor shall have the benefit of any damages that may be decreed. My only aim is to create, through fear of prosecution, that respect for literary property which ought to spring from a sentiment of honor and a love for art."

A bit of good pay for not over-large literary work we may mention here (it comes to us as rumor rather than well-authenticated fact), that M. Méry, a very clever Latin scholar as well as *feuilletoniste*, has latterly completed, at the instance of the publisher Fontaine, all the broken lines of Virgil's Æneid, and the emendated copy *faite à la main*, has passed into the hands of some grand Russian Seigneur, covetous of autographs as well as curiosities, for the sum of three thousand francs.

We have had latterly a libel suit engaging much attention in Paris, since it has called up incident-

ally, if not directly, the whole question of the merits or demerits of the Homeopathic system of medical treatment.

A young physician, M. Gallard by name, wrote in the *Union Medicale*, of October, 1857, a review of a Homeopathic treatise, in which, after very serious and very pointed ridicule of the Hahnemann system, he indulges in this language:

"Homeopathy can no longer be considered a doctrine, still less a science. It is a mere trade, pursued to the injury of both science and of humanity. And if there be an epoch, when one could apply the method of Hahnemann without being an ignoramus or a miserable charlatan, it surely is not the epoch in which we live."

The plaintiffs, being the principal members of the Central Homeopathic Association of Paris (represented by Emile Ollivier as advocate), find in the language cited an attempt to impair the consideration in which they are held by the public, and they claim fifty thousand francs damages.

M. Ollivier in his speech, although not denying to the defendant his right to attack the science as a science, alleges that the language above cited is a wanton libel upon the character of its upholders; and goes on to give a history of the discoveries, or alleged discoveries of Hahnemann, ranking him next to Leibnitz and Newton; shows that all other medical science is a mere delusion; cites Sydenham, "*Ars garrulandi potius quam sanandi;*" and Boerhaave—the great Boerhaave—who at his death ordered all his medical books to be collected and burned save one, which he declared contained all that was of any value in medical science. Of course the book was guarded with religious care, and on examination was found to contain simply these few words of advice: "Keep your head clear, and feet warm, and let the doctors alone!"

And he quotes Bichat, who said that the "practice of medicine was unworthy of a reasonable man;" and Broussais, who affirmed that it was "more harmful than useful to humanity."

All this gives him room for a pleasant eulogy of the Organon of Hahnemann, affirming the plausibility and successes of his system, defending at length its leading principles, and closes with a bit of humor about the Abderitans and Hippocrates.

It seems that Democritus, who lived in Abdera, and who had lost his eyes by overmuch study, and whose philosophy was above the comprehension of his townsfolk, was counted by them insane; and they sent for Hippocrates begging he would administer hellebore, which was the recognized cure for fools.

Hippocrates spent a day in earnest conversation with him upon the mountain where he lived, and returning at night he said, "Oh, Abderitans, it is not Democritus who needs the hellebore."

So, said M. Ollivier, if Monsieur Gallard will only study as he should study the works of Hahnemann, and—who knows?—perhaps he shall some day declare to his masters and brethren, "Oh, my masters, it is not these Homeopaths who need the hellebore!"

M. Andral, being advocate for the defendant, attacks the new science in very gay humor. He quotes Hahnemann, where he declares bark (quinine) to be one of the most powerful of remedies. "I find," he says, "that a single drop of the tincture, so diluted as to contain only one quadrillionth part of a grain, is often too powerful a dose."

He gives an instance where a physician (M. Behier?) meets with a homeopath who is preparing one hundred and fifty of his little globules of aconite.

"Suppose I were to swallow them all upon the spot?" says the physician. "You would be a dead man," says Homeopath.

Whereupon the physician seizes them, swallows all, and dines after it exceedingly well, and finds his digestion as usual.

The experience of some of the most distinguished physicians of Paris is cited, who have tried the homeopathic remedies both upon sick and well subjects, without any perceptible effects. At the same time it is admitted that, in certain cases of acute disease or of nervous disorders, cures may be effected not by reason of the operative agency of the pills themselves, but by reason of the repose and faith of the patient—that alone being needed.

M. Trousseau administered homeopathic remedies without any effect; to other patients he administered, under cover of false name, pills of ordinary size made simply of bread crumbs: these last proved of greater efficiency than the pillules of the homeopaths—which would seem to show that faith even takes quicker hold of large pills than of small ones, supposing them equally worthless.

In the year 1856 one of the halls devoted to cholera patients in the Hôtel Dieu, at Marseilles, was placed in charge of a homeopath of ability and reputation. In eight days' time twenty-one patients died out of twenty-six. During the same week, in an adjoining hall where the allopathic treatment was pursued, fourteen only died out of a total of twenty-five.

In the year 1855 the French Academy of Medicine devoted three days to a discussion of the system of Hahnemann, and concluded by declaring it altogether false, contradictory, and dangerous.

"Therefore," says M. Andral, "if the Court condemn my client, they condemn with him the leading academies of Europe. If the illustrious savants whom the state has given to my client for instructors are the victims of superannuated prejudices, if Hahnemann alone is right and the twelve plaintiffs are his prophets, surely the Court may well pardon my young client the crime of having followed the instruction of his masters, and of repeating their words of rebuke."

The complaint, therefore, should be dismissed. No one of the plaintiffs is subject of personal attack; it is they who make their own defamation, when they apply the title of charlatan to themselves. "I leave my client," he says, in conclusion, "under the protection of those brave words of Pascal, which the counsel for the plaintiff has most fortunately brought to my recollection—'If it be a wrong to fail in respect for truth, it is another wrong to fail in scorn of falsehood.'"

At our writing the decision is in reserve.

If there is a great deal of noisy bravado about many of our French war-chiefs, there is also a great deal of honest and hearty simplicity. Instance this letter, which Marshal Vaillant has just now written to a country blacksmith bearing the same name, and who had addressed him in hope of learning something about the career of the brave ones of his family. Only fancy what other reply would have been made to such inquiry, from such source, by a British Colonel Horne!

"You have addressed to me," says the Marshal, "a good letter, and the person who wrote it must

be a good-hearted man. I should be very proud of his relationship, though I do not know if we shall be able to make it apparent. My father, whom I had the misfortune to lose in 1823, was secretary of the district of Dijon, and afterward secretary-general of the prefecture of the Cote-d'Or in 1815; he was elected representative during the Cent-Jours, then deprived of his place at the prefecture, imprisoned as Bonapartist, etc. I was then in the army of the Loire. My father died poor, but esteemed by all; I do not know that he had a single enemy. I do not resemble him in any thing: he was thin, and I am stout; he was mild, and people find me cross; in fact, he had as many good qualities as they say I have faults, and I believe they are not mistaken. My father, who brought up a large family, was married to a Mademoiselle Canquoin. A brother of my mother died at Genlis (Cote-d'Or), an excellent man, whom we constantly regret. I have no child, and this is the greatest sorrow that God has given me. I was born at Dijon on the 6th December, 1790. I scarcely recollect my mother. We were poor, very poor. We were carefully and tenderly brought up, but in the midst of privations of every sort. My nurse still lives at Dijon. God has not made any being more devoted than she, who received us as infants, and tended us with a love which I can not express; she has refused twenty offers of marriage to live with us, who, however, gave her trouble enough. I entered the Polytechnic School at the age of sixteen, and I left it to enter the engineers. The grade which has given me most pleasure was that of corporal at the Polytechnic School. I was in the Russian campaign of 1813, and was made prisoner at its conclusion. I was at Waterloo. I was wounded at the defense of Paris in 1815. I had a leg torn by a shell at the siege of Algiers, in 1830. My chiefs said that they were pleased with me at the siege of Anvers, in 1832. Such, Sir, is my history, nearly complete. I shall be most happy if you find in it some proofs of a similarity of origin between your family and mine. I pray you to receive the assurance of my esteem.

"MARSHAL VAILLANT."

QUITE other biographic matter, but still as thoroughly French, we may give in mention of some of those frail, dancing ones who, in years past, have given fame to the pretty Garden Mabille or the Salle Valentino. Does the visitor to Paris twelve or more years gone—student of medicine or student of the humanities—remember the stout, laughing, graceful, black-eyed Queen Pomaré?

Well, she was the daughter of a fair player at the Circus of the name of Sergent. Two of her sisters held honorable professions of governesses or teachers in private families; but in an evil hour Elise went astray and lost herself in the bewitching mazes of the dance at Mabille. Her grace and her witty repartees made her famous. It was in the time of the old Pritchard and Society Island discussions; and thus, in some way, Elise caught the title of Queen Pomaré. It kept by her till her death.

Eugene Sue, in those days engaged upon his "Mysteries of Paris," had need for information in regard to the life of these gay courtesans, and bethought himself of the wit and cleverness of the Queen Pomaré; and how much we may be indebted to her for the life of many of his most tempting descriptions will probably never be known. Certain it is that he felt himself largely in her debt; and at her death—for she was Queen only for a short reign, passing away with some sure-working pulmonary affection—the works of Eugene Sue, being author's copies, and bearing on their opening pages testimony of his indebtedness, were found upon her library shelf.

A little grave-yard tablet, with "Elise Sergent, Æ. 28," written on it, is altogether silent about the brilliant reign of the black-eyed Queen Pomaré.

How many other funereal tablets in the world, tablets in churches—tablets in church-yards, simple, and touching, and true, so far as they go—yet giving no hint of that kingly or queenly march which the dead one made in sin!

Rose Pompon was another of the divinities of Mabille not many years back; who has strangely put aside a large budget of her little "economies," and upon the revenue of them is now living a humble and comparatively honest life.

Hermosa, another queen of the dance, and a gipsy by birth and by nature, brought a richer and more captivating brilliancy to the throne of Mabille than had ever been known there. Brazilian dukes and Dutch bankers of Amsterdam fell prostrate before her. But there came a time when even the splendid sovereignty she wore lost its charm. A dim, dread sense of her castaway condition seems to have found its way into her gipsy heart; and suddenly her triumphs were abandoned, before yet she had lost the bloom from the cheek or the sparkle of her eye; and she retired to a convent adjoining Paris, where, in simplest serge, and with rosary mummery, and, we dare say, honest expressions of penitence, she died, not long since, a pattern *religieuse*.

But these are the exceptions upon that sad list. Worse fates befall the *Rigolette*, and the *Frisette*, and the *Sauterelle*. The least unfortunate may hope for some place as tobacconist, or matron of second-rate *table d'hôte*, or proprietor of little three-legged, clandestine, gambling stool, where water-carriers and street-porters play at *écarté* for five sous the point.

Others, wearied with life and haggard with want, hang around theatre doors for stolen mites of charity, or show their pinched faces in dark and dismal conciergeries of the foul houses of the Rue de la Harpe, or, still worse, glare at you from under the load of a *chiffonnier's* basket of filth, or lie, more foully dying, on the beds of *l'Hôpital du Midi*.

A TRUCE now to Paris, while we take you to the rooms of the British Association in London. A Mr. J. Spotswood Wilson has communicated a paper on "The General and Gradual Desiccation of the Earth and Atmosphere," which must be of fearful omen for all good hydropathists and water-drinkers.

Mr. Wilson draws attention to the fact that those who had traveled in continental lands, especially in or near the tropics, had been forced to reflect on the changes of climate that appear to have occurred. There were parched and barren lands, dry river channels, and waterless lakes, and not unfrequently traces of ancient human habitations, where large populations had been supported, but where all was now desolate, dry, and barren. After quoting largely from the works of various travelers and writers (among the latest of whom was Dr. Livingstone), and giving interesting descriptions of dried up rivers and desolated tracts of country in Australia,

Africa, Mexico, and Peru, which had formerly been inhabited by man, Mr. Wilson concluded that there was a gradual solidifying of the aqueous vapors, and consequently of water, on the face of this terrestrial world, which he inferred was approaching a state in which it will be impossible for man to continue an inhabitant. Yet, he added, we should feel satisfied with the prospect that the term of our occupation is not yet half expired. Races preceded us in the chain of existence, and there was no reason to suppose that others would not follow. Indeed, some of those that are destined to succeed seemed to be already in existence, and have their home in the icy sea, where they enjoy a climate which exceeds man's endurance. Various considerations lead to the conclusion that the fitness of the earth for man may extend to a period much longer than that in which it has been occupied by him; nor will that term end till after the Polar bear, the walrus, and the narwal have become inhabitants of the tropics.

Sir Roderick Murchison says it is certainly not a pleasant idea to think that our race was to go out of existence—that it was to die through thirst.

In which judgment we are disposed to think that unscientific readers will thoroughly agree *with* him.

And now again, in a certain Lyceum meeting at Leeds, or, more properly, before what is called the Literary and Philosophical Society, the Earl of Carlisle has been reading an old lecture upon America, being the fruit of his observations at the time of his travel in that country, ten years or more ago. He adds to it there in Leeds these rather unfavorable addenda:

"With reference to the lecture which he had had the gratification to read to them, he must be permitted to say that almost every thing that of late he had heard or read concerning the United States since the period of his visit had not, he was obliged to confess, on the whole tended to increase or improve his admiration of the people. He could not certainly feel inclined to see his own countrymen exchange its form of government and institutions for those which they possessed in the great republic of America. There were some things, no doubt, which we might advantageously copy from that country; but still, till their character, condition, and conduct were immensely changed, he did earnestly hope that the people of this country would remain English and not become American. He was aware that what he had taken the liberty to say would be subjected to some suspicion, because it was not to be concealed that it came from one of the terrible aristocracy, to whose account, we had heard from high authority, were to be laid all the wars of this country since the revolution of 1688. He believed the truth was very nearly the reverse. When he was in the United States he came to the conclusion that the American people were far more inclined to war than the English, and of the English people he believed the class least likely to be willingly hurried into war was the aristocracy."

And in the same strain, a shrewd Scotch peer, the Duke of Argyle, in commenting upon the late speeches of Mr. Bright, and upon the question of reform generally, holds this language:

"I turn to that great country sprung from our own, which exists upon the other side of the Atlantic, and I tell you, without fear, that it is the testimony of the best and most intelligent citizens of the United States that I have met with in this country, that in many respects, although the power of the Union is as great as it ever was, although they believe, and I, to a great extent, also believe, in the doctrine of the destiny of the American people being ultimately a great and a glorious one, they will tell you that the existing condition of that country is in many respects, as regards moral character, a period of transition and decline. They will tell you that there is less and less possibility of getting the highest characters to take an interest in public affairs; that there is less and less freedom of opinion for all those opinions which are unpopular with the masses; and, last of all, that there is even a sensible and visible decline in that which used to be the great characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race—a respect for the authority of the law. Well, then, looking at these examples upon the one side and upon the other, we are all interested in asking the question, Are we passing under any decline? Are we, or are we not, advancing? And I look to such great meetings as these, and I find in them the answer."

It is well to see the worst that our this-side neighbors may say about us; and in this belief we excerpt yet further mention of a more heated stamp from the columns of the *Patrie* newspaper:

"This restless and encroaching democracy," say our French friends, "which wants to thrust itself in every where—which forces, with its guns loaded, the passages of the Sound, which trammels in China the proceedings of our negotiators, which in 1855 offered up prayers for the triumph of Russia, which intervenes even brutally in all our affairs, and almost in every instance to oppose the interests of civilization—this democracy, we say, has brought forward against us a new principle, called the Monroe doctrine, in virtue of which she pretends to interdict us from every kind of intervention in the seas and coasts of the whole of America. It seems like a dream to hear such principles insisted on every day in the journals of the Union, and even in the official notes of the Government. It is, nevertheless, in virtue of this theory that Spain was, and is still, threatened with seeing Cuba taken from her, and that so many filibustering attempts have been made for that purpose. It is in order to drive England from the American coasts that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is loudly disavowed at present, and propositions have been made to Congress to cancel it. If this Monroe doctrine were admitted, even tacitly, by the great states, our West India colonies would speedily be menaced, for there would soon be no security for European interests in the seas of the New World. There is in this conduct something more than ingratitude—there is a sovereign want of foresight; as M. de Talleyrand said, it is worse than a crime—it is a blunder. The great American Republic owes every thing to Europe: her increasing population, her capital, her mechanical progress, and even her existence. But for the 350,000 emigrants who every year leave our shores, each of them taking on an average 400 francs, without reckoning on their labor, her development would soon be cut short. Without English capital, which carries out the majority of her undertakings, she would have neither canals, nor railways, nor manufactures. But for the piracy which she carries on with impunity of our modes of proceeding, and of our inventions, she would be neither a manufacturing nor a great maritime nation. And as a return for so many services rendered, she nevertheless does not hesi-

tate to sacrifice our most precious interests to her slightest convenience; and she has already exhibited the sad spectacle of a whole nation repudiating the faith of private engagements, and thus inflicting ruin on Europe for the satisfaction of a few bankers."

And upon this fiery spurt of Gallic rhodomontade we will take breath for another month.

Editor's Drawer.

NOTHING richer than the correspondence for the present month have we had these many years in which we have opened and shut this Drawer of ours. It is genial and joyous, as the world is to the good; it will drive dull care away from him who has no other trouble than too much to do; it will make a sad heart glad unless a sore conscience gripes, and for that there is no salve in this Drawer. Again we say to the merry men of America—If a thing is good for you, it is good for every body; and the world will hear it, if you send it here.

"The Rev. F. H. Quitman, D.D.," writes a correspondent, "was pastor of the Lutheran Church at Rhinebeck, in your State. He was the father of the late General Quitman, of Mississippi. He occasionally preached in the neighborhood of his station, on one of which occasions a characteristic incident is mentioned of him. When he arrived at the place he was informed that a man whose name was *Finger*, living in the vicinity, had been speaking harshly of him, and endeavoring to injure his character. The Doctor said nothing, but went into the church and preached. After sermon he addressed the audience thus:

"'I have been informed that a man of this vicinity' [and the man was present] 'has been engaged in circulating false reports about me, and trying to destroy my usefulness among my people; but finding that the Devil has had a *Finger* in the pie, it is not worthy of further attention, for he is a liar and the father of lies!'

"The effect produced was such as he desired."

They may call him a Mayor, but he is an ass for all that, who figures as the magistrate in the following veritable incident, furnished by a correspondent of the Drawer:

"The worthy Mayor of a Southern city, well known to a host of admiring and warm friends, had 'a casé' before him in the person of an individual taken up on suspicion of offering a counterfeited note of hand of a well-known firm for sale. He could not prove its genuineness, and was committed to jail until information could be had from the parties. When it came it was entirely satisfactory; the note was good, and the young man's character was thus put beyond doubt. The Mayor had him brought to his office, and thus addressed him:

"'Young man, it is my duty to congratulate you on being so fortunate, for had the note been a counterfeit you certainly would have been sent to the Penitentiary; you may go, and let it be a lesson to you.'

"The young man demurred to the *sentence*, it being proved that the note came directly into his hands from the makers of it, and he insisted that he had been badly treated by being put in prison for several days, and his character aspersed.

"'Not at all,' says our worthy dignitary; 'you have had a fair investigation, and it is very fortunate for you that the note proves to be a genuine one; for assuredly you would have been sent to the Penitentiary if it had proved a counterfeit. Now *go and sin no more!*'

"He went—and our aforesaid Mayor can not be made to see the transaction in any other light than as a fortunate thing for the young man that the note was genuine!"

The Rev. Dr. ——— sends the following note, which sufficiently explains itself:

"*To the Editor of the Drawer.*

"Dear Sir,—Your anecdote in a late Monthly about the 'Rev. Dr. ———' and the lunatic, in the Chapel of the Georgia Lunatic Asylum, is almost too good a story to be disturbed. Strict conformity to fact, however, would, I believe, amend the version a little, and show more fully the orthodoxy and zeal of the lunatic on the subject of capital punishment.

"When the speaker called on the sinner to look to Christ with the eagerness with which a criminal under the gallows would look to a courier from the Governor hastening to him with papers of pardon, the lunatic, abruptly and earnestly, interrupted him with the remark, 'I hope they will have the man hung before the messenger arrives.'

"It is needless for one who has the very best experimental reason to know the fact, to say, that, for the moment, the preacher 'had the wind taken out of his sails' very considerably. 'Dr. ———.'"

The Drawer's compliments to the "Doctor," and would be happy to hear from him again.

"At the late election in this State," says a Wisconsin correspondent, "Judge L—— and Colonel B—— were the opposing candidates for Congress in the third district. Judge L—— is one of the most popular and eloquent speakers in the West, but is notoriously fond of the *good things* of this world, especially of good brandy. A few days since, at a meeting of the candidates in Portage, Judge L—— was addressing, in his peculiarly sarcastic manner, a mixed audience of Democrats and Republicans, when some shaft hurled at his opponent raised a feeble hiss from the opposing party in the further part of the hall. The Judge, who seldom allows an interruption of the kind to pass unrebuked, threw himself into an attitude, his hand behind his ear, and, bending forward, whispered, 'Where is that snake?' A voice from the crowd instantly answered, '*It is in your boots, Judge!*'

"Silence was broken, and the 'meetin' let out."

The Cincinnati bar, a few years ago, counted among its ornaments F——, who was one of the most eccentric and brilliant fellows that ever addressed a court or jury. His warm imagination, classical scholarship, and sparkling wit rendered his oratory most attractive to all classes of listeners. But unfortunately his great social qualities led him into habits of dissipation which eventually destroyed him.

He was once trying a case in which his opponent, Colonel ——, closed his remarks by saying that F——'s case was deficient as to certain essential evidence, and roared out, in a most boisterous manner, "Who testified to such a thing? Who? Who? Who?" The Colonel took his seat with an apparent consciousness of having annihilated F——'s case. F—— arose to reply. He said that the gentleman's words had carried him back in imagination to the days of his youth. They had brought

to remembrance the green valleys and beautiful hill-sides of his old New England home, where his boyhood's brightest recollections clustered around the village singing-school with its charming array of bright-eyed girls. "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, they have vividly brought before my mind's eye one particular occasion, when we held a public exhibition of our musical talents and invoked the aid of the village brass band. The first hymn commenced with the words,

'Who shall let the King of Glory in?'

We all stood up, ready to sing; the leader of the band put his mouth to his great brass horn, with its pipes all twisted and curled up like a gridiron, and gave such a blast on the first word, '*Who*,' that the end of his instrument rolled over and over until it was straightened into a brass tube as long as a fishing-pole, and from that day to this I never knew what became of that 'Who' until the Colonel brought it into the court-room this afternoon!"

"A CERTAIN artist friend of mine, who shall be nameless, but who is well known for his exquisite illustrations for engravers, one day had a visit from a well-known writer who was deaf—so much so as to be obliged to use an ear-trumpet. In the course of the conversation, which was relative to business, an engraver, who was famed for his offensive breath, had to be called in, and the conversation proceeded between those two. Presently the ear-trumpet was at the writer's ear, and the engraver pouring in his words thick and fast. M——, the artist, looking complacently on for a few moments, turned to those present, with a benignant smile, and said, 'Isn't it good that he can't smell in his ear?'"

"I WAS one day conversing with a party among which was an old lady, who, though intelligent, was as remarkably matter-of-fact as Wordsworth is said to be. The conversation fell upon sweet or Carolina potatoes, and their similarity of taste, when raw, to chestnuts. As a specimen of exaggeration, I went on to say that, a few years ago, a Yankee had taken advantage of this fact by buying up all the shells of the previous year, stuffing them with sweet potatoes, and selling them for chestnuts. The old lady listened to this, and then, to the astonishment of the relater and his hearers, having swallowed the whole story for gospel, answered, 'And so he did, eh? Yes, and made money, I've no doubt. Well! well! The enterprise of these New Englanders is really astonishing.'"

EVERY body remembers M'Donald Clarke, who was so well known in New York, a few years since, as the "Mad Poet." During the last years of his life Clarke was made free of the Astor House table, and oftentimes this errant man of genius could be seen accepting its hospitalities when other doors were closed on his fallen fortunes. Every one knew Clarke by sight; and one day, while quietly taking his dinner, two Southerners, seating themselves opposite, commenced a conversation intended for the ears of Clarke. One said:

"Well! I have now been in New York two months, and have seen all I wish to see with one exception."

"Ah!" said the other, "what is that?"

"M'Donald Clarke, the great poet," responded No. 1, with strong emphasis.

Clarke raised his eyes slowly from his plate, and, seeing the attention of the table was on him, stood up, placing his hand over his heart, and bowing with great gravity to the Southerners, said:

"I am M'Donald Clarke, the great poet."

The Southerner started in mock surprise, gazed at him in silence for a few moments, and then, amidst an audible titter of the company, drew from his pocket a quarter-dollar, and laying it before Clarke, still looked at him without a smile. Clarke raised the quarter in silence and dignity, bestowed it in his pocket, drew thence a shilling, which he deposited before the Southerner with these words:

"Children half price."

The titter changed to a roar, and the Southerners were missing instanter.

THE Colonel was an addition to any company, especially the special one who were going from Wheeling to St. Louis at that special time. Somebody who had his well-being at heart said to the old man:

"Colonel, ain't you rather afraid to drink so much whisky?"

"Gentle-men," said the Colonel, "it isn't at all my style. I never drink whisky at home, and I am only doing it now out of consideration for the Captain."

"For the Captain?" queried half a dozen voices.

"Yes, gentle-men, for the Captain. The Captain has stated to me that the water in the river is very low—scurce, very. Do you think, gentle-men, that I would, under the circumstances, use any of the precious fluid, perhaps preventing the boat getting down the river? I understand my duty to the Captain too well."

THIS, from a new correspondent, is as good as new:

"Many of the old residents of Illinois will remember Knowlton, now dead, a lawyer of considerable celebrity. I have heard him say that he was never 'taken down' but once. It happened in this wise: He had a suit before a magistrate in his county, who was a shoemaker, and dispensed justice from his *bench* with a dignity worthy of a higher place. K. called at the shop a little before the hour fixed for the trial of the case to have a friendly chat; and while there he yielded to temptation, and perpetrated some joke upon the old fellow, as he had often done before. He was astounded when Crispin, laying aside his lap-stone and adjusting his spectacles, remarked that he was about to enter up a fine of five dollars for contempt of court. K. remonstrated. Court was not in session; the fine was absurd. But the worthy J. P., in a very impressive manner, said to him: 'Mr. Knowlton, you will understand that this Court is a proper *subject of contempt* at all times!' K. paid his fine; and that decision, as applied to Justice Courts, continues to be good law in Illinois to this day."

WE were seated around the table in one of the large *cafés* of New Orleans, enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of something else. W——, an *attaché* of one of the daily papers, had made some remark, when a seedy-looking individual stepped up to the table with—

"That is true, Sir, and reminds me of—"

"Who in thunder," broke in W——, "spoke to you?"

"True again, Sir," answered our seedy friend. "Allow me to explain." And explain he did and would, ending off by telling a story so very apropos, and in such a humorous way, that we were obliged to laugh at our "ringer-in." W—— told him to sit down, and offered to call for a drink—an offer which, you may be assured, was not rejected. The stranger, who evidently had been a gentleman once, though now sadly in decay, and ready, as he had shown, to do any thing impudent, even to receive a kicking, for the sake of a drink, went on with a sparkle of wit and humor that kept us thoroughly alive. And now, changing his mode and speaking more directly to W——, whom he evidently knew, he commenced the recital of an incident of his life connected with the loss of his child.

"One touch of Nature makes the world akin."

W—— had but recently passed through the same affliction. He listened; the tears coursed down his cheeks; he drank in the words of the half vagabond; and then, with a long sigh, he stretched his hand across the table. "Stranger," he said, "I don't know who you are, and I don't care; but you're the most splendid instance of a rose growing out of a dunghill I ever saw. Give us your hand!"

Judge S——y, of New Haven, Connecticut, has a hopeful Samuel of a son. One Sabbath morning the Judge and his son were sitting on the piazza of "The Cataract House," at Niagara, and the following conversation took place:

"Well, Sam," asked the Judge, "what are you going to do this morning?"

"I guess I'll stroll into a church if I can find one," was the reply. "Where will *you* go, father?"

"Hem! I think of taking a walk. But first I will hunt up my umbrella, which I mislaid last night in the confusion of arrival."

So they both separated. Samivel, upon a short reflection, thought he would step into the bar-room and indulge in a short imbibe. Judge of his surprise, on entering the room, in finding his worthy father at the same trick. It is perhaps needless to add that, after that, the most *perfect confidence* was maintained between father and son.

The Judge was a regular attendant at the Episcopal Church; but not so with his young hopeful. One Sabbath Sam appeared at the dinner-table with an exceedingly rubicund tinge spread o'er his nose.

"Where did you go to church?" asked his father.

"To the Second Methodist Church," replied Sam.

No more was said. The next Sabbath Sam appeared with the same peculiarity upon his nasal organ. In reply to the same question as before the same answer was given—"Second Methodist Church." It seems that the Judge kept a demijohn in his office, and Sam had a way of spending his Sabbaths in company with this demijohn. One time, when his nose had assumed an alarmingly red hue, the "state of the case" flashed upon the mind of the Judge, so he resolved to put an end to such doings. How he went to work the sequel will show. The next Sabbath Sam repaired to his wonted place of worship, and found the faithful demijohn sealed up, and a card attached, having on it these words: "*The Second Methodist Church is closed for repairs.*" Thus ended his attendance at the Second Methodist Church.

Our Cincinnati friend who sends the following well-told story is mistaken in supposing it has not been in print; but as he tells it well, we find a place for it in the Drawer:

"A short time ago, as the steamer —— was plodding its tedious way down to Louisville from this city, avoiding snags, and picking its way through that portion of the stream where the skillful eye of the pilot told him that most dew had fallen the night previous, it became necessary to take on a fresh supply of fuel, stock on hand becoming quite low, on account of auxiliary efforts made when last aground. Accordingly the pilot received orders to 'make the next wood-pile,' which was soon espied a few points 'off the larboard.' As they drew near the destined reinforcement the attention of the passengers was attracted to a person (evidently of the 'genus homo' denominated Yankee) sitting cross-legged upon the near end of a huge log, spirting tobacco-juice and whittling a piece of soft pine—so deeply absorbed in the latter artistic occupation that he paid no attention to the mighty fabric plowing toward him, but kept 'rite on' plying his ponderous clasp-knife, strewing the thin curling shavings around him fast and thick, apparently busied in some deep 'kalkilashun:' conning over his last swop; or, maybe, carving out the destiny of some Western empire yet to be founded. While thus economically entertaining himself he was the centre of remarks made by four young New Yorkers, who, smoking and joking, had endeavored to amuse each other and pass away the monotonous hours with but poor success.

"'I say, Nat,' says one, 'that's a fine working planing-machine! you'd best buy the patent for "old Empire," and take it back with you; 'twould be your fortune.'

"'Ay, ay! and I wonder when he gets through his contract,' cried another; 'he must be stout of heart.'

"'Stout of heart or no,' says Hanck, the first speaker, 'I bet you a dozen of "Longworth's Sparkling" that I will scare him into a white tremble as soon as we land.'

"'Agreed!' rejoined Nat; 'here's my hand upon it!'

"'Now, boys!' says Hanck, 'I want you all to follow me as soon as the boat touches the bank!' to which they all assented, eager to see the fun, and learn how Hanck was to quail the heart of the "knight of the blade." No sooner, therefore, had the plank been thrown out than Hanck, with coat buttoned to the throat and a stout stick in hand, leaped ashore, followed promptly by his companions, and striding rapidly to his victim, caught him by the collar, crying, 'Ha, ha! my old cove, I've caught you at last! I've been looking for you for three weeks back, you rascal!' The Yankee, like lightning, changed his knife from right hand to left, and drew the former, clenched, from between Hanck's eyes, who, turning a somersault and clearing the bank, *landed* some four feet out *in the stream;* while he of the knife, quietly turning to the three astonished companions, inquired, 'Is there any other gentleman present been looking for me for three weeks back?'"

Quite so queer a customer as Squire Hobbs has rarely been found in the Drawer or out of it. As

a specimen of the coarse humor of the bench in the Southwest, we may present the Justice in the words of our correspondent, who writes:

"About fifteen years ago there was, in one of the northern beats of our county (Tallahatchie, Mississippi), a Justice of the Peace, whose ideas of justice and law were intuitive, and not obtained from the writings of the fathers of the profession. He held his courts and made his decisions just as the occasion required and as the case 'mought be' (to use one of his favorite expressions), and never wanted an authority to support his legal deductions. His name was John Hobbs, but more frequently dignified with the sobriquet of 'Uncle,' a title with which most old men at that day were dubbed.

"On one occasion Tom Griffiths sought at the hands of Uncle Johnny, 'jestis' in the collection of an open account which he held on one Bill Coxe, a 'jubous' character, and not at all respectable. In fact, he had frequently been summoned before the honorable Justice's Court on charges of a similar nature, and had become a great *eye-sore* to the Court. When the case of Griffiths *vs.* Coxe came on for a hearing, Griffiths was ready to maintain the issue, and Coxe was fully as ready, on his part. Griffiths swore positively to the correctness of his account, and Coxe swore just as positively that he didn't owe him a 'red.' So matters stood, to the great annoyance of Uncle Johnny and to the confusion of Justice. Uncle Johnny, who was never long *nonplused*, raised himself up, and with a voice and manner that showed him to be a prodigy of shrewdness and judicial acumen, exclaimed, throwing his head one side and slowly closing one eye,

"'It strikes me very forcerbly that one o' ye has sworn an infernal lie! And *I* believe it's you, Bill Coxe, you infamous rascal! I'll give judgment agin you in this case, and you've got another case a comin' on to-day, and I'll give that un 'gin you, too, you botheration! You ain't never right, and I won't put up with you any longer.'

"And so the judgments were entered, and haven't been disturbed to this day. Uncle Johnny acted on a well-established principle of law, that 'when a state of things is once shown to exist, it is presumed to continue till the contrary is made to appear.'

"On another occasion two disputants got into loud words in his Hall of Justice, and disturbed his judicial proceedings. He frequently called out 'Silence in Court!' but they were too much engaged to pay him any attention. His Honor slowly threw aside the 'ermine,' and walked up to where they stood, and, without saying another word, knocked them both down. Then he turned around and resumed his seat, muttering, 'I reckon you'll mind me next time, won't ye?'

"The old *sage* is now dead; but his name will be remembered by the people of this county for some time to come."

"Opposite my office in this city" (New Orleans), writes a Crescent City correspondent, "is a cigar-store. A few days ago a hearse was passing, with a solitary carriage behind it, and four young men in the carriage. Upon reaching the cigar-store one of the young men stopped the carriage and went in to get supplies for the company, the hearse going on. As there was some delay in making change, the hearse was a considerable distance ahead when they were ready to start. The young men jumped in and cried out, 'All ready, Jack. Catch the hearse as soon as you can.'

"'I'll do it,' said Jack. 'Massa told me to keep up wid de funeral, if I killed de horses.'"

THE PATTER OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes;
Running a race with the wind,
His step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Anon to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.
No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair;
No pearly sea-shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral,
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing"—
I can not envy his lot.
He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains, and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in vases,
Birds from beyond the seas;
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footstep greet;
His stately halls ne'er echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub
(Our other one has wings);
His heart is a charmèd casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light;
And hear, amid songs of welcome,
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven
The patter of little feet.

A San Franciscan sends to the Drawer a letter, in which he says:

"The authorities of her Britannic Majesty who exert themselves in administering justice homeopathically to the colonists of Vancouver Island, must be supremely 'appy, if hignorance is bliss.' This is no libel, as the following fully attest:

"Two men, who came hither, attracted by the gold discoveries, after falling in with each other, fell out. Pistols were drawn, and he who sported the sobriquet of 'Tip' killed Collins, his antagonist. Tip left suddenly for parts unknown to the officials, and forthwith a jury was impanneled to hold an

inquest. The old inhabitants were summoned, and but one Californian, who had seen something of life, was on the panel. The others were all antiquated. After the evidence was heard, the foreman wrote out the verdict in these exact words:

In re Tip *versus* Colins
verdict manslaughter
THOMAS ATKINSON, *foreman.*

"In vain the Californian for an hour urged another form, and after great persuasion prevailed on the jury to send in a verdict in a regular manner. They did not want any of his ridiculous Yankee verdict, saying who shot and how he was shot; all the town knew that. They were to ascertain the crime committed, and it was manslaughter; and that was needed of them, but no more. He, however, worried them out, and they had to yield to reform, and the above antiquated verdict was forthwith handed over for the Drawer."

"Governor James Douglas is the dignified Governor of Her Majesty's colony, and chief factor of the iniquitous Hudson's Bay Company. He can not divest himself of the difference of the two functions though united in one person. Some time ago a ship captain spoke disrespectfully of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose exorbitance of charges is the great drawback to the prosperity of the colony. The old Governor sent for the offender, and, in his capacity of 'Vice-Admiral,' informed him that he had been guilty of *sedition* in his disrespectful language, and he should be punished. The captain argued to the 'learned court' that it was not 'sedition,' and wound up by applying for a subpœna, as he could prove his innocence and loyalty by good and respectable citizens.

"'A subpœna,' quoth the learned admiral, 'is a serious matter; I seldom issue a subpœna except in the most urgent matters. I must consider this application; it is a very serious affair indeed, and I wish you would not press it.'

"But the captain did press it. Alarmed at the seriousness of the affair, 'Call to-morrow,' said the Governor, and that was the last the captain had heard of sedition. The subpœna got the Governor."

SAID Tom, t'other day, "Will you please to explain
How impudent rogues ope the 'door of success,'
While the wise and the skillful attempt but in vain?
The reason for it I have oft tried to guess."

"Oh! 'tis simple enough," I quickly replied.
"You'll please understand that each venturesome ass
Has ready the means of admittance inside;
For the key that unlocks the 'great temple' is *brass!*"

FROM the rice-fields of Georgia we have a notice of "the last firelock:"

"It was rice harvest, and Steve, the field guard, suggested, a day or two since, the advantage to my larder of a few loads of powder and lead intrusted to him. O. K., old man!

"Now Steve is a diminutive servant, usually seen with a gun of great length, which I am happy to believe was the last article on the flint and steel order, or so I guessed when it was placed, shining and bright, into his hands years ago.

"'Well, Steve, all right out?'

"'All right, Sir.'

"'How with the birds?'

"'One or two, Sir!'

"'Why, old man, I've heard of one or two hundred in as many shots!'

"'Yes, Sir; but my gun is too heavy for them. She shoots past them when I load her.'

"'Oh, old man!'

"'Fact, Sir. She can't shoot small loads. If she'd go when they are thick, in the mornings, I'd get 'em; *but she won't go off till the sun gets hot!*'"

THE Navy does not often come to our aid, but it brings something new and rich when it does come, as in the following from Baltimore:

"Shortly after the War of 1812–'13, at an examination of Midshipmen on one of our Naval Stations, a certain youth (now an officer of eminence in the service) was handled rather roughly by the examining board. He had his points all well arranged, yet a certain testy old commodore thought to bring him 'hard up.' He was determined to test his abilities to the utmost.

COM. "'Well, Sir, if your ship was on a lee-shore, what would you do with her?'

MIDDY. "'I would put her about, Sir, and beat off.'

COM. "'Yes, but supposing she wouldn't stay, what would you do then?'

MIDDY. "'Wear her, Sir.'

COM. "'Well, Sir, we will now presume the ship to be so situated that you had not sea-room sufficient, and could not possibly wear; in that event, Sir, how would you act?'

MIDDY. "'I'd club-haul, Sir.'

COM. "'But, Sir (very blandly), the ship is in such a situation, from my previous questions, and near proximity to the shore, the manœuvre could not be by any means successful, what then, Sir?'

MIDDY. "'Then, Sir (rather out of temper), I'd up helm and beach her, then throw up my commission, and resign, for I wouldn't command such a ship, and no other should after I had done with her.'"

The answers were so pertinent and well-timed, he of course readily passed the board, greeted by a smile of approbation from the more lenient members.

FROM Tennessee a legal gentleman, from whom the Drawer will be happy to hear again, writes as follows:

"On one of the Eastern circuits our Judge was well-versed in the law, upright, and liked a joke. An important will case, involving some fifteen thousand dollars, was before the court for trial. Able counsel were employed on both sides. The plaintiffs were trying to break the will, on the grounds that undue coercion was used by the testator's wife over him, he by his will manumitting several slaves, as the heirs held, against his own wish. All went along smoothly for a time, when Sam Roberts, attorney for plaintiffs, asked witness if he had heard the deceased say any thing about making a will?

"'Yes.'

"'Well, what did you hear, Mr. Jackson?'

"'I heard him say he wanted to set his negroes free, and—'

"'You may stand aside,' hastily interrupted Sam.

"The witness stood bewildered; the bar was convulsed with laughter; witness glanced up and down uneasily, till at last his Honor summoned enough gravity to tell the witness that his evidence was not as Mr. Roberts wanted, and that he might stand aside.

"During the progress of the same trial Sam was caught again. He was attempting to show by a witness that the deceased did not want to make a will.

"'Mr. Wilson,' says Sam, 'did you ever hear Horton say any thing about a will?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'Well, what was it, Mr. Wilson?'

"'He said he did not want to make a will.'

"'Did he give any reasons?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'Well, what were they? Give us his own words.'

"'Well, I will. He said he did not want that rascal of a lawyer, Roberts, coming over there with a bale of sacks to take away his money.'

"Poor Sam was dumbfoundered; the bar fairly roared; when the Judge, either from a spirit of fun, or because he did not hear, requested the witness *to repeat;* then the merriment was universal. It is needless to add that the will stood."

We have often heard of the ruling passion strong in death; and here we have a letter from a friend in Rhode Island that gives us an example of the same principle, not in death but in debt, and we copy it:

"The now retired John B——, once senior partner of the respectable firm of B—— and Co., of this city, during his business career was unfortunate enough to sell quite an amount to one Jones, on time, of course. Now Jones was an exceedingly polite man; in fact, as it afterward proved, that weakness was about the only capital he ever did have. Shortly after the purchase Jones failed, in the direst sense of the term, showing nothing to satisfy his creditors, among whom was Mr. B—— aforesaid. Notwithstanding Jones's misfortune he continued the use of his favorite weapon—saluting Mr. B—— as often as they met with all the airs of a Brummel. When Mr. B—— could endure this no longer, he met Jones one day, and, taking him by the button-hole, said, 'Jones, you owe me a large sum, and your politeness annoys me. Walk into my store and I will give you a receipt in full, on condition that you never speak to me again.'

"Imagine B——'s feelings when Jones struck the old attitude—hat extended in the left hand, right hand on his heart—saying, 'Couldn't think of it, Mr. B——. I would not forego that pleasure for four times the amount!'"

A St. Louis (Missouri) correspondent writes: "Herewith is sent to the Drawer what the writer supposes to be the real and only solution to the 'enigma' touching the prayer of Sir Hilary, published, with various attempted solutions of it, in *Harper's Magazine* for November. All those attempted solutions fail in the first condition of the enigma; namely, that the words to be discovered are those of *a prayer—i. e.*, a solemn adjuration to Heaven. The *Home Journal's* correspondent, who proposes '*Beau ciel*,' comes nearest to the mark; but there are *three syllables* in those words: moreover, the aspect of nature on that day would not suggest the application of the word '*beau*,' or beautiful, to the skies; and, again, '*beau ciel*' is only an expression of admiration, and in the writer's application of them to the 'blue eyes that weep' they are turned into a knightly compliment instead of a prayer. '*Bon Ciel*,' in the sense of an appeal to the goodness of Heaven, would be perfectly applicable, except for the surplus syllable. The writer who suggests '*Heart's-ease*' has a pretty thought; but it is not likely that Sir Hilary rushed to battle with only a fanciful and invented conceit for his address to Heaven. The same of the classical suggestion of your fair New Hampshire correspondent. It is ingenious and handsome; but, to adopt it, we must suppose the good knight, instead of planning and preparing for battle, to have been conning a pretty puzzle by way of orison. All the rest are only a *play of words*, not admissible or possible to the subject. The supposed 'allegorical solution,' attributed to the author of the enigma, does not justify the suggestion that the word '*Knighthood*' affords the key. That is not a prayer; we can imagine it as an *exclamation* of a chivalric soldier as he wielded his sword and thought of the valiant deeds it was to perform. The allegorical drawing, however, is not a solution of the enigma; it is a repetition of it in picture, and when one is explained both are. We are not to suppose that the writer of the enigma intended to put to Sir Hilary's lips a pun or play upon words; but a devout, spontaneous call on High, and that it is the writer himself who discovers the particular applicability of the words to the different scenes and characters of the awful drama to be enacted. In that supposition the solution here offered embraces all the conditions proposed in the enigma, whether as versified or pictured: 1. A prayer devout and fitting—the concentration of all prayer; 2. It is strictly of two syllables, and those sufficient to carry to Heaven, at such a moment, all holy aspirations of the soul; 3. The two divided, each has a special and significant application (not contemplated by the praying soldier, but discovered by the bard); the first to survivors of the battle; the second to those who should fall; and both, united, to the mourners who should follow. In this sense the enigma is interesting and beautiful; in any other, it might almost be called irreverent."

SIR HILARY'S PRAYER AT AGINCOURT.

The true Solution of the Enigma.

The Christian Knight Sir Hilary's prayer
  At Agincourt, is of two words;
All the brief moment he can spare,
  As for the awful fight he girds.

And those the words that in the heart
  Of Christian knight would first arise;
The first that to his lips would start
  As upward turned his reverent eyes.

"Bon Dieu!" is good Sir Hilary's prayer
For all who in this day have share.

Bon! to the ones who through the day
  Shall live to see to-morrow's sun;
Dieu! to the ones who midst the fray
  Shall find their lives and duty done.

Bon Dieu! Those tender ones in pity hold
Who through this long night, drear and dark and cold,
Weeping, shall kneel beside their loved ones slain,
Or frantic, seek them midst the mire and rain.
'Tis Thou alone, great Ruler of the Skies,
Can soothe their hearts and dry their streaming eyes.

W. C. J.

Philadelphia, *December* 3, 1858.

Perceiving that you have again brought to the notice of the public the riddle of Sir Hilary of Agincourt, I send you a solution, written some years since, which I then thought, and still think, to be the true one:

When England's kings, of Norman race,
  Reclaim'd their fiefs of yore,

Its tongue the barons held as base,
In French they spoke and swore.

To all who fought and won the day,
The rank of *Pár** was given;
While those who fell in battle lay
Beneath the *blue* of heaven.

Then many a pair of soft blue eyes
Bewail'd the warrior's fate:
When did not woman's tears and sighs
On hapless valor wait?

Parbleu, then sworn in hour of strife,
In lieu of prayer, would prove
Sir Hilary true, in death as life,
To Heaven, to arms, and love.

BOSTON, *December* 3, 1858.

I send herewith two guesses at "Sir Hilary's Prayer." The first appeared in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* for October 5, 1846; the other in the Boston *Transcript* a few days after. Both are by the same hand; but the former seems entitled to the preference.

I can not but think that your Boston correspondent of the November Number has misapprehended the intention of the wood-cut he refers to. It is evident enough that the word "Knighthood" answers only one of the four requirements of the enigma. It is of "two syllables," it is true, but any other dissyllable would have that merit. The cut is simply an illustration of the verses, I take it, not a solution of the enigma.

I.

Sir Hilary fought at Agincourt,
Yet ere that dreadful fray,
His lips untaught, 'mid ruder sport,
'Mid jousts in camp and brawls at court,
The Church's forms to say,
Two syllables ejaculate;
Yet these *to God* commit his fate;
If, 'neath that fate he bite the sod,
These too commend his soul *to God*.

And who that shall recall in thought,
Though brave and proud they battle sought,
How few who round young Harry fought
Against the odds that D'Albret brought,
Their morrow's life most dearly bought,
Doubts that, if men e'er needed aught,
They needed *aid* that day.

And ah! for those, ere day was done,
Hurled into night ere set of sun,
To whom, no hallowed grave allowed,
The evening mist gave scanty shroud,
Swollen by the morrow's noontide heat,
The wolf's and vulture's loathsome meat;
God send them the cold, quiet shade
In church-yards by the *yew*-tree made.
And to those English maidens true,
Whose cheeks of bloom and eyes of blue
O'erflow with tears nor forced nor few—
The fallen hero's fittest due—
He bids in that same word *Adieu!*

Another Guess.

II.

Sir Hilary plunged into the fight;
Yet first he breathed two words—"*Good night!*"
To all who see to-morrow's light
He prays that *good* befall;
For all who die without the sight,
That the cold, quiet cloud of *night*
May serve for funeral pall;
To every maid whose eye o'erflows
For warrior falling 'mid his foes,
That a *good knight* console her woes.

* In Norman-French *Pâr* signified both *peer* and *pair*.

NEW YORK, *November* 12, 1858.

MR. DRAWER,—Having noticed in your last November Number several fanciful attempts to solve Praed's well-known charade, it occurred to me that you might be disposed to give an equally wide circulation to the following, which was furnished by me to the *Albion* of October 30, 1852. I think this answer carries conviction with it. While conceding all the honor to New England which her efforts deserve, it must be admitted that she has expended more ingenuity in polishing the shafts from her poetical quiver than in aiming them aright. New York is content with striking the target, and chronicles the fact in unpretending prose.

W. H. S.

The two syllables uttered by Sir Hilary were, *Aide, Dieu!*—"Help, Lord!" This is the prayer. *Aid* is undoubtedly needed for the small band of young and brave who are to march out to fight at dawn; the *dew* (Dieu) will fall in a cold and quiet cloud on the bodies of the slain; and *Adieu* (with which Aide-Dieu will, even when spoken with no inordinate rapidity, be almost identical in sound) is not unlikely on such an occasion to have been addressed

To those whose sunbright eyes
Weep when a warrior nobly dies.

To the Editor of the Drawer.

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT, *November* 8, 1858.

A circle of your readers here, in common with thousands of others evidently, were reaggravated into exhausting their wits by fruitless attempts to solve Praed's enigma of "Sir Hilary fought at Agincourt," etc., which, with several answers (none of them satisfactory), you published in your "Drawer." I am almost gray in consequence of tough old Sir Hilary—for he has been a stumbling-block to me for many years—and I long ago thought "Restrain" the best solution; though as Praed uses substantives for the subjects of his other capital enigmas, it is not likely that a verb is the proper answer for this one.

For the benefit of your Boston correspondent, who says that "'Knighthood' is undoubtedly the author's solution" (it doesn't fit in the slightest particular!), and for those of your readers who may be inclined to give him credit, I copy Praed's enigma to which 'Knighthood' *is* the correct solution:

Alas! for that forgotten day
When chivalry was nourished,
When none but friars learned to pray,
And beef and beauty flourished!
And fraud in kings was held accurst,
And falsehood sin was reckoned,
And mighty chargers bore my First,
And fat monks wore my Second!

Oh! then I carried sword and shield,
And casque with flaunting feather,
And earned my spurs in battle-field,
In winter and rough weather;
And polished many a sonnet up
To ladies' eyes and tresses,
And learned to drain my father's cup,
And loose my falcon's jesses.

But dim is now my grandeur's gleam;
The mongrel mob grows prouder;
And every thing is done by steam,
And men are killed by powder;
And now I feel my swift decay,
And give unheeded orders,
And rot in paltry state away,
With sheriffs and recorders.

There is another of Praed's enigmas, and the only one besides "Sir Hilary" which I have not

guessed, that puzzles me terribly. I copy it for you in case you see fit to print it:

"I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
All dressed in fire and feather,
When loveliness and chivalry
Were met to feast together;
He flung the slave who moved the lid
A purse of maravedis;
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the Ladies.

"He vowed a vow, that noble knight,
Before he went to table,
To make his only sport the fight,
His only couch the stable,
Till he had dragged, as he was bid,
Five score of Turks to Cadiz:—
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the Ladies.

"To ride through mountains where my First
A banquet would be reckoned,
Through deserts where, to quench their thirst,
Men vainly turn my Second;
To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
To dare the gates of Hades;
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the Ladies."

A FAIR correspondent of the Drawer sends the following, with the answer. It is a very clever

ENIGMA.

I.

When tyrants sought to crush the rights
Of man we first arose,
And in the name of Freedom's God
Struck terror in our foes;
But though the patriot welcomed us,
His gallant heart elate,
Full many a joyous home our power
Left cold and desolate.

Feared by the coward, by the brave
We ever welcomed are;
Honored, when gentle peace takes place
Of fierce, relentless war.
And yet our strength can prostrate lie,
Our power all be riven,
By breath of balmy summer air
And gentle dew of heaven.

II.

But still more marvelous, I ween,
Than what has yet been said
Is this, we never rise in might
Till you remove our head!!
While perfect, we are mortal make;
Though beautiful and bright—
Decapitated, messengers
Of truth, and life, and light.

The mightiest spirits of the world
Were awed beneath our power;
The meanest hind that walked the earth
Used us within an hour.
Now gay and joyous, bringing peace
And comfort in our train;
Anon, with gloom and bitterness,
Filling the heart with pain.

We travel quickly through the air,
We glide beneath the sea,
Die trembling 'neath a maiden's breath,
Live through eternity.
Who have us not are looked upon
As beings most forlorn;
And those who have us often wish
They never had been born. M. C. B.

"IN an interior county of Ohio," writes a correspondent, "we once had a judge of considerable humor. At one time John Smith was on trial for grand larceny. He had stolen goods from the store of Peter Jones. The theft was clear; but our law requires that the property stolen should be worth more than $35 to constitute grand larceny, which is a Penitentiary offense. If the property is worth less than $35 it is petit larceny, and punished by jail imprisonment, etc. Whether Smith should escape the Penitentiary depended upon the value of the stolen goods, and the proof showed that the goods, at wholesale prices, were worth less than $35, but at retail prices they were worth more than the $35. The judge, in his charge, left the jury to consider the fair value of the goods. After the jury had been out for several hours they returned into court, and said to the judge that they could not agree unless he charged them whether they should estimate the goods at the wholesale or retail price. Thereupon the judge drew himself up and enlightened them thus: 'Well, gentlemen, considering the way the rascal came by the goods, I don't think the Court can afford to wholesale them to him.' The doors of the Penitentiary opened accordingly.

"IN Columbiana County, Ohio, the Common Pleas Court was composed of a President Judge, who was a lawyer by profession, and three Associates, who were not lawyers. In the absence of the President Judge one of the Associates, who was a Dutchman, often delivered the opinions of the Court. At one term several important criminal cases had been tried and verdicts of guilty rendered, and several prisoners were in jail awaiting the determination of motions for new trials in their cases, which the Court had under advisement, and which, if overruled, would result in sentencing them to the Penitentiary. Several important civil causes were also pending on demurrers, which had been ably argued, and the Court had under consideration. The Court had been adjourned for several days, during which recess it was supposed the Court had been gravely considering these several cases. On Tuesday of the week following adjournment the Court met. The President Judge was, however, absent. It was supposed that he had left his written opinions in these several important cases with the Associates, and that these learned opinions would be read by one of the Bench as the opinion of the Court. The court-house was crowded with the friends of the several prisoners, with a large bar, and an audience larger than could be seated. The hum died away, for it was known that both liberty and property depended on the decisions of this Court. After a short pause the Dutch Associate drew forward his chair. Said he, 'Misther Clark, de motions for new trial ish all overruled, and de demurrers ish all sustained. De prisoners ish all sentenced to Penitentiary for dree years. Make de endries vorthwith, for in von hour dis Court vill pe on a steampoat.' Several of the sovereigns went to the Penitentiary *vorthwith* accordingly."

"JOYNER," writes a Southern correspondent, "is the gravest looking man in Alabama. He is, in fact, gravity personified. No man can see a trace of humor in his countenance, save the unexpected jerk of a muscle which draws down the left corner of his mouth just as he begins to speak. This motion I believe to be always indicative of the choicest story-telling powers, and most certainly it is not deceptive in Joyner.

"Not only can he *tell* a good story, but his dramatic talents and creative genius give him materials for original jokes which, but for his apparent sincerity of purpose and great skill in not being at the right place when struck at, would long since have prevented him from being the delight of his friends. He relates the following account of the narrowest escape he ever had.

"During the Jacksonian contest he, with a numerous company of friends, was standing at the door of a bar-room in —— County, waiting for news from the election. Suddenly General B——, a violent Jacksonian Democrat, appeared down the street riding at full speed toward the locality occupied by the excited company. Another moment and all but Joyner heard with satisfaction the news of the great victory. The bar-room was immediately invaded, and, amidst shouts and *tigers*, Joyner sought and obtained an introduction to General Jones.

"'How are you, Mr. Joyner,' said General Jones, at the same time giving him a grip that would have made any *other* man repent the embrace.

"Joyner released his hand, and with sincerity prominent in every lineament of his visage, deferentially addressed the impetuous Democrat:

"'General Jones, am I right in supposing the principles of the Democratic party to be the principles of that party?'

"'To be sure,' dubiously retorted the General.

"'Well, then,' replied Joyner, 'I am correct in supposing the principles of the Democratic party to be the principles of the Democratic party; and, Sir, according to this admission, *if* the principles of the Democratic party *are* the principles of the Democratic party, why, then, the principles of the Democratic party *must be* the principles of the Democratic party!'

"The savage glance of General Jones could discover not the slightest trace of mischief, and, with an effort to control himself, he replied,

"'How is that, Mr. Joyner? I don't know that I understood you. Please be a little more *definite*.'

"'I now feel convinced,' resumed Joyner, 'that the principles of the Democratic party are the principles of the *Democratic party;* and Sir, *if* the principles of the Democratic party *are* the principles of the Democratic party, why, then, the principles of the Democratic party *must be* the principles of the Dem—'

"Suddenly, amidst roars of laughter, General Jones attempted to lessen the distance between himself and Joyner, at the same time drawing a long blade from some capacious pocket.

"Joyner had, however, watched his quivering countenance and retreated at the right moment, making rapid circulatory movements among the by-standers, till some one effectually checked the pursuit.

"Joyner was by no means out of danger, however; for General Jones went quietly out of the door and took post on the outside, awaiting the appearance of his victim.

"'Look here!' said some friend of Joyner; 'you'd better not go out there, for the old fellow is going to knock you down, *certain!*'

"Now Joyner had on a hat that could not possibly be mistaken, and his great desire at this moment was to get rid of it.

"'Joe,' said he, to an old acquaintance who had come in since the retreat of General Jones—'Joe, let me see your hat.'

"Joe unsuspectingly gave up his hat, which was quickly adjusted to the trembling head of Joyner, who insisted on an exchange for a little while. Joe good-humoredly put on the hat, and moved toward the fatal door.

"The natural consequences followed instantaneously. His head met a huge fist passing the doorway just as he attempted to go out, and in a moment he lay sprawling and bleeding on the street, with General Jones expostulating for the great wrong he had done him.

"Joe was utterly *unable* to fight, and General Jones was no longer in a warlike mood. So Joyner once more escaped destruction, and the next day all shook hands over a bottle of porter."

Squire Bowman, who holds his magisterial court four times a year in District No. —, in —— County, Kentucky, is a decided "character;" and Pat Napier (a blood relation of Sir Charles, I suppose) is a character too, and the acting constable in this district. It is of Pat whom we are to tell this story. On a certain court day Squire Bowman desired to have some witnesses called into court, and he told Pat to go to the door and call them in. But Pat was busy about personal matters, and gave no attention to his honor's command. The order was repeated, and still our constable heeded it not. "Mr. Napier," lustily yelled the indignant squire, "I'll fine you five dollars for contempt of court!"

"Jist hold on a minit, Squire! hold on a minit before you enter that fine," said Pat, marching briskly toward the door.

The Squire, thinking he had gone to call the witnesses, "held on."

"*Oh, yes! oh, yes! Court is now adjourned!*" cried Pat, at the top of his voice. And striding back to the Squire with a grin and a victorious air, says, "Now, Squire, fine me ef you can. I've adjourned your court, and there is no sich thing as a Squire fining a feller after court is dismissed."

If Pat ever called "them" witnesses we haven't heard of it!

A bright little fellow, about three years old, being very anxious to go to Sabbath-school, his mother allowed him to go with an elder brother. The next Sunday his brother was absent from home, but Willy insisted on going alone. The church being very near, his mother consented. As he was going down the steps she asked him if he was sure he would know the way home. He said, "Oh, yes." And then, stopping a moment, he cried out, "But, see here, mother, when we come out the boys are all in a crowd, and get mixed up, and how will I know which is Willy?"

Another one was looking at some pictures, one of which he took to his mother to ask what it was. She told him it was Jonah, whom the print represented in the hands of the men at the side of the ship, and that the sailors were going to throw him into the sea. He sat down, looking at it very intently for a long time.

"What are you doing, Henry?" asked his mother.

"I am waiting," said he, "to see the men pitch him over."

Little Frank, who had recently lost his mother, and whose father shortly after married again to a

lady with a blue bonnet, says in his prayers, "God bless papa and mamma—*not my new blue bonnet mamma.*"

"The father of little Tommy," in Philadelphia, sends to the Drawer some of the sayings and doings of his little son, but they are not smart enough to be printed. In the mean time, to encourage the proud father, we feel willing to express the belief that Tommy, if he keeps on growing, will be a man before his mother.

"The students of our Law Department," writes a Southern correspondent, "were required to attend the county courts as much as possible, in order to learn the practical workings of the profession. On one occasion we were particularly required, as we had been summoned as witnesses in an action for horse-racing. The race itself was a poor affair, but the suit that followed it was rich 'in the first degree.' The court-room was crowded. Judge Q——, who considered himself a Mansfield in legal lore, presided, and, by his peculiar view of the *law* in the question involved, brought the trial to a speedy termination. In the examination of the witnesses it was proven—satisfactorily to him—that one of the horses became unmanageable and ran outside the track. At this point the Judge arose from his seat, and, with great gravity, said:

"'The court decides that it was no race in the eye of the law, because one of the horses bolted the track before he arrived at the goal.'"

A little girl returning from church, where a strange minister had officiated, said:

"Mother, I wish Mr. W—— hadn't preached today; he ain't a good preacher like Mr. B——."

"Why not?" asked mother.

"Because he talks so loud. I couldn't go to sleep. *Mr. B—— lets me sleep all the time!*"

In a portion of Virginia sorely afflicted by the drought, and on a "Quarter" plantation which had been remarkably overlooked by the partial showers of the summer, there lives, as overseer or manager, an eccentric worthy who has a way of his own for doing things. As the drought grew intenser, he was more and more despondent, and when at last the grateful rain was given his joy was proportionally great, and as the rains continued to descend his spirits rose into a state of jubilant exaltation. The next day his employer received from him a note, of which the following is a veracious extract:

"Sir,—Since Nature has washed her face and hands, and put on a bran-new garment, and sent down showers of fat, which have caused the little hills to rejoice on every side, *we ought to sow turnips.*"

"In a late number of your valuable and interesting *Magazine*," says a Maryland correspondent, "I found a flight of Fancy purporting to have escaped from the brain of Tom Paine: a little curious incident stands connected with that same. Fifty-four years ago it appeared in print, but in what form or shape I have now no recollection. It passed away, and I saw nothing of it since until I met with it in your *Magazine*, as just noticed.

"A year or so ago my young grandson was trying to form some Valentines to send to the young ladies of his acquaintance, and asked me to assist him. Among those he wished to compliment was the daughter of a professional gentleman of wealth, who is a fancy artist and architect, and had erected a *Phan*-tastical castle on one of the sylvan heights of the romantic Patapsco, and gave it the name of *Fairy Knowe*. The spirit of Tom Paine's 'Castle in the Air' strongly came over me, though, as I have said, more than half a century had elapsed since I had read or seen it, and the following lines were given birth to. Senex."

FAIRY KNOWE.

TO MISS JENNIE ——.

In the Land of Romance, where the Muse often roves,
By Fancy's omnipotent power,
'Mid myrtles and osiers and orange-tree groves
I have built me a beautiful bower.
'Tis founded on coral, from ocean-bed won,
By hands which in ocean-caves dwell;
The walls are of beams drawn down from the sun
By gnomes with their magical spell.
The columns around it of moonshine are made,
With pearls are the doors made secure;
Of lightning condensed is the dome overlaid,
The windows are adamant pure.
'Tis garnished with mirrors of qualities rare,
Which only chaste beauty disclose,
With caskets of jewels, surpassing compare,
And couches which tempt to repose.
Luscious fruit in the forests perpetually grow,
Which change as the seasons go round;
Rich nectar in streamlets continually flow,
Ambrosia eke doth abound.
The flowering shrubs which enamel the glade
A fragrance delicious distill;
And from birds rich in plumage, which sport in the shade,
Soft music enchantingly trill.
This wonderful Fane lacks a Queen as its soul,
Enjoyment and life to impart;
Will you, Fairy Nymph, assume its control,
And rule o'er its master's lone heart?
For all this Magical Mansion were vain
With all its dominions so fair;
Its splendor and riches no happiness gain
Without a Titania to share!

In a court-room in North Mississippi a man was on trial for larceny. His sanity was doubted, and the District-Attorney thought it best to prove it, and put the following question to one of his leading witnesses:

"Do you think the prisoner can distinguish between *right* and *wrong;* can tell the difference between *good* and *bad?*"

Witness. "I think he can, Sir; for I saw him take a drink of whisky, and he said it was *good whisky;* and, from this circumstance, I should infer that he could 'tell the difference between *good* and *bad.*'"

The bar enjoyed a hearty laugh over the novelty of the answer, in which his Honor freely participated, and the proof was accepted.

In the "Kingdom of Calhoun County, Illinois," a dead body was found, with the head severed from the trunk, and a bloody axe on the ground hard by. The coroner's jury, on mature deliberation, returned their verdict, of which the following is a literal copy:

"KERENERS VERDICK.

"wee the jurors Finde the deseesed cum To his deth by the Hands of som Pursen unnon with unlawfull *weeping* naimly a ax

"p S we The jurors Beleav that He was Beehedded By the saim ax."

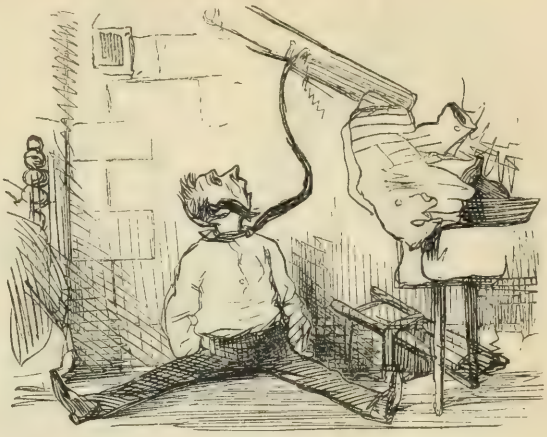
The original is on file, and copied by a faithful correspondent of the Drawer.

Noodles's Attempts at Suicide.

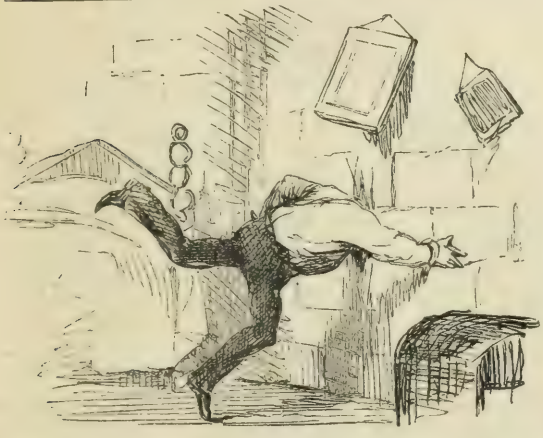
[A MODERN PATENT MEDICINE ADVERTISEMENT.]



Noodles, being tired of life, tries hanging.



Failing to accomplish his purpose in this,



Tries dashing brains out against paper imitation of Granite Wall.



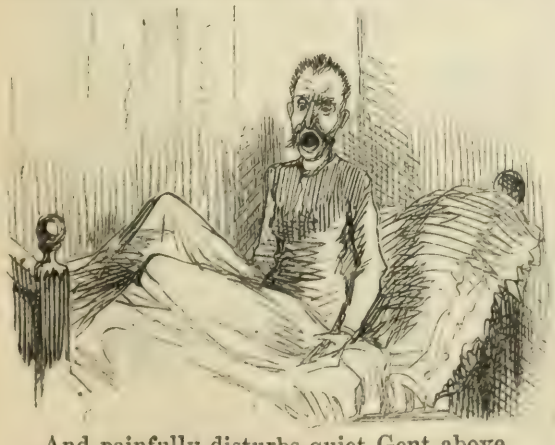
Head penetrates wall. Is slashed at by Gent from Arkansas.



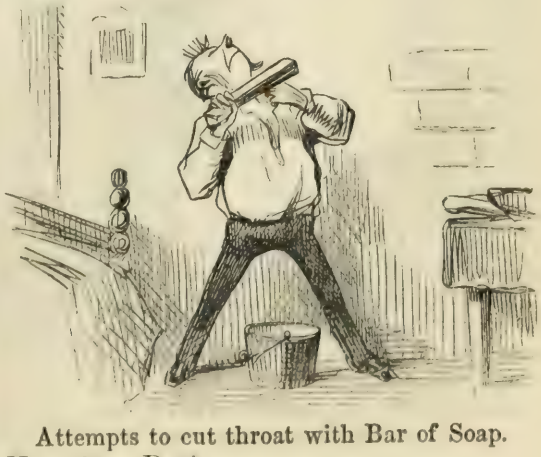
Narrow escape. Prepares to blow brains out.



Another failure—misses the mark,



And painfully disturbs quiet Gent above.



Attempts to cut throat with Bar of Soap.



Boot-black fortunately enters with Boots.



Noodles rushes down stairs—out of house—



Into Drug Store—demanding, from Small Boy, "Pint Laudanum, to kill rats."



Boy vanishes. Noodles frantically seizes bottle of something.



Swallows contents. Experiences a glorious reaction—instead of Death, Life!



Swallowed bottle Dr. Dipps's Eradicator. Saved! Once more himself!



Presents the Doctor with Certificate certifying to his Miraculous Cure.



Ever after, when depressed, drinks a bottle of Dr. Dipps, and Shoots his own Daguerreotype.

Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Promenade Dress.



FIGURE 2.—HOME TOILET.

THE PROMENADE DRESS is of chocolate-colored taffeta; the body half-high and closely fitting, with a short apparent basque, and one skirt. The sleeves, which are very full, are gathered upon a triple plait, running the whole length to the shoulders; of these plaits the centre one is double the width of the others, and trimmed with buttons. The drapery of the sleeve, which reaches to the elbow, falls open so as to show the sleeve. The basque and corsage are trimmed with a reversed box-plaiting, which is graduated, and carried down the front of the skirt. A similar ornament runs quite around the skirt, at a distance of about eight inches from the bottom.

The HOME TOILET, which we present above, consists of a cassock dress of striped poplin, with a plaided plastron, and the skirt *en tablier*. The hooks which confine the dress are concealed under a passamenterie, which may be made either by plaiting ribbons to match, or may be composed of strips of the material of the dress. In this dress the skirt and body are cut in one piece—both front and back—all the fullness being in the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves are closed at the wrist, but are full at the elbows, and are ornamented so as to correspond with the body. Gores are taken out, in order to give them the required form.

The chaste design for a FICHU, which is very appropriately styled "The Madonna," requires no special verbal explanation.

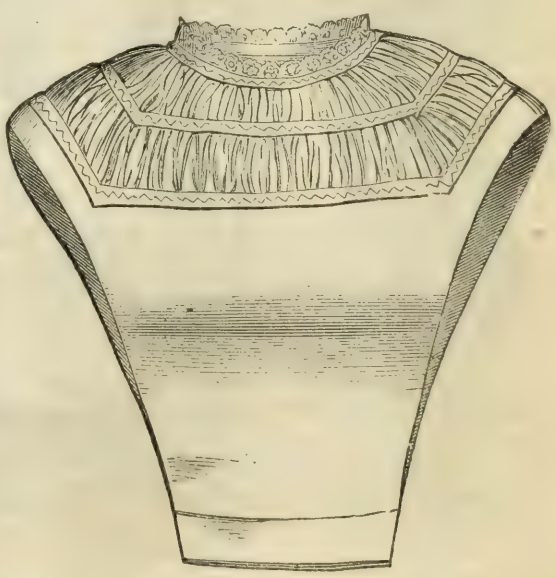
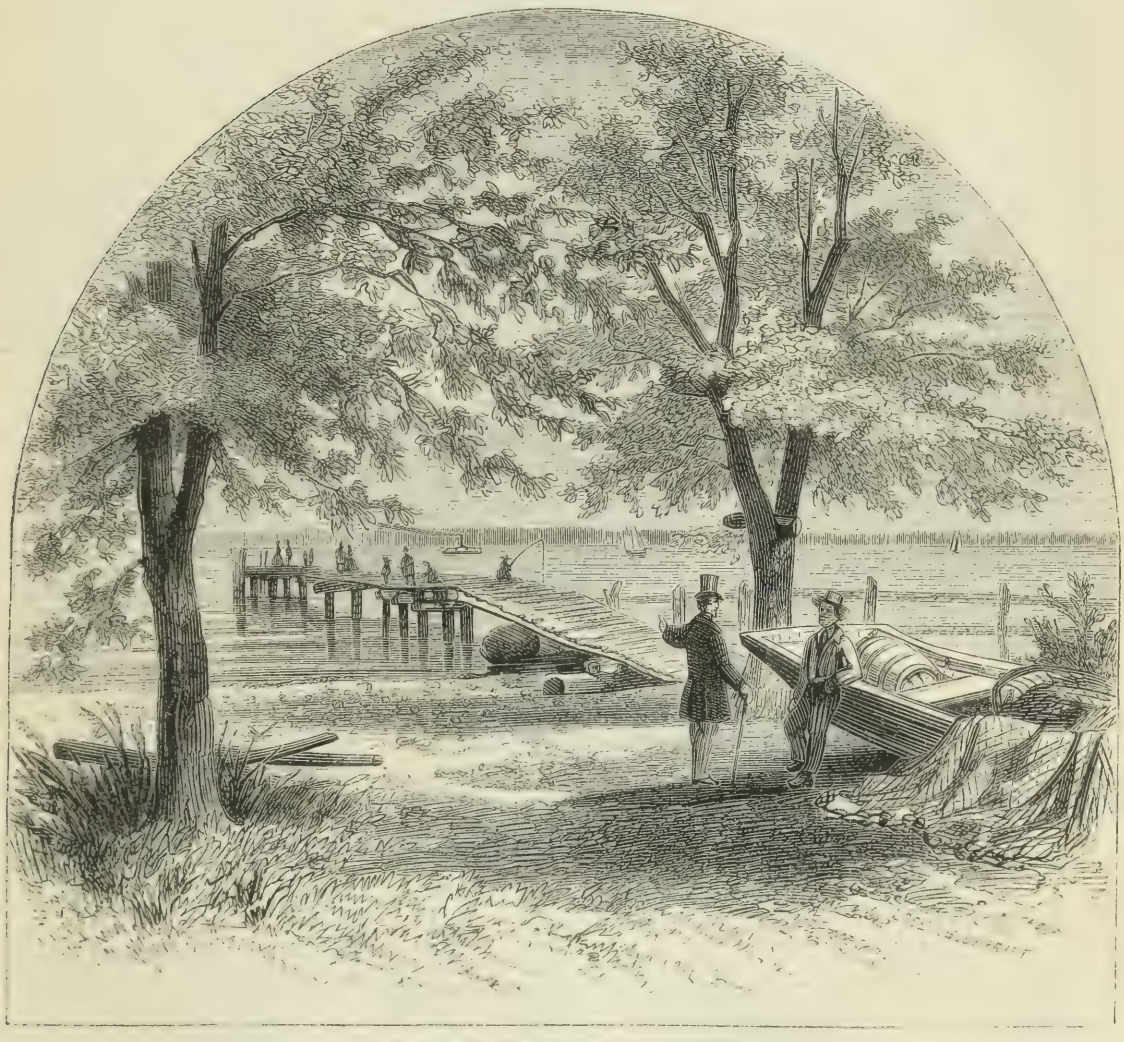


FIGURE 3.—MADONNA FICHU.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CVI.—MARCH, 1859.—Vol. XVIII.



THE LANDING-PLACE, MOUNT VERNON.

MOUNT VERNON AS IT IS.

OCTOBER in Virginia is a most delicious season. The first mellow tints of autumn then begin to tone down the rich and brilliant greens of summer, and the atmosphere, soft and balmy, is in harmony with the visible aspects of nature. A few blossoms yet linger, a few birds yet flit among the branches, though silent and sedate in contemplation of their southern flight. The luscious grape hangs in clusters in garden and forest; the apple-boughs bend with treasure in the orchards, and along the hedges the persimmon-tree displays its beautiful globes of astringent juice. The bee yet lingers in sunny places, and the grasshopper chirps in the field; and every where the reflecting spirit hears the low, solemn requiem of Nature over all her beautiful children, as she then begins to disrobe them for the tomb.

It was on one of those beautiful autumnal days in '58 that I made the last of my several pilgrimages to the home and tomb of Washington on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, accompanied by a young kinswoman who had never before been south of New York. We went to Mount Vernon, not as casual visitors with the crowd, but as welcomed guests of the proprietor; and for two days and nights we enjoyed true Virginian hospitality under that venerable and venerated roof, which sheltered Washington and all he held most dear, from youth to age, and where the great and good of many lands always found an open hand and generous cheer.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The chief object of my visit was to see Mount Vernon as it is, before the gentle hands of our patriotic countrywomen, now extended to arrest the ravages of decay, shall transform the objects upon which Washington's eyes once looked with delight, from melancholy vestiges of former symmetry and beauty to their original shape and brightness; and also to preserve and disseminate, by means of pencil and graver, portraitures of such objects, as they now appear. To that purpose alone this simple record of what I saw is devoted; and I leave to the historian and rhetorician the task of telling in eloquent language the consecutive story of the past of Mount Vernon.

It was on one of the earlier days of October, when almost summer heats were prevailing in Virginia, that we left Alexandria in the boat that conveys visitors to Mount Vernon twice a week while the navigation of the Potomac is open; and with a score of other people on a similar errand we landed, toward noon, upon a rude and picturesque wharf at the entrance to a shaded dell whose furrow comes down from the tomb of the great patriot to the river brink. This wharf is upon the spot from which, in Washington's time, the flour and tobacco, the chief productions of the Mount Vernon estate, were shipped in vessels for England or the British West Indies. These were so excellent in quality and so full in quantity that it is said any barrel of flour that bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the customary inspection in the latter ports. Washington was a fisherman, also, for gain, and every year many barrels marked with his brand, and filled with shad or herring, were shipped from this spot for foreign ports. From this landing-place there is a fine view of the Potomac and the Maryland shore opposite.

We had observed a young man walking nervously about the boat, distributing small handbills among the passengers, bearing at the head, in large letters, the striking injunction:

"☞ HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN AT THE TOMB OF THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY!"

To this was added:

"Visitors to this consecrated spot are informed that they can have their likenesses taken in a beautiful and durable manner, with the Tomb of Washington for a background, and delivered them on the return trip of this boat, for the same price that a likeness without the tomb would cost. Hundreds of visitors have been delighted with these Gems of Art during the last year, and not a single one has expressed the least dissatisfaction."

The distributor was earliest in leaving the boat; and with a tin box filled with the implements of his calling, he led the way up the dell by a dilapidated plank walk that lay along the margin of a choked brook. He far outstripped his fellow-passengers in the ascent, for the hope



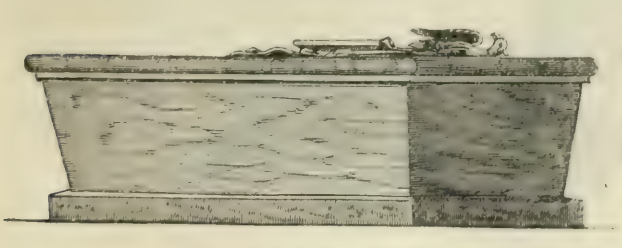
THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



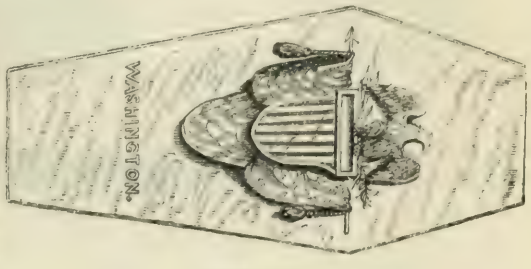
RUINS OF THE OLD FAMILY VAULT, MOUNT VERNON.

of winning dollars at the end of the race gave wings to his feet. When near the brow of the wooded slope we caught glimpses through the shrubbery of a small white building. We found it to be a rough board shanty, bedaubed with lime, and standing within a few yards of that once *consecrated*, but now *desecrated*, spot where repose the remains of the great Hero and Sage. It had been erected for the accommodation of the daguerreotypist; and there, with a large placard hanging upon the outside calling attention to his craft, he stood ready to ply the implements of his profession. Oh, how every sentiment of respect and reverence for the illustrious dead—every emotion born of a true American spirit—rose up in severe rebuke of this disgraceful traffic in the vestibule of that temple wherein the good and true of all nations would delight to pour their orisons! I thought of a scene in old Jerusalem, when, in another temple, the tables of the "money changers and the seats of those who sold doves" were overturned, and I wished for the authority to purge this spot of all worshipers of Mammon. I could not even forgive the proprietor of Mount Vernon, whose good-nature permitted this desecration.

The *new* tomb of Washington is in a secluded hollow at the upper entrance to the deep-wooded dell, along the margin of which lies the pathway from the river. The spacious vault is built of brick, with an arched roof. It is entirely overgrown with shrubbery, brambles, and vines, which give it an antiquated appearance. Its iron door opens into a vestibule, also built of brick, in which, seen through a picketed iron gate, stand two marble sarcophagi, containing respectively the remains of Washington and his wife. Over the vault door, upon a stone panel, are cut the words: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE!" The vestibule is twelve feet in height. The gateway is



WASHINGTON'S COFFIN.



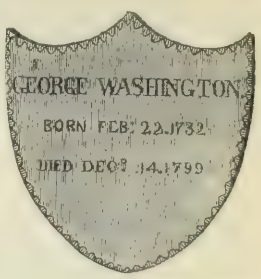
THE LID.

flanked by brick pilasters, surmounted by a stone coping, which covers a Gothic arch. Over this arch is a white marble tablet inscribed: "WITHIN THIS INCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The marble coffins in the vestibule were made and presented by John Struthers, of Philadelphia. That of Mrs. Washington is perfectly plain, with a simple inscription. The other is plain, except the lid, on which is represented, in relief, the American shield suspended over the flag of the Union. The latter is hung in festoons; and the whole is surmounted, as a sort of crest, by an eagle with open wings perched upon the superior bar of the shield. Each coffin consists of an excavation from a solid block of Pennsylvania marble.

This vault and inclosure were erected many years ago, in pursuance of instructions given in the following clause in Washington's will: "The family vault at Mount Vernon requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides, I desire that a new one, of brick, and upon a larger scale, may be built at the foot of what is called the Vineyard Inclosure, on the ground which is marked out, in which my remains, and those of my deceased relatives (now in the old vault), and such others of my family as may choose to be entombed there, may be deposited."

The old vault referred to was upon the brow of a declivity, in full view of the river, about three hundred yards south of the mansion, on the left of the present pathway from the tomb to the summer-house on the edge of the lawn. It is now an utter ruin. The door-way is gone, and the cavity is partly filled with rubbish. Therein the remains of Washington lay undisturbed for thirty years, when an attempt was made by some Vandal to carry them away. The inesecure old vault was entered, and a skull and some bones were taken; but these comprised no part of the remains of the illustrious dead. The robber was detected, and the bones were recovered. The new vault was then immediately built, and all the family remains were placed in it. Mr. William Strickland, of Philadelphia, who designed the composition on the lid of Washington's coffin, and accompanied Mr. Struthers when the remains of the patriot were placed in it, in 1837, has left a most interesting account of that event. On entering the vault they found every thing in confusion. Decayed fragments of coffins were scattered about, and bones of various parts of the human body were seen promiscuously thrown together. The decayed wood was dripping with moisture. "The slimy snail glistened in the light of the door-opening. The brown centipede was disturbed by the admission of fresh air, and the mouldy cases of the dead gave a pungent and unwholesome odor." The coffins of Washington and his lady were in the deepest recess of the vault. They were of lead, inclosed in wooden cases. When the sarcophagus arrived the coffin of the chief was brought forth. The vault was first entered by Mr. Strickland, accompanied by Major Lewis (the last survivor of the first executors of the will of Washington) and his son.—When the decayed wooden case was removed the leaden lid was perceived to be sunken and fractured. In the bottom of the wooden case was found the silver coffin-plate, in the form of a shield, which was placed upon the leaden coffin when Washington was





RUINS OF THE CONSERVATORY AND SERVANTS' QUARTERS.



THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

first entombed. "At the request of Major Lewis," says Mr. S., "the fractured part of the lid was turned over on the lower part, exposing to view a head and breast of large dimensions, which appeared, by the dim light of the candles, to have suffered but little from the effects of time. The eye-sockets were large and deep, and the breadth across the temples, together with the forehead, appeared of unusual size. There was no appearance of grave-clothes; the chest was broad, the color was dark, and had the appearance of dried flesh and skin adhering closely to the bones. We saw no hair, nor was there any offensive odor from the body; but we observed, when the coffin had been removed to the outside of the vault, the dripping down of a yellow liquid, which stained the marble of the sarcophagus. A hand was laid upon the head and instantly removed; the leaden lid was restored to its place; the body, raised by six men, was carried and laid in the marble coffin, and the ponderous cover being put on and set in cement, it was sealed from our sight on Saturday the 7th day of October, 1837. . . . The relatives who were present, consisting of Major Lewis, Lorenzo Lewis, John Augustine Washington, George Washington, the Rev. Mr. Johnson and lady, and Mrs. Jane Washington, then retired to the mansion."

On the east side of the tomb, beneath neat marble monuments, lie the remains of Mrs. Eleanor Parke Lewis and her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Conrad. The former was the grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington, and adopted daughter of the General. In front of the tomb are two stately obelisks of marble. The one on the right commemorates the eminent Judge Bushrod Washington, nephew of the General, who inherited Mount Vernon; the one on the left, John Augustine Washington, a nephew of the Judge, and father of the present proprietor of the estate. These are all the family monuments that stand by the tomb of the Patriot.

From the tomb we made our way to the lawn in front of the mansion by a dilapidated plank walk that skirted the brow of a very steep hill. I stopped and sketched the ruins of the old vault on the way, and went down a winding path to a cold spring, from whose clear fountain Washington, no doubt, had often drank. From the spring a path much obstructed by shrubbery leads to the deer-park, a pretty opening between the



MOUNT VERNON—WEST FRONT.

base of the wooded declivity and the river, where Washington kept several tame deer for his pleasure.

By a flight of rough steps, where we met a well-dressed and intelligent little colored boy with canes cut from the forests on Mount Vernon for sale, we ascended to the lawn at a corner of a noble summer-house, which is so fallen into decay on one side that it is dangerous to attempt to enter it. Under this summer-house is a deep, dry well, used before ice-houses were known as a cool place for meat, butter, etc. The wall is broken away, and the visitor can peer into its depths without difficulty.

We rested a while in the cool shadow of a large holly-tree, and then went to the mansion to meet the proprietor. We were disappointed. My letter informing him when he might expect us had not reached him, and he and his family were a hundred miles away. They were expected home the next day; so we sauntered about the grounds and through the rooms thrown open to visitors during the two hours that the boat remained waiting at the wharf, and then returned to Alexandria. The boat stopped a short time at Fort Washington on the Maryland shore, to allow the passengers to visit that fortification and the grounds around it; but the pleasure of the visit was marred by the descent of a sudden but gentle shower. At three o'clock we were at Alexandria, where we met Mr. Washington at dinner, and accompanied him in his carriage to Mount Vernon the same evening. His family were detained in the country, but we enjoyed the hospitalities of his house with a freedom that made our stay there exceedingly pleasant.

The public road between Alexandria and Mount Vernon—a distance of nine miles—is a very pleasant one, with cultivated fields spreading out on every side; but after leaving it, at a spacious level, upon which stand some of the grand, old trees of the primeval forest that cast broad shadows in Washington's time, the road that winds through the wooded ravines and up the timbered slopes of the old Mount Vernon estate, leading to the mansion, was rough and gullied, for the rains make sad havoc with smooth paths in that light alluvium.

It was just at sunset when we entered the great gate near the ruins of the ancient conservatory, and drove up the carriage-way on the west front of the mansion, where we were received by Nathan, the chief house-servant, whose polite attentions are remembered by the thousands of stran-

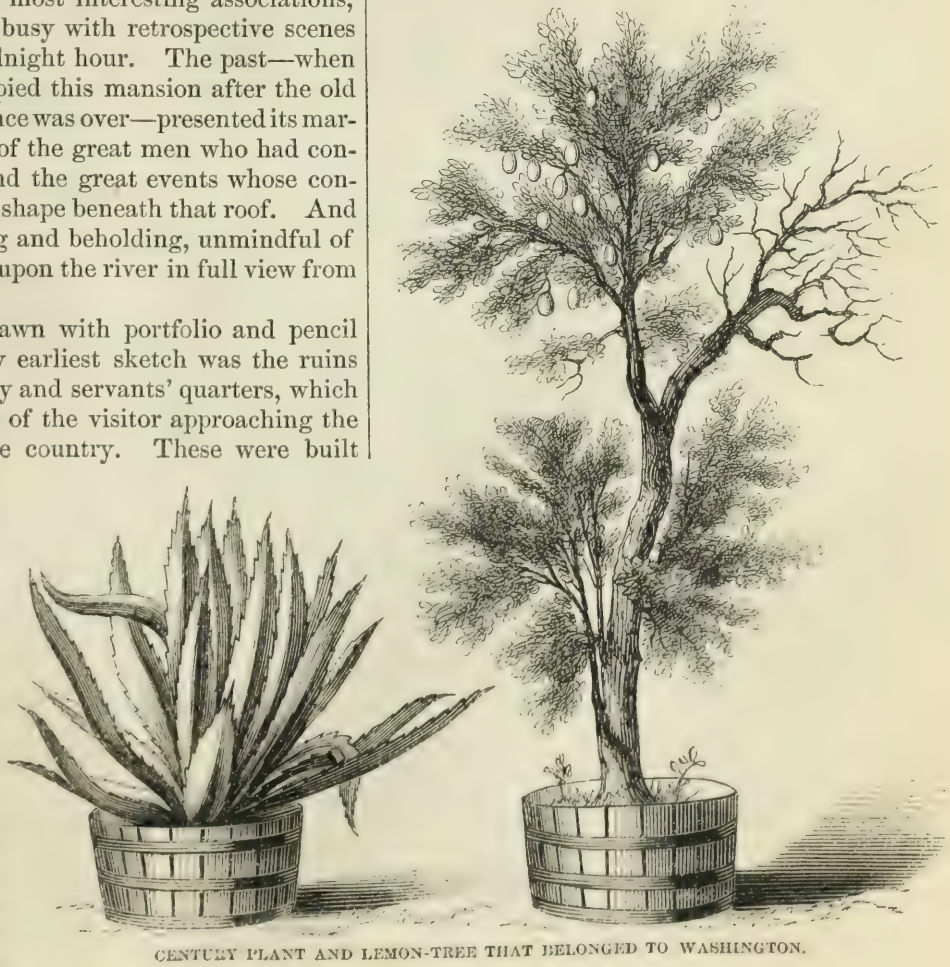


WASHINGTON'S ICE-HOUSE.

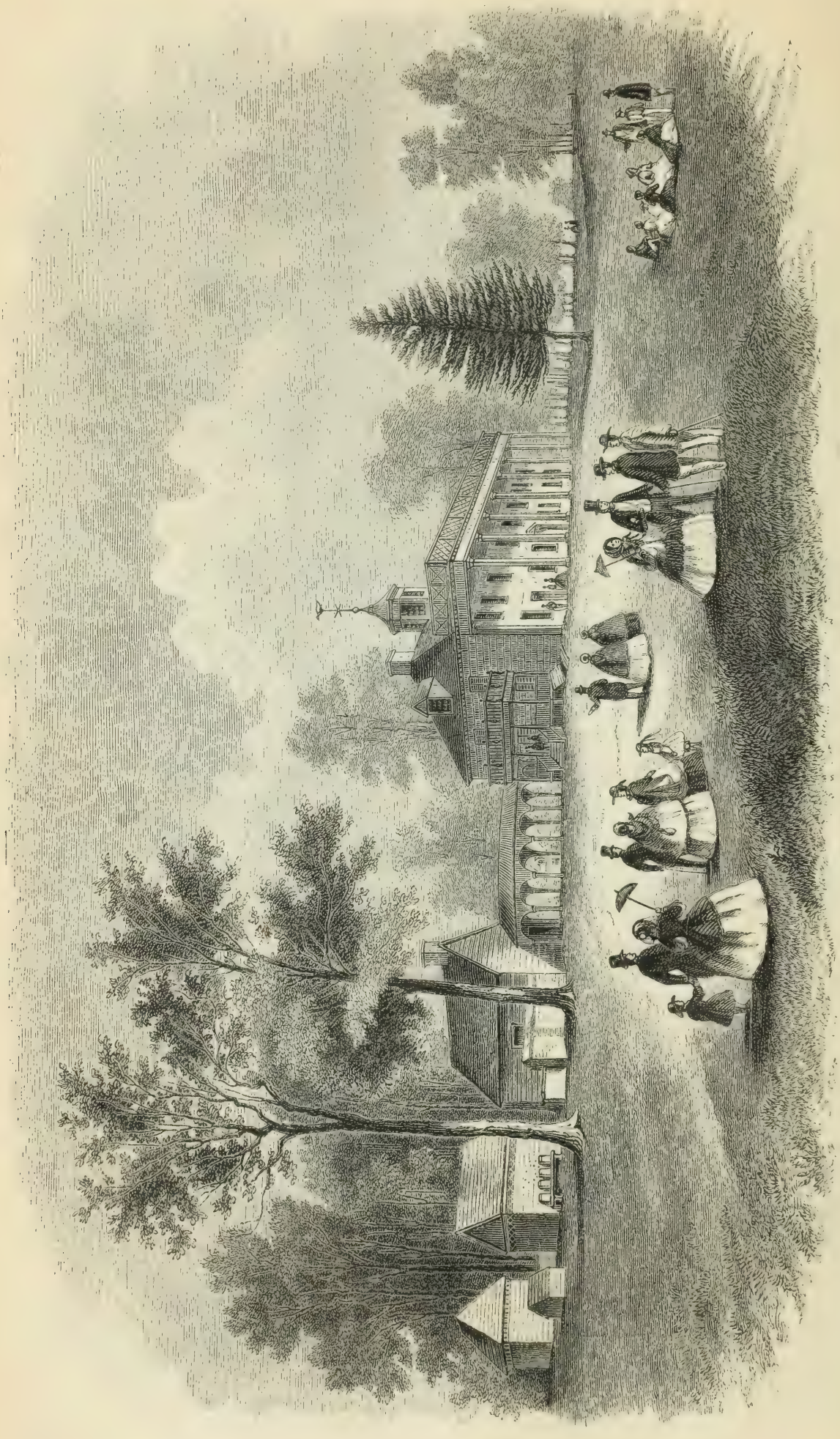
gers who visit Mount Vernon during the warm season.

Host and visitors were wearied with the day's journeyings, and all retired at an early hour. But I could not sleep. The window of my chamber looked out from beneath the great piazza upon the broad waters of the Potomac, and the shores of Maryland beyond, which lay sleeping in the light of the full moon. That chamber—all the chambers, the mansion, and the grounds—are so clustered with the most interesting associations, that thought was busy with retrospective scenes until after the midnight hour. The past—when Washington occupied this mansion after the old war for independence was over—presented its marvelous procession of the great men who had congregated there, and the great events whose conception had taken shape beneath that roof. And there I lay musing and beholding, unmindful of the dancing light upon the river in full view from my pillow.

I was out at dawn with portfolio and pencil in hand; and my earliest sketch was the ruins of the conservatory and servants' quarters, which first meet the eye of the visitor approaching the mansion from the country. These were built by Washington. He was fond of flowers and rare plants and shrubbery, for they pleased his eye and gratified his taste in an uncommon degree. In that conservatory he had collected many exotics, and a large number of these were yet preserved with great care when the buildings were destroyed by fire on the 16th of December, 1835—the same day when more than five hundred buildings, and property valued at more than twenty millions of dollars, were wasted by the same element in the city of New York. The fire originated in a defective flue connected with the conservatory, and that building, and the quarters of the servants adjoining, were laid in ruins in the course of an hour. Only a few of the rare plants that belonged to



CENTURY PLANT AND LEMON-TREE THAT BELONGED TO WASHINGTON.

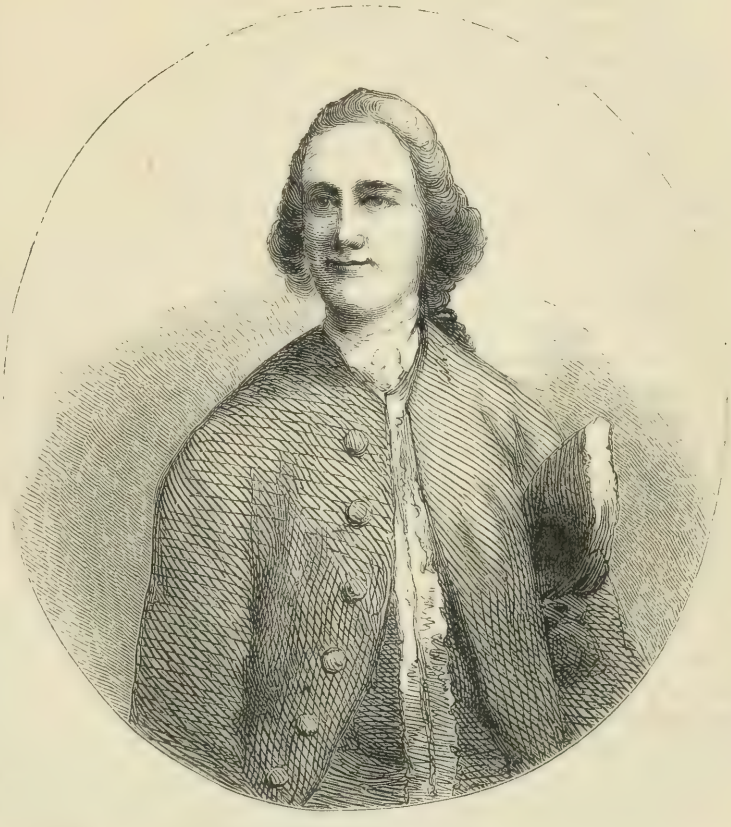


MANSION, LAWN, AND OUT-HOUSES, MOUNT VERNON.

Washington were saved. Of these, a fine century plant that has never bloomed, a sago-tree, and a lemon-tree, are yet preserved in the flower garden to which the conservatory was attached. The ruins have been left undisturbed, and present a melancholy aspect.

On the right of the carriage entrance to the mansion is an ice house, built by Washington, and still used. It is well preserved, and to the highly imaginative mind its form suggests the idea of a tomb It is affirmed that a sentimental young lady was once seen, with an embroidered kerchief pressed to her eyes, weeping softly at the door of the ice-house, under the impression that she was standing at the tomb of Washington!

After breakfast I sketched the mansion from the summer-house, and recalled the scene of the previous day, when visitors were strolling over the lawn in front. I have never seen this view delineated before. It includes a large portion of the lawn, which slopes to the



LAWRENCE WASHINGTON



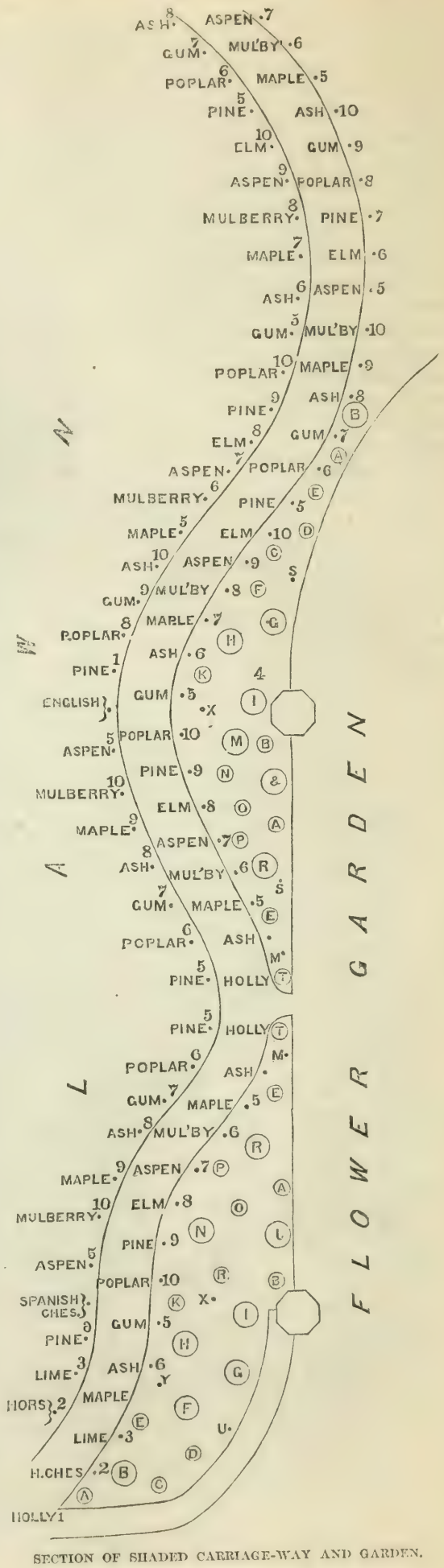
ANCIENT ENTRANCE TO MOUNT VERNON.

brow of the steep, wooded declivity on the river bank, with some of the out-buildings, and the sweeping arcade which connects the kitchen with the mansion. These out-buildings and arcade, and a portion of the mansion, including the piazza, were erected by Washington, after he came into possession of the estate by the will of his half-brother, Lawrence Washington, who inherited it from his father. It was called the estate of Hunting Creek, from a fine stream and estuary of that name that washed its northern border.

Lawrence Washington was an English naval officer, and served under Admiral Vernon in his operations against the Spanish ports on the shores of Central American waters. Because of his admiration of his commander, he called this eminence upon his estate, whereon he built a modest mansion, *Mount Vernon*, and from that the whole domain received its title. Within that early mansion George Washington spent many of his youthful days; and there he formed that intimacy with the Fairfax family, one of whose fair members his brother Lawrence had married, which opened to him his earlier pathway to fame, and continued until the kindling of the war for independence that sundered many a holy tie.

In July, 1752, Lawrence Washington died, and George, at the age of twenty, had the care of his estate as chief executor, his little daughter Jane, sole scion of his house and heart, being the only immediate heir. Her death left the entire estate to George pursuant to the provisions of her father's will, and to that mansion in the spring of 1759, when the garlands of military fame were upon his brow, the future Liberator of America carried from the home of her widowhood, near the banks of the York, his bride, the sweet little Martha Custis. Concerning this home he wrote to a friend in London, "No estate in United America is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world—a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

With a handsome fortune of his own, increased by a very large one brought by his wife, Washington at once enlarged the mansion, erected new and more numerous out-houses, and improved and beautified the grounds. I have before me the original drawings made by him, to direct his overseer in laying out the vegetable and flower garden, and the spacious, level lawn westward of the mansion. A copy of this, with sections and a fac-simile of Washington's memorandum of the names and position of the trees to be planted, which he carefully noted in his drawings, are here given. Many of the trees thus planted are still flourishing; and the two gardens are kept in the same form as when Washington left



SECTION OF SHADED CARRIAGE-WAY AND GARDEN.

a Tulip tree. - - - - - - - - - - 16
b Sassafras - - - - - - - - - - - 28
c Papaw - - - - - - - - - - - - 16
d Red Haw - - - - - - - - - - - 16
e Red bud - - - - - - - - - - - 32
a Mock Orange - - - - - - - - - 2
h Hemlock - - - - - - - - - - - 28
y Tree at H. Hole - - - - - - - 4
g Yellow Willow - - - - - - - 28
k Magnolia - - - - - - - - - - 28
4 Catalpa - - - - - - - - - - - 4
e Crab Tree - - - - - - - - - - 28
k Black Haw - - - - - - - - - - 16
x English Walnut - - - - - - - 4
l Holly - - - - - - - - - - - - - 24
m Lilac - - - - - - - - - - - - 20
n Dogwood - - - - - - - - - - - 28
o Locust - - - - - - - - - - - - 28
o Swamp Red Berry - - - - - - 16
q Althea - - - - - - - - - - - - 16
h Great Thorn - - - - - - - - - 16
r Cedar - - - - - - - - - - - - 28
s Service - - - - - - - - - - - - 6
w Lilac - - - - - - - - - - - - -
t Holly & Ivy - about - - - - -

1 Balm of Gil.d or Holly - - -
2 Horse Chesnut - - - - - - 4
3 Lime - - - - - - - - - - - - 4
5 Pine - - - - - - - - - - - - 20
6 Poplar - - - - - - - - - - - 20
7 Black Gum - - - - - - - - - 18
8 Elm - - - - - - - - - - - - - 14
9 Maple - - - - - - - - - - - - 22
10 Mulberry - - - - - - - - - - 20
11 Aspan - - - - - - - - - - - - 20
12 Ash - - - - - - - - - - - - - 22

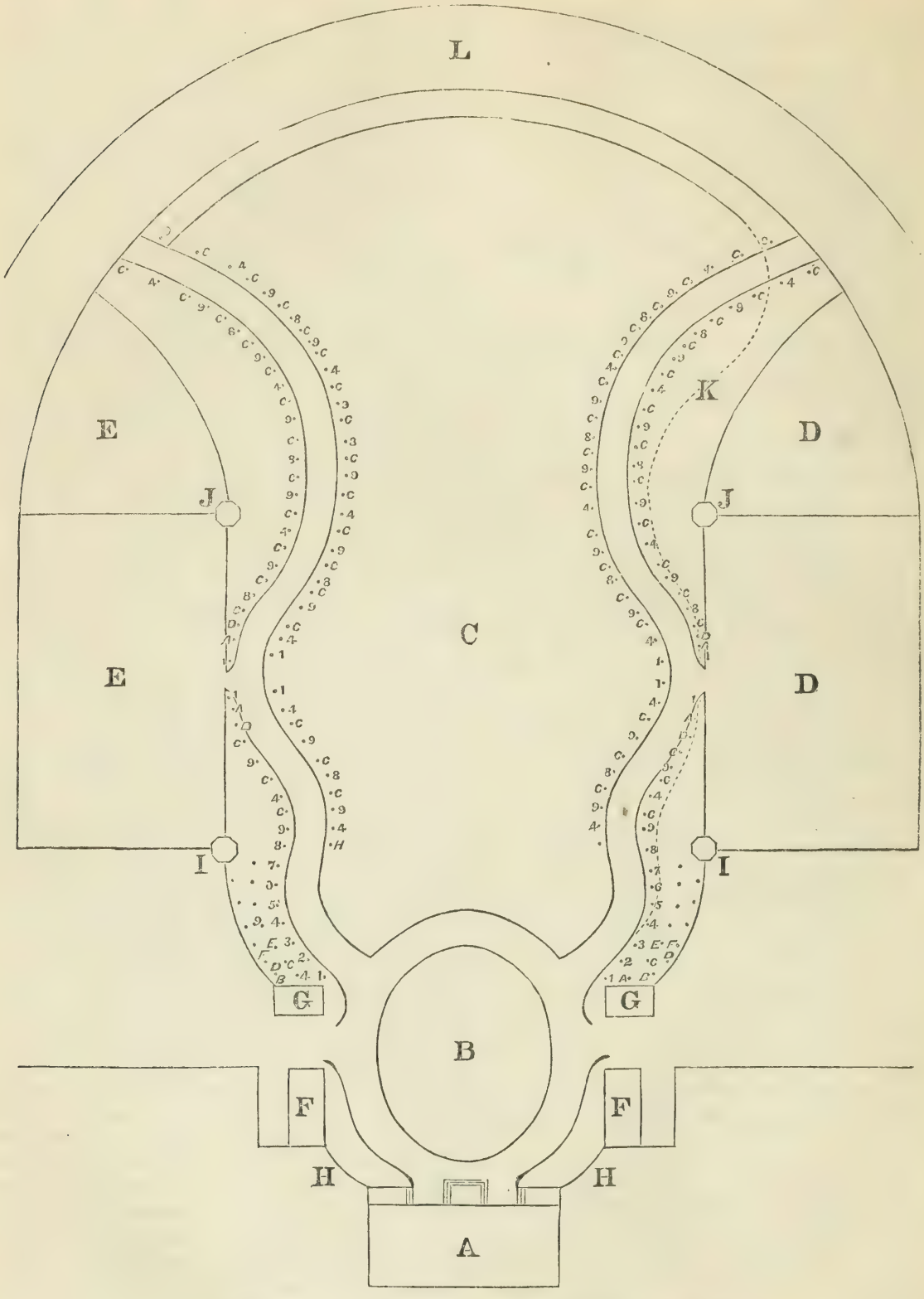
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FAC-SIMILE OF WASHINGTON'S MEMORANDUM.

them. The diagram, giving a section of the carriage-way and garden, is the one referred to in Washington's memorandum, of which a fac-simile is given.

The ancient entrance to Mount Vernon was due west from the mansion, about a mile distant, and the pleasant road that passed through the shaded dells and over fine timbered hills, was connected with the carriage-way of the lawn. Now the direction is somewhat altered, and that road, neglected because little used, is quite impassable with vehicles. We walked to the site of that old gateway toward noon. Recent rains had gullied the roads in several places, and in others piled heaps of pebbles in it; and yet, with all this desolation, the scenery was picturesque and sometimes beautiful. It was a warm, cloudless day, and the walk was delightful. Near the old highway we came to the remains of the porter's lodges at that ancient entrance. The chimney of one of them is entirely gone, and the walls of the other are tottling. They are built of pressed clay, sun-dried like the bricks of Egypt. With a little care and expense these may be restored to the condition in which they were left sixty years ago.

On returning toward the mansion we stopped to talk with an old mulat-



GENERAL PLAN OF THE MANSION AND GROUNDS AT MOUNT VERNON.

A. The Mansion.
B. Oval Grass-plot.
C. The Lawn.
D, D. Flower-garden.
E, E. Vegetable Garden.
F, F. Kitchen and Laundry.
G, G. House-servants' Quarters.
H, H. Arcades.
I, I. Water-closets.
J, J. Seed-houses.
K. Carriage-way as finally laid out.
L. Outside Road.

to, who was making a plow in front of a shop adjoining the ruins of the conservatory. He was a very intelligent man. He has lived at Mount Vernon over fifty-seven years, and is now in the seventy-second year of his age. He was raised in the Washington family, and his master, Judge Washington, set him free at his death. Westford (his name) now owns a plantation on Little Hunting Creek, where his children reside, and there he expects to go when Mount Vernon shall pass out of the possession of the Washington family. Westford well knew Billy—Washing-



WASHINGTON'S SAGO PALM.

ton's favorite body-servant during the Revolutionary War. Billy was made free by Washington's will, with a liberal pension and a home for life at Mount Vernon. His means for high life had a bad effect upon him, and Billy became a *bon vivant*. Delirium tremens finally seized him with its terrors. Westford sometimes relieved him of the paroxysms by bleeding. One morning, about thirty years ago, Westford was sent for to bleed Billy. The blood would not flow. Billy was dead, and the last but one of Washington's favorite servants passed from earth forever. The other (a woman) died at Arlington a few years ago, where I saw her one evening at family worship.

Westford told us much of interest about Mount Vernon and its associations connected with his own experience, but I can not repeat his narratives here. We left him with an engagement to meet him the next morning before breakfast, for the purpose of delineating his likeness with a pencil. I found him prepared, having on a black satin vest, a silk cravat, and his curly gray hair arranged in the best manner, "For," he said, "the artists make colored people look bad enough anyhow." He wrote his name upon the drawing, a fac-simile of which is appended to the portrait on a succeeding page.

In the afternoon we strolled in the gardens, and I sketched the lemon-tree and century plant and the sago palm, already mentioned. The lemon-tree is about fifteen feet in height, and had about a dozen fine specimens of fruit upon it. It begins to show signs of decay. The *Agave* and the sago are flourishing. The latter stands at the junction of two avenues, fringed with box and tall shrubbery, in front of the ruins of the conservatory. At the end of each garden is a seed-house of octagon form, built by Washington. These, with water-closets of similar form nearer the mansion, are falling into almost hopeless decay.

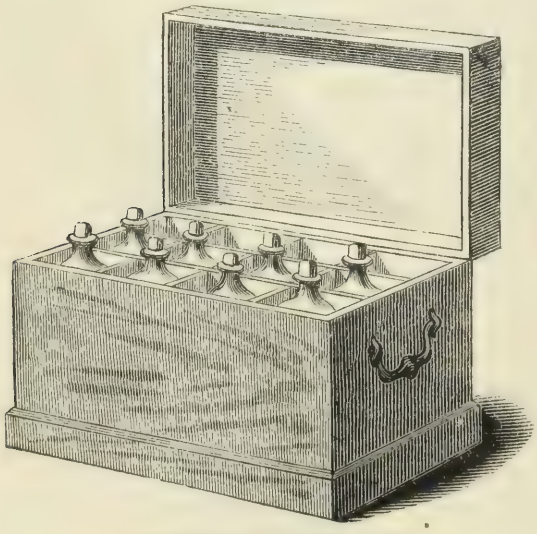
Besides the books in the library there are but few things in the mansion at Mount Vernon that belonged to Washington. In the library is the original plaster-cast made from Washington's living face in October, 1785, by Houdon, an eminent French sculptor, who was employed, through Mr. Jefferson (then American minister in Paris), by the Legislature of Virginia, to



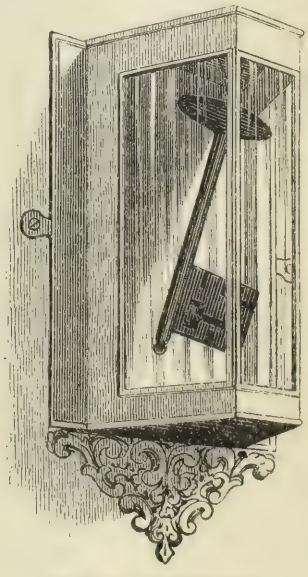
SEED-HOUSE.

make a full-length marble statue of him. That statue, considered the best likeness of Washington ever made, stands in the rotunda of the capitol at Richmond. In the first volume of Jefferson's writings there are many interesting facts concerning it.

Over the fire-place in the library, upon a bracket, is a marble bust, cabinet size, of M. Necker, the eminent Minister of Finance, or Controller-General of France, when the French Revolution broke out in 1789. On the pedestal is an inscription, giving the name of a West India gen-



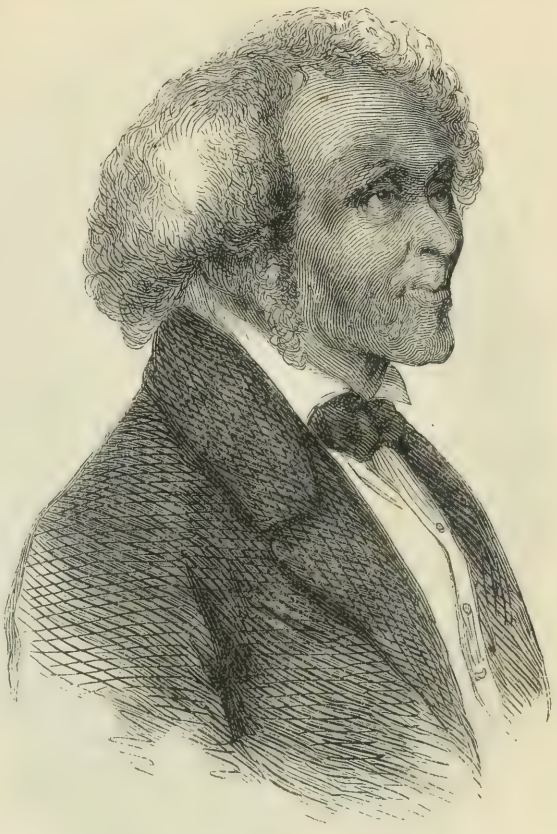
WASHINGTON'S LIQUOR-CHEST.



KEY OF THE BASTILE.

tleman, who presented it to Washington. This room is now used as a dining-room, and in a closet adjoining I was shown a liquor-case, made of mahogany, that was used by Washington. It contains twelve white glass flasks, thirteen inches in height, and was convenient in size to be used when traveling. It is believed that he carried it with him during the campaigns of the Revolution.

In the great passage, from which a heavy staircase leads to the chambers, may be seen Washington's spy-glass. His pocket-telescope, that he used during the war, was presented to General Jackson while he was President of the United States. In a glass case firmly secured to the wainscot of the passage is the key of the Bastile —that notable state prison in Paris, which was pulled down by the infuriated populace in 1789, when the French Revolution was kindling. That strong prison was a royal castle, completed by Charles the Fifth, of France, in 1383, for the defense of Paris against the English. As a state prison, it was regarded by the populace as the stronghold of tyranny; and when it was demolished, its governor and other officers were beheaded. Lafayette was at that time Commander-in-chief of the National Guards, and ordered and assisted in the demolition of the Bastile. The great iron key to its dungeons was placed in his hands, and in March following he sent it to Washington, through Thomas Paine, then in

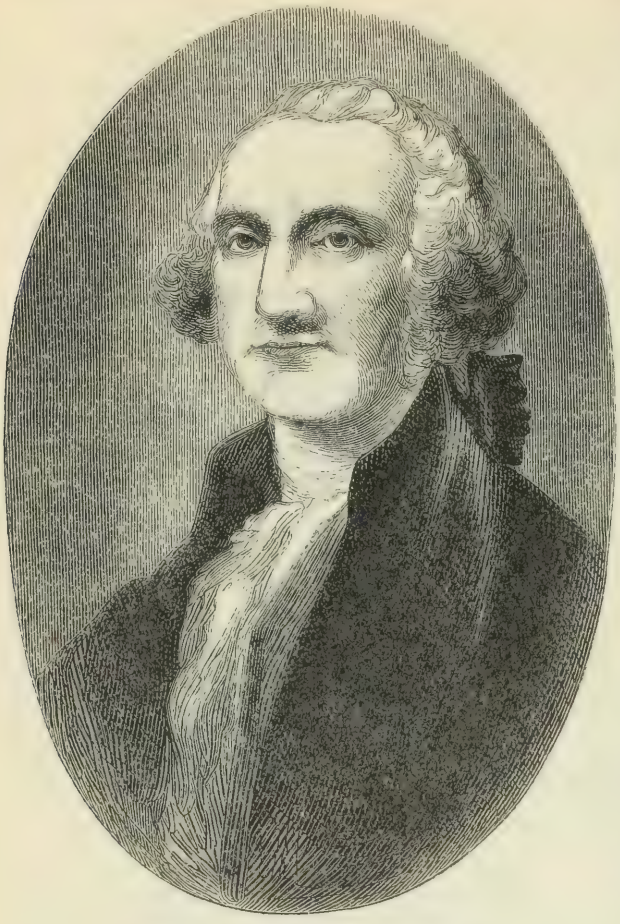




LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

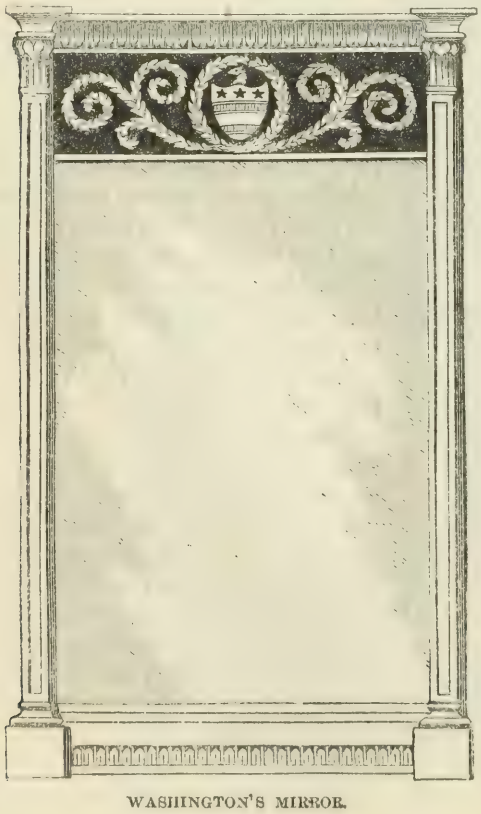
London, with a pencil sketch representing the destruction of the building. These were accompanied by a letter, in which Lafayette said: "Give me leave, my dear General, to present you with a picture of the Bastile, just as it looked a few days after I ordered its demolition, with the main key of the fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe as a son to my adopted father—as an aid-de-camp to my general—as a missionary of liberty to its patriarch." To this Washington replied: "I have received your affectionate letter of the 17th of March by one conveyance, and the token of the victory gained by liberty over despotism by another, for both which testimonials of your friendship and regard I pray you to accept my sincerest thanks. In this great subject of triumph for the New World, and for humanity in general, it will never be forgotten how conspicuous a part you bore, and how much lustre you reflected on a country in which you made the first displays of your character." The drawing yet hangs beneath the old key, in the same relative position in which they were left by Washington.

In the great passage and the adjoining rooms are a few engravings



PITCHER PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

that belonged to Washington. These are Andromache bewailing the Death of Hector; The Death of Montgomery; The Death of Warren; two Hunting Scenes; four Landscapes; The Defense of Gibraltar, four Views; Descent from the Cross; and a St. Agnes. These are all more or less injured by some tiny destroyers that are daily making the high lights still stronger, so that all the pictures now appear snowy. If their destructive progress shall not be speedily arrested, those relics of the great Patriot's household ornaments will be lost forever. With characteristic modesty, Washington allowed no picture of scenes in which he was a participant to adorn the walls of Mount Vernon. Some fine oil paintings and family portraits that were there have been distributed among relatives; that of Lawrence Washington alone remains.

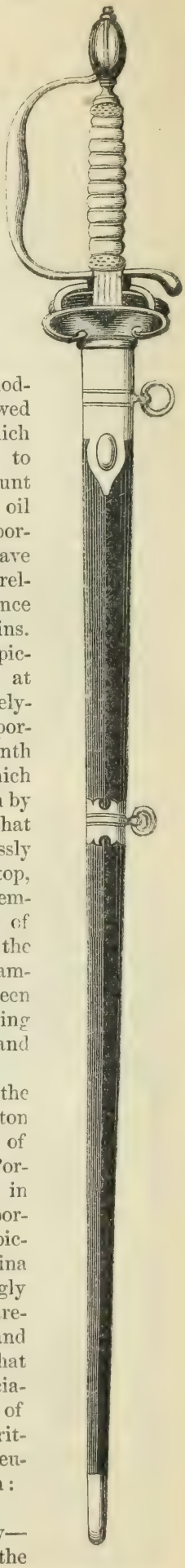


WASHINGTON'S MIRROR.

The most interesting picture of the collection at Mount Vernon is a finely-engraved, full-length portrait of Louis the Sixteenth in his state robes, which was presented to Washington by the King. The gilt frame that contains it was made expressly for the occasion. At the top, surrounded by appropriate emblems, are the royal arms of France, and, at the bottom, the arms of the Washington family; and in the corners are seen the monograms of the King and President—L.L. XVI., and G. W.

In a small room adjoining the large hall in which Washington entertained his friends is one of the celebrated "Pitcher Portraits" of the first President, in a deep gilt frame. These portraits, copied from Stuart's picture and printed upon china pitchers, are now exceedingly rare. This one has been carefully cut from the pitcher and framed; and upon the paper that covers the back, some appreciating pen, supposed to be that of an English gentleman, has written the following admirable eulogium, in the epitaphic form:

"WASHINGTON:
The Defender of his Country—the Founder of Liberty—the Friend of Man. History and



DRESS-SWORD.



CHIMNEY-PIECE—THE RIGHT SIDE.

Tradition are explored in vain for a Parallel to his Character. In the Annals of Modern Greatness he stands alone; and the noblest names of antiquity lose their Lustre in his Presence. Born the Benefactor of Mankind, He united all the qualities necessary to an illustrious career. Nature made him great; he made himself virtuous. Called by his country to the defense of her Liberties, he triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity, and on the Pillars of National Independence laid the foundation of a great Republic. Twice invested with supreme magistracy, by the unanimous voice of a free people, he surpassed in the Cabinet the Glories of the Field, and vol-



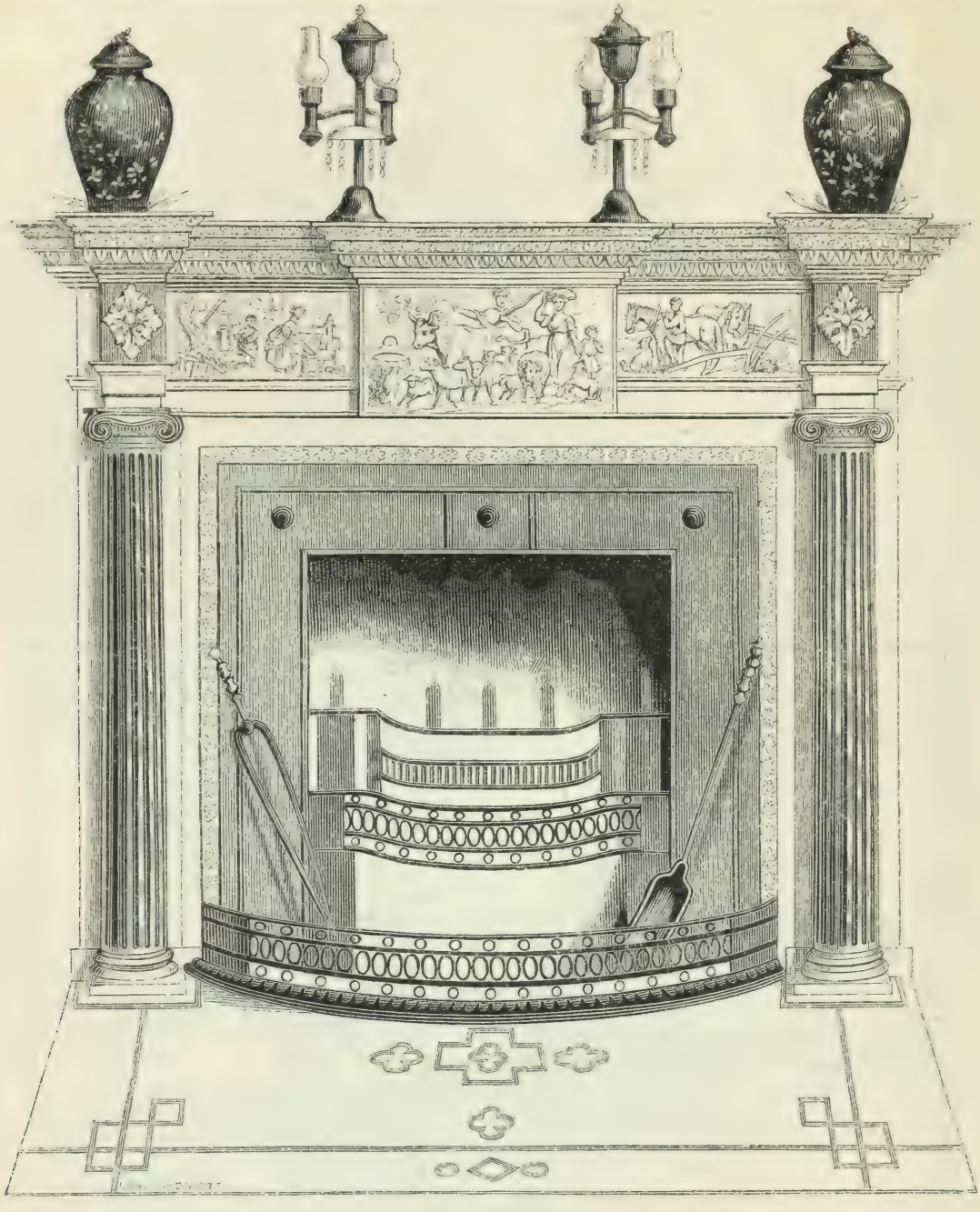
CHIMNEY-PIECE—THE CENTRE.

untarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword, retired to the shades of Private Life. A spectacle so new and sublime was contemplated with the profoundest admiration, and the name of Washington, adding new lustre to humanity, resounded to the remotest regions of the earth. Magnanimous in Youth, glorious through Life, great in Death; his highest ambition, the Happiness of Mankind; his noblest Victory, the conquest of himself. Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame, and building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen, he lived the Ornament of 18th Century, he died regretted by a mourning World."

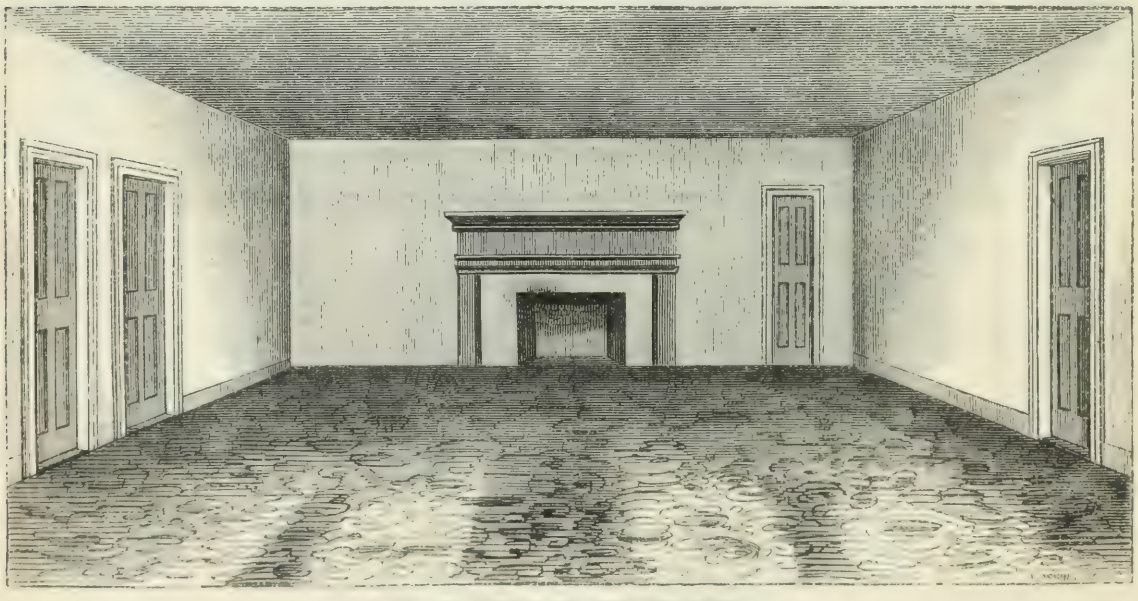
In the same room is a mirror with a gilt frame of elaborate workmanship, and bearing the arms



CHIMNEY-PIECE—THE LEFT SIDE.



CHIMNEY-PIECE.



ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED.

of the Washington family; and in another room, across the passage, is another, quite plain, with the same armorial bearing at the top, traced in gold upon a black ground. In the latter room was the Spanish dress-sword worn by Washington when he was President of the United States, and which appears in Stuart's full-length portrait of him, at that time. It has a finely gilt hilt, and black leather scabbard, gilt mounted. On one side of the blade are the words RECTE FACE ICE—"Do what is right;" on the other, NEMINE TIMEAS—"Fear no man."

In the great hall, whose deep cornice and spacious ceiling are richly ornamented with delicate stem and leaf tracery, and other devices in stucco of low relief, is a superb chimney-piece, made of the finest Sienite and Parian marbles. It was manufactured in Italy, and presented to Washington in 1785, by Samuel Vaughan, a wealthy English gentleman, who was a great admirer of the Patriot. Upon the three tablets of the frieze, under the mantle, are sculptured in very high relief, in white marble, pleasant domestic scenes in agricultural life. Copies of these are here printed, and perfectly interpret their own meaning to the reader. The immense grate will hold several bushels of coals. The hearth is of white marble inlaid with ornaments of polished maroon-colored tile. The whole presents a most pleasing picture to the eye. The dark-blue vases upon the shelf, covered with paintings of flowers, and the bronze candelabra upon each end, were tenants of the same places when Washington received his guests in that spacious hall; and we see the fire-place and its ornaments as his friends saw them in the last century.

The room wherein the latest scene in the eventful life of Washington occurred, was the last subject for my pencil while at Mount Vernon. It was the room in which he died; the room wherein, on the fourteenth of December, 1799, was presented that sublime spectacle of the calm, heroic, child-like departure of the spirit of one of the greatest and best men the world ever saw, for

"The bosom of its Father and its God."

Nothing remains within that hallowed chamber that belonged to Washington. Its architecture has not been changed. Empty, it presents the same appearance as at the time of his death. Two doors open from it into adjoining chambers, and one to a stair-case that leads to the garret. The whole aspect is one of extreme plainness. As I stood alone in that chamber, delineating its simple outlines, these words of Wallace came vividly to my memory:

"There is an awful stillness in the sky
When, after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
A star goes out in golden prophecy.
There is an awful stillness in the world,
When, after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
A hero dies with all the future clear
Before him, and his voice made jubilant
By coming glories, and his nation hush'd
As though they heard the farewell of a God—
A great man is to earth as God to Heaven."

Thus, in a few words and with a few pictures, I have endeavored to give an outline portraiture of the Mount Vernon mansion and its surroundings, as it is. Around it lie many cultivated acres; but upon every thing there are tokens of decay, which plead eloquently in the ears of the countrymen of Washington in behalf of the noble efforts now put forth by the women of the land, to stay the destroyer's hand, restore Mount Vernon to its ancient form, and strength, and beauty, and to preserve it as a legacy above price for generations yet to come. I know that not one hour is to be lost, if we would possess what the Father of his Country closed his eyes upon, for many things are ready to crumble into dust; and I earnestly hope that before the blossoms of this opening spring shall send forth their perfume from the garden so carefully planted by the illustrious patriot, the hearts of those women who are working for such a noble end will be made glad by full success. England raised a monument over the amputated leg of one of her heroes; will not this people hasten, with the enthusiasm of cairn-builders, each with his or her mite, to testify like reverence for the home and tomb of one who was more than hero, more than sage—who was "First in War, first in Peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen?"

CROTON WATER AND ITS INHABITANTS.

"I DON'T believe a word of it." "Perhaps you don't; but it's quite true, nevertheless." "You be hanged, Peter; I've read the old story of the Brahmin a hundred times, and we all know that such stories are two-thirds nonsense. Dirty water has its inhabitants; but good clean water, Croton, for instance, is a solitude. You'll not convince me, except by actual demonstration, that I drink fish at the rate of a million to a drop, or murder monsters by the hundred thousand when I take a little brandy and water."

"What will it take to convince you, Mr. Johnson? I tell you I have seen the thing with my own eyes, and if you will believe your two organs I will find the way to make you see the same."

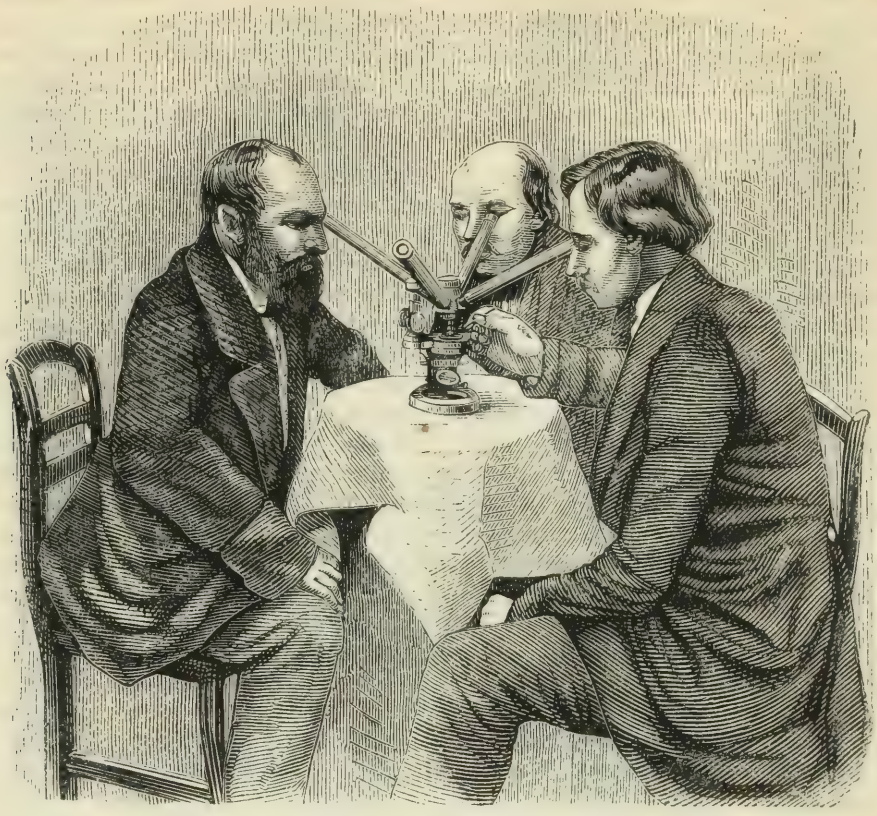
"Wouldn't believe if I saw it? Yes I would. But I don't believe I can see it. Don't think it can be shown."

"I'll bet you the price of a microscope, Mr. Johnson. Let us go down to Pike's and make the purchase. Then, if I don't convince you, I'll pay for it and it's yours, and *vice versa*."

"Agreed, my boy. That's fair enough."

And this was the way by which I came to buy a microscope.

My friend Mr. Johnson, an elderly citizen of comfortable means, and who extracts a reasonable amount of comfort out of his means, occasionally drops in to pass an evening with me, and when he comes, our talk is apt to be on the Atlantic telegraph, or the last new steamer, or whatsoever may be the topic of the day. The old gentleman is a great stickler for his



NACHET'S MULTIPLE MICROSCOPE.

country, America; his city, New York; its institutions, of which he considers the Croton Aqueduct and the Central Park the chief glories; and his friends, whom he praises behind their backs and abuses before their faces. On this particular evening we had talked of the wonders of the microscopic world, and the old gentleman had yielded his unqualified assent to every statement and proposition that I had made. He had even related some extraordinary stories of the revelations of the microscope which surpassed my own knowledge; but when I told him that I had seen animalcules by thousands in Croton water, he started up in indignation and denied the statement point blank. "No, Sir," with an emphasis on the Sir which sufficiently expressed his determination to defend the great institution against any such insinuations. He had used Croton for fifteen years, and he eschewed filters as inventions of the devil. Accordingly he listened in impatience to my suggestions until the bet was offered, and that he accepted with a sly twinkle of the eye that told me his assurance of winning. It is sufficient to add that since that Mr. Johnson has paid for the microscope, and I think he seems to be getting apoplectic. His health is considerably shattered, and I believe it is owing to his determination never to allow a filter to be introduced into his house. The consequence is that he drinks no water at home, and the ultimate consequence of this is that he drinks a great deal too much claret and hock. For we have not yet found any animalcules in either of these beverages.

We procured a microscope. It was not large, neither was it very expensive. We agreed that forty dollars was sufficient to risk on the experiment, and for this we procured an instrument that was ample for all our purposes.

Before proceeding to the main object of this article, which is to afford to others some of the information and amusement on the subject of the microscope and its revelations which we have derived for ourselves, I can not forbear relating the first experience of my old friend in its use.

We were neither of us remarkably experienced in the manipulation of the instrument, or in placing water on the stand in proper position to be examined. We had the microscope on the table, and the gas drop-light burning brightly near the reflector. Dinner had been removed but an hour before, and a pitcher of Croton, drawn without filtering, stood on the table. We had filled the small glass box once and again, and examined it, but there was nothing visible except the sparkle of the light through its clear crystal, and the old gentleman was chuckling with the utmost glee over my failure.

"Let me look again, Peter," said he, at length; "I want to see that element in the microscope. Isn't it superb?" And he fixed his left eye to the eye-piece, while he covered the other with his right hand, and I could see the delight of his eyes manifest on every line of his jocund face while he gazed in silence at the bright circle in the depths of the instrument. I think we had not gotten the focus exactly right for the bottom of the water, and his eye pressing on the top of the instrument probably

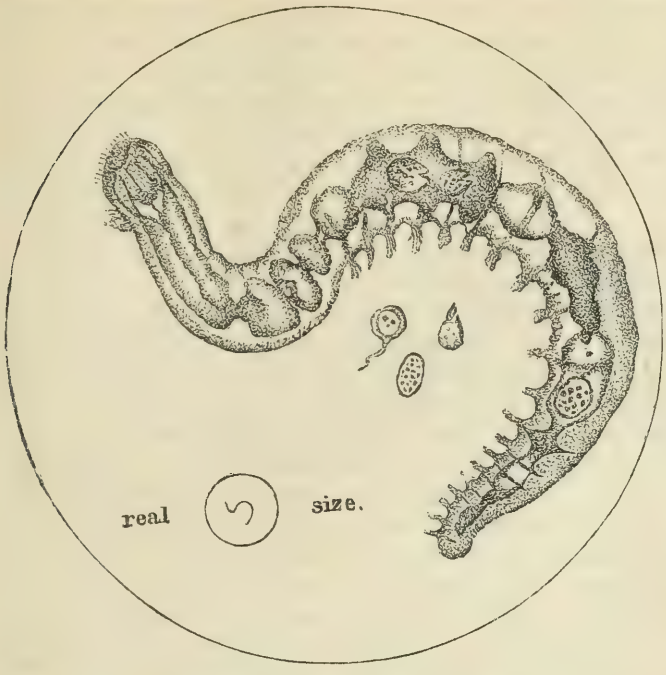


FIGURE 1.—LURCO, THE GLUTTON.

depressed it a little, for I saw a sudden pallor rush over his face even before he sprang up with a cry of astonishment and then sank back in his large chair, panting, but scarcely breathing.

I fixed my eye instantly on the instrument and saw the object of his horror. Well he might be astounded, for the *Lurco*, or Glutton, as I have since learned to know him, is no object for the admiration of a water drinker. He looked like a sea-serpent, swelling and contracting, exhibiting his various colors and rings of hideous beauty, and all the while driving the water into his capacious mouth in what seemed a mill-race stream.

"Wh—wh—what is it?" gasped my friend.

"I don't know, I'm sure. One of the Stygian animals, I imagine, and the Croton must be a branch of that famous river. Do you think we've been drinking any like him at dinner to-day?"

"Heaven forbid! Give me some brandy, Peter," and the old man bolted such a dose that I am sorry to say he could not see single, even with one eye, again that evening.

The microscope of the present day is a great improvement on the instrument of a few years ago. Few aids to science have been as rapidly and greatly improved as this. From the simple magnifying-glass, which was held in the hand, the transition to two or more, arranged in proper order, was of course very easy and natural. But after the making of the compound microscope, there was found a limit to its power from the refraction of light, caused by its passage through the lenses. To overcome this difficulty was the great triumph of modern optical instrument makers, and the invention of achromatic (or colorless) glasses deserves far higher rank than it has received in the eyes of the world.

Without pausing to weary those readers who are familiar with the subject, it may be not out of place to explain very briefly the character of these glasses to such of our readers as have not had the opportunity of understanding them.

No one who has used a magnifying-glass of the most common description can have failed to observe frequently on the edges of magnified objects a rainbow appearance of colors. This is the effect of the refraction of light, with which all are familiar, as illustrated in the prism. In using a very high power this refraction would naturally become so great as to obscure the outlines of large objects, and wholly confuse and render invisible those which were smaller. The manufacture of a glass which should not produce this effect was desirable for telescopic as well as microscopic purposes. The desired end was reached by constructing compound lenses composed of flint and crown glasses ground to fit each other. The refracting and dispersing power of these glasses being unequal, the light which passes through the

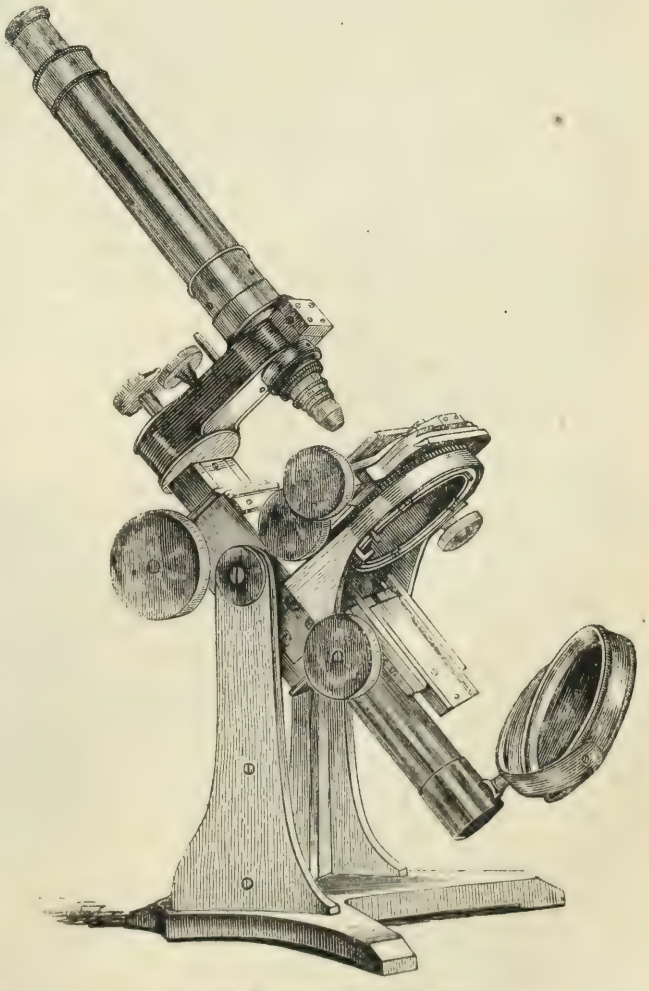


FIGURE 2.—ROSS'S MICROSCOPE.

lens thus composed may be said to be refracted by the one and replaced by the other, so that it comes out of the lens in as perfect a combination of colors as it entered. This is the simplest explanation that can be given without going into mathematical and scientific details, which are out of place in an article of this kind.

It is obvious that, in making these glasses, much skill is required, and a risk of breaking or not fitting is frequently run, which greatly increases the expense. It is, therefore, to these that the increased expense of instruments is to be attributed; but at the same time, it is to these that we owe the vast improvements and discoveries of modern times in the microscopic world.

The invention of achromatic glasses opened, of course, new fields for the microscopist, and the addition of various hitherto unknown parts to the instrument followed. Thus an achromatic condenser between the mirror and the object-stand gave new beauty to objects with additional force of light; and as the magnifying power was now largely increased, it of course became necessary to add finer adjustments to all parts of the instrument. Ross's great compound microscope (Figure 2) is the result of all these improvements, and although it is hardly to be regarded as superior to all others, it is at least worthy notice and illustration as a magnificent specimen of a modern instrument.

Nachet's multiple microscope is constructed on similar principles, with the addition of a prism in the centre, which allows various eye-glasses to be directed toward it and fixed on the object, the image of which is (so to speak) dispersed through the various sides of the prism to the various observers. A better idea of the practical advantages of this arrangement may be had from the illustration given near the commencement of this article than any amount of description could afford.

It was one of Mr. Ross's smaller instruments that we procured for our Croton investigations, and with its aid we found wonders enough.

It is a great error which the common style of exaggeration in writing on such subjects has brought about, and which great numbers of people believe, that all water contains animalcules, and that every drop of water is filled with animal life.

So far is this from the truth that, in ordinary clear water taken from the middle of a well or from the centre of a spring, there is but little chance of finding animal life; and any creature discovered by the microscope in such water must be regarded as an estray from the mossy sides of the spring, or the chinks of the stones, and of the bucket in the well. But it is equally true that in the moss at the sides of the clearest spring myriads of animalcules live, and a drop of water scraped with the green ooze from the old oaken bucket overflows with animal organizations in the highest state of activity: and after a variety of practice in waters of all kinds, we are able to say that we have not yet found a half pint of fresh water in any part of the country in which there were not more or less of the animalcules represented in Figure 3; and in most water, after standing a few days, they were countless.

But of course the most crowded residences of the animalcule world are in standing water and exposed streams, on which the sun shines. And although Croton water is more free from them than a cistern of rain-water, yet it contains more than ordinary well-water by a thousand fold. There is scarcely any form of animalcule known to inhabit fresh water which we have not found in the Croton, with the aid of this small microscope.

Having procured an instrument, as before related, we found the necessity very soon manifest of some tools by way of assistants in examination of "the invisible world." Most of these are sold with the instrument, so that the purchaser will procure all that he needs for ordinary purposes in the box which contains the microscope. The glazier will supply him with strips of glass cut into convenient forms for holding objects, and he will learn to lay two pieces of glass together, with a hair or a thread between, when he desires to examine a drop of water, which capillary attraction will then keep stationary. Small glass tubes (such as my friend Johnson abuses for the purposes of sherry which he has previously spoiled with ice and sugar and fruit) will come into use for picking up drops of water, the finger pressing on one end to drive out the air and draw in the water at the other. These and numerous inventions in the way of watch-glasses and vials of various shapes, will suggest their own uses as they did to us. As it is the object of this article to teach the curious how to use the microscope, as well



FIGURE 3.—ANIMALCULES.

a, *a*, contractile cavities; *b*, *b*, mouth; *c*, *c*, animals swallowed. The dotted lines represent the current created in the water when the animals are feeding.

as to relate the results of our hunting expeditions in drops of Croton, I shall not further apologize for the method I pursue in relating my own progress from day to day in using the instrument.

I have already related the first discovery that we made. The Lurco (Figure 1) is by no means a rare animal in the Croton, and grows to a size very distinctly visible to the naked eye, even reaching the length of a sixth of an inch, and in extraordinary cases, where preserved for examination and supplied with its favorite food, it has grown to exceed half an inch. It is at all times a fine specimen for microscopic examination, being translucent, and exhibiting clearly the working of its very few and simple internal organs. Its chief food is an animalcule known as the Monoculus, which is a shell-fish, as we shall hereafter explain. But the lurco, although a very delicate animal, consisting of a jelly-like substance, swallows and digests an incredible quantity of the testaceous small fry, without so much as waiting to have them opened. In point of fact, he relishes them with all the keenness of a New Yorker eating soft-shell crabs.



FIGURE 4.—CYCLOPS QUADRICORNIS.

The lurco resembles a common caterpillar in external appearance, having tufts of hair in place of legs or fins, and hairs surrounding his voracious mouth, which he moves rapidly and fiercely. He swallows his prey alive, whatever its nature, and being transparent, the microscope reveals the imprisoned wretches in one or more of his many stomachs, making vain efforts to escape from the throat, down which new victims come rapidly. The animal has several stomachs, a ring of muscle separating each from the next. At times, as he grows old, his color changes, and a rich brown tint variegates his accustomed pure white.

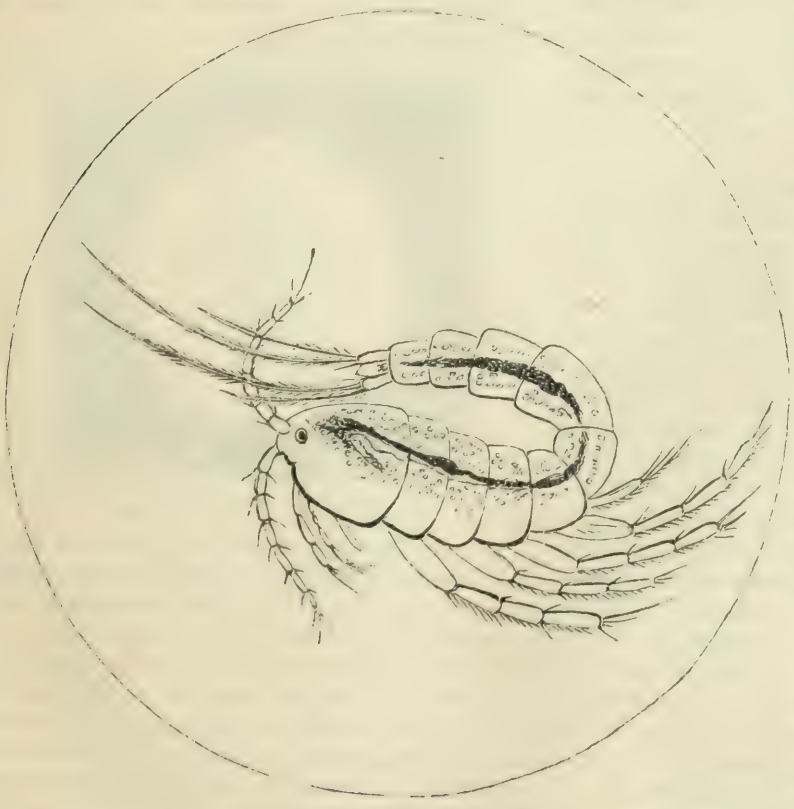


FIGURE 5.—CYCLOPS MINUTUS.

Even while looking at him a stranger dashed across the field of vision, who, when we learned how to catch and examine him, proved to be one of the most common inhabitants of the Croton as it runs from the faucet. It was the water-flea, known to science as the *Cyclops quadricornis* (Figure 4). This animal, when full-grown, is distinctly visible to the na-

ked eye, although none of his limbs can be detected without the aid of a glass. He inhabits ponds of stagnant water, as well as clear springs, and may be found in great abundance among the green slime on the surface of such fountains as disgrace the parks of New York. He moves with great rapidity, dashing across the field of the microscope so fiercely as to give but little opportunity for examining him when he is alive and in good health. It is only when expiring on a plate of glass from which the water is nearly dried, or when judiciously caught between two glass plates, that he can be examined with ordinary instruments. The female carries her eggs about with her in two large sacks, one on each side of the tail, looking like bunches of grapes. The body of the cyclops is protected by a scaly armor, the scales moving freely both forward and to the sides. The name of the animal is derived from its single eye, usually of a crimson color, and exceedingly beautiful. The whole appearance of the cyclops, when examined with the eye of a person alive to the beauties of nature, is graceful and most truly beautiful. The rapid motion of its feet or arms produces a whirlpool in the water near its mouth, and brings minuter animals within reach to become its food. These animals are found with ease; and in warm weather, by reversing the filter for a single instant and collecting the flow in a glass, more or less of them may be caught in the water. They will be recognized by their jumping or plunging movement, which has given them the common name of water-fleas.

The variety found under the general family name of cyclops is quite large; and of these none are more beautiful than the *Cyclops minutus* of Müller, of which an illustration is given, from a drawing by Dr. Goring. The actual length of this animalcule was one 250th of an inch. We found none of this variety in Croton until the fall weather; and then, in October, we found many of them and few of the others.

These animals abound in salt as well as fresh water, and some inhabit only the open sea. Thousands of them may be taken in a single cup of water on the shore of any inlet where the eel-grass, or other drift, lies thick. The rapidity of their increase is beyond that of almost any other known animal. The progeny of a single female of the variety *Quadricornis* has been estimated to reach, in one year, the enormous number, 4,442,189,120. They feed upon smaller animals, and in turn are the food of larger. The antennæ and fin-like feet with which they are furnished enable them to keep up a swift whirling motion in the water, which brings their prey into the vortex and within their reach. The feeding process is easily studied, since they do not interrupt it when placed on the stand of the microscope, unless their quarters are too confined. Frequently, in clear water, will be found drifting the translucent shells of these beautiful creatures, from which the animal has disappeared.

In close connection with the cyclops we find in Croton water the animal before referred to as the monoculus. The misnomer is apparent on a close inspection of the insect, however, and his two eyes are remarkably beautiful. He is now known as the *Lynceus Sphericus*



FIGURE 6.—MONOCULUS, OR LYNCEUS SPHERICUS.

(Figure 6). This animal is incased in a shell, which appears to open like an ordinary bivalve, but in fact the shell is one, and the back so thin as to allow a spring sufficient to open it. The animal, armed with feelers, a sharp beak, antennæ, and feet or arms, opens his shell, and proceeds, as the cyclops has been described, to create a whirlpool, one edge of which is within his open shell, into which the smaller animalcules are swept. The translucency of the lynceus makes him a subject of great interest to examine, especially because of the heart-like pulsations which are visible in the dark spot in or near the centre of his body

Another animal, resembling the lynceus in some respects, has the right to the name monoculus, for he has but one eye. He is also an inhabitant of Croton, where I have found him at all times in the summer.

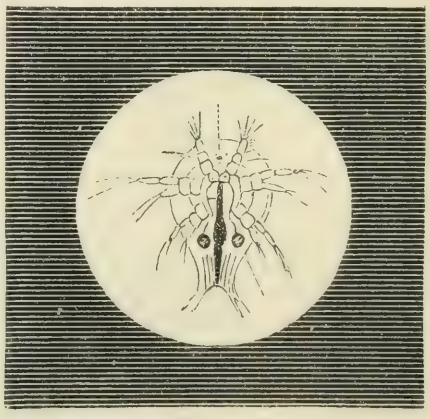


FIGURE 7.—THE SATYR.

One of the first experiments which I made with New York water was in an evening when some friends were in the house, who were nearly as skeptical as had been Mr. Johnson. I went out to the fountain in Washington Parade Ground, carrying a small open-mouthed vial. It was a summer evening, and there was something of a crowd around the fountain. A policeman overhauled me as I was stepping over the chain, but I persevered and dipped my vial

of water at the edge of the fountain, scraping it along the stones, by way of catching any stray animals that might loiter thereabouts.

"What are yo doin' there? Be out o' that!" exclaimed Charlie, who by this time had run around to my side of the fountain.

"It's catching animalcules I am," said I, with just enough of the brogue to win his affection.

"And what's thim? There's a law agin fishin' in the fountains."

"Bless yer sowl, these arn't fish; they's little animals as lives in the water, and you can't see them. There's as many as forty thousand iv them in this bit of a vial now."

"Holy Vargin! Why, I was just now a-drinkin' as much of it out of the fountain; and do you mane to say I drinked forty thousand of them alimankles? What's a man to do, anyhow?'

"Let 'em alone and they won't do you any harm; but if you take any whisky or liquor it'll disturb 'em in your stomach, and there'll be a divil of a row there."

"And how long first?"

"Maybe a couple of days or so; but ef I was you I wouldn't drink any thing for a week at the least, barrin' it was a little weak tay."

"Saint Patrick and all the saints! and this hot weather too! Blessed be Ireland where there ain't nothin' of the sort at all, at all, and where the whisky's as good as the water, and the water's as good as the whisky."

By this time I was at the gate and we separated. I saw in the police returns of the next day that one of the fifteenth ward policemen was found drunk on his beat, and I had reason to fear that my friend had preferred to drown the animalcules and his anxiety together.

Let us note in passing that the word animalcule is an English word, and the plural is animalcules, the *cules* being pronounced as one syllable. Occasionally the Latin word *animalcula*, and its plural *animalculæ*, are used, but the English form is preferable. This explanation may relieve some doubts.

Returning with my fountain water I placed a drop of it between two plates of glass, and found it teeming with animal life. My own surprise was as great as that of my friends. Hundreds, not to say thousands, of little round drops of light seemed rushing hither and thither, while occasionally a well-defined animal, apparently half an inch in length, would dash across the field of vision.

Upon subjecting the same water to a higher power, equivalent to a magnifying of nearly four hundred diameters, or one hundred and sixty thousand surfaces, the small drops of light were resolved into forms of life, and we saw the minutest animal known to human investigations. This is the *Twilight Monad*. Its appearance is not unlike the *polliwog* in shape, being a round body with a single projection at the side or mouth, known as a cilium. The cilia are the hair-like arms, feet, fins, legs, or other limbs of which most animalcules are possessed, and which are their means of motion and locomotion. The name is from the Latin *cilium*, an eyelash, and the eyelashes are accurate resemblances of the cilia of most animalcules.

The size of the monad, when full grown, is one 24,000th of an inch in diameter. They have been found of twice this size, in rare instances, that is, one 12,000th of an inch long. The number of these minute animals in a single drop of water may well be pronounced incalculable. No phrases that have been used by the most enthusiastic writers who have described the vast population of the animalcule world can convey any approximate idea of the numbers of these hosts. If the reader will with pencil and paper make the calculation for himself, he will find that in the space occupied by a drop of water, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, there is ample room for more than seventeen hundred millions of the monads to live and rove at will. A drop one-fourth of an inch in diameter would accommodate a population equivalent to the whole number of the human race on the face of the globe, and give them, perhaps, as much comparative space unoccupied as is now found on the earth's surface! To this we may add that many drops of water are as thickly populated as this. The thin oily scum on the surface of the fountain, which shines with rainbow tints in the sunlight, is in fact a layer of millions of millions of these tiny creatures.

I placed some clear water of the Croton which had been boiled, in a clean vial, and broke into it a few stems of the broom from a clothes' wisp. In four days the vial was crowded with monads in numbers that surpassed estimate, but of which it is safe to say that the two-ounce vial contained more than the entire number of the human race that have lived on the earth from the days of Adam to the present time. As to their origin, whence they were produced, a question on which infidels have based much false reasoning, and much talk about original life, spontaneous production, and similar ideas, it is not my purpose here to write. It is enough, once for all, to say that it is very easy to imagine the eggs or larvæ of animalcules as transferred in the sap of plants through whose minutest channels they would be carried as men floating in the Amazon, than it is to imagine or account for life without cause or parentage. Doubtless the eggs of animalcules are thus conveyed through all vegetable and animal juices, and remain for years or centuries unaffected until the circumstances which God orders bring them into life for His purposes.

The reader wishes to know how these animals are measured, and he doubts the possibility of determining a size so small as the one 24,000th of an inch. Before speaking of other Croton residents it may be well to pause here and explain the *micrometers* which are in use by microscopists.

Lewenhoeck, an early observer, used a system of comparison. He gathered grains of sand

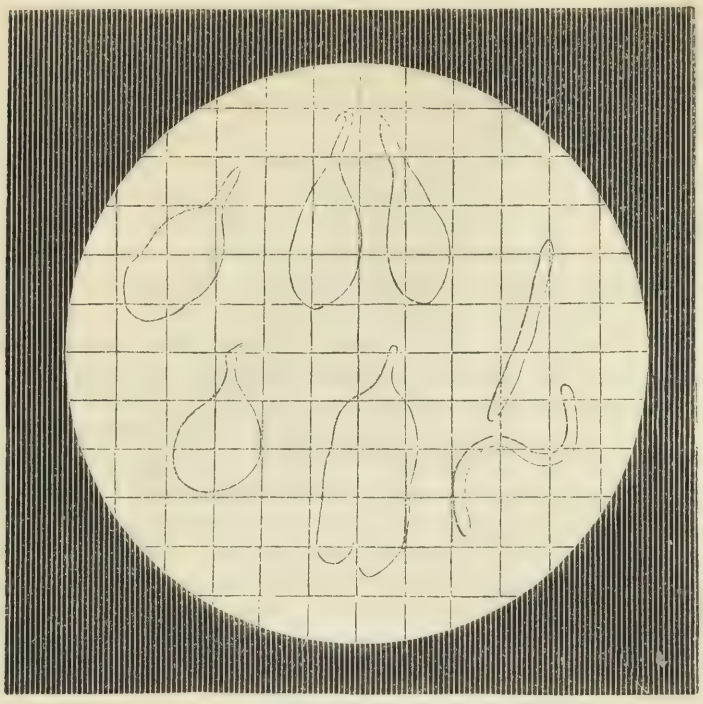


FIGURE 8.—MICROMETER SCALE.

Another plan, which is perfectly accurate, is illustrated in Figure 9. A spider's web, *a a*, *b b*, or filament of Dr. Woolaston's wire, is drawn across the field of vision, and made firm, so that in looking at the object the eye shall see the black line of the web or wire also crossing the field. The stage of the microscope moves with a micrometer head-screw, Figure 10, which the reader, of course, understands. If the thread of the screw be one 100th of an inch,

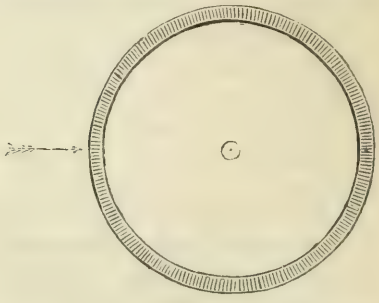


FIGURE 10.—MICROMETER HEAD SCREW.

which, when subjected to microscopic examination, were of the same size, and he arranged these against each other in a row till he found how many made a quarter of an inch. If a hundred, then one of them was one 400th of an inch in diameter, and he placed one in his field of vision by the side of an object and guessed at its size by comparison.

This method was, of course, but an approximation to correct measurement. The gradually increasing demands of science have made an accurate system necessary, and this has been reached by modern art.

By a fine adjustment of a diamond, guided by micrometer screws, lines are drawn on glass plates with astonishing minuteness. So complete is this art in its results that plates are now made on which parallel lines are drawn one 25,000th of an inch apart. These plates are in common use with the lines at this distance apart. The objects when viewed over such plates present the appearance indicated in Figure 8.

An objection to them is found in the fact that the glass on which the lines are drawn must necessarily be out of focus when the object to be examined lies on or under it.

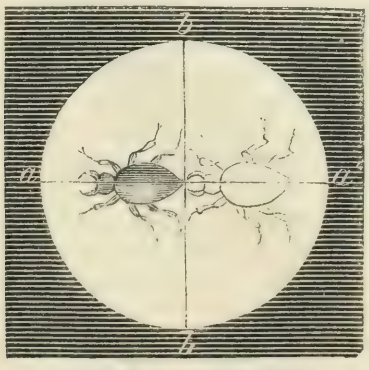


FIGURE 9.—A MICROMETER.

a single turn of the head will advance the stage that distance, and a tenth of a turn will advance it the one 1000th of an inch. It is very easily seen, therefore, that by turning the screw until the animalcule, or object under examination, shall be moved from head to tail or side to side across the web, or across one side of the web, its exact size will be determined. This arrangement is sometimes made in the French instruments so that at each 100th of a turn of the screw a sharp click is audible, and the observer, with eye fixed on the instrument and band on the head of the screw, counts the clicks until he has measured the length of the object.

The principle on which the glass scales before mentioned are engraved is similar to this. The glass is placed in an instrument where it is firmly held. A diamond is suspended over it by equally firm machinery, and the glass moves under the diamond so as to receive the line on its surface. By a micrometer screw the glass is then advanced one 1000th, or one 10,000th, or any other portion of an inch, the diamond descends, and the glass moves to receive a second line.

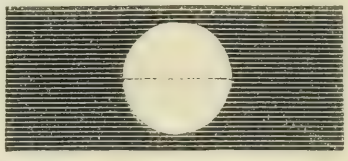


FIGURE 11.—NOBERT'S GLASS (REAL SIZE).

An illustration of the minuteness of this work was given by Mr. Nobert, a Prussian artist, at the World's Fair in London, in 1851. This consisted of ten bands of parallel lines, each band consisting of a large number of lines, drawn across a plate of glass. The figure herewith given represents the real size of the strip of glass, and the black line across it includes the ten bands, which, to the naked eye, appear

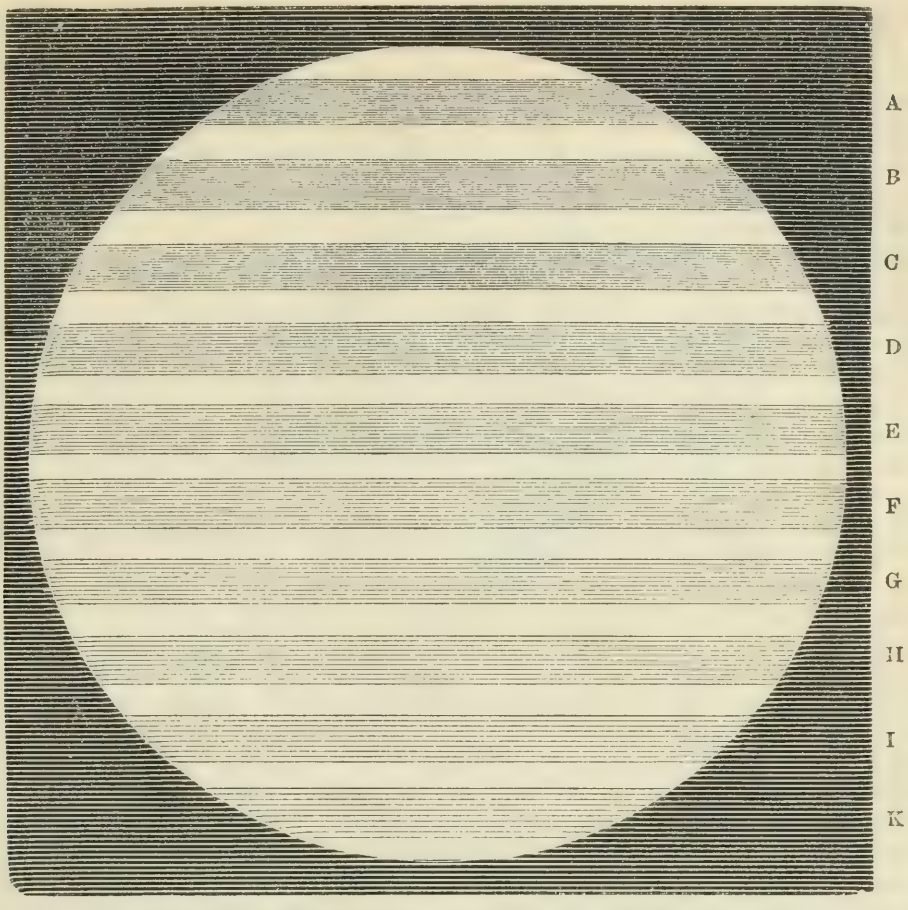


FIGURE 12.—NOBERT'S GLASS (MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE LINE).

like one line. But these ten bands contain parallel lines with different spaces between. The appearance of the black line in the small figure when seen in the microscope is represented in the above illustration (Figure 12). The reader will bear in mind that this magnified view is not the whole white space in the real size, but only a spot in the centre, of *the width of the black line*, and no more. In other words, the ten ribbons in the large view are the black line in the real size view.

Now the spaces between these lines are as follows: In the upper band, A, there are 43 lines, of which there would be 11,265 in an inch, while in the lowest, or K, there are 128 lines, of which there would be 49,910 to the inch. The following list shows the number of lines to the inch in each of these bands:

	Lines.		Lines.
A	11,265	F	24,309
B	13,142	G	28,433
C	15,332	H	33,153
D	17,873	I	38,613
E	20,853	K	49,910

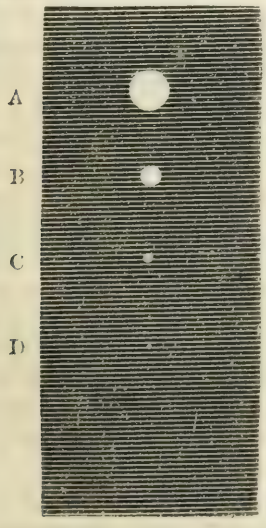


FIGURE 13.—A GLASS PLATE.

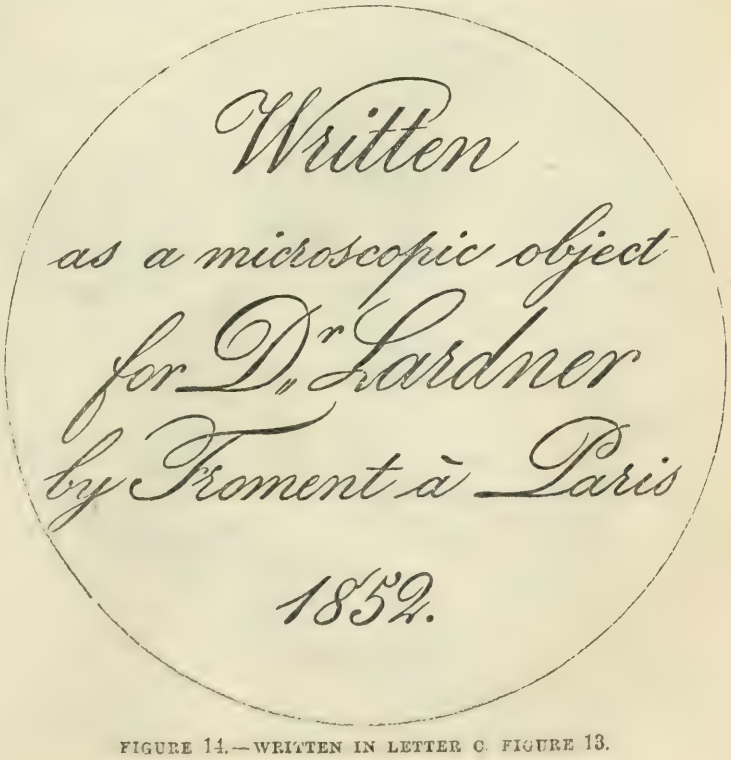


FIGURE 14.—WRITTEN IN LETTER C. FIGURE 13.

The practical value of a plate of this kind is as a test of the magnifying power of lenses. Thus, a lens which will separate the lines in the band A, while it leaves each of the other bands one line, is less powerful than one which will make the lines visible in B, or so on with reference to each series of lines.

While on this subject we may add a still more astonishing illustration of the skill of modern artists, aided by the microscope. Figure 13 represents a plate, on which the spaces A, B, C, D, are severally in diameter the 6th, 12th, 30th, and 70th of an inch.

M. Froment, of Paris, wrote for Dr. Lardner in less than five minutes, in a circle the 40th of an inch in diameter, less than the size of the space C, a sentence which, when magnified 120 times in length and of course the same in breadth, or 14,400 times in its surface dimensions, presented the appearance given in the last illustration, Figure 14. And M. Froment exhibited at the World's Fair, in 1851, the figures and drawings shown in the illustration, Figure 15, engraved in the space of one 30th of an inch, just equal to the spot at C, in Figure 13.



FIGURE 15.—ENGRAVED IN LETTER C, FIGURE 13.

We may now return to our "muttons"—to wit, our Croton acquaintances, the monads.

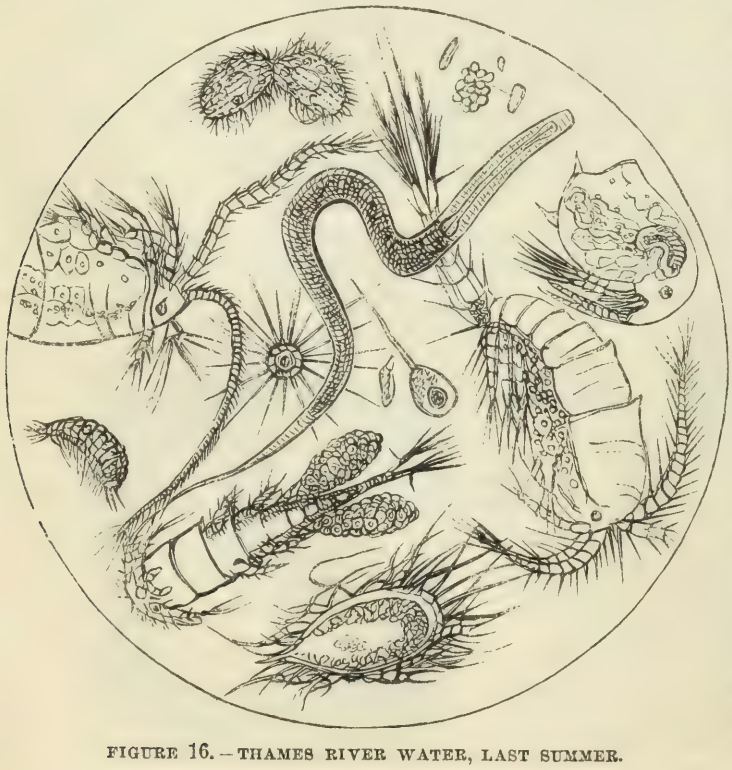


FIGURE 16.—THAMES RIVER WATER, LAST SUMMER.

These poor little wretches seem created for the food of the larger animals. The monoculus devours them by thousands. The cyclops makes destructive work in their ranks, and thus the business of the strong preying on the weak is carried down to the minutest orders. Monads feed monoculi, and monoculi in turn fill the maw of the lurco. The lurco is seized by the minnow or the young trout, and the pickerel devours the trout to fatten himself for man, the lord of creation.

But the vial of Croton from the Washington Parade Ground fountain was by no means destitute of other specimens of the animalcule tribe. In fact, a portion of it became a mass of them after standing a few minutes. This was the sediment which accumulated in the bottom of the vial, and which I lifted by putting a glass tube down into the vial, with a finger pressed on the top, and removing the finger when the end of the tube rested on the bottom of the glass. The water thus obtained in the tube, lifted out and transferred to the space between two plates of glass separated at the edges by a piece of paper, was the habitation of thousands of animalcules. The illustration which is given of Thames water (Figure 16) during the last summer's hot weather answers for an accurate illustration of Croton in the Parade Ground fountain. Every one of these animals was here,

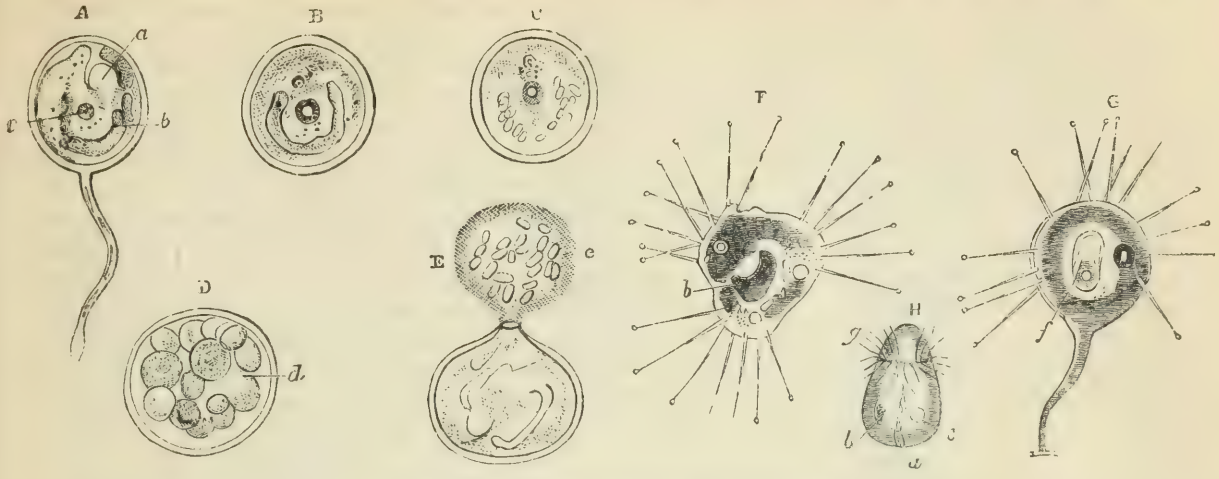


FIGURE 17.—METAMORPHOSIS OF VORTICELLA.

A, Full-grown and surrounded by a case made of its own gelatine; *a*, circlet of cilia; *b*, nucleus; *c*, contractile vesicle; B, the same separated from its stalk; C, D, more advanced; E, burst open and discharging a mass containing spores; F, G, H, further developments; *a*, *b*, *c*, as in A.

in a high state of activity. But not these alone. Other varieties without number abounding in the water made it appear like a living mass.

The vorticella (Figure 17) in all his metamorphoses, the trichoda lynceus (Figure 18), changing his shape from day to day—these and countless other varieties, which we have no space to describe, abound in the water we drink, and are swallowed by millions in New York throats.

Several varieties are found of the rotifer—most beautiful, and perhaps the most interesting of the animalcules. These animals derive their name from the appearance of one or more wheels revolving rapidly on their heads. For a long time they were supposed to have appendages which actually performed revolutions at incredible speed; and it was a subject of wonder to students of natural history that such a part of the body of an animal could have any connection, by nerves or otherwise, with other portions of the same animal.

Increased power and achromatic glasses resolved this apparent wheel into a great number of cilia, arranged in circles, and which moved in succession with great rapidity, so as to cause the apparent circular motion.

The object of these cilia is, as we have described in other cases, to cause a flow of the water into the animal's mouth, and this brings with it the food on which he preys. A large portion of the animalcule world get their living in this same manner.

Hitherto we have not found in the Croton many specimens of the *Rotifer vulgaris* (Figure 19), but enough to be assured of their residence in its waters, and of the probability that, under

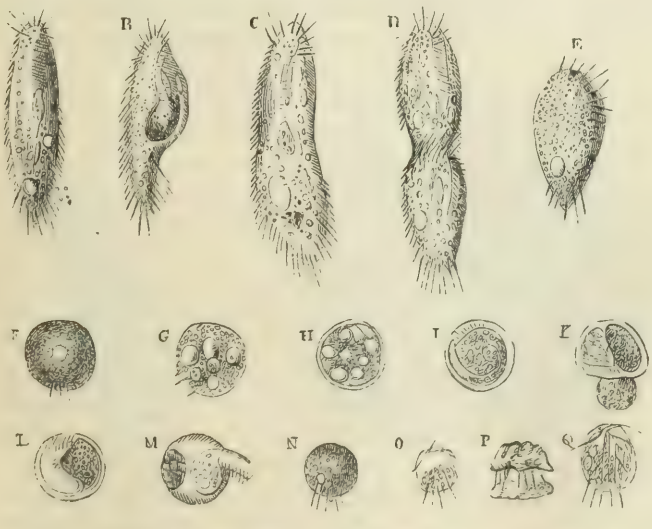


FIGURE 18.—METAMORPHOSES OF THE TRICHODA LYNCEUS OF MULLER.

A, Larva; B, same after swallowing one of his own kind, shown at M; C, full-grown; D, process of increase by fissure; E, one-half after fissure; F, the same become spherical and motionless; G, appearance after fifteen days; H, still later; the others are developments of the same animalcule.

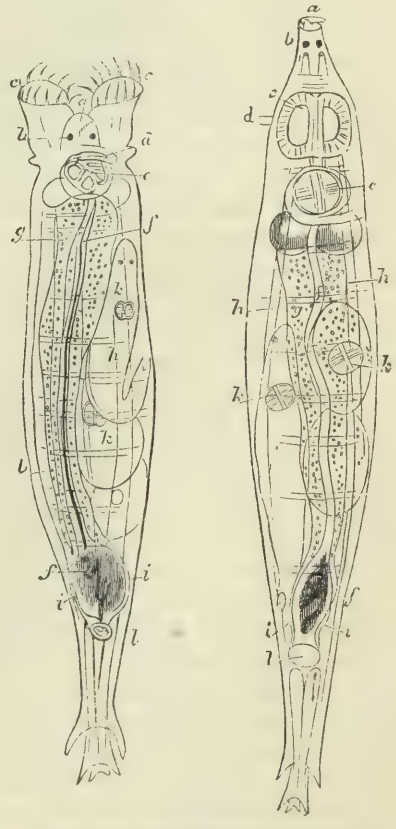


FIGURE 19.—COMMON ROTIFER.

A, Rotifer with wheels drawn in; B, with wheels expanded; *a*, mouth; *b*, eyes; *c*, wheels; *d*, proboscis; *e*, jaws and teeth; *f*, alimentary canal; *g*, glandular mass inclosing it; *h*, longitudinal muscles; *i*, *i*, tubes of water—vascular system; *k*, young animal; *l*, cloaca.

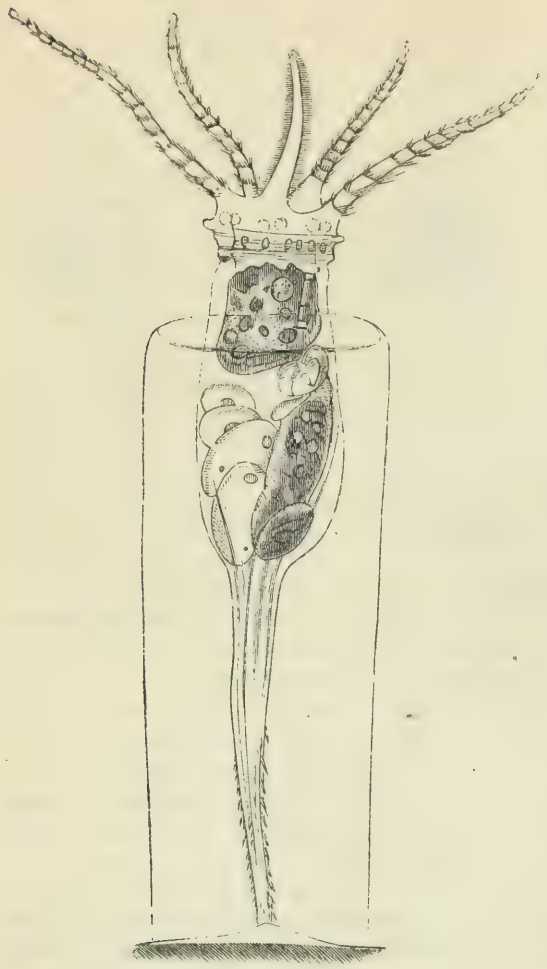


FIGURE 20.—CROWN WHEEL ROTIFER.

favorable circumstances, he may be found in vast quantities. It is probable that, in the large reservoirs, where the water is exposed to the sunshine, this variety will be found abundant. We have found single specimens, and sometimes two or three, in a drop of water.

The rotifer vulgaris is a translucent, almost transparent animal, who may be described as the type of the entire class. The illustration gives an idea of the animal when extended to his full length. In a quiet or torpid state he shuts himself up like a telescope, and appears like a small ball. His tail is composed of three joints, apparently sliding over each other, and each is forked at the end like the tail of a fish. The head, or the end which answers to the head, is also capable of being drawn within the covering of the neck or body, and when projected is at first a conical-shaped object, which suddenly develops the two circles of cilia, one on each side, which commence a rapid motion, giving to the inexperienced eye all the appearance of two coach wheels in revolution.

The animal usually attaches itself by the tail to some stationary object, or to something heavier than himself. To find this place he moves along from point to point by a progression like that of the worm known as the inch worm or the measuring worm, to which superstition, in some places, assigns the business of measuring the length of one's coffin around one's hat. No such superstition could be connected with our beautiful friends the rotifers, who might measure their lengths during their entire lives and yet not reach the breadth of a coffin head. At the same time they do sometimes cast loose and move with incredible velocity, as do most of the animalcules; and it is probable that the smaller the animal the swifter his relative motion. The monads and other animals of the smallest kind move with a speed which is lightning-like in proportion to their own size, so



FIGURE 21.—BELL-SHAPED ANIMALCULE, OR VORTICELLA NEBULIFERA.

A, ordinary form; B, spiral stalk contracted; C, bell closed; D. E, F, increase by division.

that they pass through space several hundred times their own length within a fraction of a second of time.

The crown wheel rotifer, Figure 20 (*Stephanoceros Eichornii*), we have not yet found in Cro-

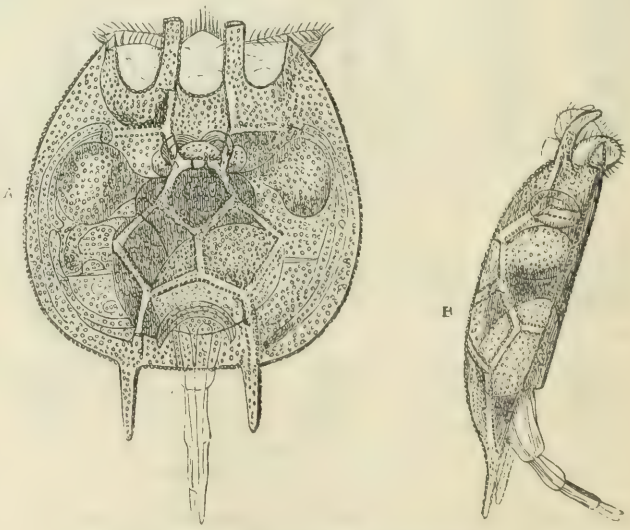


FIGURE 22.—NOTEUS QUADRICORNIS.

A. Dorsal view. B. Side view.

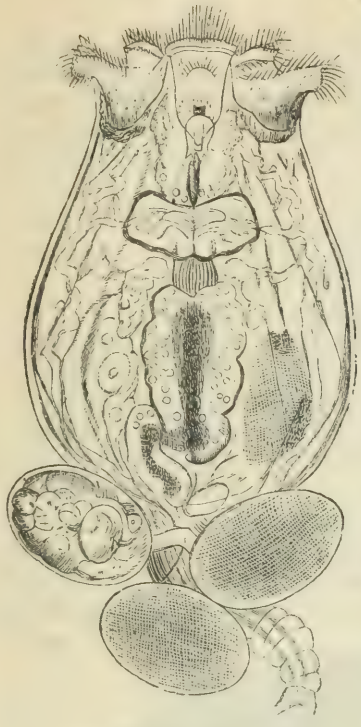


FIGURE 23.—A ROTIFER.

ton, though he probably exists there. He may be mentioned, in passing, as one of the most beautiful varieties.

The bell-shaped, Figure 21, the trumpet-shaped, and others which by some are not classed as rotifers, abound in the New York water; and in some days the queer-looking *Noteus quadricornis*, Figure 22, who folds his tail over on his back and shuts it up like the blade of a jack-knife, is seen roving swiftly in pursuit of his prey.

Exquisite groups of the rotifers, of the form represented in Figure 23, are frequently found, lying apparently fastened by their tails to a common centre. In one instance we counted twenty-six radiating from a common point, all working fiercely with their cilia, so that the surrounding water resembled the whirlpool of Niagara, in which timber and drift-wood of all kinds floated and was thrown hither and thither. The description is no exaggeration, as the microscopist well knows.

One of the most beautiful and interesting specimens that we have found is the bell-shaped animalcule (Figure 21). He is sometimes seen alone and adrift, but more frequently in groups of from half a dozen to thousands. Small pieces of half-decayed wood, bits of leaves and stems, are often covered with masses of them. They are, in appearance, little bells, or, more exactly, globes for solar lamps or gas, nearly perfect globes, with an opening at the end surrounded with cilia. They are attached to long, slender, hair-like stems, which possess the capability of sudden contraction into spiral coils. The animal, on touching any foreign substance with his cilia which injures or disturbs him, suddenly flies back, drawn by this spiral contraction, and closes his mouth. But only for an instant, when he again resumes his search for food. The exquisite beauty of these animalcules is not to be described or illustrated. They vary from one 300th to one 600th of an inch in diameter.

Not unlike them is the tree animalcule, which is usually found in dense clusters, attached to one spiral muscle, which is also capable of great expansion and contraction. All these are abundant in Croton.

Eel-shaped animalcules are very numerous. Some of them find their life in active motion, while others lie nearly torpid, or move but slowly. The former move with indescribable contortions, tying themselves in knots, jerking head and tail like whips, rolling as if in convulsions, constantly acting as if they suffered the agony of damned souls. It is too painful for ordinary nerves to watch these exhibitions, which, nevertheless, examination has shown to be only the ordinary life of the animal. If one should

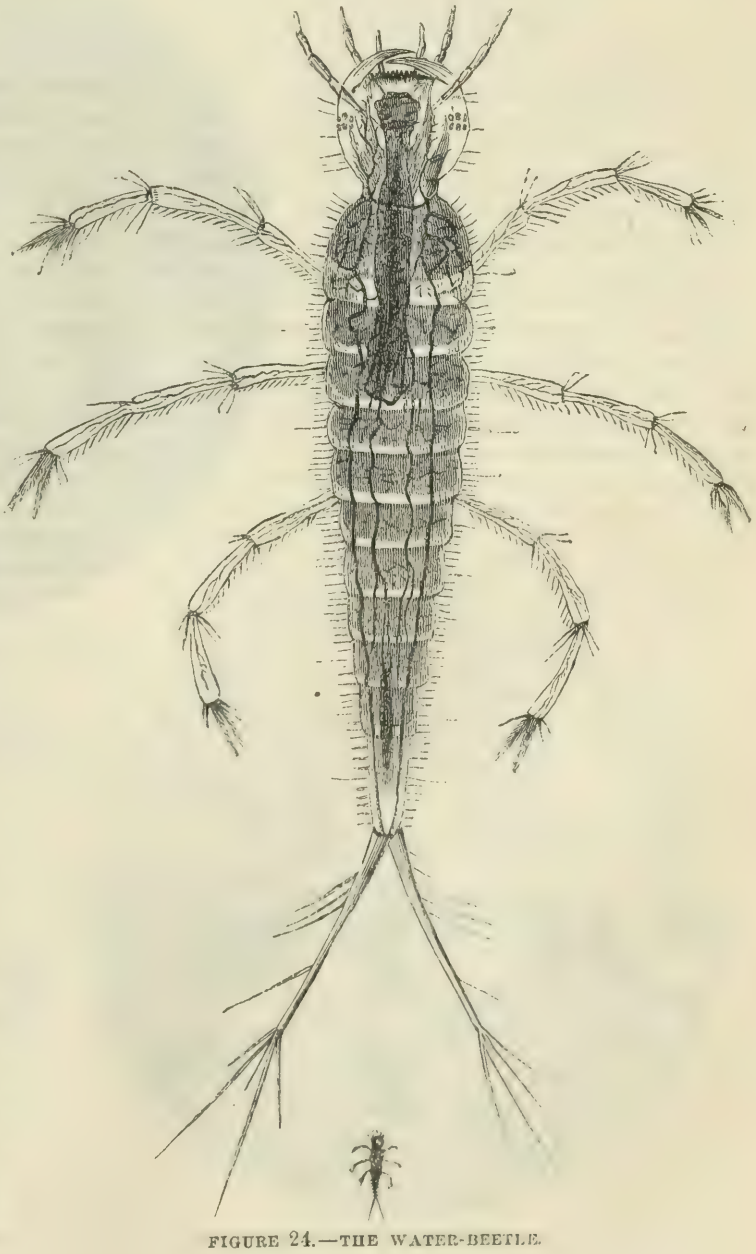


FIGURE 24.—THE WATER-BEETLE.



FIGURE 25.—ENGLISH CISTERN WATER.

imagine a man who, during his entire existence, was occupied in going through the most rapid contortions of the gymnast, nor resting one instant, day or night, standing on his head, doubling himself into all sorts of knots, jerking with St. Vitus's dance and all the diseases that produce muscular motions, he may have an idea of the life of these animals. They are colorless, translucent, and jelly-like. The larger ones have color, and occasionally their stomachs and internal organization are visible in large specimens. A vial of Croton in which a few particles of bread were crumbled showed, in four days, immense numbers of these animals.

Mr. Johnson had become tolerably accustomed to the animalcules before many weeks, and I do not know that he would not have taken to his Croton, with all his ancient gusto, but for a discovery made on a certain evening which shocked him beyond all he had before seen.

He was examining a small glass box of water in which there were an unusually large number of the monoculi (lynceus), when, as he expressed it, a monster suddenly advanced his head into the microscopic field and "before my very eyes, Sir, he seized the monoculus I was examining, and with an apparatus of pincers and jaws and piercers and tweezers,

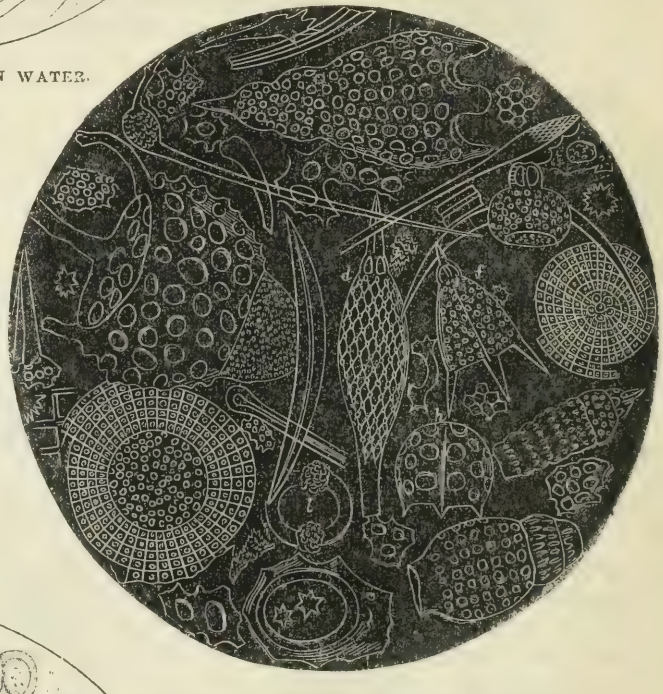


FIGURE 27.—FOSSIL PLANTS AND ANIMALS, IN ENGLISH CHALKS.

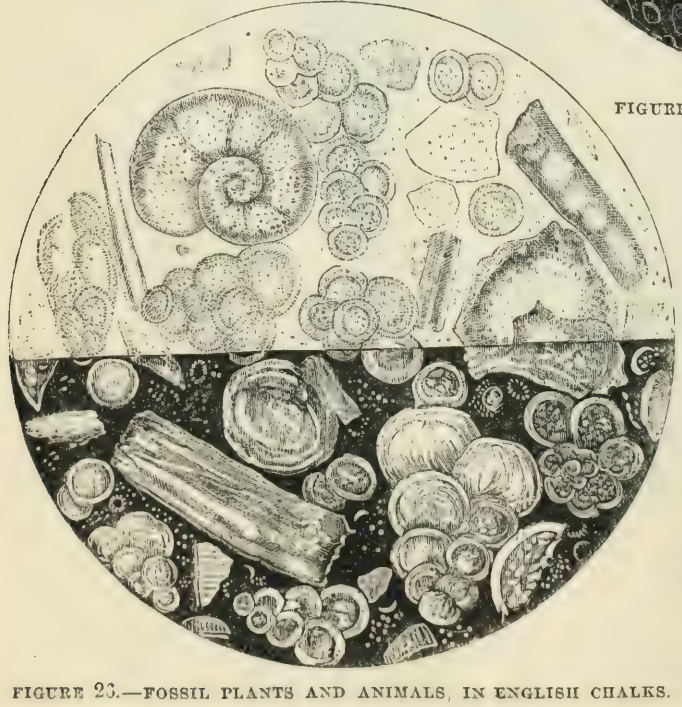


FIGURE 26.—FOSSIL PLANTS AND ANIMALS, IN ENGLISH CHALKS.

such as I never before saw or dreamed of, he immolated the poor devil before my very eyes!"

Well might Mr. Johnson be overcome. The water-beetle, Figure 24, is no trifler. It is more ferocious than the tiger, and armed with more deadly weapons than any known animal. His method of attack is fierce, and results usually in triumph even over larger and stronger animals. He seizes the monoculus, pierces him in several places, and then sucks the juices from his body. Others he destroys by violent attacks.

Most of the animalcules that we have represented are inhabitants of fresh water all the world over. The eye

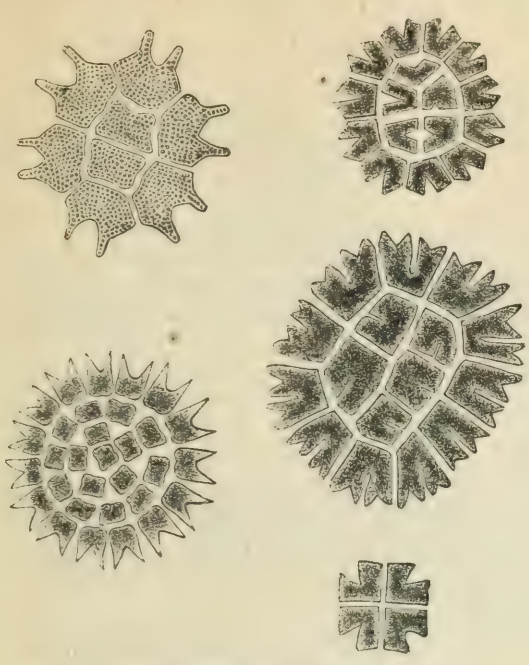


FIGURE 28.—PEDIASTRUM.

readily sees in the animals shown in Figure 25 —which is a representation of English cistern water, taken last summer near London—many of the near relatives of our American species. Nor is it only in modern times that we find them. The ancient rocks, the relics of the formative periods, show them in fossil state, as the drawings which Dr. Carpenter has had made from English chalks, subjected to microscopic examination, abundantly testify (Figures 26, 27). And we remark, in passing, that if any one desires to pursue this investigation, and is tempted by this article to read or to investigate for himself, he can find no work so complete for his aid as Blanchard and Lea's edition of Dr. Carpenter's work on the Microscope and its Revelations. The student will find in it all the directions that he needs and abundance of illustration.

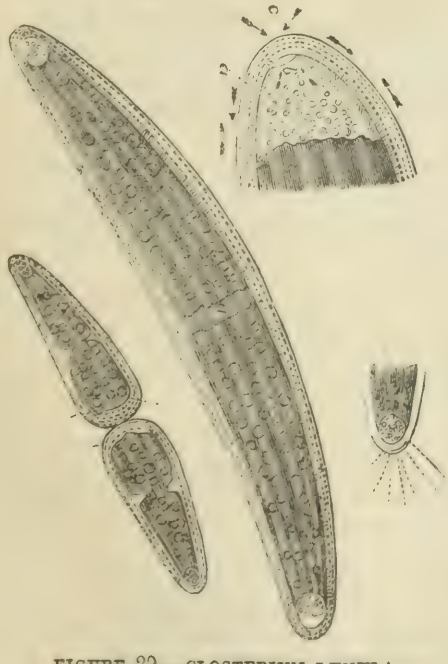


FIGURE 29.—CLOSTERIUM LUNULA.

What boy has not, in a hot summer day, entered the still aisles of an old forest and strolled along until he came upon a place where the water rests in pools and the dead leaves of the last autumn lie black and rotting on the bottom? The water is remarkably clear, but it is full of dead limbs and drifting leaves, long stems of luxuriant vegetation, grass and vine, while here and there, moving through its transparent depths, the boy sees the water-snake, the terrapin, frogs, tadpoles, and other dwellers in the forest swamp.

Nothing in the world affords a better illustration of the appearance of water in the field of the microscope. We have described a few of

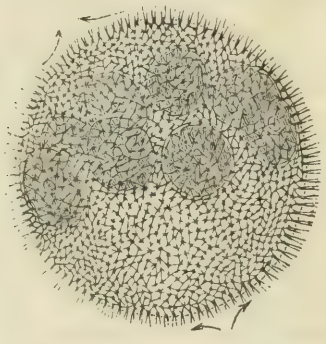


FIGURE 30.—VOLVOX GLOBATOR, PLANT OR ANIMAL?

the living inhabitants which the eye detects. These are seen moving about among masses of vegetable matter, some fresh and green and sparkling, others old, decayed, and dead, looking like twisted branches of trees, or dead and decayed leaves, or sometimes like vast patches of bark, and trunks of saplings, and old stumps of forest monarchs. Turning back the filter of the Croton, and catching in a glass the first rush of the water let on, which brings with it the vegetable and animal collections of the filter, the observer will have an ample treasure for an evening's or a week's examination. Allowing the water to settle, and lifting with a small tube some of the sediment, the microscope will show in this wonders to which no illustration will do justice. Long stems of

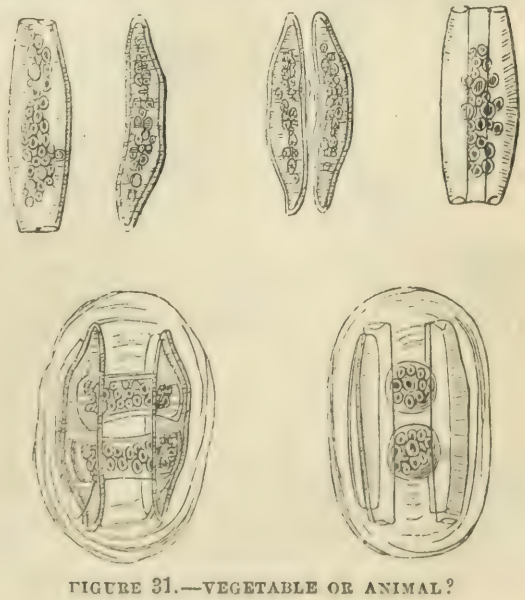


FIGURE 31.—VEGETABLE OR ANIMAL?

jointed plants, bright green, and looking like the ordinary reed or cane, reach across the field. Decayed leaves and stems and seeds of plants, many of which are only microscopic plants, huge masses of drift-wood in heaps that go rolling and plunging along with the least motion of the drop of water, while among them the animalcules, now resembling sea-monsters, play in fearless sport or feed undisturbed by the commotions that surround them and to which they seem accustomed. To the rotifer the transfer of his drop of water to the glass box of the instrument is no more of a phenomenon than is to a man the change of the world in its orbit from hour to hour.

A few of these plants we illustrate from Dr. Carpenter's drawings. The *Pediastrum*, Figure 28, is one of the lowest forms of vegetation. Objects which are invisible to the naked eye, present, under the microscope, this star-like appearance of beauty. The *Closterium*, Figure 29, is one of the plants which borders closely on animal life. The arrows around an enlarged view of the end indicate the course of a current of water which is visible, and which is steady and constant as is respiration in animals. But the volvox, Figure 30, is more like an animal, rolling swiftly around, seldom stationary, and exhibiting signs of intelligence which render it impossible for the new observer to believe him, what the old microscopists have consented to call him, a mere vegetable; and the same remark applies to an object which is sometimes found in myriads in the Croton, moving slowly backward and forward, multiplying by division, as represented in Figure 31. The palmoglœa (Figure 32), is a plant consisting of only one cell.

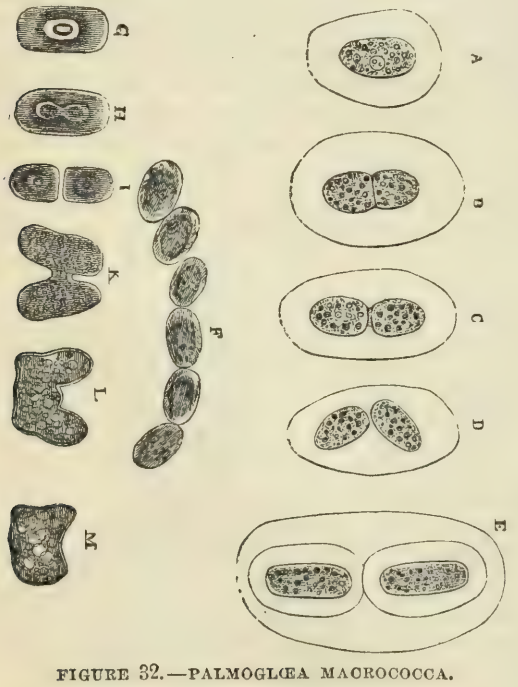


FIGURE 32.—PALMOGLŒA MACROCOCCA.

We add that Mr. Johnson's health has been better during the winter months, owing to the fact that we found no animalcules in Croton in very cold weather, and the old gentleman in consequence punished the hock less severely.

JOY TO THE BRIDE.

A SIMPLE thing! Two wedding cards,
Opened most carelessly to-day,
Told that my cousin Lillian
Had changed to "Mrs. Simon Gray."

'Twas a great match, the gossips said;
And all the dear five hundred vied,
With wedding-gifts and cheer, to bring
Joy and good wishes to the bride.

Joy to the bride? I flung the fair,
Enameled falsehood far away.
Give joy to her that she had wed
A money-chest, like Simon Gray?

Joy to the bride, that life must be
Henceforth to her a gilded lie?
Joy, that her woman's heart must ache
In solitude for sympathy?

For what avail her broad saloons,
Draped with their gorgeous tapestry;
If in the heart's closed corridors
Flutter the shrouds of memory?

And what avail the paintings rare
That mock her from those gilded walls,
When she can see but one sad face
Painted on memory's spectral halls?

One face, forever frowning down
The feeble falsehood, that could dare
Turn from a heart that loved her well
To wed a life she could not share.

E'en as the pictures on his walls,
He bought her for his state and pride;
And ostentatiously parades
The purchase-money of his bride.

Fair Lillian! False Lillian!
So fervently I love you yet,
That I could wish the present glare
Might blind you from each dark regret,

But that I know 'tis vain:—the heart
Will turn and ache for sympathy;
Raise those blue eyes, and meet thy lord's
Mute look of blank stolidity.

What priest of God gave to that man
For thee the sacred nuptial ring?
And placed his hand on thine, and gave
God's blessing to so foul a thing?

What father, with the frosts of age
Writing their lessons on his brow,
Could give away a youth like thine
To such a false, unholy vow?

What mother—shame on womanhood,
Made sacred by maternal cares—
Could, with these instincts in her heart,
Thus cruelly devote thy years?

Out on them all! Out on the age!
That deifies this gilded pride
And knows no other worth!—For one,
I send no greetings to the bride.



BALBOA CARRIED ON SHIPBOARD.

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA.

THE two hemispheres of the earth, projected on a plane, appear as if a globe might have been split in twain and folded back, so similar are they in their general configuration. The want of more exact resemblance might readily be accounted for from the distortion inevitable in such a vast and violent rupture. Each of the two northern continents has a continent suspended from it, like a huge stalactite dropped into the southern ocean, each connected by a narrow ligament that seems wholly inadequate to the support of such a ponderous mass. South America and Africa, in their relative position to the northern continents and general configuration, match each other in a way that accident could not have effected; while the land in the Pacific, which should correspond to Australia, instead of being in one mass is broken up into innumerable islands. In both hemispheres the mass of land is north of the equator, while below the equinoctial line the earth droops to a point. These two narrow ligaments—the Isthmus of Suez and of Darien—present singular barriers to navigation, forcing the explorer into forbidding regions, and around capes wrapped in almost perpetual storms. The former neck of land was, apparently, always easy of transit, while the latter, until recently, has been beset with great difficulties and dangers.

The Isthmus of Darien (we mean by this the whole strip of land from Mexico to the southern continent) has been an object of deep interest from the first discovery of the Western World, and to-day, more than ever, is the centre of common attraction. In fact, it seems to be the only apple of discord between us and the Old World, and it would not be strange if it finally involved us in a long and wasting war. Since the acquisition of California and New Mexico the impression has become fixed in the mind of the American people, and is deepening every day, that we must have control of that Isthmus. Great wagon-roads, and even a railroad across the continent, will not answer our purpose; for the snow, drifting from the rugged sierras into the deep cañons and over the vast plains, would make these modes of transit very unreliable for nearly five months in the year. These considerations, together with the steady extension of our territory southward, are gradually fixing the belief that "manifest destiny" points to our occupation of the entire continent in that direction.

From the first organization of our Government our southern boundary has been a floating one; and is it reasonable to suppose that now, when enterprise and emigration are more active than ever, that this territorial line is all at once to become stationary, and serve as a wall of iron, against which our increasing bands of adventurers, as well as peaceful emigrants, are to roll up and retire disheartened and vanquished? We are not speaking of the right or wrong of such a course, but of the certainty of our pursuing it. We have only to take the history of our encroachments southward for the last fifty years as a scale to show us where we will be fifty years hence. Louisiana, Florida, Texas, California, and New Mexico are mere finger-boards to the man of reflection and judgment, pointing the way we are going.

But the possession of these great transit routes

involves the possession of the avenues leading to them. The road, without the gateway, is useless; the control of the one involves that of the other; and when actual ownership of the Isthmus is secured, the possession of those islands that would bar the entrance to it must necessarily follow. Hence, consult and negotiate as diplomatists will, whether good or evil will come of it, we are destined to have the way to our vast possessions on the Pacific. One transit route is already in use, and a second is surveyed.

Of this Isthmus—an object of such deep interest to Columbus and his followers, and occupying such a prominent place in the eyes of the civilized world at present—we design to give some account. It has witnessed exhibitions of daring, of patience, endurance, and suffering, that entitle it to the regard of the historian.

Columbus, after his first discovery of the New World, continued to make repeated voyages, pushing his adventurous ships still farther westward, filled with the first grand idea—the discovery of a western route to the East Indies—that had sent him sailing over an unknown sea toward the setting sun. The fame of his discoveries soon covered the sea with similar expeditions; but all were governed by personal ambition or thirst of gold. Bastides had reached the farthest point west along the northern shore of South America, penetrating to the Gulf of Darien. But Columbus, on his fourth voyage, struck the eastern and southern point of the Bay of Honduras, and coasted along down toward the southern continent, carefully probing the Isthmus as he went, to find some break in the barrier which he believed to shut out an ocean beyond. If he had followed the direction of an Indian, he would have gone northward and discovered the rich country of Mexico. But he cared not for gold and riches. Fired by a nobler ambition, he refused all opportunities to amass wealth, and intent only on girdling the world with his ships, felt his way on till he nearly reached the farthest point of Bastides's exploration. For the first time he then abandoned all hopes of penetrating to the Indies in that direction, and reluctantly retraced his steps. He was succeeded by others more rapacious of power and more greedy of gold.

Columbus had left a colony, with his brother as Governor; but before he recommenced his voyage he was compelled to take them on board, in order to rescue them from the Indians. His report of the vast wealth that was buried in these hitherto unknown regions naturally turned the attention of adventurers thither.

The first two who established colonies were Ojedo and Nicuessa, rivals in the enterprise.

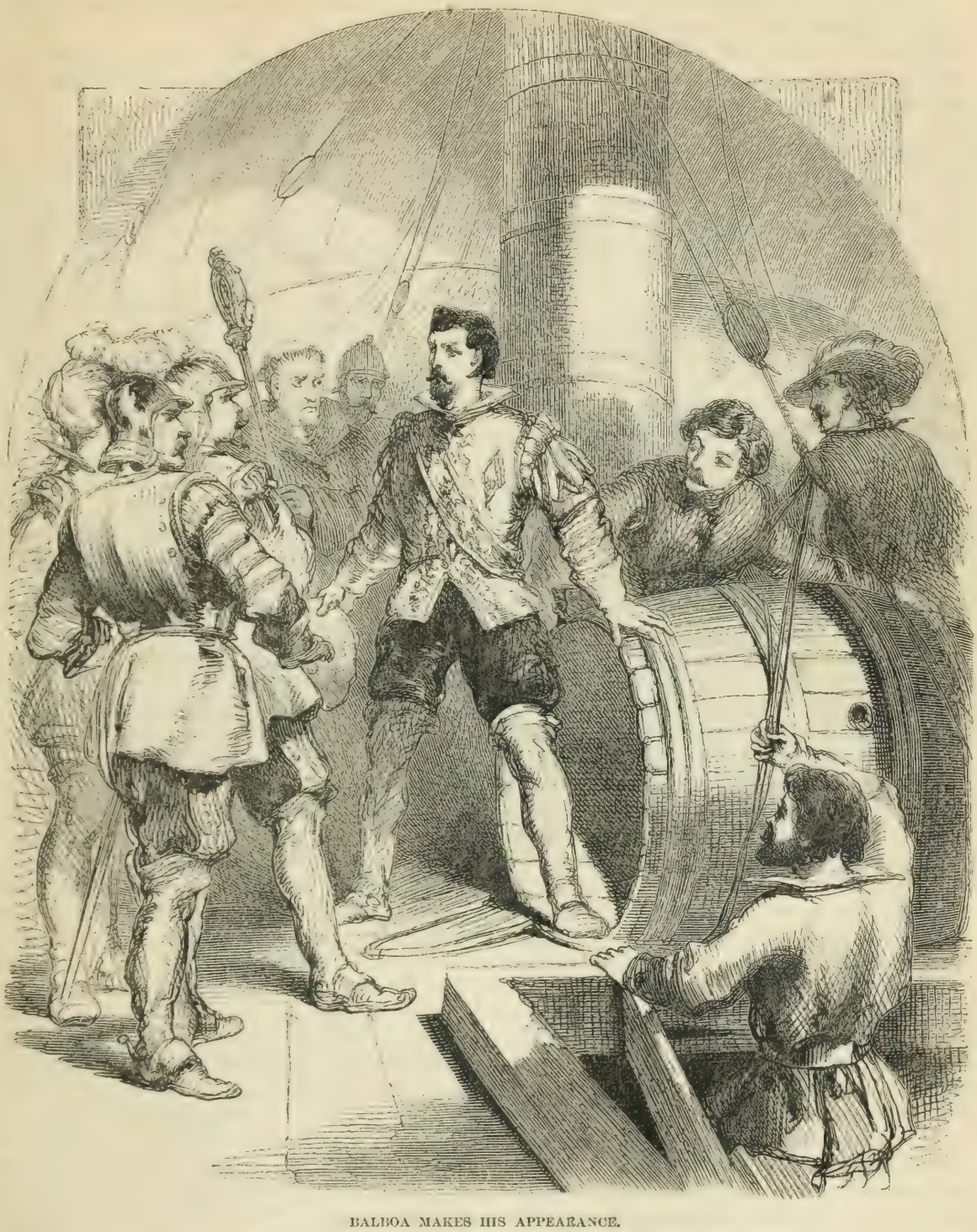
Ojedo, after numerous hardships and narrow escapes, at length despaired of reaching the river of Darien, and established a colony at Uraba, calling it St. Sebastian. Nicuessa, after undergoing incredible trials, struck the coast farther up, and finally concluded to establish a colony at a place which he called Nombre de Dios, nearly opposite the present city of Panama.

In 1510 the Bachelor Martin Fernandez de Enciso set out in search of the colony founded by Ojedo, who had returned with his fortunes wrecked. Arriving at Carthagena, he found a brigantine containing the remnant of that colony, which had been left in charge of one destined to figure largely in the future history of the Western World. This was no less a personage than Francisco Pizarro. Ojedo had given instructions to the colonists to leave if they did not hear from him in fifty days. The time having expired, they prepared to depart; but the miserable craft in their possession was not large enough to hold them all, and so they waited till sickness and famine should reduce them to the required number. This did not take long, and they soon set sail, and had reached this port on their return.

There was likewise an adventurer on board of Enciso's vessel whose name was also to have a world-wide renown. This was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. Little did these two young men—one the illegitimate son of a peasant girl, and now the disheartened leader of a few famished colonists returning to their homes, and the other a penniless adventurer and an absconding debtor—dream, when they met in the lonely harbor of Carthagena, of the destiny that awaited them.

Balboa was of a noble though poor family; but his poverty did not prevent him from leading a dissolute and reckless life, which involved him in such pecuniary embarrassments that, to escape from trouble at home, he embarked with Bastides in search of fortune in the New World. Returning from a voyage along the northern coast of South America he stopped at Hispaniola, and set up as a farmer. Again becoming inextricably involved in debt, he determined to escape to sea and join the Bachelor Enciso in his expedition. But his creditors watched him so closely that he at first despaired of success. At length, however, he hit on a scheme that foiled the vigilance of his enemies. Causing himself to be headed up in a provision cask, he ordered his men to carry it on board Enciso's ship. When the vessel was far out to sea he kicked the head out, and crawling forth, stood on deck a gallant-looking cavalier as one would wish to have by his side in a daring expedition. Tall, well-formed, handsome, and fearless-looking, he bore himself more like a leader than a follower. Strong and active, he was dreaded as a swordsman and admired as a cavalier. Enciso was at first enraged at the deception practiced on him, and at the free and fearless bearing exhibited by Balboa, and declared that he would leave him on the first desert island he came to. But, on farther reflection, he thought that such a strong and dauntless man should not be lightly thrown away in an expedition fraught with unknown perils, and where one good sword might be the salvation of all. It was not long before he had occasion to congratulate himself on this decision.

Pizarro concluded to return with him, and the whole set sail for St. Sebastian. Entering the port, the Bachelor's ship stranded on the



BALBOA MAKES HIS APPEARANCE.

rocks, and in a few minutes horses, swine, and all the supplies for the colony were swallowed up in the waves, and he and the crew escaped with difficulty to the brigantine of Pizarro. Disheartened, he knew not whither to turn. At this critical juncture Balboa presented himself before him, and told him that when he was with Bastides on this coast they discovered an Indian village on the western bank of a river called by the Indians Darien. The country around it, he said, was fertile, and filled with gold, and he offered to conduct him there.

The Bachelor's hopes immediately revived, and hoisting sail he steered thither. Arriving at the place, he dispersed the Indians who opposed his landing, took possession of the village and provisions, and collected gold ornaments to the value of 50,000 dollars. Overjoyed at this unexpected turn to his fortune, the Bachelor determined to found a settlement there, and called it Santa Maria de la Antigua Darien.

The first act of Enciso was an arbitrary one, and immediately gave birth to an opposition which finally overthrew him. He prohibited, on pain of death, all private traffic with the Indians for gold. Balboa, who had never forgotten the threat to abandon him on a desert island, fanned the discontent which this prohibition created, and very artfully removed all illegality from the increasing revolt by declaring that the Bachelor had no control over this territory, it being embraced in that taken possession of by Ojedo,

of which the unfortunate St. Sebastian was the capital. Enciso was therefore deposed, and Balboa, one Zamudio, and another, were elected alcaldes. This arrangement not working well, the people determined to vest the authority in one person.

While discussing whom to select they heard, to their astonishment, the firing of cannon across the gulf. They replied with cannon, and in a short time the wild and desolate waters of the bay were enlivened by two sails standing across to their side. It was Colmenares, in search of Nicuessa, whom we left establishing a colony at Nombre de Dios. Colmenares, on being told of their difficulties in selecting a Governor, advised them to send for Nicuessa, in whom the proper authority to rule these domains had been vested by the King. They gladly accepted this proposition, and he sailed for Nicuessa. He found the settlement, but it was reduced to the lowest stages of suffering. Of all Nicuessa's gallant, hopeful band only sixty squalid, famine-struck wretches remained. The appearance of the ships of Colmenares was like life from the dead to them. Nicuessa, who was plunged in the profoundest melancholy, shed tears of joy when he heard that he was elected Governor of Darien, and the revulsion of his feelings was so great as to wholly overcome him.

The sudden elevation from such depths of misery was too much for his weak head. In talking with the envoys sent from Darien with Colmenares he assumed a lordly tone, and agreed entirely with Enciso that the colonists had no right to traffic for gold with the natives. The envoys immediately set sail for Darien, and, assembling the people, reported this, with many other things that Nicuessa had said, and much that he did not say, which so exasperated them that when the new Governor arrived, a few days after, they had resolved that he should not land. As he approached the shore he saw a multitude, headed by Balboa, assembled, as he supposed, to do him honor. He immediately prepared to land, when he was hailed by the public attorney, and forbidden to set foot on shore. At first he was thunder-struck; then he attempted to reason with them, but in vain. Next day, being allowed to land, he was seized and made prisoner, and but for the strenuous exertions of Balboa would doubtless have fallen a sacrifice to the vengeance of the settlers. He was released, but was compelled to re-embark and put to sea. His ill-fated vessel was never heard of more.

The struggle for the mastery was now between the Bachelor and Balboa. The former was tried, condemned, and his goods confiscated. His friends, however, interceded for him, and he was released and dispatched to Spain. Balboa, too shrewd to let him go alone, persuaded Zamudio, his fellow alcalde, to accompany him, in order that he might meet his charges on the spot, and also tell what great things he himself had done. Knowing the ship was to stop at Hispaniola, he sent a large amount of gold to the royal treasurer there, who was a great favorite of the King, and had been invested by him with large powers.

Wielding now the sole authority, Balboa began to cast about him to discover the gold that was said to abound in that region. It is a little singular that the very depredations he made on the Indians inland, and the sordid love of gold exhibited by his followers, led to the discovery of the Pacific Ocean and the vast results that followed. He first sent Pizarro, with six men, to explore the province of Coyba, about thirty leagues distant. They had, however, advanced scarcely a tenth of the way up the banks of the river when they were set upon by the Indians, with the Caçique Zemaco at their head, and, after severe fighting, compelled to flee.

Not hearing from Nicuessa, Balboa sent two brigantines to bring away the remnant of the colonists at Nombre de Dios. In coasting along they picked up two Spaniards, dressed in skins like Indians. They were deserters from the ships of Nicuessa, who had been kindly treated by Careta, caçique of Coyba, and now returned that kindness by offering to conduct the Spaniards to his village, where, they said, was immense booty.

Balboa was delighted with this information; and taking one hundred and thirty men, set off for the place. He was received kindly, and after a friendly interview, pretended to take his leave. But in the night he returned, and, falling unexpectedly upon the village, took Careta and all his family, together with many of his followers, prisoners. Careta complained bitterly of this treatment; asked if his kindness deserved such a return; and repeated his protestations of friendship. He promised to reveal the riches of the land; and, finally, as proof of his sincerity, offered Balboa one of his daughters, a young and beautiful creature, as a wife.

Balboa, who saw the importance of having this powerful chief for his friend—doubtless also influenced by the appearance of the lovely maiden who stood trembling before him—made peace, and promising to help him against his enemies, took the young princess and departed. She remained faithful to him, and always regarded herself as his wife, though never married after the Spanish custom. She gradually acquired great influence over him; and though she afterward saved his life, his fondness for her helped him to his final ruin.

In order to keep his word with Careta, Balboa took eighty men, and sailing to Coyba—the province of Ponca, the enemy of the former chief—landed, and driving the Indians to the mountains, laid waste their lands. He next made a friendly visit to the province of Comagre, which consisted of a vast and beautiful plain, stretching away from the base of a high mountain. The chief of this territory had three thousand men under his command; but instead of resisting Balboa he came forth in grand display to meet him, escorted by his seven sons, and followed by his chiefs and a multitude of warriors.

Saluting him graciously the chief conducted



BALBOA AND THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

his visitor with barbaric ceremony to his village, and supplied him with comfortable quarters and as many attendants as he wished. This tribe was advanced in civilization far beyond any which the Spaniards had hitherto seen. The palace of the chief was 450 feet long and 240 broad; the foundations consisted of pieces of heavy timber, while the superstructure was composed of strips of wood curiously and beautifully woven together. Besides the living rooms there were apartments for provisions and stores, and a cellar for the various spirituous liquors which the Indians distilled from corn, roots, and palm-juice. In a distant part of the building was a large hall, used as a mausoleum for the ancestors and relatives of the caçique. The bodies of these had been dried by fire to prevent putrefaction; then wrapped in cotton cloths, in which were interwoven, in rich profusion, pearls, precious stones, and pieces of gold, and finally strung around the walls on a cotton cord. The whole of this large edifice was surrounded by a strong stone wall.

The eldest son of the chief was a modern Red Jacket, a Tecumseh in the loftiness of his spirit and his disdain of any thing sordid and low. Seeing the avarice of the Spaniards he brought 4000 ounces of gold, all wrought into ornaments, and sixty slaves captured in war. After reserving a fifth for the crown, Balboa ordered the residue to be distributed equally among his followers. In the division disputes arose as to the weight of different pieces of gold, and two of the soldiers in the heat of the strife drew their swords on each other. The young chief immediately stepped forward, and, with a look of haughty scorn, dashed the scales to the floor and scattered the glittering ornaments over the porch, exclaiming, "Why do you quarrel about such trash as this? If it is for gold alone you invade our homes, and lay waste our provinces, and undergo such perils, listen while I tell you that beyond those mountains" (pointing to the south), "is a great sea on which sail vessels like your own. The streams that flow into it are filled with gold; the people who live along the coast drink and eat from vessels of gold."

Balboa, who till now had stood aloof, apparently an indifferent spectator of the scene, suddenly became an intent listener; and after the young chief had finished took him one side, and questioned him long and anxiously of the ex-



QUARREL FOR THE GOLD.

traordinary statements he had just made, and of the way to reach that unknown sea and country. The interview to Balboa was deeply interesting, and opened a wondrous future before him. The youthful chief did not disguise from him the difficulties and dangers of the route. Ravines and rivers, steep mountains and tangled forests, fierce and wandering cannibals who eat their captives, and above all, tribe after tribe of powerful Indians, who would dispute every step of his passage, would have to be encountered, so that at least a thousand men would be necessary to undertake the enterprise. Balboa pressed him so closely, and interrogated him so carefully, that the prince evidently thought that he mistrusted him, and to cut short at once all inquiries necessary to establish the truth of his statements, offered to accompany him on the expedition.

Becoming satisfied that there was a vast ocean and a new world beyond those mountains, he gazed on them long and intently, and his imagination kindled with the boundless prospect that opened before him. That distant mountain leaning so calmly against the blue sky was the dividing line between the needy adventurer and the great discoverer, and he resolved at all hazards to place his feet on its summit. The magnitude of the results that should follow the successful prosecution of this scheme transformed him from the reckless plunderer into the thoughtful explorer.

He immediately returned to Darien, resolved to bend all his energies to the accomplishment of this one absorbing idea. A few days after his return Valdivia arrived from Hispaniola, bringing some provisions, but not sufficient for the wants of the colonists. Balboa immediately sent him back for more; and at the same time dispatched a letter to Diego, the brother of Christopher Columbus, Governor of Hispaniola, recounting the exciting news he had heard, and begging him to prevail on the King to send him the thousand men necessary to carry out his enterprise.

Irritated by the idle life he was compelled to pass while waiting for the slow return of this vessel, he took one hundred and seventy men and started for the province of Dobayba, where rumor said there was a great temple filled with treasures. This temple proved a fabulous one, and though he foraged several provinces the expedition on the whole was barren of success. The most remarkable thing he encountered on his route was a tribe of Indians whose territory embraced a region of shallow lakes and marshes. The trees growing out of these were of immense size, and the tropical foliage was so thick that, once having entered within, objects were no longer visible. These constituted the only habitations of the Indians, into which they entered by ladders, drawing the ladders after them.

In the mean time a grand conspiracy was formed among the Indians to utterly sweep away the Spanish settlement. At first the principal chief engaged in it—his old enemy Zemaco—sent, in apparent friendship, forty Indians to cultivate, for Balboa and the colonists, the fields bordering on the settlement. These were to fall

on Balboa when he came out to view the work, and kill him. But Balboa always made his visitations clad in complete armor, and mounted on a richly-caparisoned war-horse—an object of greater terror to the ignorant natives than the tiger of the mountains—which so dismayed them that they had not the courage to make the attempt. Failing in this, they determined to gather together five thousand chosen warriors and a hundred canoes, and assail the Spaniards by sea and land. The conspiracy would, in all probability, have proved successful had not one of the conspirators revealed the plan to his sister—one of Balboa's captives. She was possessed of extraordinary beauty, and consequently had been treated by him with great affection and kindness. The struggle between regard for her people and affection for her lover was strong and painful, but the latter finally triumphed; and Balboa was able, through her disclosures, to capture the leaders, all of whom were put to death. This sudden and terrible vengeance awed the Indians into submission, and checked all farther exhibitions of hostility.

Week after week passed by, and Balboa's eye was vainly strained oceanward to descry the solitary vessel on which all their hopes were suspended. Some feared she had gone to the bottom; others hinted that Valdivia had escaped with the gold sent by him to Hispaniola. Balboa chafed under this delay and uncertainty, and his imagination portrayed such disastrous results to himself from Enciso's efforts with the King that he could not endure the suspense any longer, and he resolved to repair at once to Spain and confront his accuser. The colonists, however, would not consent to his departure, for they felt the need of his strong arm and powerful influence. After much discussion two commissioners were sent in his place, bearing letters and gold to the King.

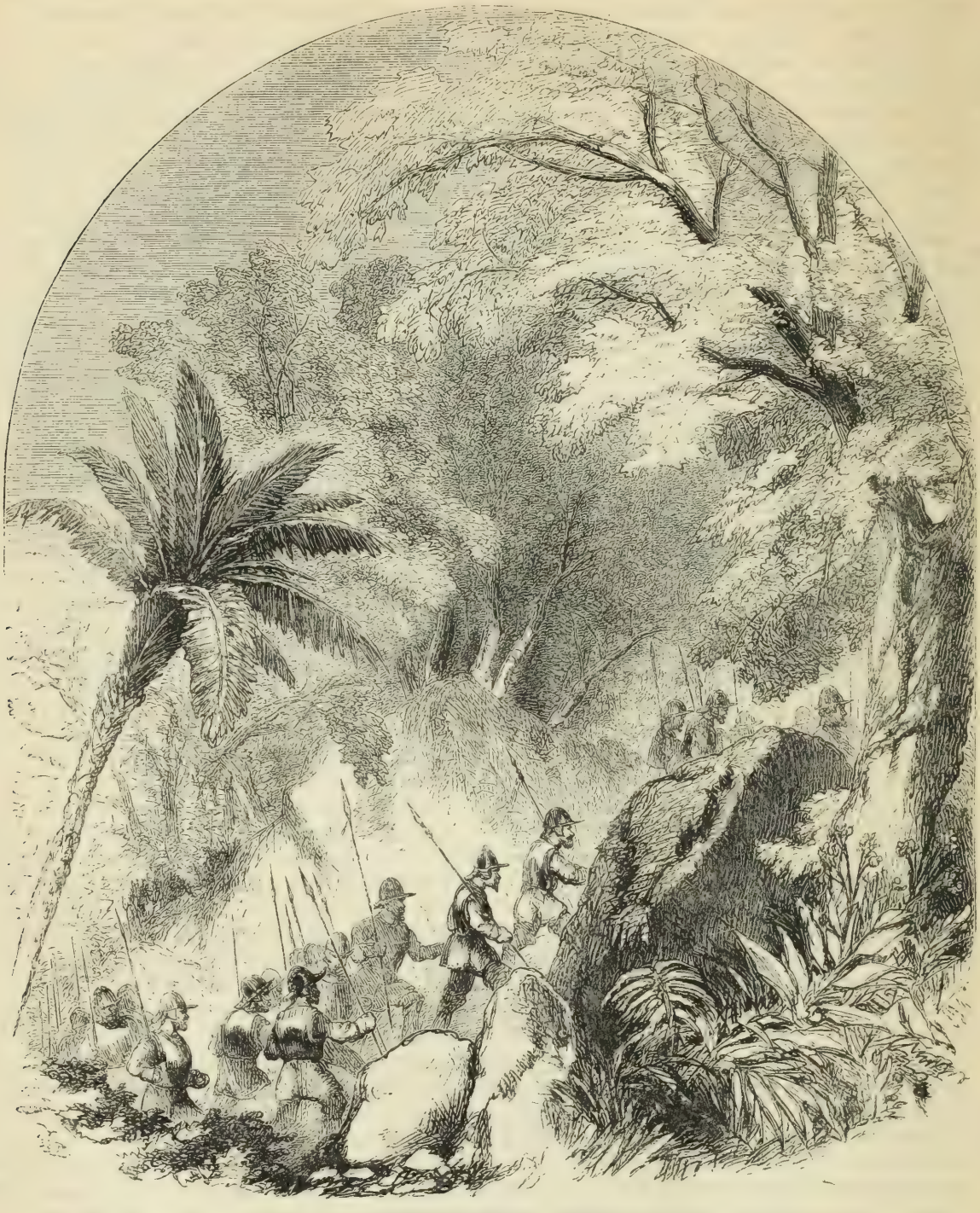
Soon after, however, discontent sprung up, and they began to quarrel among themselves. At first the people clamored against a favorite of Balboa, and then against himself. A man named Alonzo Perez having put himself at the head of the disaffected, Balboa threw him into prison. His adherents, enraged at this high-handed act, armed themselves for his deliverance. The followers of Balboa did the same, and for a while it seemed as if this little colony, shut up between the sea and the wilderness, would be desolated by civil war. Better counsels, however, prevailed; and although disturbances afterward broke out, peace was restored by Balboa's withdrawing himself from the place, under the pretense of going on a hunting expedition. He knew his departure would be the signal for a common plunder of the treasury, followed by quarrels among the colonists as to the division of the spoils. It turned out as he expected; and they were very glad to receive him back again as their leader.

At this critical juncture Valdivia sailed into the harbor, bearing with him a commission of Captain-General to Balboa from the royal treasurer of Hispaniola, whose susceptible heart the gold of the former had touched. Balboa did not stop to inquire whether this official possessed the power to grant his commission. It was enough for him that he had it. He, however, used his power leniently, pardoning all the mutineers. His exultation at his success soon received a check by heavy tidings that came from Spain. The Bachelor Enciso had succeeded; Balboa was condemned; the King was indignant, charging him with the death of Nicuessa; and he was soon to be recalled to answer for his conduct.

All this information, however, was private, not official. He was still Captain-General, and though he could no longer expect the thousand men he needed to cross the Isthmus, he determined at once to assemble what force he could, and make the attempt. He could but perish; while to return to the enraged King, with so little accomplished to offer by way of expiation, and so little power to back him, was certain ruin, if not death. Instead of being disheartened, this daring man summoned all his energies to the one great object before him. With tidings of a new ocean and new countries teeming with gold to lay at the feet of his monarch, his pardon would be certain, and his future renown secure. At all events it were far better that his bones should lie bleaching on the slopes of Darien than that his body should be subjected to the indignity of the executioner.

He immediately called for volunteers, and out of all who offered themselves he selected only 190 men—the most daring, the most resolute, and the most devoted to him of that band of hardy adventurers. Most of these had been inured to the climate and exposures by frequent expeditions. A few, however, were newly arrived, whom he allowed to join him. These he armed to the teeth. Before setting out he assembled them together and calmly and clearly set forth the hazardous nature of the expedition; adding, that if they succeeded at all, great privations, hardships, and suffering must be endured. But these men had looked death too often in the face to be swerved from an enterprise which, if successful, promised such glorious results. It was an age of wonders; and to their excited imaginations nothing seemed too marvelous for belief. He also took several blood-hounds with him, which were a great terror to the Indians. One of these, named Leonico, the constant companion of Balboa, was a savage animal, and would pull down Indians in battle like a tiger. A number of friendly Indians also accompanied him to show the way, and assist in carrying burdens and clearing a path through the forest.

Having completed all his plans, he took with him one brigantine and ten canoes, and on the 1st of September, 1513, gave the signal to launch. The mysterious nature of the expedition, the uncertainty that hung over it, and the strange sea it might open, and the new and strange beings it might discover, surrounded it with the deepest interest. The inhabitants assembled on the shore, and gathered in excited groups around



MARCH THROUGH THE FOREST.

the soldiers; and when at length the little fleet floated away, cheer after cheer arose from the land, and the blessing of Heaven was implored on their enterprise. Soon the last canoe disappeared around the winding shore, and the settlement relapsed into its wonted quietness. Steering northwest, Balboa reached in safety the dominions of his friend Careta,* by whom he was received with great kindness. Here he left his brigantine and canoes, and nearly half his men in charge of them.

Having fixed the 6th of September as the day on which he should set out for the mountains, he assembled his followers and solemnly invoked the aid of God in his undertaking. The soldiers all kneeled around him while he prayed, the Indians looking on in astonishment. Every thing being ready, they took an affectionate leave of their comrades, and to the sound of the bugle filed away into the forest, and commenced their mysterious and toilsome march. Through the woods matted with interlacing vines, up rocky ravines and across rapid streams, though weighed down with their heavy armor and oppressed by a tropical sun, the adventurers toiled patiently on. At noon a bugle note, echoing far away through the solitude, called in the stragglers, who, unslinging their weapons and flinging themselves on the ground, were glad of a short respite from their labors.

That night they encamped in a dense forest.

* Probably near the present village of Carreto, about twenty miles from the mouth of Caledonia River, the route taken by Strain.

The next day they reached the village of Ponca, the enemy of Careta, whom Balboa had recently so severely punished. Not a living thing, however, remained in the dwellings—all having fled in affright to the mountains. The severe toil of these two days proved too much for those not accustomed to such expeditions, and many fell sick. To give them time to recruit, Balboa determined to halt here several days. He was influenced to this course also by the desire to find Ponca, and make a treaty of friendship with him, so as to secure guides across the mountains.

At length he discovered the retreat of the chief, and after much solicitation prevailed on him to deliver himself up. By his kindness and winning manners he soon gained the confidence of Ponca, who gave him all the information in his power. He confirmed the statement of the young chief, that there was a mighty sea beyond the mountains, and pointing to a lofty, naked summit, said that from there the ocean could be seen. He gladly exchanged his gold for trinkets, such as counterfeit rings, copper chains, and glass ornaments. The gift of an axe completed his delight, and the two became sworn friends.

Having procured fresh guides, and sent back the sick to Coyba, Balboa, with his eye on that mountain, now more than all the world besides to him, recommenced his painful march. As they penetrated toward it the ground became more broken and stony, the streams more rapid and difficult, and the forest more tangled. Encumbered with their heavy armor, the hardy soldiers would fall on their faces and groan aloud. Balboa, instead of complaining, spoke words of encouragement, endeavored to arouse them by the prospect with which a few more hours of patient endurance would reward their sight, and, toiling like a common soldier, inspired all by his noble example. Hunger was added to their other difficulties, so that in four days they did not advance over forty miles. They then emerged into a more open country, over which ruled a warlike chief named Quaraqua.

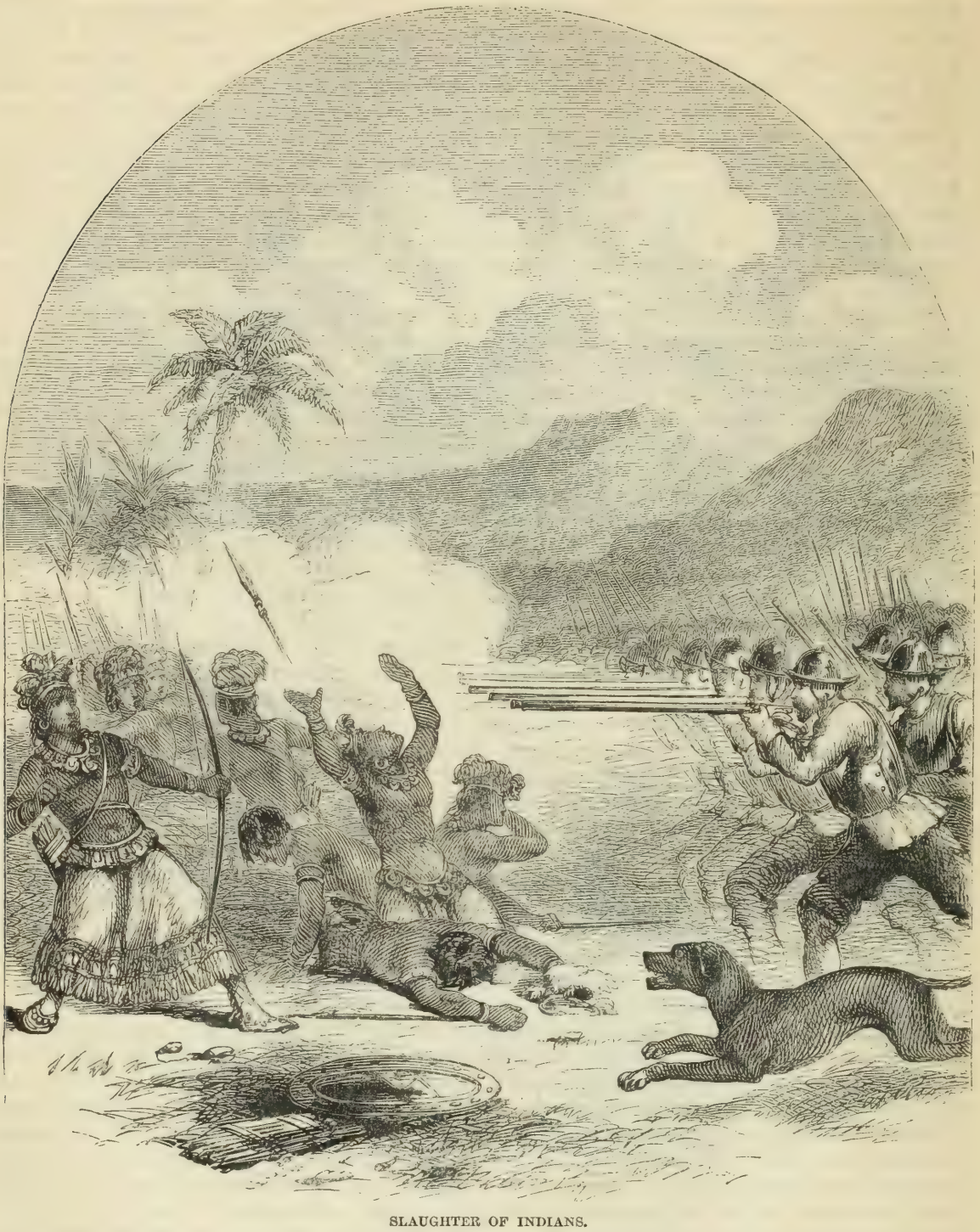
Hearing of the approach of the strangers, this chief advanced, richly appareled, at the head of his army, and demanded of Balboa why he invaded his dominions, bidding him retire, otherwise he would not leave one of his men alive.

Seeing that his threats only provoked derision, he ordered a charge, not doubting that he could sweep the little band before him from the face of the earth. Shouting savage defiance, swinging two-handed wooden swords, as hard and as heavy as lignum-vitæ, over their heads, brandishing their wooden lances and darts, and hurling stones from their slings, the naked multitude came rushing madly on. Ordering his arquebusiers, whom he had placed in front, to fire, Balboa, at the same time, let slip his blood-hounds. These, with a savage cry, sprang forward on the terrified Indians, while the sound of the fire-arms, which they had never before heard, seemed to them thunder and lightning. The havoc of this first discharge, together with the sulphurous smell and clouds of smoke, completed their terror, and they fled in every direction. The Spaniards, with the loud war-cry of "Santiago!" rushed forward, and hewed down the naked forms before them as the reaper cleaves the grain. Dissevered heads rolled away from the bleeding trunks; limbs slashed off at a single blow, and huge slices of flesh, lay scattered around in every direction. It was no longer a conflict but a slaughter; and when this little band of less than a hundred paused from weariness, Quaraqua and 600 of his warriors lay mangled and dead on the ground. Many more were taken prisoners, among whom were several effeminate-looking men, dressed like women, in white cotton robes. These the Spaniards, from some cause or other, supposed the chief had kept for the basest purposes, and they gave them to the dogs, who tore them in pieces. The prisoners, whether they were glad to see these unnatural wretches punished for their crimes, or because they thought their death acceptable to the Spaniards, sought out and brought forward others similarly dressed, who met the same terrible fate. Balboa then advanced upon the village, in which was found a quantity of gold and precious stones. Reserving one-fifth for the crown, he divided the remainder equally among his followers.

He had now brought his daring little band to the very foot of the mountain from the top of which he was to find the realization or disappointment of all his hopes. Was there indeed a new ocean to be seen from that spot? or would it prove like the fabulous temple of Dobayba which he had suffered so much to find? These were questions he often and anxiously put himself. Although his sick and wounded required a short halt before he proceeded, his eagerness would brook no delay, and he resolved that the next day should solve the problem.

Bidding his followers seek their repose early, so as to be able to start with the first streak of dawn, he sat down and watched the stars as they came out one by one and flashed down upon that naked summit, on which his palpitating heart lay and refused to come to him. What thoughts crowded his heart—what gorgeous visions floated through his excited imagination—as he gazed on the goal of his efforts now sure to be won! So felt Columbus as he lay at anchor amidst the drifting sea-weed, and waited for the revelations of the morning. Never before did the hours pass so wearily to Balboa as on that night. The gorgeous tropical sky above him; the camp fire burning brightly in the forest; his swarthy captives huddled together a little farther off, with the sentinel pacing his steady rounds in their presence; that bold little band, in the heart of that unknown wilderness, sleeping quietly on the threshold of such great discoveries, presented a strange spectacle. But Balboa thought only of the morrow.

With the first gleam of light in the east he aroused his followers, and the loud, cheerful notes of the bugle echoed far and wide through the forest. It was found that several of his band who had been wounded the day before, and others



SLAUGHTER OF INDIANS.

worn down by fatigue and hunger, were unable to move, and they were left behind, to their great sorrow. It was with sinking hearts that these saw, after all their toils and sufferings, their companions file away without them, leaving them on the very threshold of the object of all their efforts. Only sixty-seven men remained of all his band to accompany him.

Although the ascent was difficult, impeded by fallen timber and precipices, yet the men, exhausted and famished as they were, felt new strength at the prospect before them, and sprang cheerfully forward. A little before noon they emerged from the forest and stood at the foot of the bald peak, from which the guides said the sea could be seen. Here Balboa ordered his followers to halt, while he, in full armor, ascended all alone the barren rock. *His* eyes must first behold the wondrous spectacle.

What a lifetime of emotion he passed through in the short interval he occupied in reaching that solitary summit! As the horizon kept broadening and deepening the higher he ascended, he almost shrunk from the final step which was to decide his fate. The blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, and his full heart throbbed with a more painful effort, as down, down sunk the eastern sky before his steadily-ascending footsteps, until at length it met a deep blue line. A sudden movement, a few hurried steps, and there lay the vast Pacific heaving calmly below him, and losing itself in the distant horizon. One glance at its broad bosom—one look at the green islands and greener savannas, and rushing streams



DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

at his feet—and he sunk on his knees and gave vent to his overpowering emotions in devout thanksgivings to his Maker for having allowed him, of so little experience and honor in the world, to be the first to discover this new sea and land.

His followers below, silent and thoughtful, had watched with intense interest their leader as he slowly toiled up the steep ascent. They were hardly less excited than he when they saw him pause on the top, his tall form penciled distinctly against the clear blue sky. Their painful suspense was ended when they saw him drop on his knees and lift his hands toward heaven in prayer; and a low, deep murmur ran through their ranks.

Slowly Balboa arose, and casting one more glance on that slumbering ocean, turned and waved to his followers to come up. With a loud shout they dashed forward, each vying with the other to be the first to see what lay beyond. Not greater emotion swelled the hearts of the Crusaders when, from the last height that overlooked Jerusalem, they caught the first glimpse of the Holy City, lying like a beautiful vision at their feet, and the deep murmur, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" ran through the trembling host, than filled the bosoms of these bold adventurers as they gazed off upon the new ocean and new world below them. At the wondrous spectacle they also fell prostrate and offered up thanksgiving to God. A priest among them lifted up his voice and chanted "*Te Deum Laudamus.*" The whole band joined in, and "*Te Deum Laudamus*" swelled up from the top of Darien and floated away on the western breeze toward the unknown sea. All then arose and embraced Balboa, swearing to follow him even to death. Young Pizarro was there also, and as he stood and looked off on the strange scene, did the dim vision of his future conquests pass before him? and then was born within him the great resolve that finally brought the wealth of Peru to his feet. What a spectacle that little band presented, grouped together on that far, strange summit; and what a great epic was there enacted, away from the civilized world!

Balboa, having addressed his followers, proceeded to erect monuments as evidence of his discovery. The soldiers, returning to the forest, cut down a tall tree, and making it into a cross, erected it on the highest point; Balboa

also piled up huge heaps of stones, carved his name and the names of his followers on the trees, and omitted no precaution which should place his discovery beyond all dispute or future claim of others. The Indians looked on all this in silent wonder, and little dreamed what it meant when Balboa stretched out his hands and took possession of the Pacific Ocean—sea and land—in the name of his King. The sun was stooping toward the Pacific when the excited band began to descend the eastern slope toward the sea.

After leaving the more barren and rugged region they came to the province of a chief called Chiapes. This proud chief, scorning the small force that invaded his territories, led forth his warriors to drive them back. But Balboa, as he had done two days before, ordered his arquebusiers to fire, and let loose his blood-hounds. The thunder and lightning of the guns, and the sulphurous smell of the smoke, which the west wind blew full in their faces, so paralyzed the Indians with terror that they ceased all resistance, and many, unable even to flee, fell helpless on the earth. Balboa arrested the slaughter, and took many prisoners. Arriving at the village he sent his guides in search of the chief, Chiapes. Having found him, they told him that the Spaniards were invincible, and persuaded him to come forward and make peace. He did so, bringing with him 400 pounds' weight of wrought gold, for which Balboa gave in return hawks' bells, beads, and other trinkets, with which the chief considered himself richly paid.

Balboa remained here a few days to recruit his troops, and send back to Quaraqua for those sufficiently restored to join him. These had remained in camp, filled with grief and vexation at their inability to accompany their companions. They had seen the little band—a mere black speck on the summit—and had watched with the intensest interest their departure down the farther side. Their disappointment gave way to unbounded surprise at the report of the messengers sent to conduct them forward. Excitement and anxiety to proceed caused many to declare themselves fit to march who otherwise would have remained behind; and they toiled up the steep ascent forgetful of their wounds and weakness. As they reached the summit and looked off on the new ocean, their astonishment knew no bounds; and they hurried on to rejoin their leader, who now appeared to them as something beyond an ordinary mortal.

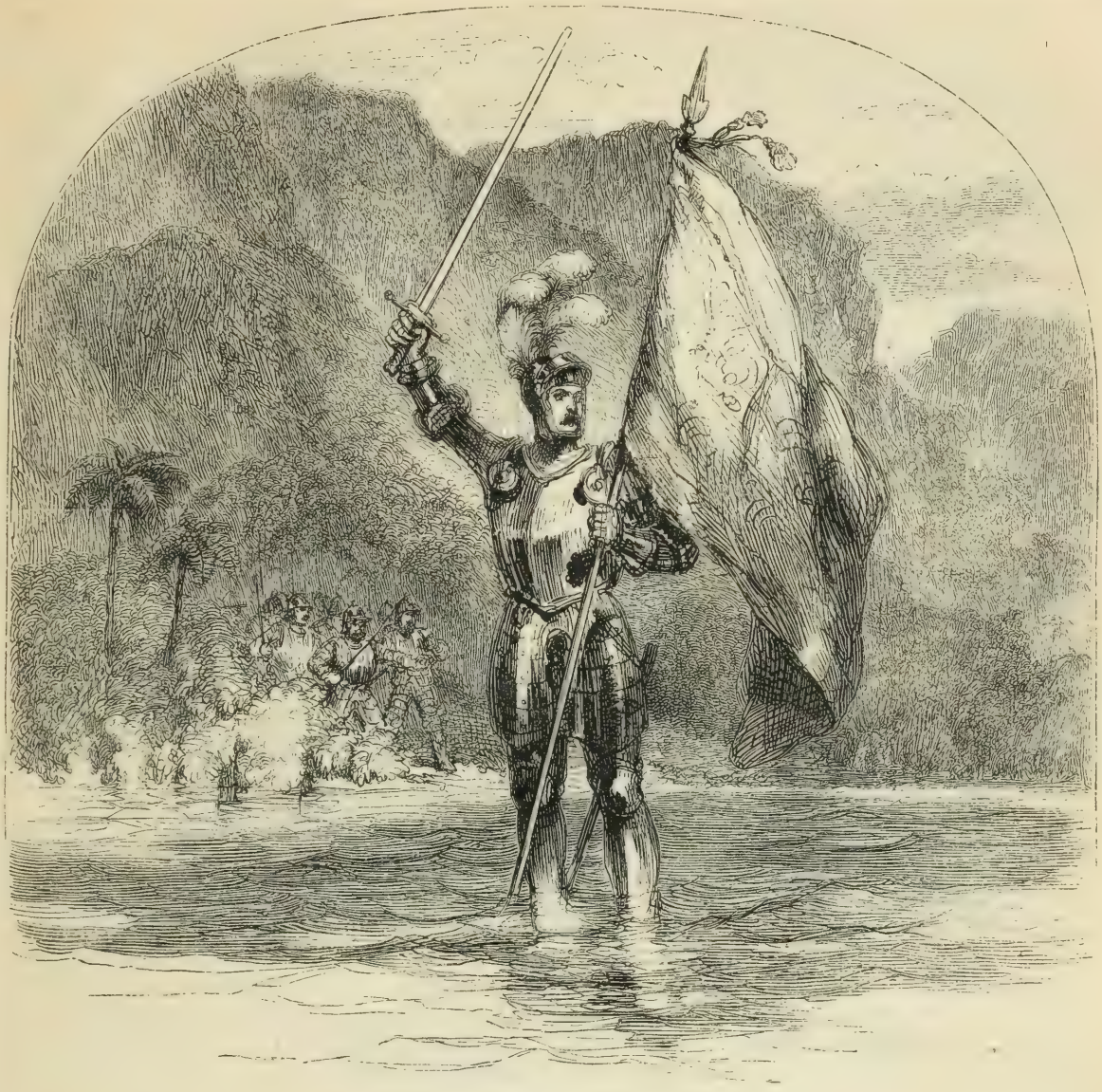
When they reached the main camp Balboa made preparations to advance to the sea. Taking with him only twenty-six Spaniards, and accompanied by Chiapes to direct his course, he pushed through the wilderness, and at length stood on the beach of a large bay, to which he gave the name of St. Michael.

The tide was out, and they waited till its return. At length they caught the sheen of the water as it came rippling over the shallow sea bed; and when it reached their feet, they stooped down and tasted it to see if it really were salt-water like the Atlantic. Balboa then arranged the Indians and Spaniards along the beach, and unrolling a banner, and holding it in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, he advanced into the water till it reached his knees. He then waved his banner, stretched out his sword, and in the name of his sovereign took possession, in the most pompous style, of all the sea, islands, and territory between the tropics, even to the poles, swearing to defend them for all time, even to the day of judgment. His followers joined in the solemn oath, and returned thanks to God for the great favor he had vouchsafed them.

Returning to Chiapes he increased his force to eighty men, and crossing a large river, entered the territory of King Coquera. The latter offered battle; but, overwhelmed like the other chiefs, came in, begging for peace and bringing with him a large quantity of wrought gold, for which the usual trinkets were given in return. Returning again to Chiapes he rested a while. Being informed by the chief that farther on was a larger gulf extending far inland, he determined to explore it.

It was now October—the stormy season—and Chiapes remonstrated with him, telling him that at this time the waters of the bay were in great commotion, swept by huge waves, and filled with whirlpools in which canoes could not live. Undaunted by these representations, Balboa ordered nine canoes, or dug-outs, to be made from the trunks of trees, and set forth. The chief's prediction proved true; the wind rose, the sea made fast, and soon those frail vessels were hurled like feathers over the billows. Consternation and despair seized every one, for certain death seemed to stare them in the face. All would doubtless have perished, had not the Indians lashed the canoes together, two and two, to keep them from being overturned. Tossed about till evening, they at length succeeded in reaching a low rocky island. Landing here, they fastened their canoes to some trees, and prepared to pass the night.

Ignorant of the tremendous tides of the Pacific, they were aroused from their slumber by the deafening roar of the sea as it came thundering over the island, and roaring away through the deep clefts of the rocks. The wind was high and boisterous, the night dark, and as they saw the bursting foam leaping nearer and nearer with every wave, their hearts were appalled with terror. Higher and higher rose the sea, till it swept the island from end to end. Indians and Spaniards stood huddled together, cowering before the storm, powerless to act, and expecting every moment to be swept away to sea together. But when the water had risen to their waists, the wind lulled, and the tide having reached its highest point, began to subside. All night long they stood shivering in their places, afraid to stir, and scarce able to hear each other's voices amidst the roar of the waves. When daylight returned and the island was again left dry, they sought their canoes. They found them bottomside up, stranded amidst the rocks where the retiring waves had left them. Such as could be repaired were tied



BALBOA TAKES POSSESSION OF THE PACIFIC.

up with bark ropes, and the holes stopped with sea-weed. Balboa then resolved to set sail again, but his followers remonstrated against such a hopeless enterprise. Borne up by a superstitious belief that he was an instrument in the hands of God, and could not fail, he appealed by turns to their ambition and to their faith in the God who had protected them thus far, and who assuredly would not desert them now. Balboa could be both preacher and orator; he soon brought his listeners over to his views, and they set sail. All day long the battered canoes, laden to the water's edge, labored over the heavy seas momentarily threatening shipwreck; until at length saved, as the Spaniards believed, by a miracle, they reached the coast in the province of a chief named Tumaco.

Though the men were weak and famished with hunger, Balboa, with the strongest of them, set out for the village, hoping to take it by surprise. But the wary chief was advised of his approach, and had his warriors drawn up to receive the invaders. At the first discharge of fire-arms, which lighted up the surrounding forest with a sudden glow, they fled with frightful yells to the woods, leaving their provisions and booty behind them.

The next day Balboa sent out some friendly Indians to find the chief and bring him in. The latter refused to come, but sent his son Tumaco as a mediator. Him Balboa sent back, laden with trinkets, to his father, who was so delighted that he presented himself before the Spanish leader with 614 pounds of gold and 240 large pearls, together with many smaller ones. The pearls were reduced in value in consequence of the oysters having been roasted for eating and also to enable them to open the shell easily.

Balboa questioned this chief closely of the surrounding country. The latter told him that there was a land to the south abounding in gold. Turn which way he would the rich land of Peru rose before him. We may be well assured that Pizarro noted carefully all those marvelous rumors.

The chief gave him a canoe of state, the oars of which were inlaid with pearls, to continue his explorations along the coast. Keeping close inshore, he at length reached the farthest extremity of the land, where the surf of the Pacific rolled unobstructed on the sandy beach. As they stood grouped together on the shore, the Indians pointed to an island in the distance which, they said,



INDIAN CHIEF TORN BY DOGS.

was governed, with smaller ones that surrounded it, by a powerful chief, and abounded in immense pearls. Balboa longed to visit it, but the guides told him that it would be impossible in this stormy season. Giving to this group the name of Pearl Islands, he reluctantly retraced his steps, resolved the next year to return and take possession of them.

Making another expedition in a different direction, he captured a chief, Faochan, who presented him with twenty pounds of gold and two hundred pearls; the latter, however, were of inferior value.

It was now the 4th of November, and Balboa resolved to make his way back by a different route to Darien. He therefore took an affectionate leave of the son of Tumaco and of Chiapes. The latter embraced him and shed tears as he turned away. Balboa had great power over all the chiefs who came in contact with him, attaching them warmly to him by his timely presents and winning manners. With guides and slaves to carry his baggage, he now boldly struck into the mountains, and began his toilsome march back.

In a short time he entered the province of Pacra, the dreaded tyrant of the surrounding region; but before he reached his village his men and the Indians suffered intolerably from thirst. The Indians luckily discovered a spring of water in a ravine, at which they refreshed themselves, and then pushed on for the home of Pacra. The latter, hearing of his approach, fled with his chiefs to the mountains. The Spaniards found in his house fifty pounds of gold. To all the entreaties of Balboa to leave his retreat Pacra for a long while returned a peremptory refusal. At length, however, he yielded, and presented himself in camp.

His appearance did not belie the rumors circulated against him; for he was a misshapen, deformed creature, with a countenance on which was traced ferocity and every bad passion of our nature. He had taken and ravished the daughters of four kings of Darien, and was charged with other crimes and most disgusting vices. Balboa's allies stoutly demanded his death, and he finally gave him to the blood-hounds, who tore him in pieces. Here the party remained for a whole month to recruit, and wait for the return of the men who had been left in the village of Chiapes, to whom he sent messengers to join



BALBOA BORNE ON A LITTER.

him. A strange chief conducted them in, loaded with presents. As he delivered them to Balboa he took the latter by the hand and invoked the blessing of the Great Spirit on his head.

Every thing being now ready, Balboa again set out at the head of his little band. He soon reached a barren country ruled by two poor kings, whom he forced to conduct him forward. There was no path; for three days they floundered through quagmires, broken ravines, and tangled forests, and finally entered the village of a chief, who had fled with all his tribe. He, however, soon came in bringing gold, but no provisions. The suffering from hunger now became extreme; but there was no hope left for them except to press forward. At length they reached the province of Pocorosa. He fled at their approach; but soon returned, bringing fifteen pounds of gold and some slaves. Balboa remained here for some time to recruit his broken-down followers. The next king, Tubanama or Tumanama, he was informed, was a powerful, warlike chief. Fearing to meet him with his men broken down with fatigue, Balboa picked out sixty of the strongest of his followers, and pushing resolutely on over every obstacle, accomplished two days' journey in one, and entering the village by night took the King and eighty women of his palace prisoners. With the women, as they generally did with captives, the Spaniards made themselves free. To the palace was attached a house 360 feet long and 150 wide, made of trees thatched with stalks of plants. Here the King was accustomed to muster his troops.

Marching forward from this place, they found the difficulties of the way to increase, while provisions became still more scarce. It was now that the very booty they had accumulated became a curse to them. Many sunk under their sufferings; others went crazed; some of the Indians also gave out and died in those inhospitable solitudes. It was a piteous sight to see those once brave cavaliers with each arm round an Indian's neck lifted carefully, painfully along, over fallen trees, across frightful ravines, and up rugged ascents. The long straggling file continued to stagger on, almost against hope, cursing the day that their cupidity tempted them into this terrible wilderness only to die.

At length Balboa, who had hitherto appeared impervious to fatigue or hunger—who, always leading his men into battle, seemed to bear a charmed life—whom nothing could daunt and nothing conquer — also sunk under these protracted sufferings. A fever seized him, and this bold leader became as helpless as a child, and, slung in a piece of cloth, was borne along on the shoulders of those who were still able to travel. Slowly and sadly the wan and famished band toiled onward, until at last, to their great joy, they reached the friendly province of Comagre. They found that the old King was dead; but his son, who had been baptized by the name of Carlos, received them gladly and supplied all their wants. He gave twenty pounds of gold to Balboa, who in return presented him with some carpenters' tools, axes, and a shirt and soldier's coat, which seemed to fill up the measure of his ambition. He also made him a speech before he left, exhorting him to retain his friendship, and es-

pecially to gather large quantities of gold by the time he returned.

Moving on to Ponca, he found four men who had been sent from Darien to inform him that vessels had arrived from Hispaniola laden with provisions. Taking with him twenty men, he hastened on by long journeys to Careta, and embarking in the brigantine he had left there, set sail for Darien, where he arrived in the middle of February, or, according to other authorities, the eighteenth day of January, having been absent since the first day of September. His arrival, and the astonishing news he brought, together with the account of the gold and pearls on the way, threw the colonists into the highest excitement, and they crowded round him, eager to catch every word that fell from his lips. His strange adventures were for a long time the only topic of conversation.

Having sent back for his remaining followers, he set apart a fifth of all their treasures for the crown, and divided the residue equally among those who had accompanied him and those who had remained behind. When the inhabitants saw the golden vessels and ornaments and heaps of pearls, their imaginations fixed no limits to the wealth they believed to be concealed in those primeval forests.

Balboa's first object was to conciliate his sovereign. To effect this he dispatched an old friend, one of his companions in his recent discoveries, bearing the fifth set apart for the crown, together with a magnificent present of pearls from himself. He also sent letters to the King, giving an account of his discoveries. But while he had been toiling amidst the forests of Darien, and by his energy and daring opening a new world to his country, his enemy had steadily undermined him at home. A new Governor, Don Pedrarias de Avila, had been dispatched with a fleet of fifteen sail, equipped to carry an expedition which was to make new discoveries. This fleet was on the broad bosom of the Atlantic when the vessel containing Balboa's messenger sailed into the Spanish port.

The news he bore caused scarcely less excitement in Spain than the report of the first discovery of the New World by Columbus. The King, overjoyed at this new accession of territory, and at the prospect of such exhaustless treasures, deeply regretted his severity toward Balboa, and, as some reparation for it, appointed him Adelantado, or Admiral of the South Seas, and Governor of the provinces of Panama and Coyba.

While these events were passing Balboa devoted all his energy to the welfare of the colony.

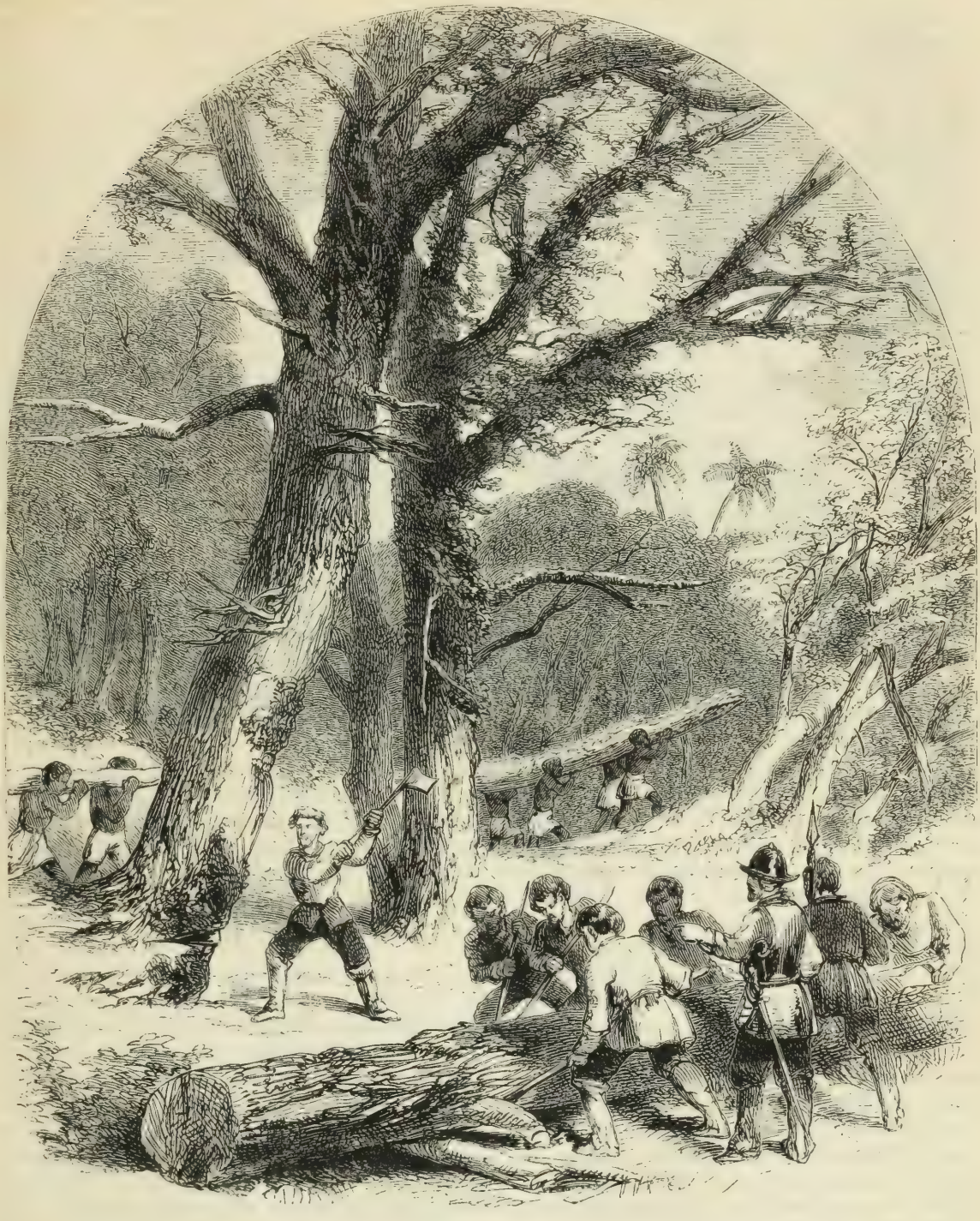
At length, in June, the fleet bearing the new Governor swept into the harbor. Pedrarias, who had pictured Balboa as a fierce, resolute man, feared he might have some difficulty in getting possession of the government; and so he would if the latter had yielded to the solicitations of his followers. He, however, cheerfully submitted to the royal authority, and frankly revealed all his plans and narrated all he had done. Having obtained what he wanted, Pedrarias assumed his true character, and ordered Balboa to be arrested and put on trial. He was acquitted; which exasperated Pedrarias still more, and he subjected him to ceaseless annoyances.

At length the King's commission for Balboa arrived at Darien. The Governor at first resolved to suppress it; but afraid of the future consequences to himself of such conduct, he at length delivered it up, on condition that Balboa should not actually enter on the government of the territories placed under his control without his permission—thus making the title an empty one.

A long series of persecutions and of disasters to the colony followed. The bishop who accompanied the Governor from Spain at length healed the breach, by effecting a contract of marriage between Balboa and a daughter of the Governor. What Pedrarias had denied to his rival he cheerfully granted to his future son-in-law, and Balboa immediately began to put in execution his long cherished plan of transporting vessels across the mountains and launching them on the Pacific, so as to extend his explorations there.

Carrying out his project he proceeded to Acla, a little port west of Darien, and with two hundred men felled the timber for four brigantines. With incredible labor he transported them, and all the anchors and rigging, over the mountains to the banks of the River Valsa, that flowed into the Pacific. Under the tremendous efforts to lift these heavy loads up the steep ascents, over precipices and mountain torrents, many of the workmen perished. It was a strange spectacle in those far solitudes to behold the timbers for vessels slowly moving up the mountain-side on men's shoulders, and exhibits the wonderful energy and endurance of the Spanish race at that time. But scarcely had they begun to lay the timbers before they discovered they were so worm-eaten, from having been cut in the vicinity of salt water, as to be utterly worthless. Not disheartened, Balboa ordered trees to be cut on the bank of the river. But just as the timbers were ready to be put together, a heavy freshet arose and swept them all away. The flood also cut the workmen off from their usual supplies of provisions. Famine set in, and but for the Indians all would have perished. The water having at length subsided, they set to work again, and soon two brigantines were afloat, and moving down through the forest, passed out into the broad Pacific. Balboa's first cruise was to the Pearl Islands. After a short exploration along the coast, he set himself to work to finish other brigantines so as to carry sufficient force for a more extended expedition.

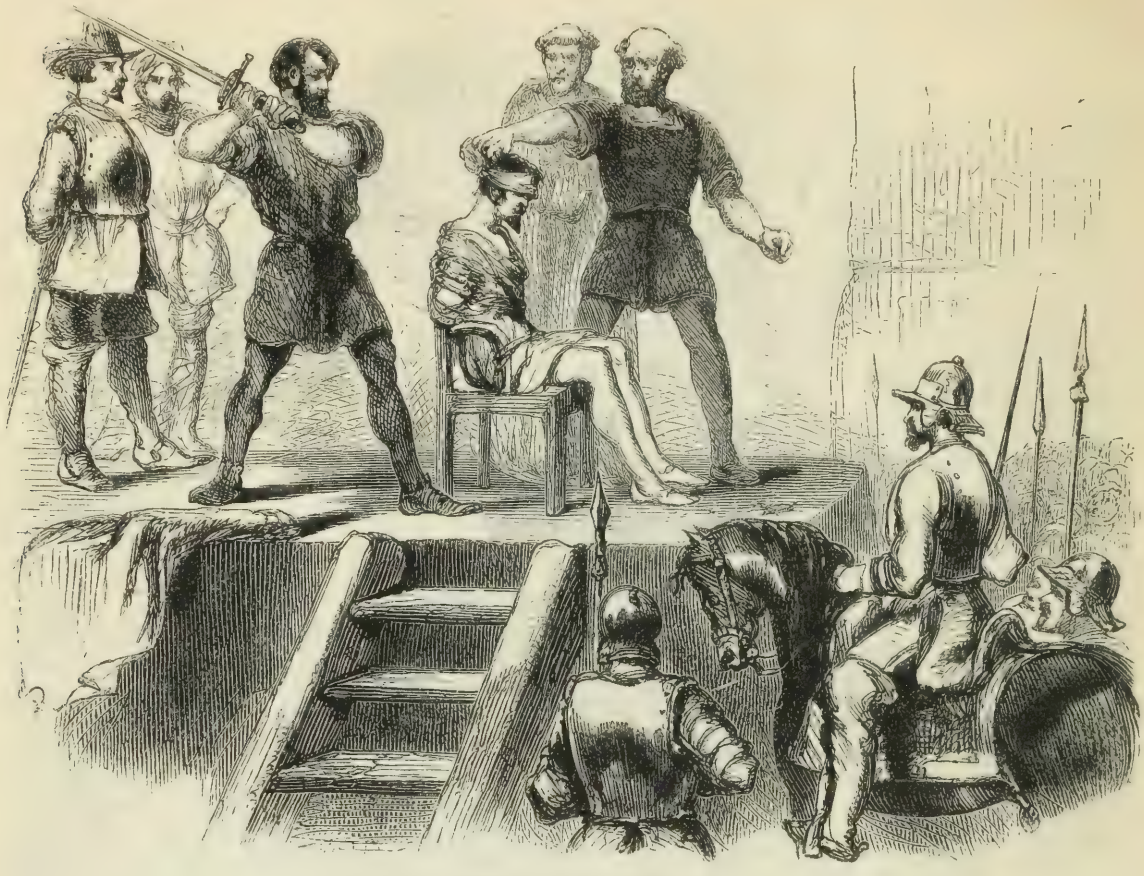
In the mean time he sent a man named Garavito to Darien to ascertain the state of matters there. This person professed to be a great friend of Balboa; but the latter, in a dispute a short time before about his Indian beauty, used some expressions that offended him, and turning traitor he told the Governor that Balboa had no intention of fulfilling his contract of marriage, being wholly devoted to his Indian mistress. All



PROCURING TIMBER FOR THE BRIGANTINES.

the Governor's suspicious jealousies and enmities were at once aroused, and he began to devise some plan to get Balboa into his power. He knew that the latter, with his brave and devoted followers around him, and his brigantines afloat on the Pacific, could be taken by no force he was able to send against him. He therefore concealed his designs, and invited Balboa to meet him in friendly consultation at Acla. Balboa cheerfully accepted the invitation, and leaving his followers to guard his brigantines, accompanied the messengers who bore the request over the mountains.

These, however, were so won by his kindness, and grieving that so gallant a man should fall into the net spread for him, at length revealed the whole plot. Balboa was thunder-struck at the announcement; but instead of returning at once to his band, and hoisting his flag bidding defiance to the Governor—till he could get his case before the King, where he was sure of protection—he, relying on the rectitude of his conduct, and pushed on by a blind fate, proceeded to Acla, where he was immediately arrested and thrown into prison. Pedrarias had him arraigned on a charge of treason, pretending that his intention was, so soon as he had men and vessels sufficient on the Pacific, to cut off all allegiance to the crown. There is little doubt he *would* have rejected the authority of Pedrarias—broken off his contract of marriage—and sailed away with his Indian beauty, till Pedrarias was



EXECUTION OF BALBOA.

removed—for he had already heard that a new Governor was appointed. But that he designed to cast off allegiance to Spain was a senseless charge, for he was more ambitious of distinction at home than for plunder.

The trial was hurried through in the little colony of Acla, instead of being transferred, as it should have been, to the tribunals of Spain. Balboa was condemned, and the day of his execution fixed. When the fatal morning arrived, he was led forth, preceded by a crier proclaiming him a traitor to the crown. "It is false!" indignantly exclaimed Balboa; "never did such a crime enter my mind. I have ever served my King with truth and loyalty, and sought to augment his dominions."

The execution took place in the public square, and Balboa having partaken of the sacrament, walked calmly up the scaffold. The fatal blow was given, and the trunkless head rolled away from the body.

Thus in 1517, in the prime of his life, being only forty-one years of age, perished this intrepid explorer. If the little band awaiting his return on the Pacific had known what was about to transpire, they would have descended with their old war-cry of "Santiago!" on that weak settlement, and swept the Governor with his adherents into the sea. Columbus narrowly escaped the same fate, and was spared only to meet a worse one in the neglect and injustice of the sovereign he had enriched, and whose reign he had made illustrious.

Thus perished the first civilized man that crossed the Isthmus of Darien. This narrow neck of land has witnessed strange scenes since then, and probably there is no other portion of the earth, of similar extent, which has witnessed so much daring endurance and human suffering.

TWILIGHT.

IT was a pleasant afternoon in early June, and in a cool, comfortable apartment, in a quiet, unpretending-looking house, just on the outskirts of one of our pretty New England villages, three persons were gathered together for an early tea. We have said that the room was cool and comfortable; but perhaps its most distinguishing characteristic was its air of primitive neatness and old-fashioned simplicity. The furniture was sufficient, but plain; every thing necessary to comfort, but nothing for ornament, luxury, or fashion; no tapestry carpets, yielding softly beneath the noiseless tread; no tasseled and fringed drapery curtains; no luxurious divans; no graceful tabourets or ottomans; no piano or harp; no mirrors; no gas-fixtures; no bronze and gold; no quaint old china. The plain walls, unrelieved by a single picture, were covered with a neat paper, of alternate stripes of darker and lighter shades of dove-color; the carpet, unfaded and spotless, was a small, neat pattern of green and dove-color; the stiff, cane-seated chairs held their straight backs against the wainscot, in prim and exact regularity; an unyielding-looking sofa, in mahogany and hair-cloth, unsuggestive of ease or comfort, stood upon the hearth, with arms akimbo, and toes turned out, and back to the fire-place, like some sturdy Englishman in

after-dinner meditation; and in an opposite corner stood a long, narrow, eight-day mahogany clock, with a great white, moonfaced dial-plate, like a coffin set up on end, with the pale, unspeculative face of its occupant looking placidly out of the upper window, and pleasantly numbering off on its attenuated fingers the hours and moments yet remaining to the living.

But if the room could boast of no superfluities the same could not be said of the table, which, covered with a snowy white cloth, and furnished with the whitest of granite-ware, was literally piled with a profusion of domestic produce and home-made delicacies, which, seldom or never admitted to city tea-tables, are the pride and delight of rural house-keepers. Long golden bars of "diet-bread" piled up, cob-house fashion, balanced thick wedge-like slices of dark, rich-looking "loaf-cake," clammy with fruit and redolent of cloves; delicate "flapjacks" lay, zealously perspiring under a sense of their own goodness, and a melting crust of powdered sugar and spice, opposite to hot rolls, white and feathery in their yeasty lightness; slices of cold boiled ham, cut by no Vauxhall pattern, smiled in calm self-possession, as if they knew "the fat was *so* white and the lean was *so* ruddy;" custards, with their rich golden surfaces concealed by a thick brown coat of grated nutmeg (which would shock the fastidious taste as a work of supererogation), were supported on either side by pellucid honey welling from the comb, and fragrant home-made butter; cool, crisp radishes raised their meek green heads above the transparent glass, through which they gleamed like scarlet gold-fish in the pure iced water below, and "seasoned apple-sauce" and preserved quinces turned corners with cheese and olives.

But we are lingering too long over this appetizing table, while the *dramatis personæ* are waiting to be introduced. At the head of the table sat a mild, pleasant-looking woman, of middle life, rather short and stout, dressed in a dove-colored silk gown and close Quaker cap and handkerchief. This was Mrs. Cobb, the mistress of the establishment, and widow and sole relict of the late lamented John Cobb, a very respectable hardware dealer and estimable member of the Society of Friends. Mrs. Cobb, his widow, was a model of propriety: she wore only the drabbest of gowns, the closest of close caps, and the stiffest of black satin bonnets; she used the Quaker phraseology with unflinching pertinacity, and thee'd and thou'd with a friendly disregard for all grammatical rules, which would have made Lindley Murray gnash his teeth in anguish. Yet there was *something*—an undescribable something—it might have been a shade *less* of the leaden immobility of feature, and rigid, statue-like repose of manner, said to be the result of that strong self-control which is one of the early and most admirable lessons of that sect, which suggested that, though every way worthy, Mrs. Cobb was not "to the manner born."

And it was so; Mrs. Cobb had been born of "the world's people," and as Betsy Appleton, the only and indulged child of wealthy parents, she was a sprightly, gay, pretty girl: but destiny, chance, or propinquity (or whatever power it may be which rules the matrimonial affairs of this world), had fixed her affections on John Cobb, a handsome and worthy young Friend; and the predilection being fully returned, in spite of the opposition of the parents on both sides, or rather in consequence of it—for opposition is the aliment of rebellious love—she married him, and turning her back to the world's vanities, was admitted to the religious sect to which her husband belonged, and henceforward, as Paul said of himself, that "after the most straitest sect of his religion he lived a Pharisee," so did Mrs. Cobb in her daily round fulfill all the requirements of Quaker law. Nor was there any insincerity, any leaven of hypocrisy, in all this; for Mrs. Cobb's love had so ennobled and dignified its object that the consequence was obvious and natural—her mind became the reflection of his, she thought what he thought, she believed what he believed. He was too wise to be deceived, and too good to err. He was to her church and priest, pope and prophet; she followed his lead unquestioning, sure that the way *must* be right if John Cobb went before! Nor was this a light and transient sentiment, fading with the years which gave it birth; not so, for the love of youth had stood the test of time; she had loved and obeyed him in health, she nursed him through sickness, and honored him in death. She still quoted him, as precedent and authority, on all occasions, continually volunteering the information that "*husband* thought, *husband* said, *husband* did, *husband* did not," until one of her young neighbors roguishly observed she believed Aunt Betsy Cobb really thought there never was but one husband in the world, and *she* had had him!

But stern Death, which severs so many strong, sweet ties, had taken the husband from his devoted and appreciative wife. John Cobb was dead and Aunt Betsy reigned in his stead, or rather, she *would* have reigned if she had known how; but like many gentle-hearted but unreflecting women, her unlimited trust in another had weakened her own powers. She had so accustomed herself to lean upon another she was unable to stand alone; and when the strong prop was removed she drooped like a flowering vine torn from its trellis. Firmly believing that "husband" knew every thing, that whatever he thought, or said, or planned, or did, was ever the "wisest, discreetest, best," she had never concerned herself about out-of-door matters. "Sure thee knows best, John Cobb," or, "I'd do just as thee thinks right thyself, husband," was the most cogent advice or opinion she had ever given him; and in her bereavement she found herself utterly unfit to meet the demands made upon her. She could not keep accounts, she could not calculate the price of a load of wood or hay; the cleaning out of the well and the re-shingling of the wood-shed were awful mysteries which she shrunk from undertaking. She was sadly at a loss how to direct the planting

of her garden or the mowing of "the homestead lot;" and when the county commissioners, contemplating the opening of a new street where the store of the late John Cobb stood, called on her to obtain her estimate of its value, she was at her wit's end. Feeling her own weakness, conscious of her own inability to defend herself from imposition and wrong, she took a suddenly exaggerated view of her own danger and the peculant propensity of mankind in general, and felt herself a prey to unlimited encroachments and cheating without measure or end. In this dread emergency there came to her aid her uncle, Mr. Lemuel Wood, her mother's brother, a kind-hearted, worthy, but rather eccentric old bachelor.

There has been *one* individual put on record who made a fortune by attending to his own affairs. It may be so, but certainly that man was not Lemuel Wood; for he had a decided penchant for helping others, while his own affairs (if he had any) were left to take care of themselves. He came to the widow's aid, and being of a quiet temper and a cheerful, trusting spirit, he reassured and comforted her, helping her wisely and well, bringing her triumphantly through the commissioners' business, paying her taxes, buying her stores, and shoveling her paths, literally and figuratively; in short, taking upon himself the whole burden of the out-door department with such zeal and judgment that his grateful niece felt she could not live without him; and thus, as time wore on, gradually and imperceptibly to both of them, he had become a fixture in the house and the nominal head of the family, speaking of *our* garden and *our* house with exactly the same sense of ownership that Mrs. Cobb herself had. This was the person who now sat in the post of honor at table opposite to her, and aided her in her hospitable attentions to their guest. He was a short, rather stout-built man, a little beyond middle life, with a fair, broad, ruddy face, sandy whiskers, and laughing brown eyes.

The third person in the trio was Miss Alice Gracie, a young lady from the city, a newly-arrived guest, or rather a new boarder. Since John Cobb's final withdrawal from business by the hand of Death had somewhat lessened the annual income of the property, his widow had decided upon taking one or more lady boarders, partly, perhaps, in hopes of female companionship, and still more, because her forte being the culinary department, she naturally wanted some one to enjoy and praise its results. "Husband" had, unknown to himself or his wife, become a little epicurean in his habits, and as to please him was to please herself she had become a great proficient in the cooking line; and as we all love to do what we are conscious we do best, so her soups and her sauces, her cakes and confections, had become matters of serious importance to her. Husband had had good taste; he had always praised with judgment or suggested with discrimination; but Uncle Lem, though his gastronomic performances were often great in their way, was not appreciative or refined. He came to table to satisfy his hunger—for he was healthy and hearty—not to ruminate and pronounce judgment on the food set before him. He ate and drank thankfully, and doubtless he gave praise, for he was a good man; but his sense of his indebtedness rose to a higher source of good than Aunt Betsy. But what was the comfort in cooking for a man who did not know if the cranberry sauce was made with loaf sugar or brown, who could not distinguish between allspice and mace, and did not clearly know crumb sauce from drawn butter!

So Mrs. Cobb had decided to take a boarder, and Miss Gracie, a young lady governess, whose city pupils had gone with their parents on the summer tour in search of health and amusement, which fashion now so imperiously demands, having leisure to rest and recruit herself, had preferred the rural quiet and home-comforts which Mrs. Cobb's house seemed to offer, to the more showy, more expensive, and less substantial accommodations of a fashionable watering-place. She had just arrived, and it was for her refreshment after her day's ride that this early and profuse meal had been prepared.

"*Do* thee take another cup of tea, Alice," said the hostess, lifting up the tea-pot as she spoke. "Sure thee *needs* it after thy long ride; and do take some more of the griddles, will thee? Thee hain't got any thing on thy plate hardly. Uncle Lem, won't thee pass the rolls to Alice Gracie, if thee pleases, and give her a little more of that ham near thee. *Do* thee try it, Alice. I think thee'll find it good. Husband used to say he never ate any ham only at home. I always boil mine five hours, and *then* I put it into the oven after that. Why, thee don't eat any thing! I'm afraid thee don't like our country fare. I wish I had some fruit for thee, but our berries haven't come yet. Try a bit of the cake, do; thee need not be afraid of it, it's home made. Sure thee must get up a better appetite, or I shall not take board of thee, that's a sure thing. Uncle Lem, pass the radishes, please. Why, Alice, thee ought to be downright hungry after thy long ride. Now take another cup of tea, *won't* thee? There's plenty in the pot, hot and strong. Husband used to say the last cup was always the best, hottest, and strongest. Uncle Lem, pass the cream, please."

Here the voluble hostess discovered that the water-pot needed replenishing, and turning her head in the direction of an open door communicating with the kitchen, she called aloud, "Twilight! Twilight!" But no answer being made to this call, she gently murmured, "Trial!" and called again, "Ruthy! Ruthy! is *thee* there?"

This had the effect of "calling up," as toast-givers term it, a tall, lank, grim-looking, elderly maiden, sallow in complexion generally, and sallowest under the eyes—as if she had been preserved in brandy many years, and then dried off without washing—with very little hair, and that little of a decidedly pepper-and-saltish expression.

She was dressed in a large-flowered, many-hued calico, with a thick white collar; and held in her hand a half-grown blue-yarn stocking, dependent from three needles—the fourth one being projected from her head in front, after the very unique and fanciful fashion in which the unicorn is wont to wear his horn when he is seen in public fighting with the lion for the British crown. Standing just outside the threshold, she leaned one hand against the side of the door-way and thrust her horned head into the room, and asked the unnecessary question, "Did you call?"

"Yes, Ruthy," said Mrs. Cobb, mildly; "I wanted Twilight; does thee know where she is?"

"Out in the garden, I guess; she mostly always is—shall I call her?" said the grimly Ruth.

"No, no; you needn't," here interposed Uncle Lem; "don't you call her; let her run, poor thing! I guess the fresh air won't do her a mite of hurt—

'All the world over, chicken and child,
Grow the better for running wild!'"

"*Don't* thee, Uncle Lem; be quiet, *will* thee, please! No, Ruthy, thee need not call her; I only wanted a little more water in the pot; thee can bring it thyself; and when Twilight comes in thee may tell her I wanted her."

"And much good that'll do, I guess!" muttered the Unicorn; but she brought the water, and then asked, in a sort of grim obligingness, if any thing else was likely to be wanted.

"No, thank thee, Ruthy; that will do; that is all, thank thee."

When the kind little hostess had twice in vain offered Miss Gracie every several article of food on the table, and had satisfied herself by actual experiment that no amount of urging would induce her to eat more, she rose from the table, saying, "I suppose, Alice, thee'll like to see thy room? I will show it to thee now. Uncle Lem, will thee take up Alice Gracie's trunk, please?"

"Oh! do not you take that trouble," said Miss Gracie, kindly; "it is very heavy, I am afraid."

"Oh! it's no trouble, that isn't," said Mr. Wood, laughing, and lifting the trunk with ease; "and if it *was*, why,

'A man who can not fetch and carry
Is neither fit to hang or marry.'"

"*Don't* thee, Uncle Lem, *please*," mildly suggested the widow; and preceded by her hostess, who carried her carpet-bag, and followed by Uncle Lem and her trunk, Miss Gracie went up to take possession of her chamber.

She found it, like the rooms below, cool, airy, and scrupulously neat, but very plainly furnished. It had four windows, a good closet, a commodious wardrobe, and bureau. The bed-linen was delicately nice, and the wash-stand abundantly furnished. Alice was used to boarding-houses, and her practiced eye took in all these advantages at a glance; and she thought, when she had unpacked her books and her writing-desk, and had put her dressing-case and trinket-boxes on the table, with a few flowers on the bureau, the room would look quite home-like and pleasant, and she could be very comfortable there.

In the mean time her good little landlady was running glibly on: "I'm so glad thee likes thy chamber, Alice; I hoped thee would. I guess we'll put thy trunk on these two chairs—that'll be handy for thee. Uncle Lem, open the blinds of that window, won't thee? the sun has gone from there now, I guess. Alice, thee'll find these drawers all empty for thee, and here's plenty of napkins on the stand, and if thee wants more, see here—there's plenty more in this little drawer; and here's fresh water for thee—why, no, there is not, either; and I told Twilight to be sure and put some. Careless girl! I dare say she forgot it—she *is a trial!*"

"No, she ain't, neither," said Uncle Lem. "No more of a trial than *all* gals are; all gals are trials to somebody—you was a trial yourself, Betsy, at her age. *I* remember when you was a *real* trial."

"Well! maybe thee's right," said Mrs. Cobb, with a mingled smile and sigh; "but I'm sober enough now, and I do wish Twilight was not so careless—if she would only *think* a little more."

"Poor thing! I guess thinking wouldn't add much to her comfort; and besides, Betsy, I guess that

'A wise old head on a gal's young shoulders
Would sooner *shock* than *please* beholders.'"

"Well! I guess thee's right there, Uncle Lem;" said Mrs. Cobb, laughing.

"Right? to be sure I am; and now give me the pitcher and I will go and get the water."

"No, indeed you need not," said Miss Gracie; "I do not want any at present; I shall not use it."

"Oh! don't you mind me, Miss Gracie; exercise is good for me, it'll make me grow—

'It's good for the pump, and good for me,
The more we're worked the better we'll be.'"

"I hope, Alice, thee won't mind Uncle Lem's queer ways," said Mrs. Cobb, as he left the room, pitcher in hand; "he can't help it, it comes as natural to him as his breath; and when thee knows him better thee'll like him; I know thee will, for he is real kind-hearted and obliging."

Here Mr. Wood came up again with the water. "And now," he said, "I am going down to the village; can I do any thing for you?"

Alice thanked him; but she had no commissions, and he departed.

"And now, Alice," said Mrs. Cobb, "I shall leave thee too; I have some little matters to attend to. Be sure and make thyself at home here; if thee wants *any thing*, just open thy door and call Twilight, and if she is not there, Ruthy or I shall be sure to hear thee; and don't thee *want* for *any thing* in this house."

Alice thanked the kind little woman, and said she thought she would unpack her trunk, and then, as the evening was so fine, she would walk in the garden. Left alone, Alice busied herself a few moments in unpacking her carpet-bag and dressing-case, and then, deciding she was too tired to unpack her trunk, she sauntered to one of the windows and took a survey through its closed blinds.

The window commanded a distant view of some fine hills, and a nearer view of the garden and of the back-yard, which was perfectly neat and orderly. A long wood-pile, commencing just under the window where Alice stood, ran nearly down to the garden boundary; behind it was a long whitewashed wall; and between this wall and the wood-pile was a narrow passage of about three feet in width, left probably for the convenience of placing or removing the logs. At the extreme end of this narrow passage-way (which Miss Gracie noticed could not be seen from any part of the house but the very window at which she stood) her eye rested upon a diminutive little figure, doing—what? Alice could not make out, though she looked long and earnestly.

The child, or girl—for Alice was at fault what to term her—was so muffled and concealed by the old loose sack she wore that no suggestive outline betrayed, by the sharpness of its angle or the roundness of its contour, the age of the wearer, and the face was equally puzzling. It was a face of rare and remarkable beauty—a fresh complexion of clear, brilliant brunette; large, magnificent dark eyes, softened by long silken lashes which swept the crimson cheek; soft, shining black hair, whose loose silken ringlets the wind had tossed into a mass of confusion; and a small mouth, whose mobile expression displayed teeth of dazzling whiteness, but small and even as kernels of new corn in the row. But the eyes, in their mingled fire and softness, had a depth of tenderness, a maturity of thought and feeling almost womanly; while the expression of the small rosy mouth, with its dimpling smiles, was soft and even infantile in its sweetness. What *was* she doing?

A large sheet of wrapping paper was fastened to the wall, and the little one, with something she held in her hand, was apparently drawing upon the paper; but *what* Miss Gracie could not see, as the surface of the paper did not come within her range of vision, though the child's face did. Wholly absorbed in her occupation, whatever it might be, the little one went on. At times she would pause, as if at a loss how to proceed, casting up her eyes, as if she sought inspiration; —then again, as though the needed inspiration had come, with eager smile, and many an unnecessary flourish of the little sun-browned hand, and many a strange contortion of the rose-bud mouth, the young artist would proceed; then pausing again, with head thrown back, and look askant, she would survey the work with an amusing air of satisfied criticism, and rubbing the little benumbed wrist, stiff with its evidently unwonted labor, she would re-commence; sometimes pressing her hands over her eyes as if in abstract reflection, or as if trying to recall some lost idea, then a smile of joy irradiating her face as if the momentous difficulty had been suddenly solved; and when some apparently successful stroke had been made, or some particularly happy effect had been produced, she would clasp her hands joyfully together—or mutely clap her elbows upon her sides, like a victorious game-cock about to crow forth his triumph and delight.

What could the girl be doing? Miss Gracie's curiosity was excited, and leaving her chamber she went into the yard, and passing quietly down in front of the wood-pile to the other end, where the removal of some of the logs had lowered it sufficiently for her to see across it, she had, while unseen herself, a full view of the little performer and her work. To her surprise she found it was not artistic, but literary; the child was writing, not drawing, as she had supposed. On the sheet of yellow paper, traced in charcoal, with all that seemingly superfluous care and labor, were four well-known lines of doggerel rhyme, probably familiar in every New England kitchen, written in letters of all shapes and sizes. The following is a copy:

"ANN TWILITE HEAR SHE LIZ
NUBBUDDY LAFS AN NUBBUDDY CRIS
WARE SHEZE GORN AN HOW SHE FAIRS
NUBBUDDY NOSE AN NUBBUDDY CARES"

But the "cares" of poor little Twilight were not destined to be ended then and there; for as Alice, bending forward to obtain a better view, leaned her hand lightly on the wood, one of the logs suddenly gave way under the slight pressure and fell to the ground with a loud crash. At the unexpected sound the little girl, whose back had been turned toward the intruder, suddenly started, and, in turning to run away, came in contact with a projecting end of the wood, which catching her clothes, she fell heavily. In one moment Miss Gracie, passing round the barrier of logs, went to the assistance of the little girl, exclaiming, kindly and compassionately,

"My poor child! are you hurt?"

"No, marm!" said the child, who had already regained her feet, but, afraid to pass the intruder, was standing and rubbing the little round arm, which showed a severe abrasion of the skin; "I ain't *hurt* none, I guess; but you scart me awfully."

"I am sorry for that," said the young lady, smiling. "But are you sure you are not hurt? Let *me* see."

"Oh! that ain't nothing—that ain't; I don't mind it not a mite;" said the little girl, who stood as if prepared to fly, blushing, and stealing from beneath her long silken lashes bashful, wistful glances at the kind inquirer.

"And so," said Alice, "I suppose you are the little girl I have heard them call Twilight?"

The girl nodded, "That's what folks calls me."

"It is a pretty name," said Alice, "but rather an odd one; I do not think I ever heard it before."

To this no answer seemed required, and evidently Twilight thought so, for she did not offer any; but glancing shyly up at the face of her new acquaintance, it seemed to occur to her that it was now *her* turn to investigate; and she said, suddenly,

"I guess you're the new boarder that's coming to live with Aunt Betsy—ain't you?"

"I believe I am," said Miss Gracie, kindly.

"Well, and you're a lady—ain't you?" was the next inquiry.

"I hope so," said Miss Gracie, smiling at the earnest simplicity of the question.

"Oh, I guess you be; Ruthy said she guessed so, 'cause you'd got such a real nice trunk."

Alice Gracie laughed. It was the first time she had ever imagined her claims to gentility were derivable from her trunk; and the thought crossed her mind that, if her social position were to be inferred from her amount of baggage, few persons would give her the title which Twilight had.

"And you," she said, turning again to the child, "you are Mrs. Cobb's niece, I suppose."

"Me?" said Twilight, "why—no indeed; I guess I ain't."

"Oh! then you are Mr. Wood's niece, are you?"

"Why—no marm, I ain't," said Twilight, laughing merrily; "I ain't niece to neither of 'um; I ain't nubbody's niece. What made you think I was?"

"Because you said Aunt Betsy—and so I concluded you were niece, of course."

Twilight looked amused.

"Why, no; I ain't," she repeated. "I ony calls her Aunt Betsy 'cause she's a Friend—*Quakers* some calls 'um, but she calls 'um Friends—and so she tells Ruthy and I to call her Aunt Betsy; and so I call Uncle Lem Uncle Lem, 'cause mostly every body does. But I ain't nothing to 'um ony their bound gal. They took me out of the work-'us—that's all I am to 'um."

"And where are your parents, my poor child?"

Twilight did not speak; but the changing color, the drooping of the eyelid, and the trembling of the red lip, warned Alice not to pursue that inquiry.

"And who did *that*, I wonder?" she said next, pointing to the paper on the wall, and kindly wishing to divert the girl's attention from her last unfortunate question.

"Me!" said Twilight, with a quick, bright flush on her face, and a pretty air of mingled pride and bashfulness, as one who modestly owns to some grand achievement; "I done it!"

"Indeed! and what is it?"

"Why, it's po'try—and it's real pretty. Can you read it—*can* you?" she said, advancing with a look of eager inquiry—"Can you read it?"

"Oh yes, I can read it," said Miss Gracie, glancing at the paper.

"Can you—can you? and is it *writing—real writing*—such as letters has in 'um?" said Twilight.

"Why, no—not exactly," said Miss Gracie. "It is more like printing, such as you see in books; these are printing letters, not writing hand."

The little girl's countenance fell. "I thought it was writing," she said, falteringly, and stopped.

"But what did you write it for, my dear?"

"'Cause I wanted to learn to write; and 'cause—"

"But what made you choose those lines? Will you tell me?"

"'Cause I think they are just like me," said Twilight, hesitating; "I ain't got no folks, nor nobody to care for me; and I think they are real jolly—don't *you?*"

Jolly! those wretched lines of miserable doggerel! whose expression of utter desolation and abandonment almost redeems them from vulgarity, and half raises them to the dignity of pathos. *Jolly!* surely Mark Tapley himself could scarcely have found a better illustration of his favorite word.

"But, Twilight," said Miss Gracie, who was deeply interested in the little friendless stranger—"but, Twilight, do you not know that if you—"

Here the voice of Ruth called sharply from the house for Twilight; and hastily snatching down the paper, folding, and concealing it in the crevice between two logs, Twilight darted by Miss Gracie and ran to answer the summons, and Alice pursued her way into the garden.

The following day was Sunday; and Miss Gracie, who really loved the country, had taken a long early morning walk, and attended divine service morning and afternoon. On her return from church in the afternoon, finding her room warm, she took her books and went down stairs, intending to sit and read on the piazza at the back of the house, but she found it already occupied. At the southern end, where the afternoon sun, glancing round the corner of the house, traced a broad angle of sunlight on the floor, lay old Tiger, the house-dog, enjoying the Sabbath stillness, although one half-opened eye told of the faithful and unslumbering watch he still kept over the premises. At the other, and more shady end of the piazza, sat Mr. Lemuel Wood, taking the Sunday afternoon nap which was part and parcel of his week's religion; for, like many worthy but uncultivated persons, he entertained an almost superstitious reverence for the sacred day, although he did not exactly know how to spend its hallowed hours. He conscientiously "remembered the Sabbath day;" but not knowing how to "keep it holy," he took refuge in obeying the rest of the commandment—"in it thou shalt do no work"—this he could understand and obey. To keep his ever-active hands and energies idle was a cross to him, but he did it. He would have stopped thinking too, if he could, but that he could not do; and as his busy brain seemed to increase its activity in proportion to the enforced idleness of his hands; and as "all next week's work" would rise up tempting him, so, when the public services of the day were over, he was wont to seek refuge in sleep. And if, as we are told, "the motive makes the deed," surely we may trust that for him rest was acceptable worship.

He now sat leaning back in his great armchair, which was reared up on its hind legs and tipped back against the house, while his lower

limbs, by some curious and apparently painful distortion, were twisted round the front legs of the chair, his huge feet resting upon the side rungs. He had thrown his ample red bandana handkerchief over his bald head, drawing it down over his face far enough to protect his eyes and nose from the impertinent investigation of the too-curious flies, but leaving the lower part of the face free for the necessary operations of breathing and snoring. He had laid aside his Sunday coat, and, with his thumbs hooked into the arm-holes of his vest, and his short plump fingers just meeting over his rotund figure, he looked the very personification of indolent comfort.

Half-way between the man and dog—on the wooden steps which led to the garden and yard—sat Twilight; and here too might be traced the influence of Sunday. Her person and clothing were scrupulously neat; there was no attempt at dress—for the child's poor means evidently forbade that—but the abundant silky black hair, which had the purple brilliancy of the raven's wing, had been combed and brushed till its undulating surface caught the light like burnished steel; its soft, wavy curls had been gathered back from her fair, rounded temples, and secured on either side by a small knot of carnation-colored ribbon, so minute that it looked almost like a chance-dropped blossom amidst the shining curls. Her dress was of the simplest kind, and of a coarse dark stuff; its sober hue, and quaint, old-fashioned make, were plainly suggestive of Aunt Betsy's friendly hand; but the pretty coquettish grace with which it was worn—*that* was as surely Twilight's own. A pin or two here, and a plait there, and the coarse fabric had yielded to the lithe form it clad; and the heavy folds fell round her hoopless, crinolineless little figure with an easy grace a city belle might have attempted in vain. In her lap she held a few gathered wild-flowers of the most common kinds—butter-cups, violets, dandelions, clover-tops, whiteweed, and the different grasses; and upon the step above her, and formed of the same simple materials, was a wreath she had just constructed.

Miss Gracie's eye was caught at once by the graceful arrangement of the flowers, and the simple but almost artistic combination of colors.

"Did *you* make that?" she said, pleasantly, drawing near the steps; "it is very pretty!"

"No, it ain't; that ain't nothing," said Twilight, blushing deeply, and sweeping with a sudden motion of her little sunburnt hand all the flowers into her lap as she spoke—"That ain't nothing; ony I hadn't nothing else to do."

"Oh! I am sorry you have broken up that pretty wreath," said Alice. "I should have liked it upon my dressing-table. I love flowers dearly, and I am sure you do, or you could not make such a pretty wreath."

Twilight smiled and nodded her head, but she did not speak.

"They are very beautiful, and very curious and wonderful too," said Miss Gracie, drawing out a clover blossom from the mass in her young companion's lap, and holding it up admiringly before her; "and we ought to be very thankful to the kind Friend whose love gave them to us, had not we?"

Twilight looked at her with a timid, wondering look, but did not speak.

"You can tell me who gave you all those beautiful flowers, can't you?" continued Alice, seriously.

"Nubbody didn't give 'um to me," said Twilight. "I went and picked 'um for myself."

"Yes, I know; you *picked* them yourself, I dare say; but I mean, who gave them for you to pick?"

"Well, nubbody didn't; they wasn't nubbody's flowers: I got 'um out in the lane; nubbody don't never give 'um to me; they don't grow in nubbody's garding; them don't—them's wild-flowers."

"Yes; but I mean, who makes them, in the land and garden too—don't you know?"

"Why, nubbody don't make 'um," said Twilight, laughing; "I guess they couldn't; they grows."

"But who is it that *makes* them grow, Twilight?"

"Well," said the little girl, reflecting, "I guess, if *any* body does, it's Uncle Lem and me, for he goes and makes the holes and I pop in the seeds; and we had a real good time doing of it, didn't we, Uncle Lem? Oh! he's asleep, I guess; ain't he?" said she, glancing over her shoulder at the silent figure in the corner.

Miss Gracie looked in that direction, too. Uncle Lem did not speak or move; but from a slight nervous twitching of the uncovered portion of his face, she judged his sleep was not so profound as he wished it to appear.

There was a short silence; for, strangely puzzled by the child's manner, comparing the stupid ignorance of her answers with her remarkably intelligent face, Miss Gracie sat curiously contemplating her, and wondering if it were possible this could be the simulation of a clever but roguish child; and the little girl, evidently thinking the conversation had come to a natural termination, had quietly taken up her flowers again. But as Alice met the gaze of the full, soft eye, and noted the sweet, truthful expression of the whole face, she felt ashamed of her suspicion; and drawing nearer again, she said,

"Twilight, you said just now you had nothing to do. Have you no Sunday lesson to learn?"

"Me!" said the girl, looking up at her in surprise at the question. "No, I guess I hain't."

"Do not you have Sunday lessons usually, my dear?"

"No, indeed; never."

"And why not, I wonder? I suppose you know how to read; do not you?"

"Well," said Twilight, reddening, "I can read *some*."

"I hope so, indeed. Such a nice, tall girl as you are ought to be able to read pretty well."

"Well, I don't," said Twilight, sadly; "I used to."

"But you ought to be able to read better. You have not forgotten what you have learned, I hope?"

Twilight did not answer; she hung her head and blushed.

"Will you tell me why it is that you do not read as well as you used to do?"

"'Cause."

"That is no answer at all, Twilight. Can't you give me a better one than that?"

"'Cause I could read in Taffy's book," she said, at last. "He teached me to read in his book."

"And you can not read so well in any other book?" said Alice. "Is that it?"

Twilight nodded; and from the far-off corner of the piazza came the low-murmured words:

"There's many a one, if the truth were known,
Can read no Bible except his own."

Alice turned round, but Mr. Wood's singular attitude remained unchanged.

"But, Twilight," continued Miss Gracie, "if you can not read very well, can not you say some little hymns? I dare say you have been taught to repeat some hymns."

"No," said Twilight, "I hain't."

"Well, then," persisted Miss Gracie, "you can, at least, say your prayers, I hope?"

Another shake of the little drooping head.

"Speak, my child," said the young lady; "do not shake and nod your head in that way. That is not polite or pretty. Tell me: can not you say your prayers?"

"No, marm," said the girl, sadly and timidly. "I guess I hain't got none."

Alice was shocked.

"Twilight," she said, "I am surprised at this! Surely you can say 'Our Father'—can't you?"

"Why, yes," said Twilight, "to be sure, I s'pose I *can* say *that*."

"I thought so," said Alice, encouragingly. "Well, then, let me hear you say that — will you?"

"Say *what?*"

"Why, say 'Our Father.'"

"'Our Father,'" repeated the child, smiling.

"Very well; go on. What next?" said Miss Gracie.

But Twilight hesitated.

"'Our Father who art in heaven,'" suggested Alice; and "'Our Father who art in heaven,'" repeated Twilight, with parrot-like repetition; and again she made a full stop.

"Go on, child!" said the young teacher, somewhat impatiently. "What comes next?"

"Our mother," faltered the child.

"For shame, Twilight!" said Miss Gracie, now fully convinced the girl was deceiving her. "You know better, you careless girl!—you *do*—you *must* know better. You know very well that there is no mother in heaven."

"There *is*—there *is!*" exclaimed Twilight, suddenly springing up and facing her young teacher, with stamping foot, and clenching hand, and writhing lip, while her dilating eyes seemed to flash actual fire, and her round cheek crimsoned with rage. "Oh! there *is*—there *is;* I *know* there is! Taffy said so; Taffy knowed; he seen her hisself, of'en and of'en, and I seen her picter, too! You're a real ugly, bad, wicked woman to say so; and I don't like you—I don't love you—and I won't talk to you!"

And flinging violently away from Miss Gracie's detaining hand, she fled like a young Ate down the garden, and disappeared; leaving Alice standing mute and motionless on the steps, confounded at this unexpected termination of her missionary efforts.

A prolonged "w-h-e-w!" from the end of the piazza caused Miss Gracie to turn in the direction of Uncle Lem. That worthy individual, having suffered his chair to transmigrate, like the soul of Indur, from the biped to the quadruped condition, was now sitting bolt upright, and wide awake, with his great open palms resting on either knee, and looking at her with a puzzled expression.

"Spunky! ain't she?" he said, at last, in answer to Alice's look of mute appeal. "But, you see,

'When all the ground is covered with weeds,
It's late in the day to be sowing good seeds.'"

"Very true," said Alice, walking gravely up to him. "But how came the weeds there, Mr. Wood? You have heard our conversation, I conclude?"

"Wa'al, yes, I guess I did—most on't. You see I was only sort of cat-napping."

"I thought so. And now tell me: is it possible that, in this Christian land, a child can have grown up to that girl's age such a little heathen?"

"Wa'al," said Uncle Lem, moving uneasily and apologetically in his chair; "wa'al, I don't know 'bout the *heathen;* she don't *act* much like one, any way—Twilight don't."

"Perhaps not; but her ignorance is heathenish—is not it, Mr. Wood?"

"Wa'al, may be it is; I can't say. But I run of a notion you didn't understand each other. You see, I take it that Twilight come of outlandish folks—furriners, you know."

"And what does that prove, Mr. Wood?"

"Wa'al, nothing, as I knows of; that is, it don't just *prove nothing.* But I've an idee, in a general way, that them furriners, mostly allers, is Papishes and Romanites."

"Roman Catholics? Perhaps so. But what of that? Roman Catholics, though they may differ very widely from us in belief, are still Christians."

"Wa'al, I don'no but what they are; I don't say they *ain't.* But didn't you ever chance to hear or know that them sort of folks mostly allers calls our Lord's mother 'Queen of Heaven,' and sometimes 'Mother of Heaven?'"

"So they do; you are right," said Alice, catching at this very possible solution of the matter. "I never thought of that before. I dare say that was what she meant, poor little

thing! and I may have shocked her sense of reverence quite as much as she did mine. Thank you for the hint, Mr. Wood. I will go and seek her, and try to explain to her, poor little girl!"

And passing down the steps, all strewn with the wild flowers which Twilight had scattered in her hasty flight, Miss Gracie walked thoughtfully down the garden. At the extreme end she heard a passionate sobbing; and there, prostrate on the green turf under the apple-trees, lay poor little Twilight, with her face buried in the fresh grass. Before Miss Gracie could make up her mind how to address her the child's quick ear caught the sound of her steps, and, rising, she came directly toward her. But oh! what a change in that young face! The storm of passionate anger had been washed away by a more passionate sorrow. Pale even to the lips, with a look of settled woe pitiful to behold, she came to Alice's side, and lifting up those soft eyes, now trembling through tears, like violets heavy with rain-drops, she said, with humble, penitent manner, and a voice which faltered in its low, pleading tones,

"Please, marm, to forgive me; I spoke real bad to you. I oughter been ashamed to speak to you so; and I'm real sorry—please, will you forgive me?"

"My dear child," said Miss Gracie, placing her hand kindly on the girl's shoulder, as she spoke.

"No, no!" interrupted Twilight, withdrawing herself nervously from the caressing hand; "I *ain't* a dear child—I *know* I ain't—I'm an awful wicked, bad gal! I was ugly to you—I know I was—*real* ugly—I always am when I haves a tantrum. Miss White used to say I was. But I'm real sorry, and I won't never speak so to you agin, if I can help it—ony—please marm, don't say *that* agin, 'cause it hurts me so *here*, I can't hardly breathe."

And she laid her hand upon her poor, little throbbing heart as she spoke.

"You see, marm," continued the child, drawing nearer to Alice, and speaking in a low, confiding tone, "most other gals has folks; some haves father and mother both; some haves one, and some haves t'other; but they mostly all on 'um has somebuddy—*ony me*. I ain't got neither, nor nobuddy. But Taffy said my folks had gone to heaven; and *he said*, if I was good, real good, somebuddy there—maybe 'twas the King, or the President maybe—would be like to hear on't, and send for me to come and see my folks. And I *have* been just as good as ever I knowed how; and I thought maybe they'd send for me to come next Thanksgiving Day—folks does, you know—and *now*—and *now*, you see—I've been, and went, and had one of my tantrums; and somebuddy or uther will be sure to tell him; and then I know he'll say, 'She's an ugly gal, and cross—we don't want her here;' and he won't ask me to Thanksgiving, and I shan't see my folks."

And again the passionate, despairing sorrow rained down her sweet young face.

"Listen to me, Twilight," said Alice, who now comprehended the true nature of the case; "you did not understand me. When I spoke of your 'Father in Heaven,' I did not mean your earthly father, I meant God; but you were thinking of your father and mother who are dead, and gone to heaven, where I trust you *will* one day be sent for to meet them."

"Do you—do you?" said the child, the glad light of hope breaking over her pale face; "do *you* believe it too? Oh! I am so glad," and catching Alice's hand she covered it with eager kisses.

"But, Twilight," said Miss Gracie, "when I spoke of our 'Father in heaven' I meant God! Do you know who He is?"

"No," said Twilight, hesitatingly, "not much, I guess. I've heerd tell a little about him; but that was a good while ago, and I don't remember much about it."

"He is the great King you spoke of just now," said Alice, thinking this the quickest way to the heart of her little listener; "and it is He who will one day send for you to come and see your dear father and mother."

"You don't!" said Twilight. "Why! and do you know him, then?"

"I know more of him than you do, my poor child," said Miss Gracie, reverently; "and I think I can teach you how to serve and please Him."

"Can you?" said the eager child. "Oh! do, do; and I'll do a'most any thing in the world for you if you will."

"Very well," said Alice, smiling, "I will try. And now, first sit down here and talk with me a little while. I want to know why you have not been to church to-day?"

"Me! to church?" said Twilight, in evident surprise at the question. "Why, I never goes."

"Never go to church?"

"Why: no, never."

"But why not?"

"Why," said Twilight, looking up with an amused smile, "how should *I* go to church? who would take *me?* You know Aunt Betsy, she's a Friend. Well, she goes to Friends' meeting; and Friends' meeting-house is way out of the village—'most two miles t'other side of Piper's Mills; and so she allers rides. The Popeses they keep a team, and they allers calls for her and takes her with them. I couldn't go with *them*, I guess. Catch 'um asking *me* to ride in their carry-haul! I *should* laugh!"

"But Mr. Wood, he goes to the Brick Church. Why not go with him?"

"'Cause he never asked me to; and I guess he wouldn't let me if I asked him. I did ask Ruthy a good many times to lem'me go with her. I knowed I couldn't go Sunday mornings, 'cause Ruthy gets the dinner ready, and then she goes, and I stay by and see to it; but I asked her to lem'me go some afternoon; but she said no—I couldn't be spared. But that warn't the *true* reason, I know."

"And what *was* the true reason, Twilight?"

"Well! she didn't want to be seen walking and setting with me, and have folks a-saying she wasn't fit for no better company than a work'us gal! and I don'no as I should nuther, if I was her. But twice, when Ruthy staid at home 'cause she'd the toothache, I slipped out unbeknownst to her, and run down to the church. I didn't darst to go in, 'cause I didn't know any body, but I went into the grave-yard when nobody wasn't looking, and set on old Tim Goddard's grave, that's close up under the windows; and I heard 'um sing and play the music ever so plain. Oh! wasn't that real jolly?"

Again that strangely inappropriate word. *Jolly* for a little girl to sit on a pauper's grave and listen to psalm singing! And as Miss Gracie looked at the neglected child, and thought of the little desolate creature creeping noiselessly into the church-yard, and sitting as an outcast among the graves, listening by stealth to the music of the sanctuary, from which her pariah-caste excluded her, the tears rose to her eyes, and she mentally resolved that, by the grace and help of the merciful "All-Father," she would try to lead this little stray lamb of Christ's fold back to the "still waters and green pastures" to which she belonged.

"Twilight," she said, after a moment's silent self-communing, "I should like to take you to church with me."

"Sakes alive!" said Twilight. "Why! Miss Gracie, marm! if I ain't fit company for our Ruthy I am a deal unfitter for you. Why, you *forget* I am a work-'us gal, and you a lady!"

"I do not think any thing of *that*, Twilight. If you are only a good girl *now*, there is no disgrace in your having been in the Work-house."

"*Ain't there*, though?" said Twilight. "Well! I thought there *was*, 'cause whenever I go to the village for Aunt Betsy, and the free school is out, the boys calls out 'Work'-us gal! work'-us gal!' and then I run just as tight as I can clip it."

"They are very wrong to do it, Twilight; and when they do, it is more of a disgrace to them than to you. But we will not talk about them; I have something more to say to you. If you really want to learn to read and write I will teach you; I have taught a great many little girls. Do you wish to learn?"

For one moment surprise kept Twilight speechless, and then, bursting into contrite tears, she sobbed out,

"And I was ugly to *you!*"

"Never mind that," said Alice. "You did not understand me. I know you will not speak so again."

"Never! never!" sobbed the little girl. "But stop one minit, marm. Them little gals as learn of you is rich ones, isn't they?"

"The children of rich parents you mean? Yes."

"And yours is a pay school, ain't it?"

"Yes!" said Miss Gracie, wishing to see what the child intended. "Yes! I am paid for teaching them."

"Then I can't come, marm. Thank you just the same for being willing to teach me; but I haven't got a red cent. I had a quarter of a dollar once; Uncle Lem giv it to me last Fourth of July—he's real good to me—but I ain't got *that* now."

"And what did you buy with it, Twilight?"

"Well!" said Twilight, hesitating and blushing; "I didn't buy nothing with it."

"And where is it, then?"

"Well, I gave it to the little beggar gal, 'cause she said her mother was sick. But that wouldn't be nothing to you if I had it; and I ain't got nothing else in the world—ony *one* thing—and Taffy told me never to give that away; and so I can't; and I wouldn't, if he hadn't told me."

"But, Twilight," said Miss Gracie, "I do not wish you to pay me any thing. If you will try to learn, and are a good girl, that is all the pay I want."

"Really—really, sartin true?" said Twilight, again catching Alice's hand, and kissing it repeatedly. "Oh! won't I be good? Try me, try me; I do so want to learn. Taffy used to say, 'Be a good gal, and try to learn to read and write, and be a lady;' but when I told Miss White she laughed at me, and said, small chance of that, she guessed."

A short consultation upon ways and means was then held. It appeared that Aunt Betsy usually took a nap from three o'clock till five in the afternoon, during which time Twilight was at leisure; and it was settled she should come into Miss Gracie's room every day at that hour, and receive instruction. To make all secure, Alice informed Aunt Betsy of the plan, and the good Quakeress did not object; only saying, "Sure! it's very good of thee, if thee's *willing* to take the trouble; but I guess thee'll find her a *trial.*" So the lessons commenced the next day.

During the week Alice looked over her own wardrobe, and selected a printed muslin dress, which she altered for Twilight, and bought her a simple straw hat, trimming it with one of her own discarded ribbons; and when the next Sunday afternoon came, and the delighted girl was dressed, with her soft, burnished, black curls dancing round her fresh young face, she certainly did look pretty enough to justify the very innocent pleasure with which she surveyed herself, peeping into the little, foot-square looking-glass in her small bedchamber. The first verdict in favor of her improved appearance was rendered by the grimly Ruth:

"Why, Twilight," she said, turning upon her with a suddenness which made the sensitive child start—"Why! my gracious! if you don't look real ladyfied! I wouldn't a known you, hardly! You look real genteel; I declare you do; and your gown ain't half as smart as mine is, nuther!"

"Thank you, Ruthy," said Twilight, with her soft, silvery laugh, and she hurried down to the piazza to exhibit herself to Uncle Lem.

Mr. Wood deliberately raised the silken vail

which concealed his slumberous beauties, and holding it suspended, like a crimson cloud above his head, by a thumb and finger at the two corners, he took a full and calm survey of the flushed and excited little girl.

"Smart as a new sixpence!" he said at last. "Why, Twilight, you do look good enough to kiss!"

"Do I?" said the delighted girl, and bending down, with childlike innocence, she presented her fresh, glowing young cheek to the laughing lips of the old man, who, though rather taken by surprise, gave her a very hearty and fatherly salute; bidding her always to mind and be as good as she looked, and he guessed she would do. Then, as she turned away, he muttered, half inaudibly,

> "Time, and chance, and a favoring sky,
> Can turn a grub to a butterfly!"

But the little transformed grub did not hear him; she was already out of hearing. Skipping across the piazza to the other end, where her sole playmate, "old Tige," basking in the sun, was calmly enjoying his afternoon siesta, she knelt down before him, lifted his broad, rough head in both her hands, looked for a moment full and steadily into his honest, intelligent, but sleepy eyes; gave him a significant nod, which set all her soft curls flying about her face; then, replacing his big head back on his huge paws as she found it, she gave it one affectionate pat, and walked demurely into the parlor, where Miss Gracie was waiting for her.

Alice received her with a pleasant smile, and a quiet "Are you ready, Twilight?" unembellished by one word of admiration or praise; and they set out at once upon their walk. Upon the way Miss Gracie tried to lead the thoughts of her little companion in a religious direction, and to awaken in her some sense of the service in which they were about to engage. Twilight listened to her in respectful attention, but as she made no answer Miss Gracie was unable to judge whether her remarks were comprehended or not. They reached the church; and as they crossed the porch Twilight fell modestly back, and laying a gently-detaining hand upon Alice's arm, asked, nervously and breathlessly,

"Where must *I* go?"

"With me, of course," said Alice; and, taking her blushing companion by the hand, she walked quietly up to her own seat and placed Twilight beside her.

It must be confessed that, for a few moments, Alice watched her young proselyte in some anxiety; and she was gratified and surprised, though she couldn't forbear smiling, at the child's quiet, lady-like demeanor. No idly-wandering glances, no impertinent stare, betrayed the eager curiosity of a vulgar mind; calm, grave, and self-possessed, Twilight seemed to melt into the time and place, as if church-going had been her daily habit. When the services commenced—and, fortunately for our young heroine, they were of a simple, practical nature, taken from the New Testament history—she listened with earnest eyes and avaricious ears, which seemed to devour every word; and Alice, watching her absorbed attention, was reminded of the thirsty desert, when first it receives into its bosom the genial and revivifying rain, which is to array it in beauty and gladness and teach it to "blossom as the rose." The music, too, seemed deeply to interest her; but for Alice, the closing wonder was the greatest.

When the last hymn was given out—and it was that sweet hymn of Heber's, "I would not live always"—the congregation, as is not unusual in rural districts, all rose, and from various parts of the house many who could sing joined with the choir. The first verse was half sung when Miss Gracie became aware of a voice close at her side, low, soft, and trembling, but sweet and rich as the breath of violets, which, gradually gaining confidence and volume, swelled out into freer harmony. Trembling with apprehension, Alice dared not turn round. She was a teacher of music, and was herself no indifferent performer; and as the soft, mellow tones swelled gradually higher and clearer she held her breath in nervous anxiety, for she feared the young singer, embarrassed by the notice she was evidently drawing upon herself, must falter, and might possibly break down. But still, pure and clear as liquid amber, higher and higher, triumphantly ascended the rich, golden harmony; and as Alice, listening, heard each note rendered with a truth and fidelity rare even in more experienced vocalists, her apprehension gradually gave way, and at last she ventured to steal one glance at the singer. That look reassured her—no fear for Twilight! for there was no self-consciousness about her. Wholly absorbed in the music, with her soft, dark eyes fixed upon the organ-loft, and the rapt expression of a St. Cecilia on her young face, she was singing, as the wild bird sings, because the irrepressible flood of music within her could no longer be restrained.

When the hymn was ended she gave a quiet little sigh of contented enjoyment, and left the church with Miss Gracie. Together they walked in silence for some time; and then, when the throng had lessened, and they were comparatively alone, Alice ventured to say, quietly,

"I did not know that you could sing, Twilight."

"Didn't you?" said Twilight, carelessly, as if it were a matter of no importance either way.

"But I have never heard you singing about the house," said Alice.

"No, indeed!" said Twilight. "I guess Aunt Betsy wouldn't like that—Friends *don't*, you know; and so I ony sing when I'm in the lane, and sometimes when I'm weeding in the garden. Uncle Lem, he likes singing, but he don't like *my* songs; he likes 'Hail Columby,' and such like; but he says my songs Taffy learned me are all 'Bosh!'"

"But when did you learn the hymn you sung in church?"

"Oh! that song? Why! they sung it both

them two times I sat out under the window, you know."

"And have you never heard it since?"

"No; but I've sung it to myself lots of times; I think it's real pretty."

And then passing on to the rest of the service, she asked question after question till her kind teacher was half bewildered. The wondrous tale of "Redemption's birth" had taken strong hold of her fancy and affection. Happier in that one respect than other and more favored children, the wonderful Bible narrative had never been hackneyed to her ear by wearisome and senseless repetition; she had never been called upon to parse from its hallowed pages, or to translate its quaint phraseology; and it came to her warm, fresh heart and fervent imagination with all the charm of a fairy tale, but heightened and dignified by its solemn reality. And so intense was her interest, and so eager her inquiries, that Alice knew not which to wonder at most, the acute intelligence of her remarks or the simplicity of her questions.

From that time, too, the daily lessons went on uninterruptedly; but Alice, who had become nearly as much interested in them as Twilight was herself, was struck with the apparent inequality of her powers. She had a quick, almost intuitive perception, and a strong, retentive memory; but her chief delight was in her writing lessons. To learn to write seemed to be a passion with her, and her nervous, trembling desire to learn sometimes defeated its object.

One day she brought Miss Gracie a letter, and stood by her while she read it.

"Oh, can't you read complete!" she said, as Alice folded up the letter. "Oh! I wish I could read a letter all myself. *Do* you think," she said, in trembling eagerness, "I ever will?"

"Yes, indeed," said Alice, kindly; "I am sure you will. You are coming on very fast indeed; and when I go back to the city I will write a letter to you all for yourself, and send it by the post. I will write it very plain, and I am sure you will be able to read it yourself."

Twilight said, "Thank you." But the kindly-meant promise did not seem to give her the pleasure her teacher had expected it would; for she knew that, to most young persons, the first letter received by mail, and bearing their own superscription, is an important and gratifying event.

In reading, Twilight's progress was unaccountably slow; she spelled with readiness, but it seemed difficult for her to learn to distinguish the proper sound of the letters; and one day, when she had been unusually puzzled with the pronunciation of a word, Miss Gracie suddenly remembered what Mr. Wood had said about her belonging to Papists and foreigners. She had taken the idea at the time that he meant to say she was the child of Irish parents; but now the circumstance recurred to her with a new significance, and she said, rather abruptly:

"How very oddly you do pronounce some words, Twilight! I should almost think you were a little foreigner."

"Well," said the child, blushing deeply as she spoke, "I guess I be."

"Are you really? Oh, then, that accounts for it. And what are you?"

"I guess," said Twilight, hesitatingly, and with a timid, uneasy glance at the face of the inquirer, as if furtively noting the effect of her communication—"I guess I'm a Welshman."

There was something in this absurd answer so utterly at variance with the sweet face and the low, trembling tones of her who made it, that for one moment Miss Gracie's strong sense of the ridiculous prevailed, and she laughed in spite of herself. But one glance at the blushing and tearful face of poor little Twilight touched a tender chord; and regaining her gravity by a great effort, she said, pleasantly:

"My dear child! I could not help laughing at the droll blunder you made. How can a little girl be a Welshman?"

Twilight gave a sigh of relief which seemed to say, "Is *that* all?" but she did not speak.

"Don't you see," said Alice, "you may be a Welsh *child*, or a Welsh *girl*, or a Welsh *woman*, if you please; but not a Welshman. But what made you think that you were a Welsh any thing?"

"Because," said Twilight, "I suppose I am what Taffy was; and whenever he went down into the yard all the work-'us boys used to sing out, 'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief!' But he wasn't a thief, Miss Gracie, sarten true he wasn't; he was a real honest, dear, good old man! *He was now!*" said she, with tearful earnestness.

"I dare say he was," said Miss Gracie, "or he would not have taught you to be so good a girl. But what relation was he to you? Was he your father?"

"Oh no!" said Twilight, "he wasn't my father, I know."

"Your grandfather, then? or your uncle, perhaps?"

"Well, I don't know what he was to me," said Twilight. "He might be my uncle; maybe he was; I don't know. But I know he was real good, and I loved him first-rate, and no mistake." And she returned to her lesson.

A few days later, at the usual hour, Twilight made her appearance at Miss Gracie's door to say Mr. Wood wanted her to go to the village for him. "I must go," she said; "and it's ugly in me not to be more ready to do what he wants, for he is always good to me. But I sha'n't be gone long; I shall kite down there and back just as tight as ever I can go."

As she left the room, Alice, who had the valuable habit of using odd moments, took a French book from her shelf, and began to read aloud, as she did some part of every day, to keep herself in practice. She was still reading, and was not aware any one had entered the room, when a quick aspiration close to her ear made her start, and she turned round to meet the flushed face, and eager, wide eyes of Twilight, who was looking over her shoulder.

"Why! why! *can you read like that?*" cried the excited child, bending forward with clasped hands and tearful face. "Why, that's Taffy's talk; that's like Taffy's book; *I* can read *that!*"

And catching up the book which Alice laid down, she read a sentence or two with tolerable fluency, and a pure Parisian accent.

"Oh, how good it sounds!" she said, kissing the book as she laid it down again. "I did not know any body had such books ony Taffy."

It was now Alice's turn to be surprised. "Why, Twilight," she said, "and so you are a French girl after all, and not a bit of a '*Welshman!*'"

"Am I?" said Twilight; "I did not know it. And was Taffy French too?"

"I dare say he was. But suppose, instead of your lessons to-day, you sit down there and tell me all you can remember about yourself and Taffy."

"Oh!" said Twilight, taking the seat indicated to her, "I remember a great, great, long time ago—we used to live in a town where there was lots of houses, and Taffy had a shop down stairs, and he had music things and books, and gentlemen used to come and play, and buy the music things. And there was Taffy, and Marie, and I; and Marie used to wash me, and dress me, and put me to bed. And there was somebody else, too," said she, reflectively, "somebody dressed all in white in a great big chair—I think it must have been my mother. And, one day, when I was playing, Taffy came and took me up and carried me into a dark room; and *she* was there—oh, so white, and her eyes shut, and her head on the chair *this* way. And Taffy he set me on her lap, and she kissed me, oh, ever so many times; and she cried, and Taffy and Marie cried, and so I cried, too, 'cause they all cried. And then—all in a minute Marie screamed out, and Taffy caught me up and carried me away, and I never saw *her* again. And I asked Taffy about it once a good while after, and he said it *was* ma chère mère, and that she *died then.* And then, after a good while, Marie was sick, very sick—and she died too. I can remember more about that, 'cause I was older, you know. And when they put her into the ground, Taffy took me with him; and he went and bought some flowers and let me put them on mamma's grave and on Marie's too. And then Taffy took care of me, and he used to brush my hair 'cause Marie was dead, you know. And he used to teach me to read in his book; but he did not show me how to write, 'cause his hand was lame—something ailed his arm, I guess. And one night there was a fire, and we was burned out, and Taffy was hurt, and they come and took me and him to the ospittle, and we staid there a spell, and Taffy he warn't no better. And then they took and sent us to the work-'us, and after we'd been there a spell Taffy grew badder and badder. And one night when he was real bad I sot on his bed and cried; and he told me not to cry for he was going to see mamma and Marie; and then I cried worse agin, 'cause I wanted to go too, and 'cause he said I mustn't. And then he gave a picter and a letter (I told you about them, how he said I must keep them as long as I lived); and he said I must read the letter very of'en 'cause ma chère mère writ it for me. I s'pose he forgot I couldn't read it, and I didn't say nothing, 'cause I didn't want to sorrow him and he so sick. And then Miss White, the matron, she come in, and said how I must go away and go to bed; and I didn't want to quit Taffy, and I cried and had a tantrum and acted real bad—I felt so. And then Taffy he called me, and he spoke weak and slow—but he said if I'd be a good gal, and go then, he would tell my mother, and maybe I would be sent for to come too; and so I went to bed, but I cried all night; and next day they said Taffy was dead!—and oh, Miss Gracie—they wouldn't let me go when they laid him in the ground, nor tell me where they put him, for I wanted to go and put some flowers on him as he and I done for mamma and Marie. I was seven years old when Taffy died, and I staid at the work-'us and did chores for Miss White, and lugged round the children, and run of errands, till the committee-men said I was old enough to be put out; Miss White wanted to keep me, but they said no. And then Aunt Betsy she wanted a gal, and she took me, and I've been here most a year now."

"And have you got the letter and picture still, Twilight?" said Alice, as the girl paused.

"Got 'um? why! yes, indeed! Why, I wouldn't part with 'um for nothing!" said Twilight. "Do you want to see 'um?—Maybe—maybe"—she said, as if a new idea had struck her, "maybe you can read it to me—do you think you could?"

"Why, Twilight! have you never read it yet?"

"How could I?" said the poor girl, mournfully. "You know I can't read writing; *that's* why I so terribly want to learn to write; I want to know what my mother says."

"But could nobody read it to you?"

"I don't know," said Twilight. "They *might;* but there was ony one gal at the work-'us who could read, and she was a real wicked, bad gal—Miss White said so herself. Why!" said Twilight, fixing her pure, innocent eyes upon Miss Gracie's face with a look of holy horror, "she *lied and cuss'd*—ony think! and I didn't want *her* to read my dear mother's letter—should you?"

Again Alice was struck with the contrast between the native delicacy of the child's instincts and the low, coarse, work-house language she had been taught to use.

"So I waited, and waited," she continued, "and one day, after I came here, I got Ruthy a letter from the post-office and I asked her if she could read it, and she said, "Yes, to be sure she could;" and so I thought of it two days, and then I asked her if she would read a letter for me; and she said yes. But when I got it, and give it to her, she couldn't read a word of it; she said it warn't no words at all; that it was all *bosh!* and she flung it back to me, and said I'd as good put it right in the fire, for it wasn't no good at all!" and Twilight's voice trembled and her eyes flashed at the remembered insult.

"Will you bring it now and let *me* try to read it to you?" said Alice.

"Yes indeed," said the delighted child. "I'll go and get it; and you'll see if my mother wrote ony scrabble, won't you?"

In a few moments she returned with a small package done up in brown paper, and reverently unfolding it, she took out a morocco case, somewhat worn, but not much soiled considering how long it had been in the hands of the busy little maid of all work.

"I always kiss it good-night, and good-morning," she said, with a loving smile, as she handed it to Alice.

Miss Gracie opened the case, which contained two delicately-painted French miniatures, and started in surprise; the two pictured faces within were so like, so wonderfully like, the little innocent face looking up into hers! On the reverse side was a curiously-formed cipher, probably the combined initials of the wedded pair, woven in their hair. Not more curiously and intimately were the threads of raven black and glossy brown blended together than the several lineaments of the two originals had been blended in their transmission to their beautiful child; there could be no doubt that these were indeed the parents of little Twilight.

"That's mamma," said she, bending down to kiss the picture. "Is not she jolly?"

"*Jolie! très jolie! charmante!*" said Miss Gracie, smiling, as she for the first time comprehended the sense in which Twilight had so often used that before inexplicable word.

"And now for the letter," said Twilight. "Will you try if you can read it? It is rumpled some; 'cause, as I couldn't read it, I sometimes lay it on my heart at night; for I thought maybe some of the good would come out of it at night (as the sweet smell comes out of the flowers in the garden when it's dark there) and make me good."

"This letter," said Miss Gracie, "is addressed to Mademoiselle Antoinette Elise de la Tour!"

"Yes," said Twilight, quietly, "*that's me.* Taffy used to call me so; and sometimes '*petite* Toinette.' And that's why they call me Ann Twilight, and Twilight—that's English for *Toinette*, you know."

"The letter is in French," said Alice. "Shall I read it to you so, or in English?"

"Just as mamma writ it," said Twilight, sinking on her knees, and with her soft eyes and her clasped hands upraised, as a devotee might kneel to listen to some oracle-breathing saint.

The letter we shall venture to translate:

"My darling Antoinette, my Orphan Angel, my Henri's Child,—I am dying, my sweet one. I must leave you in a strange land; and you, my little deserted one, are too young to understand your loss, or to know why I weep as I clasp you to my heart. But I have little time and less strength, and I must hasten on. My faithful Eustaphie and Marie reminded me (and I bless them for the considerate thought) that the time may come when my now unconscious child will be old enough to understand what I write; and for your sake I make this last effort to communicate with you. My beloved one, your father was Antoine Henri de la Tour, second son of Etienne de la Tour, banker, Rue de ——, Paris.

"Having business which called him to America, I persuaded him to let me accompany him, and we embarked at Havre in the *Susanne*, Captain Thibaud, with you our only child, Pierre Eustaphie, my husband's valet, and his wife Marie, your attached bonne. On the passage our vessel came in collision with another, and was wrecked. In the suddenness of the alarm, and the darkness, many lives were lost. Your father was among them. I was saved by the devotion of Eustaphie, and you by your faithful Marie. When I regained my consciousness they put my baby in my arms, and told me she was fatherless. Ah! why did not the cruel sea which ingulfed my husband take to its cold rest his wife and child? But the wise God willed otherwise—may He make me more submissive! The vessel which took us off was bound for America, but not to the port to which we had been destined. They landed us here. Marie and I could speak no English—Eustaphie but little; and in my terror, my anguish, and my consequent illness, I have forgotten the name of the mercantile house with which my husband had just connected himself. Strangers and friendless in a foreign land, we subsisted for a while upon the sale of such articles of value as I had on at the time of our shipwreck. Eustaphie has now obtained a situation in a music store; his small earnings are our support. I have written home, but no answer has yet been returned. Perhaps it is not time—I am too impatient. If I could live to see you, my darling, safe in the care of your family I could die content; but I am failing too fast for that. The picture of your parents and this letter is all your poor mother can leave to her darling child; these, and the blessing of her who is ready to perish, are your only portion. I leave you in the care of our humble but faithful friends. If you ever regain your friends and home you will have ample means to repay their devotion. I leave *them* to *you*, my child; never forget the debt! But if doomed to exile and poverty, I leave *you* to *them;* I know they will share their all with you, and you must give them the love and duty due to your lost parents. And now, my precious one, farewell! He who supported the trembling wing of the lone dove, and guided her in safety over the whelming waters where no dry land appeared, can keep my little one; and to His care I commit you.

"Your dying mother,

"Claire Elise de la Tour."

Carefully stitched to the top of this letter were the marriage certificate of Antoine Henri de la Tour and Claire Elise de Larny and the registry of the baptism of their child Antoinette Elise de la Tour; and below was written, in a stiff, coarse hand, unlike the delicate but trembling characters of the letter itself, the date of Madame's death, and place of burial. As Miss Gracie saw the careful solicitude with which these faithful servants had thus preserved to the orphan child all they could of evidence of her home and family, tears rose to her eyes. But before she had time to speak, the mild, pleasant voice of Aunt Betsy called up from the foot of the stairs—

"Twilight, Twilight! has thee forgot the tea-table? I guess thee don't know it's 'most six o'clock." And Twilight, catching up her treasures, hurried away.

Miss Gracie was rather glad of the interruption, as she wanted to be alone and think before she conversed with Twilight upon the subject. When she did she was pleased to find that all the child's thoughts were retrospective, and not *pro*spective. She talked with reawakened tenderness of her parents, of "Taffy" and Marie, and recalled a thousand little tokens of their

care and love; but not one word of the future prospects to which the letter might lead. The few years which elapsed since those sad events which her mother's letter made known had been a *lifetime* to her, and she spoke of them as things before the Flood—never seeming to realize that any one connected with her could be surviving still. This view Alice was careful not to dissipate; for although she had herself strong hopes of one day restoring the little girl to her family, she was too prudent to awaken hopes which might never be realized.

After a few days' reflection Miss Gracie's course was decided upon. The first step was to remove Twilight from her lowly station, and give her some of the advantages of education to which her birth entitled her; and Alice wrote to the Principal of the school where she had herself completed her education—an estimable woman, with whom she had ever maintained a friendly intercourse. She told her the outlines of Twilight's story, and inquired the lowest terms upon which she could be received as a pupil—Alice herself being answerable for the payment of the bills should the friends of the lost child not be found.

A few days brought an answer: Mrs. Illersly was much interested in the little girl's history; and if she would converse with the pupils in French, and give them the French accent, she would receive her for a sum merely nominal. Alice was delighted. The next thing was to seek an interview with Mrs. Cobb and Mr. Wood, to inform them of the discovery she had made, and to ask their consent and co-operation in her plans. Aunt Betsy was yielding and quiet, as usual. She said "Sure!" and "Thee don't say so!" She was sorry to part with the handy, pleasant-tempered child; but Ruthy would like an older girl, and perhaps it *would* be less of a *trial.* Uncle Lem was more demonstrative—tears, which his manliness would fain have concealed, told how the little, lonely, gentle child had crept into his great, warm heart; but he advocated her removal.

"It's all right," he said to Alice; "she is of *your* sort, not *ours;* she belongs to such as you, and I see you took to each other from the very first:

> 'Like loves like, and love likes love;
> Eagle mates eagle, and dove seeks dove!'

Yes; she ought to go. I see it all; it's all right; and it's human nature, too," said he, trying to turn it off with a laugh that would not come—"human nature, all the world over.

> 'No matter what old hen may hatch the duck's eggs,
> They'll run to the water as soon as they've legs.'"

And now Miss Gracie ventured to tell Twilight the arrangements she had made, confining her communications to the advantages of an education, and carefully avoiding to excite any future hopes beyond the results of that. With the liberal aid of Aunt Betsy and Mr. Wood, and the skillful fingers of Twilight herself, a suitable wardrobe was procured; and when Alice left Aunt Betsy's she took her young charge with her, and making a circuit to M——, she left Mademoiselle de la Tour with Mrs. Illersly.

When Miss Gracie returned to the city she found the father of her young pupils—the gentleman in whose family she resided, and upon whose aid and advice she had confidently counted—was still absent at the South, and she had to wait two months for his return. He advised an application to the French consul, and procured her an interview. The consul entered warmly into Miss Gracie's view of the case, and engaged to write out and make the necessary inquiries in France. He suggested the propriety of sending out copies of the letter and certificates, and also a daguerreotype of the pictures. This was reasonable, and Miss Gracie went to Mrs. Illersly's to procure them. She found Twilight well, and perfectly happy. Mrs. Illersly spoke in the kindest terms of her little pupil; and "*chère Antoinette*" was already the pet of teachers and scholars.

But all this caused some detention; and then, men of business do not hurry themselves as impulsive women expect they will. The consul was courteous and kind, but spring had opened before the letters were actually sent off. Alice spent her summer vacation at Mrs. Illersly's, with Twilight; and she was delighted with her protégée's growth and improvement. Hers was the pleasure of some enthusiastic florist, who, having removed a stinted flower from the roadside, sees it blooming in his garden in stateliness and beauty; and she returned to the city to await, in feverish impatience, the expected letter from France.

In the autumn Alice received a letter from Mrs. Illersly. Twilight was seriously indisposed—a sudden and violent inflammation of the lungs. She had called in medical advice, and would write again. The next day the accounts were more favorable—the complaint seemed yielding to treatment, and the physician saw no cause for apprehension. Alice's heart yearned to hasten to her darling; but she was not quite mistress of her own time, and besides, the consul had informed her the letters from France might be daily expected, and she concluded to wait for them, hearing daily from Mrs. Illersly.

At the end of a week came an alarming letter. A new disease—rapid pulmonary consumption, which Twilight had inherited probably from her unfortunate mother, and the seeds of which had possibly been long dormant in her system—had developed itself, and her physician had serious fears for the result. Antoinette requested her friend to come to her.

Alas! the same hour which brought these sad tidings brought also the long-desired letters from France. The grand parents and uncle of Twilight had been found, and rapturously acknowledged her claims. The letters of Madame de la Tour had never been received, and her family had supposed the little girl, with both her parents, had perished at sea. They now placed ample funds at the consul's disposal, and requested the child might be furnished with every thing requisite to her station, and sent out to them un-

der the charge of responsible persons, as soon as possible. A graceful letter of warm thanks to Miss Gracie was inclosed in the one to the consul.

Ah! with what a heavy heart did Alice read this long-desired letter, and then hasten with sad forebodings to Mrs. Illersly's! She found that Mr. Wood and Mrs. Cobb had been sent for, and were there before her. Uncle Lem was walking with troubled restlessness up and down one of the lower rooms, his usually joyous face pale and anxious. He shook Alice's hand, and tried to speak, but vainly; the usually ready words would not come, and turning away he resumed his troubled walk. Aunt Betsy was established in the sick room as head-nurse, a post for which her soft speech and quiet gentle ways admirably fitted her; and as Alice entered the chamber her close cap and dove-colored dress glided quietly from the easy chair where Twilight reclined just as she had so often described her young mother.

Every precaution had been taken to prepare Twilight for the arrival of Alice, but the delight of the sensitive girl almost destroyed her remaining strength; and she lay, panting and smiling, breathless and exhausted, in the loving arms which supported her, while Alice weeping, rained down kisses on her pale brow and lips. But at last this strong emotion passed away, and she became able to converse with her friend.

"How long ago is it, Miss Gracie," she said, "since you came first to Aunt Betsy's?"

"More than a year," said Alice, sadly, as she mentally compared the slight, spirit-like thing she held clasped to her heart with the little, active, healthy, sun-burned child of a year ago!

"Only a year?" said Twilight, musingly. "Only one year ago!" she continued. "Do you remember that first Sunday when I was so rude to you? and our talk in the garden, when I told you I hoped the Great King would send for me? Is that only one year ago?—and I was *then* a little ignorant child; I did not know what I talked about! And *now!* ah! dear Miss Gracie, this change is *your* work; you taught me to know and love the Great King—to understand *who* should be his messenger—and not to fear him. Dear friend!" she said, passing her arm caressingly round Alice's neck, and glancing anxiously at her face as she spoke, "I think His messenger is very near me now, and I want you to help me make ready for the long journey."

For a moment Alice's heart stood still in mortal terror; then, strengthened by a strength not her own, she said, in low, clear tones, whose calmness surprised even herself,

"What God wills is best; His will, not ours, be done!"

"Oh! I'm so glad to hear you say that," said the dying girl; "I can say and feel so, too, *now*. But I must tell you how silly I have been. Since I came here I have read and thought so much about France, beautiful France, my father's and mother's land—that I have wanted to be rich—oh, very rich—and go there—you and I together—and see all the places my mother used to know and live in. But it is best as it is. You know, if I went to France, it would not be *home*—my friends are not there; but in *heaven* I shall find home and friends too. My father, my mother, Taffy, and Marie—and you will come too, one day, dear friend, and then we shall be parted no more! Oh! it is better as it is!"

"I fear you are talking too much, my darling," whispered Miss Gracie.

"Am I? I will not then," said Twilight, sweetly. "Will you sing to me, and I will try to sleep."

And nestling lovingly as a little child in Alice's arms, she closed her eyes, while Alice, with an effort few could make, sung, with untrembling tones, Twilight's favorite hymn, "I would not live always."

For a fortnight the two young friends walked side by side, in close, loving communion through the shadow of the dark valley—the good, brave heart of Alice supporting and cheering the young sister of her adoption; and then all that was earthly of Little Twilight was laid in the grave; and with one of those wonderful coincidences which are stranger than fiction, her childish hope was fulfilled, the messenger of the Great King called for her the night preceding Thanksgiving Day. Alice remained until the last sad duties were over, and then returned, grave but calm, trusting and submissive, to her city pupils.

Some time later, by the orders of the French consul, a white stone marked the resting-place of the little emigrant. It bore the name and age of Mademoiselle Antoinette Elise de la Tour. Above was the sculptured emblem of a sky-lark, soaring heavenward from the low grass; and below were the words which Alice Gracie's loving heart had suggested:

TWILIGHT HAS PASSED INTO THE PERFECT DAY!

SINGLE LIFE AMONG US.

WHETHER man is the only creature of God who presumes to live unmated we have neither as naturalists nor as spirit-seers sufficient sight or insight to enable us to say with certainty. Agassiz, in his submarine explorations, may have found some stray dolphin or turtle that shows no signs of any connubial dispositions, but even that great naturalist would be thought to be telling a fish story, wholly out of the scientific line, if he should declare such isolation to be so chronic a condition as to prove enduring celibacy. Audubon may have noted some stray eagle soaring over forests and among mountain-tops without visible mate, and scorning all the little flutterings and screamings from the neighboring eyries that hint to him that gentle fancies among birds—as with us, their betters—may nestle beneath stately feathers. Who knows, however, but that the airy solitary is a faithful widower, more fond by far of the memory of the deceased mate, who was cut off by a ruthless shot, than of the delights of any second

love. The argument from analogy is decidedly against the idea that celibacy prevails or exists in any order of creatures below our humanity. As to the superior existences, the denizens of the spiritual world, we do not, like some of our friends, presume to speak from personal acquaintance and daily conversation. We have found not a few persons, however, free from any such hallucinations, yet taking comfort in Swedenborg's fancy that all souls that had here below been congenially mated would there continue the union, and all those who are worthy of love, but have dwelt here in loneliness, will there find some congenial spirit, while the seer condemns to eternal seclusion the heartless souls that have never loved, because they are wholly unloving. For our own part, while holding by the Holy Writ that declares there will be no marrying in heaven, we can not but believe that something of that elective affinity of souls that draws manly wisdom into such congenial communion with feminine sensibility belongs to the immortal nature, and shows itself among the cherubim and seraphim, the knowing spirits and the loving spirits on high. In this faith we cherish good hopes for the better social condition hereafter of a few of our bachelor friends, and a great many of our kind-hearted old maids.

When we stand in our own lot and look upon our own kind, whatever we may think of higher or lower spheres, we can not disguise from ourselves the truth that celibacy is a very conspicuous and an increasing fact among us. Statistics show that, with the increase of refinement and expenditure, the number of unmarried persons of ripe years increases; and we are startled by the revelation on every side that, while modern thought is wholly reversing the old ascetic idea that celibacy is the most honorable condition, as bringing the soul nearest God and his highest spiritual gifts and offices, modern practice is enlarging the celibate order; and never in the palmy days of convents of monks and nuns were there so many bachelors and maids as now. It will not be amiss to consider some of the causes of the existence and increase of single life among us.

We must not neglect the most obvious source of celibacy, nor forget that some persons, by physical temperament or organization, are shut out of the marrying list. Some have physical deformities or infirmities that may be an insuperable hinderance. Some are too little attractive by nature to win ready attachment; and certainly, so far as the prospects of woman are concerned, it must be conceded that personal beauty is a great element in deciding her social destiny. Yet even beauty may be overruled by other influences, and a certain vivacity of temperament gives many a girl of ordinary personal charms a fascination in men's sight far beyond that of the model face and figure that so often claim sovereignty by their own queenly right. There is certainly in temperament itself a marvelous marrying power; and many men and women who have no visible fascinations carry with them a certain attraction that might well make the superstitious believe in philters and witchcraft. Conspicuous homeliness may, indeed, justly be named among the causes of celibacy, especially of female celibacy. Yet if we are asked candidly to express our opinion as to the average good looks of the married and single, we must in truthfulness allow that old maids are about as good-looking as their married friends; and more than this we must say, in painful honesty, that if we were obliged to designate the very plainest faces within our circle of privileged acquaintance, we must make the selection from the connubial ranks. In fact we doubt much if it would be possible, even with Hogarth's genius, to sketch any varieties of human homeliness that could not be illustrated from the features of our married acquaintance, both men and women. What is very comforting, however, is the truth that some of the plainest people are the pleasantest, and like ugly old mugs of baked clay, are brimful of sparkling juices. It may be that some of the intellectual and social traits that keep people single have a basis in physical temperament, and the prudes and coquettes of either sex may owe somewhat to a slow or quick pulse the coldness that shuts them up within themselves, or the volatility that prevents their fixing their flighty fancies upon a constant object. We leave, however, to our medical friends the more thorough consideration of physiological hinderances to marriage, and pass to such as are more directly social. We will only say, for the comfort of our masculine readers, that no amount of natural awkwardness or ungainliness need discourage them in their matrimonial prospects; for so little has mere beauty in a man to do with winning feminine favor, that the pet belle is far more likely to be fascinated by a manly will and commanding intellect in a very rough exterior than by any model Adonis with a complexion as fair and skin and character as soft as her own.

It is society that makes or mars matches in the main, for young people tend very readily to love and marriage when left to their own affinities. The social law at once calls their inclinations before its stern tribunal, putting to the young romancers two momentous questions: first, how they expect to support a family; and, secondly, how they expect to keep their social position or to elevate it. The first question is universal with all who have any forethought, and is, in fact, the bread question in matrimony, and is so important that wise Thomas Buckle declares that the average number of marriages is in proportion to the price of bread. With bread, however, many other things are thought needful, and in all communities at all beyond the rude necessities of backwoods life, the cost of the modest comforts of housekeeping is such as to put a mighty check to the matrimonial visions of hosts of young men, or to adjourn them to an indefinite future. The costliness of living acts upon the susceptibility of youth, and the affections are so forewarned in the school of prudence as to close their gates against the dear invasion, and lead multitudes either to absent themselves from

female society, or to enter it with the feeling that, as a matter of course, they are to be but lookers-on as at a show of fruits which the spectator must not touch nor take. In one point of view, the costliness of living presses with great severity upon young people in this country, by raising the general standard of expectation without by any means raising proportionately the average of means. The great mass of young people who go to school together form very nearly the same opinions as to the essentials and comforts of life, while there is the widest difference in their ability to gratify their wishes. With girls who, as such, are especially sympathetic and imitative, there is great proneness to assimilate manners and expectations, so that the daintiest and most favored school-girl is far more likely to give her fastidious tastes to her poorer companions than to borrow from them any love of republican simplicity. The consequence is that in America, especially so far as our women are concerned, the standard of average expectation rises far beyond the standard of wealth, and society is full of young ladies whose tastes are wholly out of keeping with their domestic condition and prospects. Their evident desire for a delicate way of life at once alarms the unpretending class of suitors, and discourages the very habits of thrift and self-reliance that might make them helpers of worthy young husbands through years of modest frugality to years of peaceful independence. It is somewhat appalling to look into our public schools and see the thousands of white-handed, finely-dressed girls, and to ask how many of them can find husbands who can properly provide them with the silks, velvets, and jewels which they are in the habit of looking upon as things to be had as a matter of course. Too many of them have wholly unrepublican ideas of true social dignity, and cherish the foolish notion that labor is not genteel, and prefer to coquette with some fop who has not brain nor pluck enough to earn his salt, rather than to smile upon some manly young fellow whose hard hand is ready and able to work out a worthy lot for a wife, and in the end adorn industry with grace and refinement. We must set down a false feminine fastidiousness as a very prominent cause of celibacy, and no person of common observation can fail to remember signal instances of girls who do not wish to live single, but who have, merely from some absurd social prejudice, refused men who have by character and energy won a position that any woman might honor.

We are not leaving out of account, in these financial and social estimates, the law of elective affinity which must regulate the choice of a companion for life; and we surely believe that not a few people remain unmarried because they can not love any one whom they can win. It is very kindly taken for granted, and often with much truth, that the best portion of old bachelors are such because they were crossed in love, or else death nipped their hope before its bloom. It is said of the more interesting single women that they were too fastidious, and did not like those who loved them. It may be said of vast numbers of noble women that, from misfortune or seclusion, they have never met with manly natures congenial with their own, and, rather than mate with clowns or dotards, they prefer to be alone in what, comparatively speaking, is to them single blessedness. When once the opinion, moreover, gains currency that certain persons are not in the marrying line, but are predestined celibates, the expectation not only acts upon others so as to discourage advances, but acts also upon the parties themselves, who quietly accept their destiny as much as if a ghostly ecclesiastic had given the black vail or cowl that makes wedlock impossible. We all soon fall into the habitudes of our profession, so that use becomes a second nature; and nothing but sheer routine keeps a large percentage of bachelors and a considerable proportion of maidens in their single file.

Conviction, moral or intellectual, or both, undoubtedly keeps many persons unmarried, in order that they may pursue favorite studies without distraction, or devote themselves to some holy charity or faith without hinderance. Thus, in all ages, a portion of the noblest minds have been priests and vestals of God and humanity. We find such examples not only on the lists of recluses who have given up home and the world for the cloister and the altar, but in the ranks of heroes and heroines who are above the world while among its people—friends of the orphaned, guides of the benighted—in fact, fathers and mothers to hearts and homes that have never opened to them the charms of wedded love, or bound them by the claims of son or daughter. We are not, indeed, ready to say with our Oxford recluses and Roman devotees that single life is the highest spiritual state, yet we must confess that, when we think of the best specimens of this condition within our knowledge or observation, we shake a little in our predilections for marriage; and, although not yielding our ground, we do take sides most cordially with the noble men and women who are single from a love higher than any that yet calls them to wedlock, against the vulgar herd who marry merely for the sake of marriage, and who presume to make their grossness or time-serving the reason for decrying the manly dignity and womanly delicacy that they are incapable of understanding; while they speak of old bachelors, and especially old maids, as among the monstrosities of nature and the wrecks of humanity.

These hints as to the influence of nature, society, and opinion upon single life do, we are aware, leave one great element unnamed—an element of contingency which it is very hard to define. Time and chance happen to all, and a certain luck has much to do alike with marrying and not marrying. Many husbands and wives might find it hard to explain precisely what brought them together; and every honeymoon, quite as much in its origin as in its duration, partakes somewhat of the mystical character of the planet from which it is named. Single blessedness is often equally mystical, and takes its vo-

taries quite as much by surprise as their friends; for often the very persons who seem under Cupid's witching guidance find themselves cloistered in Diana's cold and stately shrine. How we came to be married, or how we came to be single, is generally far less clear than the undoubted fact that we are married or are single. Over single life the same indefiniteness continues to the end; and of no unmarried men, and of few unmarried women, can it be said with certainty that they can never be induced to change their condition. The greater, therefore, is the need of so ruling life as to be equal to either fortune, and of so educating our sons, and especially our daughters, as to fit them not merely for one contingency, but for all reasonable contingencies, and to train them up to be worthy and interesting men and women, whether they take the marriage vow or not.

Here we come to our practical point — the proper education of our people, in view of the possibility, and also under the probability, of celibacy. We can say with all decision that it is a great wrong to educate children with the idea that life is a failure apart from marriage. We speak now especially of our daughters, who are likely to suffer most from this error, and either to be importuned into an improper match or else spend their days with the sad conviction that their whole career is a disappointment, and they have never really begun to live. It is best, indeed, for them in due time to be well married, but far better for them to be well single than ill married. The culture that makes them true women best prepares them for either lot, whether to win the love of a congenial husband or to live unmarried in usefulness and dignity. Nothing can be much worse than to urge a daughter into a union against her tastes and affections, for the sake of escaping the name of old maid; and, to us, the girl who gives a man her hand without her heart comes very near deserving a far worse name than that. Let our daughters be educated as women, as our sons are educated as men, not for one relation, but for all the relations of life; and, whatever their lot, they will be far more useful and happy. If they are trained merely to be men-catchers, their vocation ends when it is clear that they have or have not caught their game, and they must trust to accident or to a forgiving Providence to give them some new incentive in place of that which is lost. Far too many noble women, whose natures are worthy of a better lot, allow themselves to fall into the miserable error of thinking that they have missed their destiny in failing to marry, and perhaps bring on the very listlessness, the aimless indolence, which they fear. The true woman can never miss her destiny while loyal to her soul, her position, and her God. If one path is closed, another will open to her; and if truthfulness and self-respect move her to reject such overtures of marriage as are made to her, she has a brave purpose that can never leave her without influence, and genial affections that can never leave her lonely and unblessed. We insist upon the importance of having our daughters so taught and disciplined that they can pass their time with comfort and efficiency without a husband and an establishment, and, if need be, can maintain themselves with dignity and cheerfulness by a culture that wins bread, and good name, and a courtesy and grace that will never fail to win for them friends. We have little liking, indeed, for masculine women; and if we are looking for beard and pantaloons, we prefer to look for them to men. Nor have we any fondness for those women whose speech is bearded and pantalooned, while their chins are smooth and their garments unequivocal. It is not such independence that we commend as a safeguard against the ills of celibacy, but quite the reverse; for we believe that woman is happier far in single life by keeping a true woman's heart, in all its delicacy, tenderness, and helpfulness, than by trying to unsex herself in the poor attempt to be a man, and revenge masculine neglect by masculine impudence. The Amazon who mutilated her bosom to be a match for man in the use of weapons did not understand her warfare, and might have prevailed more readily by keeping her sex and its ways. She, too, who asks no marriage vows of man, but only claims his just sympathy and deference, prevails far more readily with a woman's girdle than an Amazon's breast-plate.

Starting thus with the principle that education should aim to bring out all the faculties and affections of a true humanity, without staking the whole hope upon the contingency of marriage, we may now ask, what is the proper course for those to pursue who have cause to regard themselves as on the list of confirmed celibates? We advise them not only to be resigned to their position, but to make the best of it, in full faith that every condition in life—surely every honest one—is full of compensations and privileges. We do not deny that celibacy has its privations, and we can quite as little deny that it has peculiar privileges. In fact, its very privations may be so used as to open into privileges; for, obviously, the time not engrossed by married cares may be sacredly given to noble objects of friendship and charity; and the affections not tempted to idolize an earthly love may be all the more free for the love of God and humanity. Of course the danger is that a limited sphere will narrow the mind; and too many single people there are who make no effort to supply the place of married interests by other occupations of an elevating character. Too many old bachelors abandon love and take to their bank-book and bill of fare—not to name baser indulgences—for their solace; while not a few old maids sharpen their noses and their tongues at once by scenting out other people's infirmities, and cutting up their neighbors' characters. We are not unobservant of such unamiable specimens of celibacy; yet we do not by any means regard them as fair types of the whole class, but, on the contrary, we have rather a liking for old bachelors, on the whole, and a decided fondness for old maids. We believe that most of these, of either sex, seek some-

thing to love and something to do other than their own sweet self, and that the best of them are the blessing of the whole circle of kindred and friends—a light to the Church as well as to the hearth-stone.

The unmarried, as being such, generally have more time at their command, and therefore are freer to give it to voluntary pursuits or studies. They may thus meet a want most difficult of all to meet in this busy country, the want of a class of persons whose leisure enables them to cultivate the refined tastes and humane interests that are so likely to be crowded out by pressing family cares. We know that a certain degree of pecuniary independence is necessary to enable a single man or woman to do all that a true culture dictates for the social circle; yet how often do we find a person with very moderate income becoming the centre of a genial and intellectual circle, bringing the treasures of art and literature to enrich the whole coterie or village! So a true-hearted bachelor becomes one of the intellectual priesthood of society, and many a maiden sister wears her modest robes with the inspiration and self-sacrifice of a priestess without waiting for ghostly hands to give her consecration. The good done for others reacts upon the doer, and the time well spent relieves the spender of a heavy burden while weaving the thread into rich tissues of enduring beauty and worth. Let this truth be remembered by the unmarried, whatever their condition, whether able to dignify leisure by beautiful tastes or called to cheer a homely lot by faithful service, that they may thus pass the hours without killing them, and win lasting goods from vanishing opportunities. There are cases, indeed, of great hardship, in which unmarried persons, especially women, are painfully dependent upon others, and are tempted to regard themselves as doomed to drudge for daily bread. But even such cases are less frequent than cases of wives and mothers fearfully overtasked by large families of children and stinted means, and it must be remembered, moreover, that the maiden sister or aunt in a family who is apt to think herself a burden is a decided help, and may be a constant comfort if she can only rise above her morbid repining and be a sister of consolation to the whole household.

Heart is quite as rich a capital as time, and unmarried people must take good care of this treasure. They are not to renounce but to refine, quicken, and exalt their social affections to keep them true. They must use or abuse their social nature, and unless used it is abused, or unless sweetened by free air and exercise it will sour in its own stagnation. Hence it is that unmarried people are apt to take one of two directions, and be sweeter or sourer than their neighbors. If they do not take a kindly turn, they become selfish and fault-finding from the absence of the instinctive parental affections that move us whether we choose or not. If they do take a kindly turn, they become genial, friendly, and self-sacrificing, adorning the household and the sanctuary with the sweetest specimens of helpfulness and devotion. With woman, we think that on the whole the better spirit prevails, and although not forgetful of certain appalling specimens of the female celibate, we believe that Christendom is nearer heaven, not farther from it, by the spirit and work of the goodly company of old maids.

There is one portion of the heart which is supposed to be closed both within them and against them, but which we claim for them by the sacred right of our common humanity. We mean that portion which makes man and woman companionable, and allows no society to be complete without the mingling of masculine and feminine affinities. It is not only foolish but inhuman to regard the sociality of man and woman as limited to the conjugal and parental relation, or to try to shut out from the unmarried the charm of that mutual delight which masculine and feminine minds take in each other's company. Bachelors are generally sound on this subject, and the best specimens of them make up for their isolation by frequenting the best society, and enjoying the friendship and conversation of interesting and gifted women. There is sometimes a disposition to shut unmarried women out of the same privilege, and not a few scheming mothers and daughters are utterly impatient of any attentions from agreeable men toward those who, however much their superiors, are rudely set aside as old maids, and accused of preposterous attempts at making their market, because they have sense enough to use their own minds. Unmarried women of culture, especially, enjoy the society of intellectual and genial men, and the liking is generally mutual. Let it be so, and it will be found that society gains vastly by the combination that secures a new and elevating element beyond the sway of crude and greedy girls and their match-making mammas. Let daughters and mothers have a fair chance at their appropriate game. Yet let it not be forgotten that the world is larger than their little field of artillery, and that the human heart has some aspirations that do not end in wedding-cake and the plain gold ring. We like to see unmarried women take their full social rights and mingle freely in general society, instead of flocking together like a parcel of geese, under the charge of some sentinel gander. In fact it is not well for either sex to be clannish, and they who are not humanized in the wholesome school of marriage should be jealous of narrowing their humanity by any partial or belittling cliques. We confess, for instance, to a certain alarm at encountering a line of old maids drawn up as if in battle array, and believe that many a modest man has been repelled from addressing the maiden whom he fancies, from fear of the grim body-guard of aunts who keep watch over the prize. Let them not keep together but separate, and cherish all free and fair tastes and associations. Let unmarried women mingle genially in what belongs to their sex and their humanity; let them have friends among the old

and young, the married and single, the other sex and their own. Especially let them know and love little children, and so not fail of woman's best charm by failing of the tenderness of woman's affection for childhood. Let them take part in church affairs as teachers of the young, helpers in the charities of the parish, friends of moral and spiritual culture; and so, if they do not bear the name, they will do the work of that order of deaconesses which some sanguine devotees and theologians are trying to raise up in the modern church. As things now are, it is clear that every thriving parish owes much to the little knot of faithful women who give to the sanctuary most of the love that has with them no claimant in husband or child; and many of the Christians who, from their reading, reflection, and zeal are the best friends and comforters of the ministry, are of the same unaffianced class.

We are aware that our remarks turn more upon the destiny of women than men thus far; for single life is more of a feature in the former than the latter, and a single man outside of his home is not different from his married neighbor, while a woman's whole career is changed by her celibacy. But we desire very much to avoid any strain of remark that tends to band single women together as a class or caste by themselves, much less to make a kind of profession of them. We dislike the growing habit of ranking women by themselves as a class, in opposition to men or in contrast with them, and much prefer to regard our humanity as one, whether male or female, and favor all ideas and movements that tend toward harmony. Especially do we dislike the disposition to group single women together, and make a sort of caste or profession of old maids. They like this separation quite as little as we do, and are no more fond of being labeled, and dressed, and paraded by themselves, than we are fond of seeing the show. We especially dislike the grim centurions of this movement, who are trying to gather a phalanx of strong-minded spinsters under their lead. We like them, however, probably far better than the sensible kind of single women do, for these excellent spirits are not separatists but cordial liberals—earnest to have their own place in their own sex, and in all its sacred relations to our common humanity. Our opposition to such narrow caste distinctions extends to all measures for setting unmarried persons by themselves, and thus exaggerating their peculiarities by exclusive associations instead of integrating their minds by large sympathies. Therefore we do not like nunneries and monasteries, but prefer to have the single brothers and sisters humanized by closer affinity with our common lot, instead of being made more odd and ghostly by being kept by themselves. We are also distrustful of the attempt to establish Protestant nunneries or beguinages for the protection and dignity of the unmarried—although we are convinced that no institution would be more useful than a home for unprotected women, where small means might procure a decent livelihood, and even poverty might have a measure of comfort and usefulness. But we would not have such institutions confined to one condition of life, or shut out in any way from free fellowship with all true humanity. The unmarried woman is too often, indeed, left alone without fortune or friends, and Christianity should now, as of old, be her protector; but the protection should not be a virtual proscription by shutting her up in a caste instead of opening to her a truer fellowship with humanity.

Something will ere long be done to give truer position and appreciation to our unmarried women, and with too much reason Catholicism derides our modern civilization for neglecting to supply the place of the old nunneries by new retreats. In some cases our modern luxury plays into the hands of Rome; and while the belle of the family marries and exhausts the family purse by her outfit, the less favored daughter is sent to the convent to save the ancestral name from being degraded by alliance with a penniless purse or plebeian blood. We look not to any shrewd policy or clannish institution to meet the wants of unmarried women, much less to any backward steps in the path of mental emancipation. God's providence is calling us forward, and as soon as we truly appreciate woman's worth, and give her the sympathy and respect that she deserves, the true sphere will not be refused to her, and new social arrangements will follow new moral and intellectual convictions. It may then appear more clearly than now, not only that woman can submit to celibacy as a sacrifice to be dutifully borne, but in conspicuous cases welcome it as a privilege to be coveted; and that those of the sex, perhaps an elect few, whom Providence has selected as our Muses or Minervas, our Sybils or our Saints, may, without renouncing their independence, find a better lot than to be shut in caves, or temples, or convents.

WHAT WAS IT?

A MYSTERY.

IT is, I confess, with considerable diffidence that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I purpose detailing are of so extraordinary and unheard-of a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand. I have, I trust, the literary courage to face unbelief. I have, after mature consideration, resolved to narrate, in as simple and straightforward a manner as I can compass, some facts that passed under my observation in the month of July last, and which, in the annals of the mysteries of physical science, are wholly unparalleled.

I live at No. — Twenty-sixth Street, in this city. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green inclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain, and a few fruit-

trees, ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot, in past days, was a pleasant, shady retreat, filled with fruits and flowers and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a vast spiral staircase winding through its centre; while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since by Mr. A——, the well-known New York merchant, who five years ago threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. Mr. A——, as every one knows, escaped to Europe, and died not long after of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country, and was verified, the report spread in Twenty-sixth Street that No. — was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a care-taker and his wife, placed there by the house-agent into whose hands it had passed for purposes of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The care-taker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house-agent laughed, dismissed them, and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several parties negotiated for it; but somehow, always before the bargain was closed, they heard the unpleasant rumors, and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that my landlady —who at that time kept a boarding-house in Bleecker Street, and who wished to move farther up town—conceived the bold idea of renting No. — Twenty-sixth Street. Happening to have in her house rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly every thing she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of one or two timid persons—a sea-captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave—every one of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Our removal was effected in the month of May, and we were all charmed with our new residence. The portion of Twenty-sixth Street where our house is situated — between Seventh and Eighth Avenues—is one of the pleasantest localities in New York. The gardens back of the houses, running down nearly to the Hudson, form, in the summer time, a perfect avenue of verdure. The air is pure and invigorating, sweeping, as it does, straight across the river from the Weehawken heights, and even the ragged garden which surrounded the house on two sides, although displaying on washing-days rather too much clothes-line, still gave us a piece of green sward to look at, and a cool retreat in the summer evenings, where we smoked our cigars in the dusk, and watched the fire-flies flashing their dark-lanterns in the long grass.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves at No. — than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders, who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was perusing the volume. A system of espionage was established, of which he was the victim. If he incautiously laid the book down for an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud in secret places to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story, entitled "The Pot of Tulips," for *Harper's Monthly*, the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and every one was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

After a month of psychological excitement, it was with the utmost dissatisfaction that we were forced to acknowledge that nothing in the remotest degree approaching the supernatural had manifested itself. Once the black butler asseverated that his candle had been blown out by some invisible agency while in the act of undressing himself for the night; but as I had more than once discovered this colored gentleman in a condition when one candle must have appeared to him like two, I thought it possible that, by going a step farther in his potations, he might have reversed this phenomenon, and seen no candle at all where he ought to have beheld one.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the 10th of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend Dr. Hammond, to the garden to smoke my evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the Doctor and myself, we were linked together by a secret vice. We both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret, and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought; that marvelous intensifying of the perceptive faculties; that boundless feeling of existence when we seem to have points of contact with the whole universe; in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss, which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you, reader, will never—never taste.

Those hours of opium happiness which the Doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific accuracy. We did not blindly smoke the drug of Paradise, and leave our dreams to chance. While smoking we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, and endeavored to recall the magical panorama of its glowing scenery. We criticised the most sensuous poets, those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth, and strength, and beauty. If we talked of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," we lingered over Ariel and avoided Caliban. Like the Gebers, we turned our faces to the East, and saw only the sunny side of the world.

This skillful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairy-land dyed our dreams. We paced that narrow strip of grass with the tread and port of kings. The song of the *Rana arborea* while he clung to the bark of the ragged plum-tree sounded like the strains of divine orchestras. Houses, walls, and streets melted like rain-clouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We each of us enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because, even in our most ecstatic moments, we were ever conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual, were still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question, the 10th of July, the Doctor and myself found ourselves in an unusually metaphysical mood. We lit our large meerschaums, filled with fine Turkish tobacco, in the core of which burned a little black nut of opium, that, like the nut in the fairy tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings; we paced to and fro, conversing. A strange perversity dominated the currents of our thought. They would *not* flow through the sun-lit channels into which we strove to divert them. For some unaccountable reason they constantly diverged into dark and lonesome beds, where a continual gloom brooded. It was in vain that, after our old fashion, we flung ourselves on the shores of the East, and talked of its gay bazaars, of the splendors of the time of Haroun, of harems and golden palaces. Black afreets continually arose from the depths of our talk, and expanded, like the one the fisherman released from the copper vessel, until they blotted every thing bright from our vision. Insensibly we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism and the almost universal love of the Terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me:

"What do you consider to be the greatest element of Terror?"

The question, I own, puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly-lifted arms and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she sank, shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are vailed. But it now struck me for the first time that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear, a King of Terrors to which all others must succumb. What might it be? To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I can not attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than any thing yet conceived by the human mind. Something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of 'Wieland' is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller of the Threshold in Bulwer's 'Zanoni;' but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible still than these."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined; "let us drop this kind of talk for Heaven's sake. We shall suffer for it, depend on it."

"I don't know what's the matter with me to-night," he replied, "but my brain is running upon all sorts of weird and awful thoughts. I feel as if I could write a story like Hoffman to-night, if I were only master of a literary style."

"Well, if we are going to be Hoffmanesque in our talk I'm off to bed. Opium and nightmares should never be brought together. How sultry it is! Good-night, Hammond."

"Good-night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls, and enchanters."

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's "History of Monsters"—a curious French work, which I had lately imported from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I was then in, was any thing but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest once more.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained lighted did not illum-

inate a distance of three inches round the burner. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The confounded themes touched on by Hammond in the garden kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I would hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling, plumb upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack instead of stunning me strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct, before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck, and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength and skill and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was, that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large, yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, for use during the night. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and, having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never loosing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to make to reach the gas-burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vice. At last I got within arm's-length of the tiny speck of blue light, which told me where the gas-burner lay. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I can not even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment. *I saw nothing!* Yes; I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape, my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as warm, and apparently fleshly, as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing! Not even an outline—a vapor!

I do not, even at this hour, realize the situation in which I found myself. I can not recall the astounding incident thoroughly. Imagination in vain tries to compass the awful paradox.

It breathed. I felt its warm breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, just like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone—and yet utterly invisible!

I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on the instant. Some wonderful instinct must have sustained me; for, absolutely, in place of loosening my hold on the terrible Enigma, I seemed to gain an additional strength in my moment of horror, and tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying,

"Great Heaven, Harry! what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh! this is awful! I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it—I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the unfeigned horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. To laugh at a human being in my position! It was the worst species of cruelty. *Now*, I can understand why the appearance of a man struggling violently, as it would seem, with an airy nothing, and calling for assistance against a vision, should have appeared ludicrous. *Then*, so great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I

the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can hold the—the Thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me. Help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you Hammond that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me convince yourself. Feel it—touch it."

Hammond advanced and laid his hand in the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it, and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said, in a hoarse, agitated voice, for, though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply moved, "Harry, it's all safe now. You may let go, old fellow, if you're tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold.

Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted round his hand, while before him, self-supporting, as it were, he beheld a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space. I never saw a man look so thoroughly stricken with awe. Nevertheless his face expressed all the courage and determination which I knew him to possess. His lips, although white, were set firmly, and one could perceive at a glance that, although stricken with fear, he was not daunted.

The confusion that ensued among the guests of the house, who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over—the confusion and terror that took possession of the by-standers, when they saw all this, was beyond description. Many of the weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained behind clustered near the door, and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his Charge. Still incredulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. It was in vain that I begged of some of the men to come near and convince themselves by touch of the existence of a living being in that room which was invisible. They were incredulous, but did not dare to undeceive themselves. How could a solid, living, breathing body be invisible? they asked. My reply was this. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touching the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, manacled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now my friends," I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body which, nevertheless, you can not see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

I was astonished at my own courage in treating this strange event so calmly; but I had recovered from my first terror, and felt a sort of scientific pride in the affair which dominated every other feeling.

The eyes of the by-standers were immediately fixed on my bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was the dull sound of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The timbers of the bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a sort of low, universal cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were left alone with our Mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bedclothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke.

"Harry, this is awful."

"Ay, awful."

"But not unaccountable."

"Not unaccountable! What do you mean? Such a thing has never occurred since the birth of the world. I know not what to think, Hammond. God grant that I am not mad, and that this is not an insane fantasy!"

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we touch, but which we can not see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not *theoretically impossible*, mind you, to fabricate a glass which shall not reflect a single ray of light—a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun shall pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe, air does not breathe. *This* thing has a heart that palpitates. A will that moves it. Lungs that play and inspire and respire."

"You forget the strange phenomena of which we have so often heard of late," answered the Doctor, gravely. "At the meetings called 'spirit circles,' invisible hands have been thrust into the hands of those persons round the table—warm, fleshly hands that seemed to pulsate with mortal life."

"What? Do you think, then, that this thing is—"

"I don't know what it is," was the solemn re-

ply; "but please the gods I will, with your assistance, thoroughly investigate it."

We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bedclothes were moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, those second-hand indications of the terrible writhings and agonized struggles for liberty, which themselves were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a round, smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outline with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as being of no value. Such an outline would give not the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering, and distort the mould. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. Doctor X—— was sent for; and after the worthy physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement, he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a well-known modeler of this city was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mould, and before evening a rough *fac-simile* of the Mystery. It was shaped like a man. Distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs betrayed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness any thing I had ever seen. Gustave Dorè, or Callot, or Tony Johannot never conceived any thing so horrible. There is a face in one of the latter's illustrations to "*Un voyage ou il vous plaira*," which somewhat approaches the countenance of this creature, but does not equal it. It was the physiognomy of what I should have fancied a ghoul to be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound every one in the house over to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma? It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in our house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being? Day after day this question was deliberated gravely. The boarders all left the house. Mrs. Moffat was in despair, and threatened Hammond and myself with all sorts of legal penalties if we did not remove the Horror. Our answer was, "We will go if you like, but we decline taking this creature with us. Remove it yourself if you please. It appeared in your house. On you the responsibility rests." To this there was, of course, no answer. Mrs. Moffat could not obtain for love or money a person who would even approach the Mystery.

The most singular part of the transaction was, that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Every thing in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss and hear the hard breathing, and know that it was starving.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased altogether. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life-struggle was going on I felt miserable. I could not sleep of nights. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiful to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form I gave to Doctor X——, who keeps it in his museum in Tenth Street.

As I am on the eve of a long journey from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.

HARRY ESCOTT.

[NOTE.—It is rumored that the proprietors of a well-known museum in this city have made arrangements with Dr. X—— to exhibit to the public the singular cast which Mr. Escott deposited with him. So extraordinary a history can not fail to attract universal attention.]

THE SILENT SPECTRE.

'TWAS an Egyptian custom, in the ages that are gone,
That at each festive board should sit a shrouded skeleton;
And, little as we dream of it, the custom still goes on.

For though, amid his warriors, the Tyrant sits on high,
And quaffs, upon his purple throne, to their last victory,
Still near him sits the Skeleton—dumb-tongued Conspiracy.

The Poet, too, who toils for all—whose heart eschews delights—
Who lives laborious days, and gives to solemn thought his nights—
Sees the grim Skeleton—the world with scorn his love requites.

The Beauty, in her flush of bloom, whose bright and perfect charms
Enslaves the panting heart of youth, and e'en the aged warms,
Thinks on that ghastly Skeleton—Old Age and shriveled arms.

The Merchant, 'mid his cringing clerks, that wait upon his eye,
Whose very heart is cased in gold, has still that Spectre nigh—
A grinning, scornful, mockery—friend-freezing Bankruptcy.

The Mother with her darling child, whose budding charms begin
To show the opening of a flower fairer than all her kin,
Still trembles at the Skeleton—the child may die, or sin!

And not one living child of earth can from its presence fly;
It enters with us at our birth, is with us when we die;
For within us dwells the Skeleton—unseen by human eye.

Oh Conscience! silent spectre, awful presence of the Past!
Thou terror of the Future, whose gaze makes midnight ghast!
Thou loiterer with the lounger, and thou rider with the fast!

Thus the old Egyptian custom of a Skeleton alway
Sitting vailed at every festive board, as a check upon the gay,
Has been from the Creation, and will last to Judgment Day.

MY "INTIMATE ENEMY."

I FELT a thrill of delight when the last good-by was spoken, and the coach rolled from the door bearing all my family away on a pleasure-tour and leaving me sole occupant of our house for three or four blessed weeks. It was not often I could be so entirely alone.

I opened the windows to let in the June sky, which had grown calm in assured possession of the day after the happy flutter of sunrise, and sank into an arm-chair to think, or dream, or sleep, just as it chanced, but certainly to enjoy. I could faintly hear the whir of the domestic machinery in the other part of the house, but no wheel nor band connected it with my deserted tenement; I hadn't got to oil them to keep them going, nor look out lest my fingers got ground off. There was nothing in the wide world for me to do but to entertain my company—and such company!

They were there from the blissful skies, as though last night's stars had put on the invisible glove and dropped to see what I was about, but betrayed by their divine stillness; they fluttered out from the beautiful elm that seemed scarce to know whether to be a tree or a vine, shooting up very proud and grand away from the common earth, then yearning back again with tremulous, pendent branches; they came from the air that was like a presence; from the books that contained the attar of so many souls within their weird brown covers; from the living, breathing roses all throbbing and crimson, and the voiceless japonicas pallid with suppressed fragrance; from the birds that were singing a Gloria, and the winds that were faltering a Kyrie; from every thing animate and inanimate save and except Bertha Mills, my "intimate enemy," who stood within the door-way presently, extinguishing the morning.

"My darling Marian!"

While she is kissing me and caressing my hair with her small fingers, let me give a short pen-and-ink sketch of her, mentally holding her at arm's-length, and pinching her somewhat in my grasp. She is very pretty, undoubtedly, with a small, well-formed figure; an abundant flow of flaxen curls all over her neck and bosom; dimpled, colorless cheeks; a pair of pale-blue eyes, which do not often meet yours in unconscious frankness; broken, ill-tempered eye-brows; a mouth almost offensively full, but hiding the prettiest of teeth; a nose beautiful enough to put in marble; and a voice of velvet when she chooses. Add to this, my Cousin Bertha is no fool. The girl is selfish and treacherous, I know, holding her off so and looking through her. She is not capable of a single act of pure, disinterested friendship, though there is a sort of warmth somewhere in her nature—a warmth that will scorch what it touches. But why should I blame her for being incapable of living or dying for a friend? If that immortal stream that starts westward from the Ontario were coaxed and frittered away into all the dear little brook-channels, and sweet pools, and charming fish-ponds, we would scarce wonder at missing the headlong thunder of Niagara. And so, if some internal system of pipes converts all my Cousin Bertha's embryo affections into gas before they have time to condense into sentiments and acts, it isn't her fault surely. And we are exceedingly intimate; call each other "my dear," "my love," and all the sweet little hypocritical names women use to each other; write charming little notes; and dress alike, though I am brown and she fair; Bertha will—she has no taste, the girl, though she manages to look well in all my browns, and crimsons, and flame-colors.

Well, on that June day I embraced her with a slight scringe, and, seating her in my arm-chair, threw myself down upon the floor, out of reach of her arms, with my hands clasped around my knees.

"My sweet Marian!" she said; "how will you live here alone? I can't comprehend! What will you do?" putting such a look of pity into her face as made me want to box her ears.

"Bertha Mills, if you dare to pity me, Miss—"

"Not for worlds, Regina! but what will you do?"

"Oh, curl my hair, and pinch my cheeks, and practice attitudes. I can sink into a chair almost as gracefully as you. See!"

"How absurd! but won't you be afraid nights?"

"No. I am not beautiful enough to tempt desperate and despairing lovers, nor rich enough to stand (or lie) in danger of burglars, nor wicked enough to fear the devil in full canonicals; and I like to be alone, an' it please you."

"It doesn't please me now, you queer thing! I've come in full of news and don't mean to go till I've imparted. The new minister, 'long looked for but come at last,' was at our house yesterday, and such—"

"Short sentences, if you please, and no rhapsodies."

"Well, he's a bachelor, and charming! Papa spoke of you—you're one of his hobbies, you know—and Mr. Lynde, that's his name, proposed calling. So you need not be surprised to find yourself invaded at any moment by this general of the church militant. He's the most delightful singer, dear! We sung 'Though the sinner,' and ever so many pieces yesterday."

"I shall be very happy to see him."

"Oh, you shall! I expect you'll talk him into believing you a saint, with that sweet tongue of yours; you naughty coquette!"

"Bertha Mills! if you ever call me a coquette again I'll—I'll captivate the first man you fall in love with."

"If you can!" she laughed saucily back from the door which she shut hard, but threw a sweet good-by, and a sneer with it, in at the window.

You are welcome to your minister, Bertha Mills! What I want is to be let alone by all flesh. But how dare she speak in presence of the company here! and talk of music, too, so near my orchestra! within hearing and touch of

the melodious agonies of Byron, and Milton's Gregorian chant; where Longfellow's songs only want a touch to set them ringing, and the Brownings stand ready to cast their nude clarion thoughts into your startled soul! You and Mr. Lynde may sing your songs; but for me,

"I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine!
Loosen the notes in a golden shower!"

Nay, not Dante! I can't have the trouble to bow myself before him now. Tennyson, lull me into Elysium with your lotos song! Lying upon the veranda that night with my eyes blind to all the earth, and conscious only of the skies whose purple distance sucked my soul away into it presently; searching that vast river whose vastness is only rendered greater by the golden sands over which it rolls; lying thus, awed, oppressed, lost, I was conscious how dear the earth is, and could feel the throb of Columbus's heart when he fell upon his face and kissed the tender, upholding, home-like earth that dawned upon his strained eyes after the ocean and sky eternity were past. A little child was with me, such a child as I can love—not one of your selfish, nestling, kissing things, but a shy little one whose eyes are not mirrors but inhabited worlds, and whose soul is astir before its time, troubling her with mysterious thoughts and fancies in the early twilight. I took her small face between my hands and turned it upward.

"What is it, Pansie?"

"Is God there?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Oh, every where. What we see isn't the whole of God, but only a sweep of his garments. Perhaps the Milky Way there across might be a girdle, and the solar system a jeweled breast-plate, or only a rose upon His bosom."

"Are we on God's bosom, Marian?"

"Yes, dear, or in it. It throbs and sends the worlds spinning through his veins. Do you suppose any little speck or globule of blood in this wee hand of yours knows or can understand you?"

"Are we in God's veins, Marian?"

"Yes, little one; in an artery, I think. Don't you feel the throb? don't you feel near the heart?"

"Is that what shakes me so sometimes?" asked the child in a whisper.

"Yes, love; don't fear, it's God's heart beating."

"I want to go to sleep, Marian; don't you?"

"Yes, Pansie, I want to go to sleep."

But there was no sleep for us, but callers; so the bell said, whose imperious ring betrayed my Uncle Thomas's hand, which presently clasped mine. And there were Aunt Anne, and Bertha, and a stranger behind.

"Mr. Lynde, Marian."

Looking up in the dim light of the hall, I saw a dark face with clear gray eyes, and masses of careless black hair thrown back from a wide, strong forehead which had not preyed upon a puny frame, but was royally upborne. He greeted me with grave kindness, and when we were under the chandelier gave me a look that made me feel as though my soul were in a glass case of uncommon clearness, but became commonplace, and proper, and polite immediately, reassuring me of opacity by his questions, and greatly delighting my Uncle Thomas, whose delight is in lions, and whose lions often turn out to be only Snug the joiner.

If, as philosophers say, all bodies attract in proportion to their quantity of matter, then were my Uncle Thomas Mills a very attractive person; as it is, my body and soul recoil from him, though I dare say he is a very good sort of man. He considers himself a philosopher indeed; not one of your gassy Platonists, but a genuine Baconian; to the truth of which estimate the dinner-table gives ample testimony, positively, and his own person punningly. As to my Aunt Anne, any one with eyes could read her at a glance; sitting there in an economical gray dress, with a procession of daisies marching precisely through the middle of her white cap-ribbon, suggestive of Sunday-school picnics, and her features arranged in proper order for the evening, from which order not an earthquake could move them.

She is a good woman by the yard-stick, geometrically holy, as conscientious as a rectangled-triangle and as three-cornered, too. I don't believe she ever did a wicked thing in all her life, and don't doubt that when I run against her opinions in any way, and commit something that is an enormity on her retina, she forgives me, as the Bible tells her to do, and prays for my conversion. Nevertheless my Aunt Anne does not attract me to religion.

"Seeing no light here, we thought you might have gone to bed," said my uncle; "but I was determined to rout you out."

"Marian was star-gazing, were you not, dear?" asked Bertha, sweetly, sitting down upon a tabouret beside me, with her arm across my lap, making a very pretty tableau for Mr. Lynde opposite.

"Star-gazing!" repeated my uncle, contemptuously.

"The sky is unusually fine to-night," interposed Mr. Lynde. "You were gazing, Miss Marian, and dreaming, perhaps?" and his eyes smiled rather than his lips.

"I was wondering, Sir, if God didn't still think it good."

"Marian is a romantic thing," said my uncle, apologizingly; "but with all her nonsense she knows some things pretty well. She'll soon outgrow her star-gazing and rhyming;" and he laughed indulgently toward me, looking very lenient and superior.

"One need not be what you call romantic to be moved by the beauty and sublimity of nature," said the minister, earnestly. "All nature hints at Divinity. If we looked upon things thoughtfully, every new day and every new night

would be a miracle to make us adore the Worker."

"Oh, if you take it so," returned my uncle, somewhat uneasily, "if you take it so, every thing is a miracle, I suppose; but people get accustomed to them and don't mind."

"Too much accustomed, I fear," was the reply.

"My dear Sir," said my uncle, "if great things did not become familiarized by repetition, existence would be unbearable. Suppose, now, my wife should look upon every sunrise as a miracle, what would become of my breakfast?"

This was unanswerable, and the minister retreated from his fortress, laughing.

"I wish disagreeable things could become so familiarized," said Bertha, as a voice and step we knew sounded at the gate. One of her admirers had found out her retreat and followed her.

"Oh, there's Warren!" smiled my uncle, with a mischievous look toward Bertha. "He's a very wealthy and well-connected young man," to the minister. "He traces his descent directly from an English earl."

"Yes," said Bertha, scornfully, "and he'll be sure to tell Mr. Lynde of it in less than ten minutes."

Sure enough, after a few minutes of commonplace talk, during which the young gentleman complimented Bertha profusely, it just chanced that he mentioned his family.

Bertha turned toward Mr. Lynde with sparkling eyes. "Mr. Warren," she said, "can trace his family back through all its changes till he comes to a sponge; which is a great way, though you mightn't think."

Mr. Warren, who, to do him justice, was good-natured, though not worth mentioning otherwise, took her attack in good part, proposing to subdue her ferocity by music, which, unlike the untamed of old, she was to furnish herself. He had brought her a new song. Would she try it?

Bertha had good taste in those matters, and never waited to be coaxed; so she went immediately to the piano, and sang his song, and sang it very sweetly.

I went to hear Mr. Lynde preach the next Sunday. So did every one else, I think, in our good town. I believe, too, they all wanted to go again. I am sure I did. And yet he was not one of your flowery speakers, who crowns his hearers with lotos-blooms, and throws garlands upon graves, but a good man who knew in his soul that the moments are golden. His eyes had the upward look of one who is used to climbing difficult heights, looking ever at the goal; and yet I felt certainly that he never crushed even the tiniest flower under his firm tread. His sermon fired me, and I went home trembling, and when safe alone wept myself calm. After this baptism of fire and water Mr. Lynde was sacred to me.

"Dear me! wasn't he stupid?" cried Bertha, coming to see me the next day. "And do you know he's going to live with us? To think of papa's taking boarders! But he will. I only hope Mr. Lynde won't try to convert me. I thought at first, dear, that I should adore him; but I don't believe he'll be one of my flames."

"Certainly not, Bertha. Mr. Lynde is a good man, and your flames always smell of brimstone."

Nevertheless, when Bertha, who often let me think for her, found that I looked up to and admired the new minister, and that, although averse to general society, I marked those days with white on which I conversed with him, she began to think it worth her while to notice him. My family returned, and Mr. Lynde became a frequent visitor; but our pleasant intercourse was at an end. Bertha was always there; and if we spoke together she came between us with a flower to look at, or a pretty word to say, or a song to sing, or she would throw herself at my feet, with her clinging arms around me, crushing all disposition to speak with their soft pressure. Bertha had a pretty, childish way with her which always pleases men who seldom realize the truth that a woman who pretends to be a child is invariably an actress. She asked Mr. Lynde's advice so sweetly that he failed to remember how seldom it was followed. She was by turns so gentle, so merry, so serious, and, altogether, so charming, that I didn't wonder to see his eyes follow her, and his grave lips smile when she spoke. I gradually withdrew from them, feeling that I was not needed; and I could see after a while that Mr. Lynde's manner cooled toward me, and that he seemed to have got the impression that I was eccentric and somewhat dangerously independent. I knew where he got these impressions, but, after choking a little, determined not to contradict them. I felt, indeed, a strong inclination to vex him into scolding me. It would be so nice to get him angry with me that I might be penitent and be forgiven. If he would but chide me as gently as he did Bertha sometimes, when she would drop the lids over her blue eyes, and let her curls almost hide her downcast face, then, when he had finished, look up with an arch smile and a soft "Are you very angry with me?" which made him forget his gravity at once.

"Bertha is making a fool of herself, trying to get Mr. Lynde," said my uncle to me, confidentially. "Warren would suit her tastes much better, besides being far richer than Mr. Lynde can ever be. But that girl is an inveterate coquette!" and he laughed; "she can't rest nor let a man alone till he's on his knees to her."

Mr. Mills understood his daughter, evidently.

"Do you think Mr. Lynde likely to take that orthodox and most ministerial position before my cousin?" I asked, smiling, but with a sinking heart. I couldn't bear such a good man to be made a fool of.

"Well, I hardly know," was the hesitating answer. "He's certainly very fond of her, but then he treats her as a child, and, perhaps, looks upon her as one."

"But she is not a child, uncle, and he knows it."

"Well, Marian, I will leave them to manage it themselves. Her mother would be delighted, I know, but I'd much rather Bertha would have Warren. But I came near forgetting. Bertha wants you to come over there to tea. Your aunt has gone to the sewing-circle, and she's alone. Will you come?"

I went.

"Will you come into my room, young ladies?" asked Mr. Lynde after tea. "I believe it is the pleasantest room in the house at this time of day."

"We'll not let you write," said Bertha, leading the way. "We'll examine his papers, Marian, and see if there are any stray rhymes among them. I suspect him of being a poet."

"It is a wonder I am not with such an inspiration near me," he said, smiling; "but I must resign all claims to that distinction."

"Here's just the paper to write poems on," said my cousin, taking up a quire of Bath post as thick and glossy as lily leaves; "only it isn't lined. It's only your fanatics, like Marian, who use unruled paper; for me, I want a true-blue line of precedent to set my ideas on."

How pretty Bertha looked that day, with her dress the color of an autumn mist with a sunbeam dissolved in it, and that sprig of evergreen in her hair. She had taken it from my bosom when I came in. I gave her a flower.

"Crown yourself with this, Bertha, and give me my arbor vitæ," I said; "it doesn't suit you."

"And why not?" asked Mr. Lynde, with a searching glance in my face.

"The evergreens are nature's fanatics," I said—"green in season and out of season; and Bertha blooms only in orthodox times and ways. Here's an aster would no more blossom in spring than my cousin would laugh in church when you were preaching;" and I wound it into her curls as she stood in a single stray sunbeam, looking so beautiful she hurt me.

"I hope you wouldn't do that either," he said, smiling, yet coloring.

"Indeed I might, Sir, if any thing comical happened. I could laugh more easily in church than any where else."

"Not if your deeper feelings were aroused," he replied, gravely. "If one goes there conscious of eternity she will feel no disposition to trifle;" and he turned to put some books upon a shelf.

Here was the displeasure I had wished for, but I scarcely felt it as delightful as I had anticipated. Indeed, I could have wept if it had not been for Bertha's exulting smile. I turned the leaves of a book blindly, trying to hide my burning cheek. So he judged me. Bertha's deeper feelings were aroused forsooth, and I was the trifler. Well, perhaps it was so. Her deeper feelings were awake, indeed, quite to the dregs. I preferred trifling.

"I must go, dear," I said, recovering myself. "I have an engagement this evening. I am sorry, but must go."

Must I, really? Bertha was so sorry. She would get my bonnet if I would have it, but it was too bad! and she went with great alacrity to fetch my things.

The door had scarcely closed upon her when I was aware that Mr. Lynde stood by me in the window. I would not appear to see him, but kept my eyes fixed upon the sunset.

"Marian!" he said, softly.

I turned to him quickly. He was standing beside me with tears in his eyes, and with such a tender face that my heart leaped.

"Forgive me, dear; I didn't mean to wound you. I know you better than to mean what I said!" and he held out his hand to me. What right had I to be angry with one so much older and better than I? How was I worthy that he should ask me to pardon him for giving a deserved reproof? I bent my head till my lips touched his hand, and then turned hastily to take my bonnet from Bertha, who entered at that moment. A single fierce ray darted from her eyes, but they melted in a moment, and she led me to the door, holding my hand and kissing me good-by.

After that Bertha was always between me and every thing; clinging, and kissing, and watching me till I longed to fling her off, but could not. She was my cousin, and our families were always together, and any trouble between us would communicate itself to the rest. Then, what pretext had I? Bertha was wary and left me nothing to tell, and all my coldness could not offend her. I knew the girl's art and her object, and yet she made me believe, at last, that Mr. Lynde was at some pains to be able to regard me with Christian charity, but that she was the light of his eyes. It was evident enough that he liked her in a frank way. He liked to talk with her, to look at her, to hear her sing, and she gave him enough of all.

"I wouldn't believe a grave man could say such sweet things," she said to me once; "but Mr. Lynde can compliment more prettily than Warren, who does nothing else."

"The charm is in your loving heart, dear," I said, with a smile that belied my own heart.

"Nonsense, Marian! I don't care so much for him; though I like to make him serve me, I don't deny." She gave her curls a toss, and a little laugh rippled over her lips.

I knew that Bertha wanted me to think him in love with her, and that she had a very curious way of telling the truth sometimes, and so made allowances.

One evening she came in, and came up directly, as usual, to my room. I saw that she was greatly elated, and with a sinking presentiment kept to my writing.

"I am in haste to finish this," I said; "don't bother me." I bent my head low over the paper. She shouldn't see my face if she told me any thing.

"Oh, I won't bother you, darling; only let

me sit beside you:" and she came and leaned upon my lap. Of course this did not bother me in the least.

I put my pen away impatiently.

"Oh, I'm glad you're done," she said, "for I'm in a talking and walking mood. Get your things and let us go out. You won't? You naughty Marian! You ought to be very grateful to me for coming. Such a time as I had! Mr. Lynde coaxed me full fifteen minutes to stay and sing to him, or else let him walk with me; but I was determined to have you to-night, you dear, ungrateful Marian!"

"Poor Mr. Lynde!" I said, curling my lip.

"He's the kindest man," Bertha said, with her eyes full on my face. "I told him to-night that he was like a brother to me, and he answered, so earnestly that I felt really confused, that I was more than a sister to him."

I felt the blood curdle around my heart, and the room swam before my eyes.

"I will go, dear, and leave you to your writing," she said, rising and evidently a little startled by my looks. I know my face was white.

"Well, good-by," I answered, recovering myself. "I hope you'll give me an invitation to the wedding; I see it can't be far off. Poor Warren! I shall have to console him."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I mean to keep him to make Mr. Lynde jealous. Then, Marian, I only want to flirt with the minister. I wouldn't marry him for any thing. I like to try my power over him, though. It's worth while having power over such a man."

I turned upon her.

"Bertha Mills, you're an insolent little fool! You to talk of having power over Mr. Lynde! You have deceived him with regard to your true character; and if you dare to trifle with him, I will tell him every word you have said to-night."

"Why, Marian," she sneered, pale with anger, "one would think you wanted him yourself."

"You may go!" I said, opening the door.

She made me a little mocking courtesy when she went out, saying, "You may have him, dear, when I've done with him."

The air of the room stifled me, and I threw on my bonnet and went out into the evening. A few steps from the gate a figure met me and stopped. It was Mr. Lynde; in search of her, I thought. He bade me a pleasant "good-evening," and walked beside me till we came to the corner of the street. I wanted to get rid of him, and so said, "Bertha has gone home, I think."

"Has she?"

"Yes, Sir; and I am going this way. Good-night."

"On that lonely road?" he asked, in surprise. "You won't go there alone in the evening?"

"My object in coming out was to get solitude and pure air," I said, without caring whether my voice was calm or not.

"May I go with you, Marian?" he asked, gently. "The pure air you can have, but I don't believe solitude is good for you to-night."

I made no answer, but walked on blindly under the stars. After a few steps he drew my hand within his arm. The road grew lonelier, and stretched out pale and spectral. It seemed a type of my life—a dim path leading to darkness.

I stopped short.

"I don't want to go any farther."

"You had best go home," he said, "and I will accompany you, unless you forbid me. Forgive me if I intrude, but I wished to speak with you."

I led Mr. Lynde to the parlor and sat down to hear what he had to say. He wanted my intercession with Bertha perhaps; or it might be that he would wish me, as her intimate friend, to be a little fitter for the office, and have a care lest I should taint her innocent simplicity with my wayward moods. Truly his business was a long time in coming.

"You wished to speak with me?" I said, coldly.

"I don't dare to, now I have come," he said, in a low voice. "I had something to ask of you—" He stopped.

"Mr. Lynde," I said, earnestly, with a pang of self-reproach at his faltering voice, "you can not please me more than by letting me serve you. Ask me whatever you will, I will do it."

"Marian!" he exclaimed.

I started up, shaking the blood into my face.

"I want you, Marian, body and soul!"

How the stars shone that night, every little urn full and brimming to drink my health and happiness! How the morning baptized the earth, and how the earth smiled up to the morning! How the first liquid notes of the universal harmony stole upon my ear, convincing me of God and heaven! How the smiles and kind words of my dear home friends shone like gold in the chain of the universal brotherhood! How my heart throbbed yet with the sudden tightening of my anchor chain, which every day would make shorter till those it connected were one and needed no chain, being so! How little Pansie lighted her flickering eyes at mine, and listened smiling, breathless, and silent, except for those eyes, while I told her what I scarcely told him as yet! How I kissed Bertha Mills when she came two days after to tell me that she was engaged to Mr. Warren (poor fellow!), and did hope we could be married at the same time—and would I wear a vail? or be married in a traveling dress, and start directly on a journey?

I hadn't got so far as to have settled that, but still was sure of a vail and a journey—the sweet vail of happiness, and the beautiful journey where love would make all the thorns bear flowers, and glorify the darkest clouds.

"It takes clouds to make rainbows, my Marian," said Mr. Lynde; "and when they are darkest we may always look for the brightening."

MY VALENTINES.

IT is sweet St. Valentine's Day,
And the year is fifty-nine,
And I, an elderly bachelor,
Am sitting at my wine.
I watch the bubbles that form
And break within the glass:
Ah me! my youthful joys
Were bubbles like these, alas!

I think I am growing old:
My hair is tinged with gray,
And seems to be getting scant—
I noticed it to-day.
And yet when I close my eyes
There's a strange electric thrill;
The blood bounds through my veins,
And I feel a school-boy still.

And my heart is strangely stirred
In a most unwonted way;
As it used to be, no matter how,
Many years ago to-day—
When I wrote to Isabel,
Or Charlotte, or Caroline,
And hailed them each in turn
My chosen Valentine.

On a sheet of gilt-edged note,
With a wounded heart above,
And some verses—save the mark!—
About Cupid's darts and love;
In a bold, round, school-boy hand—
No *i* without its dot,
And the *t*'s all carefully crossed,
And not a single blot.

They cost me infinite pains,
Those Valentines of yore;
When they were quite complete
I thrust them under the door;
Getting up at the early dawn,
Under gray-mantled skies,
Before the heralds of morn
Had fairly opened their eyes.

Do you ask me where are now
Those Valentines of mine?
They are treading the shady walks
Of life's serene decline.
I meet them in the street—
Perchance I am asked to dine;
Do they ever think of me then
As an early Valentine?

It is well I do not ask;
I can fancy the wondering glance
Of those whose womanly cares
Have stifled the old romance.
But it is not so with me;
For, sitting here at my wine,
My heart becomes a boy's
At the name of St. Valentine!

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE love of life is said to be one of the most powerful and lasting instincts of the human soul. And yet, an Englishman of the last century shot himself because he was tired of buttoning and unbuttoning his clothes!

Whether it be bravery or cowardice in a man himself to put an end to his life—if it be ever allowable, and what causes are sufficient to excuse so dire a deed—whether suicide be indeed murder, and thus forbidden of God, or whether, as man has the power, so he has the right to put a period to his earthly existence: these are questions which have engaged the minds of many men wise in their day, and diverse ponderous tomes have been written for and against each proposition.

But history shows that the practice has obtained only among nations sunk in enervating luxuries and vices, and that the individual cases occurring in a healthier condition of society are invariably traceable either to moral degeneracy or to mental imbecility. Suicide was most common among the Sybarites, a people who inhabited a part of Italy during the infancy of Rome; and historians relate that so enervated were these people that they would not suffer blacksmiths, carpenters, or any noisy tradesmen to live within the city bounds, lest they be broken of their sleep. The loud-crowing cock was banished for the same reason; and Seneca mentions one Mendycides, of Sybaris, as so fatigued at "seeing" a man dig that he ordered such work never more to be done in his presence.

In the winter of 1780 a British officer attempted to shoot himself, in Hyde Park, London. His pistol flashed in the pan; and a mean-looking man, who had been watching at a distance, ran up and wrenched the weapon from the officer's hand. He immediately drew his sword and attempted to stab his preserver, who drew back, and, opening his arms, said, "Stab me, Sir, if you think proper. I fear death as little as you; but I have more courage. For more than twenty years I have lived in penury and affliction, and I yet trust in God for comfort and support." Here was a contrast between courage, true and false.

Aristotle truly observed that courage is the mean between fear and rashness, while suicide is the sum of both. Socrates, condemned to drink the hemlock draught, and for thirty days steadfastly looking his death in the face, held that "we men are, as it were, on guard, and it does not become any one to relieve himself from his station." The Emperor Julian, lying on his bed, mortally wounded in battle, thanked God that, after an honorable career, He had vouchsafed him a splendid and glorious departure, continuing, "and I hold it to be equally base to solicit or to decline the stroke of fate." "Remember that you are an actor in a play, of whatever part the Master of the company pleases," says Epictetus, in his *Enchiridion;* "if He assigns you a short part, then of a short

one; if a long one, then of a long one; if He choose you should personate a poor man, or a lame man, or a magistrate, or a private person, see that you perform your character to the best of your power: since this is your business, to act well the character assigned you; but to choose it belongs to another." Zoroaster's dictum is admirably brief, pointed, and suggestive: "It is forbidden to quit a post without the permission of the commander. Life is the post of man." The Epicureans defined suicide to be death by "the fear of death." Napoleon said, "A soldier should be able to subdue his passions; for the man who suffers mental pain without shrinking shows as much real courage as he who stands firm under the fire of a battery. To become the prey of melancholy, or to commit suicide to escape from it, is like flying from the field of battle before the contest is decided." An old English epigram declares:

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death; the brave live on."

And St. Paul sums up in one pithy sentence, "Let us then run with patience the race that is set before us."

"Dying," says Montaigne, "is without doubt the most remarkable action of human life." But he doubts if constancy and obstinacy in so dangerous a resolve as that of suicide are to be found. "It is very easy to bravado before one comes to the push; insomuch that Heliogabalus, the most effeminate man in the world, among his most sensual pleasures could forecast to make himself die delicately when he should be forced thereto; and that his death might not give the lie to the rest of his life, had purposely built a sumptuous tower, the base whereof was covered and laid with planks enriched with gold and precious stones, thence to precipitate himself; and also caused cords twisted with gold and crimson silk to be made, wherewith to strangle himself; and a sword, with the blade of gold to be hammered out, to fall upon; and kept poison in vessels of emerald and topaz, wherewith to poison himself, according as he should like to choose one of these ways of dying. Yet as to this fellow, the effeminacy of his preparations makes it more than likely that his heart would have failed him had he been put to the test."

Against this, however, must be cited the story of the philosopher Cleanthes. He had his gums swollen and rotten; his physicians (sensible men) advised him to great abstinence. Having fasted two days he was so much better that they pronounced him cured, and permitted him to his ordinary course of diet; "he, on the contrary, already tasting some sweetness in this faintness of his, would not be persuaded to go back, but resolved to proceed and to finish what he had so far advanced in," and accordingly starved himself to death.

The voice of the ancients was almost unanimous in favor of suicide under certain circumstances. Seneca declared the general sentiment when he wrote that "the wise man lives as long as he ought, not so long as he can." Philip writing to the Lacedæmonians that he would frustrate all their enterprises, received for answer, "What! wilt thou also hinder us from dying?" And when Ægis was asked which way a man might live free, he answered, "By despising death." Pliny admitted of but three sorts of diseases to escape which a man has good title to destroy himself; two of which were headache and a pain in the stomach. But in Rome, at the time of its highest prosperity, this death was astonishingly common; every conceivable excuse justified it, and every conceivable method was resorted to by its votaries. Starvation was a usual mode, and a surprising number of persons persevered in this, tedious as it was. Opening a vein, leaping from a precipice, and falling upon one's sword were other means much countenanced. The list of illustrious Romans and Greeks who put a period to their own existence is very curious:

Demosthenes took poison, which he carried in a pen.

Homer, it is related, hanged himself because he could not solve "the fishermen's riddle."

Cato stabbed himself.

Lucretius, long before, had a similar self-inflicted death.

Terence, the great poet, drowned himself because he lost his collection—one hundred and eight in number—of translated comedies.

Labienus, the poet, too, because his writings were burned by edict, burned himself!

Portia, Cato's daughter, and Catulus Luctatius died by swallowing burning coals.

Herennius, the Sicilian, beat his brains out against a post, and continued his suicidal knockings until he could and did see and salute them! He has had a modern imitator.

Seneca opened his veins.

Hannibal, as some say, took poison, which he carried in a ring; while others affirm that he drank bull's blood.

Empedocles, an old philosopher, threw himself into the crater of Vesuvius—a feat which was imitated on a small scale, a few years ago, by an English woman, who threw herself into the furnace of an iron foundery.

Petronius Arbiter, one of Nero's men of pleasure, having incurred the displeasure of his master, went home and opened his veins.

Nero himself cut his throat, to avoid a sterner fate.

Democles scalded himself to death.

Zeno, at the age of ninety-eight, stumbled and broke his thumb. He interpreted this accident as a summons from the earth, and hanged himself.

Cicero's eloquence—the dread of it—caused two suicides: of Macer, who hanged himself when informed that the great orator would plead against him; and of Cassius Licinius, who choked himself with a napkin to escape Cicero's judgment.

Aristarchus starved himself.

Cleombrotus Ambraciota, having read Pla-

to's Phædo, "entered into so great a desire of the life to come that, without any other occasion, he threw himself into the sea."

Coccieus Nerva, a famous and wealthy lawyer of Rome, killed himself "out of compassion for the miserable estate of the Roman Republic."

In the reign of Tiberius it was a law of Rome that the condemned who waited to be executed forfeited their possessions, and were denied the rites of sepulture; but those who by killing themselves did anticipate it were interred, and had liberty to dispose of their estates by will.

Though many Greeks put a period to their existence, it was the custom of that nation to rank voluntary suicide with treason, conspiracy, and sacrilege; but their laws against it were seldom enforced, and their prisoners condemned to death were their own executioners by poison. The Athenians cut off, after death, that hand of the suicide which was used in committing the act.

In the Isle of Zia, one of the Cyclades, it was the custom for "unprofitable old men" to poison themselves—which they did, we are told, "crowned with garlands, as triumphers over misery." Strabo relates that this practice was enforced, *particularly on the women!* at the age of sixty years. The only reason that we find for this cruel custom is, that "the air is healthy and the people disposed to longevity!"

In Massillia, a Roman colony fixed on the present site of Marseilles, the magistrates kept, at the public charge, a poison prepared of hemlock for those who had a mind to suicide. To obtain this the law required that the person should first appear before the Six Hundred—their Senate—and give a proper account of his reasons and motives for the act. Hereupon the magistrate granted leave thereto, and rendered up a sufficient portion of the deadly draught. And Pliny speaks of a certain hyperborean nation, "where, by reason of the sweet temperature of the air, lives did rarely end but by the voluntary surrender of the inhabitants; but being weary and satiated with life, they had a custom, at a very old age, after having made good cheer, to precipitate themselves into the sea from the top of a certain rock destined for that service."

Quintilian states and argues the case of a young man who, by "mathematician's predictions," was first to slay many enemies in battle and subsequently to kill his father. He became a warrior, and the first part of the prophecy was fulfilled. Coming home, and fearing that the second part would also be accomplished, he petitioned the Senate that he might kill himself in order to avoid so terrible a calamity.

By the Code of Justinian suicide is not ranked as a moral offense or crime in itself. The confiscation of property, which is the penalty of some suicides expressly pointed out, was never inflicted when any one killed himself, "either through weariness of life or an impatience under pain or ill-health, or for any other reason—not affecting the public treasury."

It was a crime, therefore, only when its *clammy fingers touched the sensitive pocket of the state!* The only rescript which relates to the subject, or seeks to impose a penalty, was issued by Adrian one hundred and twenty years after the birth of Christ. It decrees that "if a soldier do attempt to kill himself and not effect it, except he offered it upon impatience or grief, or sickness or sorrow, *or some other cause*, he shall be beheaded."

The same rescript is repeated in another title with this additional clause to the excusing causes: "Weariness of life, madness, or shame!"

St. Augustine tells us, in his Contemplation on the Bees, that "the subjects of the Persian King were their own executioners."

Among the ancient Ethiopians there were few men executed. It is recorded that they always avoided that fate by suicide, and that the practice was encouraged.

Though suicide in various forms, and under different pretexts, has become common in India, it appears that the Shastah, the ancient religious book of the Hindoos, strictly forbids it, and entails upon the self-murderer the severest punishment. It is related in the account of the creation given in the Shastah that the Debtah were God's angels; some of whom, rebelling, were thrown down to Onderah, a place of intense darkness, there to be punished forever. The faithful angels interceding for their fallen brethren, their punishment was finally commuted, and they were again placed in a state of trial and probation—preparatory to their being readmitted to heaven, if found worthy. For this purpose God created fifteen *Boboons* (regions or planets) for their purgation and purification. The earth is made the eighth, or middle of the fifteen; and after passing safely through the first seven, the spirit on its trial arrives upon our planet, and there assumes the lowest form of animal life. After having passed through eighty-seven different changes or forms of life, the last of which is that of the *Ghoii*, or cow, it at last enters the form of *Mhurd*, or man. Those who conduct themselves satisfactorily here are permitted to pass through the other seven Boboons of purgation. Those who misbehave are cast down again to Onderah, there to resume their weary travel upward. Now among the commands which Bramah received from God to communicate to the children of earth is the following, given in the divine language: "The mortal form wherewith I shall encompass the delinquent Debtah are the work of my hand. They shall not be destroyed, but left to their natural decay. Therefore whichsoever Debtah shall by designed violence bring about the dissolution of the mortal forms animated by their delinquent brethren, thou, *Sieb*, shalt plunge the offending spirit into Onderah for a space; and he shall be doomed to pass again the eighty-nine changes. But whosoever shall dare to free himself by violence from the mortal form wherewith I shall inclose him,

thou, *Sieb*, shalt plunge him into Onderah *forever*."*

It was no rare thing in the ancient wars for the entire inhabitants of a city to put themselves to death when capture appeared else inevitable. Thus perished a city of the Indies besieged by Alexander the Great, and also a Spanish place taken by the Romans. The Abydeans, pressed by King Philip, determined upon a similar course, but were surprised by their shrewd conqueror, who ingeniously took possession of their gold and treasure, and then gave the inhabitants of the city three days in which to slaughter themselves—which they accordingly did, there being no man left at the expiration of the appointed time.

There are numerous instances of generals of armies capping defeat with suicide. But none so quaint as that of Jaques du Chastel, Bishop of Soissons. He accompanied Louis IX. (St. Louis) on his unfortunate expedition into Africa, and seeing the King and the whole army upon the point of returning to France, "leaving the affairs of religion imperfect, took a resolution," says an old chronicler, "rather to go into Paradise; wherefore, having taken solemn leave of his friends, he charged alone, in the sight of every one, into the enemy's army, where he was presently cut to pieces."

The Japanese are the only people known to history among whom the established mode of suicide is taught to all youth as an indispensable part of their education. The *Hara-kiri* (literally, "happy dispatch") is a mode of disemboweling one's self, with which every Japanese of condition must be theoretically familiar; and great pains are taken to instruct boys in the proper way of performing it, the ceremonies which should accompany it, and the circumstances under which a well-bred man should feel himself obliged thus to destroy himself.

Singularly enough suicide has taken at different times the form of an epidemic. Gallius relates that the young women of Milesium once took it into their heads to put a period to their existence by throwing themselves into the wells. So far did the matter progress that the authorities were obliged to interfere. They put an immediate stop to this insane epidemic by the ingenious threat that every suicide should have her body exposed to the public gaze. Pliny relates that Tarquinius Priscus once put a stop to a similar state of things in his army by hanging up the bodies of suicides in trees and permitting the birds to devour their flesh. At Lyons, France, the women were once seized with a singular mania for throwing themselves down wells. The magistrates successfully imitated the example of their Milesian predecessors. When Malta was seized by the British, suicides became so frequent that the new Government was justly alarmed. It was only by treating the bodies of the self-murderers with the greatest indignities that a summary stop was put to the mania. Paris also has witnessed such a suicidal epidemic among its female population It was stopped by refusing the rites of burial to those who killed themselves. In 1793, during the Reign of Terror, 1300 suicides occurred in Versailles alone.

During the best half of the last century suicide became alarmingly frequent in England and France. This was the legitimate consequence of the extraordinary degeneracy of public and private morals in those countries. Gaming, drinking, and their kindred vices were practiced to excess; fortunes were nightly lost and gained at the card-tables. Mercier, writing in 1782, says that Paris, on account of the difficulties of getting a living, the gambling excesses, and the vast number of lotteries, had more suicides than any other city in the world. He adds naïvely that "at London it is the rich who kill themselves, because rich Englishmen are the most capricious of mortals, and consequently feel the greatest ennui." Various incidents, indeed, bore him out in his odd statement. One of Dr. Darwin's patients complained to him that "a ride out in the morning, and a warm parlor and a pack of cards in the evening comprised all that life affords," and not caring to endure such monotony longer, after fifty years' trial of it, he cut his throat. One Briton blew out his brains because he suffered from dyspepsia; another, for cause unknown, killed himself by rolling down the great Pyramid. Winslow relates that a Greenwich pensioner stabbed himself with his spectacles, sharpened for the purpose, because his allowance of grog had been stopped for some minor misdemeanor. A British apothecary blew out his brains, leaving to the world this legacy: "When a man knows not how to please his mistress, he ought to know how to die!" Jeremiah Clarke, a man in comfortable circumstances, walking out at evening into the country suddenly determined on suicide. Climbing over a fence to accomplish his purpose in a sheltered spot, he found himself in presence of a pond and some trees. Unable to decide between the two modes of death thus suggested, he finally tossed up a penny, which, coming down, struck upon its edge in the stiff mud, and "told no tale." Hereupon Mr. Clarke returned to his town lodgings and shot himself. Miss Frances Braddock, a young lady of nineteen years, wealthy, beautiful, and witty, but immoderately fond of play, gambled away her entire fortune in a year; and being at Bath, in 1731, was found one morning in her room hanging by a gold and silver girdle to a closet door. Her fate excited commiseration among all who knew her, except a near relative, who, when he heard of it, exclaimed, "Then she has tied herself up from play!"

So common did self-murder become, that the author of the *Connoisseur* declared his intention to make up a yearly list of British suicides, and proposed to distribute blanks among his friends in various parts, to be filled up from time to time. His blanks furnished the following supposititious causes, wherein we find a fair setting

* Holwell on the Shastah.

forth of the leading vices and extravagances of the day. He supposes deaths from

Newmarket races.	Fortune-hunting.
Electioneering.	Lord Bolingbroke, etc.
Lotteries.	The Robin Hood Society.
Gambling.	An equipage.
French wines, cooks, etc.	The dog-kennel.
Chinese temples.	Covent Garden.
A town-house.	Plays, operas, concerts, masks, etc.
A country-house.	Keeping the best company.
Tour through France, Italy, etc.	

But Frenchmen are no less ridiculous than Britons in the cause and manner of their self-inflicted deaths. Chenier killed himself by thrusting a key down his throat; and he has found a woman to imitate him. One of Rousseau's friends advocated suicide all his life, and having lived to the age of eighty, drowned himself in the Lake of Geneva. A French woman killed herself by swallowing broken glass—a frightful death. That not inconsiderable portion of Paris at present suicidally inclined, is divided between jumping off bridges and monuments (which have to be guarded by police to prevent such vile uses) and asphyxiation by charcoal fumes. The latter is decidedly the most popular mode with loving couples bent on death, from the fact that it occasions little physical suffering, admits of caresses and conversation during the closing moments of life, and gratifies a post-mortem vanity by not disfiguring the body.

The modern statistics of suicide present some singular facts. In a catalogue of suicides in London between 1770 and 1830, of the total of 7190 cases, 4337 were males and 2853 females; 1416 are attributed to poverty, 605 to reverse of fortune, and 1252 to domestic grief. But the catalogue is of little value to show causes, no less than 1389 males and 337 females being set down to "unknown." Fewer females commit suicide than males. In Berlin there were five males to one female; in Paris two to one; in Geneva four to one. The woman has evidently more of that species of courage denominated fortitude than man. Towns are more prolific of suicides than the country by fourteen to one. According to Professor Balbi's tables, the proportion of suicides to the population is in Copenhagen, 1 in 1000; in Paris, 1 in 2040; in Berlin, 1 in 2941; in London, 1 in 5000; in New York, 1 in 7797; in Boston, 1 in 12,500; in Baltimore, 1 in 13,656; in Philadelphia, 1 in 15,875. In the whole of France it is as 1 in 20,740; in Prussia, 1 in 14,404; in Austria, 1 in 20,900; and in European Russia, 1 in 49,182. This proves that the chief cities in even a thickly-populated country furnish by far the greater number of suicides.

It has been long thought that the gloomy weather of the later months of autumn conduces to suicide, and dull November has been called the month wherein Englishmen do most affect their death. But the table of M. Villeneuve, extending over seven years, proves this to be an error. His results were:

Spring	997	Winter	648
Summer	933	Autumn	627

Also, by other tables, it is proved that the maximum number of suicides in London, Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Rouen, occur in June and July, and the minimum number in October and November.

Curiosity has impelled some men to suicide. A case in point is furnished by a Polish youth who killed himself in New York some years ago, and left a poetic apology for his act, which, freely rendered, reads:

"Here lies a skeptic who was always doubting,
The proofs even of a God above him scouting;
To his own consciousness he made resistance,
And was uncertain of his own existence;
So, tired of doubt and darkness altogether,
Taking advantage of this genial weather,
He seeks in haste the other world's abyss,
To *learn* what mortals may *believe* in this!"

Of modern means for suicide the list of Professor Casper, of Berlin, including five hundred cases, gives a fair *résumé*. He states that 234 died by hanging, 163 by shooting, 60 by drowning (the summer season is the favorite for a watery death), 17 by cutting the throat, 20 by stabbing, 10 by poison, and 2 by opening an artery.

He attempts to give, also, the causes which moved these five hundred to the fatal deed. But he is obliged to put "unknown" to no less than 282 of the total. Of the balance he states 61 as dying from mental alienation, 54 from drunkenness and dissipation, 32 from dread of punishment, 18 from debts and domestic troubles, 14 from offended honor, 12 from painful diseases, 12 from love, 11 from matrimonial strife, 1 from religious excitement, and 3 from simple disgust of life, without especial moving cause.

We close our gathering with a word from Dr. Johnson. Boswell relates that he "supposed a case" to the Doctor: "If a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society," whether, in such case, he would not be justified in killing himself? To which the Ursa Major of Literature: "Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known; don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known."

THE NEST OF NIGHTINGALES.

THE chateau was surrounded by a beautiful park.

This park contained birds of every species: nightingales, blackbirds, and wrens made their assignations in the park.

In the spring time, such warblings were never heard. Every leaf concealed a nest, every tree was an orchestra. All the little plumed musicians struggled to excel each other. Some chirped, others cooed. This one executed trills and sparkling cadences; that sent forth clouds of *fioritures* with which he embroidered his theme. Actual musicians could not have done better.

But there were in the chateau two beautiful

cousins, who both sang better than all the birds in the park; one was called Fleurette and the other Isabeau. Both were handsome, attractive, and charming in every respect, and on Sundays, when they wore their fine clothes, one would have taken them to be angels, if their shoulders had not betrayed them—they wanted nothing but the wings. When they sang, their uncle, the old Lord Maulevrier, would sometimes hold their hands, lest they should take it into their heads to fly away.

I leave you to imagine what lances were broken, and tilts run in honor of Fleurette and Isabeau. The fame of their beauty and talent had circled through Europe, yet it did not make them any prouder; they lived in seclusion, seeing scarcely any one besides the little page, Valentine, a beautiful child with fair hair, and Lord Maulevrier, an old white-headed man, furrowed and enfeebled with having borne for sixty years the harness of a warrior.

They spent their time in flinging seeds to the little birds, in saying their prayers, but principally in studying the works of the masters, and practicing together some madrigal, hymn, or rustic ballad; they also had flowers that they themselves watered and cared for. Their life glided on in those sweet and poetic occupations of youth; they shrank into the shade, and held themselves aloof from the eyes of the world; yet the world was busied about them. Neither nightingale nor rose can conceal themselves; their song and their perfume will always betray them. Our two cousins were at the same time two nightingales and two roses.

Dukes and princes came to ask them in marriage. The Emperor of Trebizond and the Sultan of Egypt sent embassadors to the Lord Maulevrier to propose an alliance. The two cousins determined to remain maidens, and would not listen to the embassadors. Perhaps they felt, by some secret instinct, that their mission here below was to be maidens and sing, and that they would degrade themselves by doing any thing else.

They had grown up from infancy in this way. Their chamber window opened on the park, and they had been lulled to sleep by the song of the birds. They were scarce able to walk when old Blondin, the old lord's minstrel, placed their little hands on the ivory notes of a virginal; they had no other plaything, and they knew how to sing before they knew how to speak. They sang as other people breathe—it was natural to them.

This education had a singular influence on their character. Their harmonious infancy had separated them from the infancy of turbulence and noise. They had never uttered a sharp cry or a discordant complaint; they had wept in time, and sighed in concord. The musical sentiment, developed in them at the expense of the others, rendered them little sensitive to all that was not music. They floated along on melodious billows, and recognized the exterior world only by its sounds. They comprehended perfectly the rustling of the foliage, the murmuring of waters, the tingling of the clock, the sighing of the wind in the chimney, the humming of the mill-wheel, the falling of the raindrops on the vibrating panes; in short, all the interior and exterior harmonies. But I must acknowledge that they did not experience a profound enthusiasm at the sight of a sunset, and they were as little fit to appreciate a painting as if their beautiful blue and black eyes had been covered with a thick film. They had the musical passion; in their dreams they forgot to eat and to drink; they loved nothing else in this wide world. Stay! They did love something else; they loved Valentine and their flowers; Valentine, because he resembled the roses; the roses, because they resembled Valentine. But all this love was a secondary affection. It is true that Valentine was only thirteen. Their greatest delight was to sing at their window in the evening the music which they had composed during the day.

The most celebrated masters came from afar to hear and compete with them. They had not listened to more than a few bars when they broke their instruments, tore up their compositions, and avowed themselves vanquished. In truth, it was such melodious and delightful music that the heavenly cherubim came to the window with the other musicians, and learned it by heart, in order that they might sing it to God.

One evening in May the two cousins sang a hymn for two voices. Never was an exquisite theme more exquisitely worked out. A nightingale of the park, perched upon a rose-bush, had listened attentively. When they had finished, he approached the window and said to them, in his nightingale language, "I wish to have a trial of skill with you."

The two cousins replied that they desired nothing better, and that he should commence.

The nightingale began. He was a master nightingale. His little throat swelled, his wings fluttered, all his body trembled; there were roulades that seemed never-ending, arpeggios, chromatic scales. He soared, he sank, he spun out the notes like threads, he rounded his cadences with a hopeless purity; one would have said that his voice, like his body, had wings. He ceased, certain of having carried off the victory.

The two cousins, in their turn, began to sing. They surpassed themselves. The song of the nightingale seemed, near theirs, to be the chattering of a sparrow.

The winged virtuoso made a last effort; he sang a romance of love, then executing a brilliant flourish, he crowned it with a plume of high notes, vibrating and piercing, and far beyond the compass of the human voice.

The two cousins, not in the least alarmed by this wonderful performance, turned over a leaf in their music-book, and replied to the nightingale in such a style that Saint Cecilia, who listened from the cope of heaven, became pale

with jealousy, and let her *contrabasso* fall upon the earth.

The nightingale tried to sing once more, but this struggle had entirely crushed him. His breath was exhausted, his plumes stood on end, his eyes closed in spite of himself; he was about to die.

"You sing better than I do," said he to the two cousins, "and the proud desire to surpass you has cost me my life. One thing I ask. I have a nest; in this nest there are three little ones; it is in the third eglantine in the great avenue, on the brink of the lake; send for them, then, nourish them, and teach them to sing like yourselves since I am about to die."

Having said this, the nightingale died. The two cousins wept much, for he had sung so well. They called Valentine, the little page with the fair hair, and told him where the nest was. Valentine, who was a sharp-witted little rascal, easily found the place; he put the nest in his bosom, and brought it home without any trouble. Fleurette and Isabeau, leaning on the balcony, waited for him with impatience. Valentine soon arrived, holding the nest in his hands. The three little ones stretched out their necks and opened their great bills. The young girls pitied these little orphans, and gave each in his turn a beakful of food. When they had grown larger, the cousins commenced their musical education, in accordance with their promise to the conquered nightingale.

It was wonderful to see how tame they became, and how well they sang. They flew about the room, perching now on Isabeau's head, and now on Fleurette's shoulder. They alighted before the music-book, and, in truth, one might have said that they knew how to decipher the notes, they peered at the black and white keys with such an air of intelligence. They had learned all Fleurette's and Isabeau's airs, and had begun to improvise very pretty ones of their own.

The two cousins lived more and more amidst this solitude, and, in the evening, one might hear supernatural melodies streaming from their chamber. The nightingales, now instructed perfectly, took part in the concert, and sang nearly as well as their mistresses, who themselves had made great progress.

Their voices assumed each day a singular brilliancy, and vibrated, with a metallic and crystalline sound, beyond the register of the natural voice. The young girls grew visibly thin; their blooming color faded; they became as pale as agate, and nearly as transparent. The old Lord Maulevrier endeavored to prevent their singing, but he did not succeed.

As soon as they had sung a few bars a small red spot appeared upon their cheeks, growing larger until they had ended; then the spot disappeared, but a cold sweat rolled down their skins, and their lips quivered as if in a fever.

Still their singing was more beautiful than ever. It did not seem of this world, and, on hearing so powerful and sonorous a song issuing from those frail girls, it was not difficult to foresee the time when the music would break the instrument.

They knew this themselves, and practiced on their virginal, which they had before abandoned for singing. But one night the window was open, the birds warbled in the park, the breeze sighed musically; there was so much harmony in the air that they could not resist the temptation of executing a duet which they had that evening composed.

It was the song of the swan; a wondrous song, moist with tears, mounting to the most inaccessible peaks of the scale, and descending, on ladders of notes, to the profoundest depths. It was something sparkling and inconceivable; a deluge of trills, a rain kindling with chromatic lights, a musical fire-work impossible to describe. Meanwhile the little red spot grew larger and larger, till it covered nearly all their cheeks. The three nightingales watched and listened with singular anxiety. They shook their wings, they went and came, and could not remain still for a moment. At last the singers came to the last phrase of their song. Their voices became so strangely sonorous that it was easy to know that it was no longer living beings who were singing. The nightingales had flown away. The two cousins were dead; their souls had departed with the last note. The nightingales soared straight to heaven, bearing this wondrous song to God, who admitted them to Paradise in order that they might sing there the music of the two cousins.

In later years God made of the three nightingales the souls of Palestrina, Cimarosa, and the Chevalier Gluck.

MR. SHARPLY AGAIN.

MR. SHARPLY begs leave to present his compliments once more to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. Sharply is accused of being a grumbler: the accusation is a just one. The Sharplys are all grumblers. Sometimes Mr. Sharply grumbles for good cause; sometimes without cause—at least, without apparent cause.

Mr. Sharply is related to the Softlys—just as sour, lowering days are related to those of sunshine. Yet cloudy days have their uses. I think the Sharplys have theirs.

I am perfectly aware that the Softlys have more friends. Every body welcomes the Softlys. They say such kind, dear things of us; they have such pleasant voices; they flatter us so unconsciously!

But let us consider a moment if, with too much of the Softlys, we are not in danger of becoming soft and pulpy ourselves? I fear we are; nay, I am confident we are.

If you doubt it, try it with your parson. A good old gentleman, I dare say; full of the pleasantest humors; preaching sensible sermons, and not too long ones; who doesn't quote too often from Dr. South or from Robert Hall (in fact,

you wish he quoted more); a considerate man, who chucks your baby under the chin, and, when he dines with you, asks no questions about the pudding-sauce (flavored with rum).

What, now, if all the old ladies of your parish insist upon making a saint of him; and cram him with their praises; and pull out their pocket-handkerchiefs at all the tender parts of his sermon; and borrow his manuscript; and send him all manner of pen-wipers, in the shape of hearts and crosses; and slippers worked over with some good legend—what becomes of him, I want to know? Doesn't he grow pulpy, and forget his soberest duties, and perhaps buy a frizzled wig? Isn't there an end of all the sturdy, outspoken, manly truth that was ever in him?

What, now, if some cross-grained vestryman or deacon, whose name is Sharply, should blurt the whole story to him, and put him to his pluck; isn't our brother Sharply doing as much good, in his way, as ever a biting, driving storm does after long days of sunshine?

Then, again, there are your young fellows who take airs upon themselves, with long surfeit of kind words only, and become testy and intolerable. There is Young America—an exceedingly bright lad, whom we love as we love our own brother—has been under the education of the Softlys (and their kinswomen, the Boastlys) for a long, long time.

What is the result of it?

Young America, from being a bright lad, full of promise (for whom I, Stephen Sharply, always bought a paper of sugar-plums), has become one of the most audacious, and reckless, and braggart young scoundrels that I encounter any where! I can't help saying, even now, that he has a good face, and there are good parts to him; but, bless me! when he blurts out to me his own consequence, and insists that I don't praise him enough; that I am an old fogy; that I should do nothing but learn to chant hallelujahs to him; why, then, Stephen Sharply says: "Hark ye, Sir! this world is a pretty wide one, and there are old heads in it, and work to be done in it, and bread-corn to be grown, and quagmires to be drained; and serious, homely folk, who could be doing better things than to be eternally hymning your praises!"

Whereupon the arrogant young scape-grace turns on his heel, and says, "Sharply be d—!" (It would be an oath if I wrote it down.)

That is the way in which the Sharplys are treated nowadays. Yet it does not disturb them. My own impression is, that a little occasional abuse rather quickens the flow of the Sharply blood; making it, so to speak, discursive and appetizing.

It is all very well to have a good opinion of one's self; nay, it is in many respects an excellent thing; and I have known young gentlemen who, by force of it alone, have risen to eminence, in small towns. Yet it shouldn't be insisted on too much, and in all places. You may be a great man—exceedingly great; but there is room for you. Small people won't be crowded any the more by your telling us how large you are. Nay, we shall begin to suspect that you are puffing out your stomach and your cheeks with wind, to cheat us.

A puncture from some Sharply may ease you of this flatulence, and do you good.

But the Sharplys, if they be only honest, have more considerable work in hand than to be occupying themselves with cases of individual conceit and flatulency; except in instances of unusual bloat, diseases of this sort are much better given up to home cure.

I, Stephen Sharply, sometimes travel—at times by railway, and at times by ship. About two years since I had occasion to take a trip upon the Erie Road, and gave a story of it afterward, grumbling, of course—the Sharplys are all grumblers.

But yet, bating one or two imaginative persons who were introduced to give color to the story, it was both honest and true. It was at the time of the great strike among the Erie engineers; and there was consequent delay, and breakages, and all manner of vexations. Now, a man can bear vexations when he is prepared for them; but to be promised, by a score of brilliant placards in red-and-gold, that he is to be "put through" a given distance, upon an easy "broad gauge," in some sixteen hours at the outside, and then, in way of fulfillment, to be shot backward and forward, on a December night—to be toasted and chilled, and starved and stopped—and, finally, to be "put through" in thirty-six hours in place of the promised sixteen, is annoying.

At least the Sharplys think so; and what they think they say.

And yet it is a great road—a magnificent enterprise; how many millions shall we say, at this date?

Shall any Sharply dare to tell the truth about his unfortunate winter's trip upon it? Isn't he in the pay of some rival road? Isn't he some black-mail carrier? Can it be possible that any body (except the stock-holders) should grumble about the management of a great enterprise? Can any body talk about delay upon a road whose President is in the receipt of twenty-five thousand a year (I don't mean delay in payment of coupons, but delay of travel)?

As if a professed grumbler (all the Sharplys are) shouldn't grumble for the love of it!

And what an absurd notion it is, to be sure, that we must be always taking off our hats to "great enterprises," whether in way of newspapers, politicians, hotels, steamships, or railways; and saying, "By Jove, my dear fellows, you do these things in tip-top style!"

Suppose, the other day, on the Central, when the bridge broke with a train or two, that Stephen Sharply (being passenger) should have crawled out from the *débris* with a broken arm, and a cut in the head, and a few teeth gone; and, meeting the gentlemanly and attentive President and Superintendent, who had come down by express to look after the rotten timbers—suppose, I say,

that I should have said, "Really, my dear Sirs, this is a magnificent enterprise of yours—quite so! it's unfortunate—the rotten timbers, you know—but, I beg your pardon [spits out a few more teeth], bridges are, after all, not of much consequence!"

Not that the bridges on the Central really were rotten. Who believes that? Who says it, if they believe it? My opinion is that the word would be actionable; my opinion, therefore, is that the bridge was probably sound—possibly perfectly sound—fully sufficient for a good deal of ordinary stress; and did, in fact, prove itself so, until this unfortunate train came upon it. I have no doubt the same can be said of every bridge upon the road.

But what right has Stephen Sharply to talk about railway bridges at all; or about steam-boilers; or about Ohio whisky?

May he not possibly be injuring somebody's business? Is it conceivable that sharp things (supposing he says them) should not cut somewhere, and cuts may do an injury; therefore, all the Sharplys should become Softlys—isn't this a pretty bit of logic?

The other day—I can't say how long ago—a ship called the *Arabia*, or the *Persia*, ran into another ship called the *Europa*. What do we hear about it? Nothing from the people on the *Europa*, who only know that they did their best, in seaman-like fashion, to keep out of the way, and failed. From the *Arabia* we have a letter, signed by all the Softlys on board, which goes on to say that they have a charming captain and mate, who showed wonderful presence of mind, and "behaved admirably under trying circumstances;" with a few other such banalities which, I believe, are kept in type at the leading newspaper offices.

But we have another letter, with more life and blood in it, from the Sharplys of the ship, who say there was confusion of command, and most palpable bad seamanship.

Of course the Sharplys must have been bribed to do this sort of thing, else why grumble?—unless, indeed, they were run ashore, or sunk; and, even then, could it not be proven that the enterprise was a magnificent one, and Mr. Cunard a gentlemanly and attentive man?

Gentlemanly and attentive! What grand service these words are brought to accomplish in the Softly rhetoric! Does a conductor wear diamond shirt-pin, and call for tickets without impudence? Mr. Softly says, How gentlemanly and attentive! Does a ship-master carve your dinner of salt junk without retaining all the best, and bring you safe to land? Mr. Softly says, How gentlemanly and attentive! and perhaps clubs with his friends to present a gold-washed speaking-trumpet.

And does Mr. Sharply grumble at this? Naturally, he grumbles; and here, reasonably. What need to flatter, and give testimonials for simple performance of duty? Is straightforward performance of duty so rare? Are the Softlys so important that their security and comfort must be the signal for complimentary ovations? If we burn out all the blue lights and the rockets in plain sailing, what shall we do when we want to signal in earnest?

Again: a great steamer, of a great commodore, very dashing in all her appointments, makes brilliant passages—for speed—across the Atlantic. Suddenly an aggrieved passenger, having no other redress, and being kindly disposed to those who may travel in future, represents that the ship was overcrowded; that attendance was bad and scanty; that the fare was even worse; and that upon nearing the docks the confusion was something frightful, and in no measure controlled, or even struggled against, by the proper officers of the ship.

Whereupon the captain, being expert penman himself, or employing some lawyer friend to draft his reply, represents that the grumbler is some designing person in the interest of a rival line. He tells us that all the odium of the attack is due to the nationality of the writer; and whips out the fault-finder with a splendid splurge about the American eagle.

The grumbler, however, proves not only an honest fellow, but an obstinate one. He courteously renews the charges, with affidavits of some half dozen trust-worthy and well-known persons, who subscribe fully to his statements. And the gallant captain does not again appear—except upon his ship's deck, where, it is to be hoped, he pays a more wholesome regard than before to the quiet and the comforts of his passengers.

Mr. Sharply takes pleasure in recalling the circumstances to mind—not in furtherance of any national prejudice, but in the interest of the traveling public.

Mr. Sharply believes that he entertains a proper degree of respect and awe for magnificent enterprises and magnificent persons; but he does not believe that any degree of magnificence will atone for lack of humanity or kindliness; least of all does he believe that an enterprise which is dependent upon public patronage for its support should presume upon its established power or its wealth to ignore the rights or the comforts of individuals.

Great corporations are our republican tyrants; and it is a misfortune they can carry off so many sharp arrows without ever flinching or trembling.

Thus: look for a moment at that great Gessler of a railway which engrosses all the eastern travel from the metropolis; and which has been distinguished in its time for the most magnificent bit of official swindling and the most deplorable catastrophe of which the American people cherish any record.

How many shafts have been shot at it by sufferers—sufferers in pocket, sufferers in limb, sufferers in comfort; and yet how bravely and coolly it bears itself! To be sure it paid somewhat roundly for that fearful butchery of Norwalk; indeed, one might think, from paucity of present dividends, that the affair was still in course of active liquidation; but what a superb contempt

for any complaint of grievance less than a broken head!

Mr. Quigley, going out with his family to look at country-seats in Rye, finds the cars all full. A benevolent gentleman gives way to Mrs. Quigley; but Mr. Quigley, who is a stout, plethoric man, suffers incontinently. Shall he complain? Has this Company, which undertakes to transport passengers, and seat them, a right to receive pay for no seat at all—a right, in short, to limit and prescribe their engagements with the public by their own inclination? Mr. Quigley, who is of the Softly stock, says, "Oh dear yes! perhaps so. I guess it's all right."

Mr. Sharply takes the liberty of saying that it's not all right. But who cares for Sharply? Isn't he a sour fellow, and a grumbler? Of course he is; I admit it. But yet I insist that grumblers have their uses; and you who worry and fret at his grumbling may be very sure that if he puts truth into his grumble people will listen and remember; and if he puts no truth in it people will find it out and refuse to listen. Yet even the croak of Mr. Raven helps our love and longing for Mistress Nightingale.

WANTED—ST. PATRICK.

I

WHEN Irish hills were fair and green,
And Irish fields were white with daisies,
And harvests, golden and serene,
Slept in the lazy summer hazes;
When bards went singing through the land
Their grand old songs of knightly story,
And hearts were found in every hand,
And all was peace and love and glory;
'Twas in those happy, happy days
When every peasant lived in clover,
And in the pleasant woodland ways
One never met the begging rover;
When all was honest, large, and true,
And naught was hollow or theatric—
'Twas in those days of golden hue
That Erin knew the great Saint Patrick.

II.

He came among the rustics rude
With shining robes and splendid crozier,
And swayed the listening multitude
As breezes sway the beds of osier.
He preached the love of Man for Man,
And moved the unlettered Celt with wonder,
'Till through the simple crowd there ran
A murmur like repeated thunder.
He preached the grand Incarnate Word,
By rock and ruin, hill and hollow,
'Till warring princes dropped the sword
And left the fields of blood to follow.
For never yet did bardic song,
Though graced with harp and poet's diction,
With such strange charm enchain the throng
As that sad tale of Crucifixion.

III.

Though fair the isle and brave the men,
Yet still a blight the land infested:
Green vipers darted through each glen,
And snakes within the woodlands nested;
And 'mid the banks where violets blew,
And on the slopes where bloomed the primrose,
Lurked spotted toads of loathsome hue,
And coiling, poisonous serpents grim rose.
Saint Patrick said: "The reptile race
Are types of human degradation;
From other ills I've cleansed the place,
And now of these I'll rid the nation."
He waved his crozier o'er his head,
And lo! each venomed thing took motion,
And toads and snakes and vipers fled
In terror to the circling ocean.

IV.

Why is Saint Patrick dead? or why
Does he not seek this soil to aid us?
To wave his mystic crook on high,
And rout the vermin that degrade us?
Our land is fertile, broad, and fair,
And should be fairer yet and broader;
But noxious reptiles taint the air,
And poison peace and law and order.
For Murder stalks along each street,
And Theft goes lurking through our alleys—
What reptiles worse does traveler meet
On India's hills, in Java's valleys?
And when we see this gambling host,
That 'mongst us practice this and that trick,
One knows not which would serve us most—
The Goddess Justice or Saint Patrick!

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LXI.

IN WHICH THE PRINCE MARCHES UP THE HILL AND DOWN AGAIN.

WE understand the respectful indignation of all loyal Britons when they come to read of Mr. George Warrington's conduct toward a gallant and gracious Prince, the beloved son of the best of monarchs, and the Captain-General

of the British army. What an inestimable favor has not the young man slighted! What a chance of promotion had he not thrown away! Will Esmond, whose language was always rich in blasphemies, employed his very strongest curses in speaking of his cousin's behavior, and expressed his delight that the confounded young Mohock was cutting his own throat. Cousin Castlewood said that a savage gentleman had a right to scalp himself if he liked: or perhaps, he added charitably, our cousin Mr. Warrington heard enough of the war-whoop in Braddock's affair, and has no more stomach for fighting. Mr. Will rejoiced that the younger brother had gone to the deuce, and he rejoiced to think that the elder was following him. The first time he met the fellow, Will said, he should take care to let Mr. George know what he thought of him.

"If you intend to insult George, at least you had best take care that his brother Harry is out of hearing!" cried Lady Maria—on which we may fancy more curses uttered by Mr. Will, with regard to his twin kinsfolk.

"Ta, ta, ta!" says my lord. "No more of this squabbling! We can't be all warriors in the family!"

"I never heard your lordship laid claim to be one!" says Maria.

"Never, my dear; quite the contrary! Will is our champion, and one is quite enough in the house. So I dare say with the two Mohocks; George is the student, and Harry is the fighting man. When you intended to quarrel, Will, what a pity it was you had not George instead of t'other, to your hand!"

"Your lordship's hand is famous—at picquet," says Will's mother.

"It *is* a pretty one!" says my lord, surveying his fingers, with a simper. "My Lord Hervey's glove and mine were of a size. Yes, my hand, as you say, is more fitted for cards than for war. Yours, my Lady Castlewood, is pretty dexterous too. How I bless the day when you bestowed it on my lamented father!" In this play of sarcasm, as in some other games of skill, his lordship was not sorry to engage, having a cool head, and being able to beat his family all round.

Madame de Bernstein, when she heard of Mr. Warrington's *bévue*, was exceedingly angry, stormed, and scolded her immediate household; and would have scolded George, but she was growing old, and had not the courage of her early days. Moreover, she was a little afraid of her nephew, and respectful in her behavior to him. "You will never make your fortune at Court, nephew!" she groaned, when, soon after his discomfiture, the young gentleman went to wait upon her.

"It was never my wish, madam!" said Mr. George, in a very stately manner.

"Your wish was to help Harry? You might hereafter have been of service to your brother, had you accepted the Duke's offer. Princes do not love to have their favors refused, and I don't wonder that his Royal Highness was offended."

"General Lambert said the same thing," George confessed, turning rather red; "and I see now that I was wrong. But you must please remember that I had never seen a Court before, and I suppose I am scarce likely to shine in one."

"I think possibly not, my good nephew," says the aunt, taking snuff.

"And what then?" asked George. "I never had ambition for that kind of glory, and can make myself quite easy without it. When his Royal Highness spoke to me—most kindly, as I own—my thought was, I shall make a very bad soldier, and my brother would be a very good one. He has a hundred good qualities for the profession, in which I am deficient; and would have served a commanding officer far better than I ever could. Say the Duke is in battle, and his horse is shot, as my poor chief's was at home, would he not be better for a beast that had courage and strength to bear him any where, than with one that could not carry his weight?"

"*Au fait.* His Royal Highness's charger must be a strong one, my dear!" says the old lady.

"*Expende Hannibalem*," mutters George, with a shrug. "*Our* Hannibal weighs no trifle."

"I don't quite follow you, Sir, and your Hannibal," the Baroness remarks.

"When Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Lambert remonstrated with me as you have done, madam," George rejoins, with a laugh, "I made this same defense which I am making to you. I said I offered to the Prince the best soldier in the family, and the two gentlemen allowed that my blunder at least had some excuse. Who knows but that they may set me right with his Royal Highness? The taste I have had of battles has shown me how little my genius inclines that way. We saw the Scotch play which every body is talking about t'other night. And when the hero, young Norval, said how he longed to follow to the field some warlike lord, I thought to myself, 'how like my Harry is to him, except that he doth not brag.' Harry is pining now for a red coat, and if we don't mind, will take the shilling. He has the map of Germany forever under his eyes, and follows the King of Prussia every where. He is not afraid of men or gods. As for me, I love my books and quiet best, and to read about battles in Homer or Lucan."

"Then what made a soldier of you at all, my dear? And why did you not send Harry with Mr. Braddock, instead of going yourself?" asked Madame de Bernstein.

"My mother loved her younger son the best," said George, darkly. "Besides, with the enemy invading our country, it was my duty, as the head of our family, to go on the campaign. Had I been a Scotchman twelve years ago, I should have been a—"

"Hush, Sir! or I shall be more angry than ever!" said the old lady, with a perfectly pleased face.

George's explanation might thus appease Madame de Bernstein, an old woman whose princi-

ples, we fear, were but loose: but to the loyal heart of Sir Miles Warrington and his lady, the young man's conduct gave a severe blow indeed! "I should have thought," her ladyship said, "from my sister Esmond Warrington's letter, that my brother's widow was a woman of good sense and judgment, and that she had educated her sons in a becoming manner. But what, Sir Miles, what my dear Thomas Claypool, can we think of an education which has resulted so lamentably for both these young men?"

"The elder seems to know a power of Latin, though, and speaks the French and the German too. I heard him with the Hanover Envoy, at the Baroness's rout," says Mr. Claypool. "The French he jabbered quite easy; and when he was at a loss for the High Dutch, he and the Envoy began in Latin, and talked away till all the room stared."

"It is not language but principles, Thomas Claypool!" exclaims the virtuous matron. "What must Mr. Warrington's principles be when he could reject an offer made him by his Prince? Can he speak the High Dutch? So much the more ought he to have accepted his Royal Highness's condescension, and made himself useful in the campaign! Look at our son, look at Miles!"

"Hold up thy head, Miley, my boy!" says Papa.

"I trust, Sir Miles, that as a member of the House of Commons, as an English gentleman, you will attend his Royal Highness's levee tomorrow, and say, if such an offer had been made to us for that child, we would have taken it, though our boy is but ten years of age."

"Faith, Miley, thou wouldst make a good little drummer or fifer!" says Papa. "Shouldst like to be a little soldier, Miley?"

"Any thing, Sir, any thing; a Warrington ought to be ready at any moment to have himself cut in pieces for his sovereign!" cries the matron, pointing to the boy; who, as soon as he comprehended his mother's proposal, protested against it by a loud roar, in the midst of which he was removed by Screwby. In obedience to the conjugal orders, Sir Miles went to his Royal Highness's levee the next day, and made a protest of his love and duty, which the Prince deigned to accept, saying:

"Nobody ever supposed that Sir Miles Warrington would ever refuse any place offered to him."

A compliment gracious indeed, and repeated every where by Lady Warrington, as showing how implicitly the august family on the throne could rely on the loyalty of the Warringtons.

Accordingly, when this worthy couple saw George, they received him with a ghastly commiseration, such us our dear relatives or friends will sometimes extend to us when we have done something fatal or clumsy in life; when we have come badly out of our lawsuit; when we enter the room just as the company has been abusing us; when our banker has broke; or we for our sad part have had to figure in the commercial columns of the London *Gazette*—when, in a word, we are guilty of some notorious fault, or blunder, or misfortune. Who does not know that face of pity? Whose dear relations have not so deplored him, not dead, but living? Not yours? Then, Sir, if you have never been in scrapes; if you have never sowed a handful of wild oats or two; if you have always been fortunate, and good, and careful, and butter has never melted in your mouth, and an imprudent word has never come out of it; if you have never sinned and repented, and been a fool and been sorry—then, Sir, you are a wiseacre who won't waste your time over an idle novel, and it is not *de te* that the fable is narrated at all.

Not that it was just on Sir Miles's part to turn upon George, and be angry with his nephew for refusing the offer of promotion made by his Royal Highness, for Sir Miles himself had agreed in George's view of pursuing quite other than a military career, and it was in respect to this plan of her son's that Madam Esmond had written from Virginia to Sir Miles Warrington. George had announced to her his intention of entering at the Temple, and qualifying himself for the magisterial and civil duties which, in the course of nature, he would be called to fulfill; nor could any one applaud his resolution more cordially than his uncle Sir Miles, who introduced George to a lawyer of reputation, under whose guidance we may fancy the young gentleman reading leisurely. Madam Esmond from home signified her approval of her son's course, fully agreeing with Sir Miles (to whom and his lady she begged to send her grateful remembrances) that the British Constitution was the envy of the world, and the proper object of every English gentleman's admiring study. The chief point to which George's mother objected was the notion that Mr. Warrington should have to sit down in the Temple dinner-hall, and cut at a shoulder of mutton, and drink small-beer out of tin pannikins, by the side of rough students who wore gowns like the parish-clerk. George's loyal younger brother shared too this repugnance. Any thing was good enough for *him*, Harry said; he was a younger son, and prepared to rough it; but George, in a gown, and dining in a mess with three nobody's sons off dirty pewter platters! Harry never could relish this condescension on his brother's part, or fancy George in his proper place at any except the high table; and was sorry that a plan Madam Esmond hinted at in her letters was not feasible—viz., that an application should be made to the Master of the Temple, who should be informed that Mr. George Warrington was a gentleman of most noble birth, and of great property in America, and ought only to sit *with the very best company* in the Hall. Rather to Harry's discomfiture, when he communicated his own and his mother's ideas to the gentlemen's new coffee-house friend Mr. Spencer, Mr. Spencer received the proposal with roars of laughter; and I can not learn, from the Warrington papers, that any application was

made to the Master of the Temple on this subject. Besides his literary and historical pursuits, which were those he most especially loved, Mr. Warrington studied the laws of his country, attended the courts at Westminster, where he heard a Henley, a Pratt, a Murray, and those other great famous schools of eloquence and patriotism, the two Houses of Parliament.

Gradually Mr. Warrington made acquaintance with some of the members of the House and the Bar; who, when they came to know him, spoke of him as a young gentleman of good parts and good breeding, and in terms so generally complimentary that his good uncle's heart relented toward him, and Dora and Flora began once more to smile upon him. This reconciliation dated from the time when his Royal Highness the Duke, after having been defeated by the French, in the affair of Hastenbeck, concluded the famous capitulation with the French which his Majesty George II. refused to ratify. His Royal Highness, as 'tis well known, flung up his commissions after this disgrace, laid down his commander's baton—which, it must be confessed, he had not wielded with much luck or dexterity—and never again appeared at the head of armies or in public life. The stout warrior would not allow a word of complaint against his father and sovereign to escape his lips; but, as he retired with his wounded honor, and as he would have no interest or authority more, nor any places to give, it may be supposed that Sir Miles Warrington's anger against his nephew diminished as his respect for his Royal Highness diminished.

As our two gentlemen were walking in St. James's Park one day with their friend Mr. Lambert, they met his Royal Highness in plain clothes, and without a star, and made profound bows to the Prince, who was pleased to stop and speak to them.

He asked Mr. Lambert how he liked my Lord Ligonier, his new chief at the Horse Guards, and the new duties there in which he was engaged? And, recognizing the young men, with that fidelity of memory for which his Royal race hath ever been remarkable, he said to Mr. Warrington,

"You did well, Sir, not to come with me when I asked you, in the spring."

"I was sorry then, Sir," Mr. Warrington said, making a very low reverence, "but I am more sorry now."

On which the Prince said, "Thank you, Sir," and, touching his hat, walked away. And the circumstances of this interview, and the discourse which passed at it, being related to Mrs. Esmond Warrington in a letter from her younger son, created so deep an impression in that lady's mind that she narrated the anecdote many hundreds of times, until all her friends and acquaintances knew and, perhaps, were tired of it.

Our gentlemen went through the Park, and so toward the Strand, where they had business; and Mr. Lambert, pointing to the lion on the top of the Earl of Northumberland's house at Charing Cross, says,

"Harry Warrington! your brother is like yonder lion!"

"Because he is as brave as one," says Harry.

"Because I respect virgins!" says George, laughing.

"Because you are a stupid lion. Because you turn your back on the East, and absolutely salute the setting sun. Why, child, what earthly good can you get by being civil to a man in hopeless dudgeon and disgrace? Your uncle will be more angry with you than ever—and so am I, Sir!" But Mr. Lambert was always laughing in his waggish way, and indeed he did not look the least angry.



CHAPTER LXII.

ARMA VIRUMQUE.

Indeed, if Harry Warrington had a passion for military pursuits and studies, there was enough of war stirring in Europe, and enough talk in all societies which he frequented in London, to excite and inflame him. Though our own gracious Prince of the House of Hanover had been beaten, the Protestant Hero, the King of Prussia, was filling the world with his glory, and winning those astonishing victories in which I deem it fortunate on my own account that my poor Harry took no part; for then his veracious biographer would have had to narrate battles the description whereof has been undertaken by another pen. I am glad, I say, that Harry Warrington was not at Rossbach on that famous Gunpowder Fête-day, on the 5th of November, in the year 1757; nor at that tremendous slaughtering-match of Leuthen, which the Prussian king played a month afterward; for these prodigious actions will presently be narrated in oth-

er volumes, which I and all the world are eager to behold. Would you have this history compete with yonder book? Could my jaunty, yellow park-phaeton run counter to that grim chariot of thundering war? Could my meek little jog-trot Pegasus meet the shock of yon steed of foaming bit and flaming nostril? Dear, kind reader (with whom I love to talk from time to time, stepping down from the stage where our figures are performing, attired in the habits and using the parlance of past ages)—my kind, patient reader! it is a mercy for both of us that Harry Warrington did not follow the King of the Borussians, as he was minded to do, for then I should have had to describe battles which Carlyle is going to paint; and I don't wish you should make odious comparisons between me and that master.

Harry Warrington not only did not join the King of the Borussians, but he pined and chafed at not going. He led a sulky, useless life, that is the fact. He dangled about the military coffee-houses. He did not care for reading any thing save a newspaper. His turn was not literary. He even thought novels were stupid; and as for the ladies crying their eyes out over Mr. Richardson, he could not imagine how they could be moved by any such nonsense. He used to laugh in a very hearty, jolly way, but a little late, and some time after the joke was over. Pray, why should all gentlemen have a literary turn? And do we like some of our friends the worse because they never turned a couplet in their lives? Ruined, perforce idle, dependent on his brother for supplies, if he read a book falling asleep over it, with no fitting work for his great strong hands to do—how lucky it is that he did not get into more trouble. Why, in the case of Achilles himself, when he was sent by his mamma to the court of King Whatd'ye-callem in order to be put out of harm's reach, what happened to him among a parcel of women with whom he was made to idle his life away? And how did Pyrrhus come into the world? A powerful, mettlesome young Achilles ought not to be leading-stringed by women too much; is out of his place dawdling by distaffs or handing coffee-cups; and when he is not fighting, depend on it, is likely to fall into much worse mischief.

Those soft-hearted women, the two elder ladies of the Lambert family, with whom he mainly consorted, had an untiring pity and kindness for Harry, such as women only—and only a few of those—can give. If a man is in grief, who cheers him; in trouble, who consoles him; in wrath, who soothes him; in joy, who makes him doubly happy; in prosperity, who rejoices; in disgrace, who backs him against the world, and dresses with gentle unguents and warm poultices the rankling wounds made by the stings and arrows of outrageous Fortune? Who but woman, if you please? You who are ill and sore from the buffets of Fate, have you one or two of these sweet physicians? Return thanks to the gods that they have left you so much of consolation. What gentleman is not more or less a Prometheus? Who has not his rock (ai, ai), his chain (ea, ea), and his liver in a deuce of a condition? But the sea-nymphs come—the gentle, the sympathizing; they kiss our writhing feet; they moisten our parched lips with their tears; they do their blessed best to console us Titans; *they* don't turn their backs upon us after our overthrow.

Now Theo and her mother were full of pity for Harry; but Hetty's heart was rather hard and seemingly savage toward him. She chafed that his position was not more glorious; she was angry that he was still dependent and idle. The whole world was in arms, and could he not carry a musket? It was harvest time, and hundreds of thousands of reapers were out with their flashing sickles; could he not use his, and cut down his sheaf or two of glory?

"Why, how savage the little thing is with him!" says Papa, after a scene in which, according to her word, Miss Hetty had been firing little shots into that quivering target which came and set itself up in Mrs. Lambert's drawing-room every day.

"Her conduct is perfectly abominable!" cries Mamma; "she deserves to be whipped, and sent to bed."

"Perhaps, Mother, it is because she likes him better than any of us do," says Theo, "and it is for his sake that Hetty is angry. If I were fond of—of some one, I should like to be able to admire and respect him always—to think every thing he did right—and my gentleman better than all the gentlemen in the world!"

"The truth is, my dear," answers Mrs. Lambert, "that your father is so much better than all the world, he has spoiled us. Did you ever see any one to compare with him?"

"Very few, indeed," owns Theo, with a blush.

"Very few. Who is so good-tempered?"

"I think nobody, Mamma," Theo acknowledges.

"Or so brave?"

"Why, I dare say Mr. Wolfe, or Harry, or Mr. George, are very brave."

"Or so learned and witty?"

"I am sure Mr. George seems very learned, and witty too, in his way," says Theo; "and his manners are very fine—you own they are. Madame de Bernstein says they are, and she hath seen the world. Indeed, Mr. George has a lofty way with him, which I don't see in other people; and, in reading books, I find he chooses the fine noble things always, and loves them in spite of all his satire. He certainly is of a satirical turn, but then he is only bitter against mean things and people. No gentleman hath a more tender heart, I am sure; and but yesterday, after he had been talking so bitterly as you said, I happened to look out of window, and saw him stop and treat a whole crowd of little children to apples at the stall at the corner. And the day before yesterday, when he was coming and brought me the Molière, he stopped and gave money to a beggar, and how charmingly, sure, he reads the



GEORGE'S FRIENDS.

French! I agree with him though about Tartuffe, though 'tis so wonderfully clever and lively, that a mere villain and hypocrite is a figure too mean to be made the chief of a great piece. Iago, Mr. George said, is near as great a villain; but then he is not the first character of the tragedy, which is Othello, with his noble weakness. But what fine ladies and gentlemen Molière represents—so Mr. George thinks—and—but oh, I don't dare to repeat the verses after *him*."

"But you know them by heart, my dear?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

And Theo replies, "Oh yes, Mamma! I know them by . . . . Nonsense!"

I here fancy osculations, palpitations, and exit Miss Theo, blushing like a rose. Why had she stopped in her sentence? Because Mamma was looking at her so oddly. And why was Mamma looking at her so oddly? And why had she looked after Mr. George, when he was going away, and looked for him when he was coming? Ah, and why do cheeks blush, and why do roses bloom? Old Time is still a-flying. Old spring and bud time; old summer and bloom time; old autumn and seed time; old winter time, when the cracking, shivering old tree-tops are bald or covered with snow.

A few minutes after George arrived Theo would come down stairs with a fluttering heart, maybe, and a sweet nosegay in her cheeks, just culled, as it were, fresh in his honor; and I suppose she must have been constantly at that window which commanded the street, and whence she could espy his generosity to the sweep, or his purchases from the apple-woman. But if it was Harry who knocked, she remained in her own apartment with her work or her books, sending her sister to receive the young gentleman, or her brothers when the elder was at home from college, or Doctor Crusius from the Chartreux gave the younger leave to go home. And what good eyes Theo must have had—and often in the evening, too—to note the difference between Harry's yellow hair and George's dark locks—and between their figures, though they were so like that people continually were mistaking one for the other brother. Now it is certain that Theo never mistook one or t'other; and that Hetty, for her part, was not in the least excited, or rude, or pert, when she found the black-haired gentleman in her mother's drawing-room.

Our friends could come when they liked to Mr. Lambert's house, and stay as long as they chose; and, one day, he of the golden locks was sitting on a couch there, in an attitude of more than ordinary idleness and despondency, when who should come down to him but Miss Hetty? I say it was a most curious thing (though the girls would have gone to the rack rather than own any collusion), that when Harry called, Hetty appeared; when George arrived, Theo somehow came; and so, according to the usual dispensation, it was Miss Lambert, junior, who now arrived to entertain the younger Virginian.

After usual ceremonies and compliments we may imagine that the lady says to the gentleman:

"And pray, Sir, what makes your honor look so glum this morning?"

"Ah, Hetty!" says he, "I have nothing else to do but to look glum. I remember when we were boys—and I a rare idle one, you may be sure—I would always be asking my tutor for a holiday, which I would pass very likely swinging on a gate, or making ducks and drakes over the pond, and those do-nothing days were always the most melancholy. What have I got to do now from morning till night?"

"Breakfast, walk—dinner, walk—tea, supper. I suppose; and a pipe of your Virginia," says Miss Hetty, tossing her head.

"I tell you what, when I went back with Charley to the Chartreux, t'other night, I had a mind to say to the master, 'Teach me, Sir. Here's a boy knows a deal more Latin and Greek at thirteen than I do, who am ten years older. I have nothing to do from morning till night, and I might as well go to my books again, and see if I can repair my idleness as a boy.' Why do you laugh, Hetty?"

"I laugh to fancy you at the head of a class, and called up by the master!" cries Hetty.

"I shouldn't be at the head of the class," Harry says, humbly. "George might be at the head of any class; but I am not a book-man, you see; and when I was young neglected myself, and was very idle. We would not let our tutors cane us much at home; but if we had, it might have done me good."

Hetty drubbed with her little foot, and looked at the young man sitting before her—strong, idle, melancholy.

"Upon my word it might do you good now!" she was minded to say. "What does Tom say about the caning at school? Does his account of it set you longing for it, pray?" she asked.

"His account of his school," Harry answered, simply, "makes me see that I have been idle when I ought to have worked, and that I have not a genius for books; and for what am I good? Only to spend my patrimony when I come abroad, or to lounge at coffee-houses or race-courses, or to gallop behind dogs when I am at home. I am good for nothing, I am."

"What, such a great, brave, strong fellow as you good for nothing?" cries Het. "I would not confess as much to any woman if I were *twice* as good for nothing!"

"What am I to do? I ask for leave to go into the army, and Madam Esmond does not answer me. 'Tis the only thing I am fit for. I have no money to buy. Having spent all my own, and so much of my brother's, I can not and won't ask for more. If my mother would but send me to the army, you know I would jump to go."

"Eh! A gentleman of spirit does not want a woman to buckle his sword on for him, or to clean his firelock! What was that our Papa told us of the young gentleman at court yesterday?—Sir John Armytage—"

"Sir John Armytage? I used to know him when I frequented White's and the club-houses—a fine, noble young gentleman, of a great estate in the North."

"And engaged to be married to a famous beauty, too—Miss Howe, my Lord Howe's sister—but *that*, I suppose, is not an obstacle to gentlemen?"

"An obstacle to what?" asks the gentleman.

"An obstacle to glory!" says Miss Hetty. "I think no woman of spirit would say 'Stay!' though she adored her lover ever so much, when his country said 'Go!' Sir John had volun-

teered for the expedition which is preparing, and being at court yesterday, his Majesty asked him when he would be ready to go? 'To-morrow, please your Majesty,' replies Sir John; and the King said that was a soldier's answer. My father himself is longing to go, though he has Mamma and all us brats at home. Oh dear, oh dear! Why wasn't I a man myself? Both my brothers are for the Church; but as for me, I know I should have made a famous little soldier!" And, so speaking, this young person strode about the room, wearing a most courageous military aspect, and looking as bold as Joan of Arc.

Harry beheld her with a tender admiration. "I think," says he, "I would hardly like to see a musket on that little shoulder, nor a wound on that pretty face, Hetty."

"Wounds! who fears wounds?" cries the little maid. "Muskets? If I could carry one, I would use it. You men fancy that we women are good for nothing but to make puddings or stitch samplers. Why wasn't I a man? I say. George was reading to us yesterday out of Tasso —look, here it is; and I thought the verses applied to me. See! Here is the book, with the mark in it where we left off."

"With the mark in it?" says Harry, dutifully.

"Yes! it is about a woman who is disappointed because—because her brother does not go to war; and she says of herself—

"'Alas! why did not Heaven these members frail
With lively force and vigor strengthen, so
That I this silken gown....'"

"Silken gown?" says downright Harry, with a look of inquiry.

"Well, Sir, I know 'tis but Calimanco; but so it is in the book—

"'..... this silken gown and slender vail
Might for a breast-plate and a helm forego;
Then should not heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor hail,
Nor storms that fall, nor blust'ring winds that blow,
Withhold me; but I would, both day and night,
In pitched field or private combat, fight....'

"Fight? Yes, that I would! Why are both my brothers to be parsons, I say? One of my Papa's children ought to be a soldier!"

Harry laughed a very gentle, kind laugh as he looked at her. He felt that he would not like much to hit such a tender little warrior as that.

"Why," says he, holding a finger out, "I think here is a finger nigh as big as your arm. How would you stand up before a great, strong man? I should like to see a man try and injure you, though; I should just like to see him! You little, delicate, tender creature! Do you suppose any scoundrel would dare to do any thing unkind to *you?*" And, excited by this flight of his imagination, Harry fell to walking up and down the room too, chafing at the idea of any rogue of a Frenchman daring to be rude to Miss Hester Lambert.

It was a belief in this silent courage of his which subjugated Hetty, and this quality which she supposed him to possess which caused her specially to admire him. Miss Hetty was no more bold, in reality, than Madam Erminia, whose speech she had been reading out of the book, and about whom Mr. Harry Warrington never heard one single word. He may have been in the room when brother George was reading his poetry out to the ladies, but his thoughts were busy with his own affairs, and he was entirely bewildered with your Clotildas and Erminias, and giants, and enchanters, and nonsense. No, Miss Hetty, I say and believe, had nothing of the virago in her composition; else, no doubt, she would have taken a fancy to a soft young fellow with a literary turn, or a genius for playing the flute, according to the laws of contrast and nature provided in those cases. And who has not heard how great, strong men have an affinity for frail, tender little women; how tender little women are attracted by great, honest, strong men; and how your burly heroes and champions of war are constantly hen-pecked? *If* Mr. Harry Warrington falls in love with a woman who is like Miss Lambert in disposition, and if he marries her—without being conjurors, I think we may all see what the end will be.

So, while Hetty was firing her little sarcasms into Harry, he for a while scarcely felt that they were stinging him, and let her shoot on without so much as taking the trouble to shake the little arrows out of his hide. Did she mean by her sneers and innuendoes to rouse him into action? He was too magnanimous to understand such small hints. Did she mean to shame him by saying that she, a weak woman, would don the casque and breast-plate? The simple fellow either melted at the idea of her being in danger, or at the notion of her fighting fell a-laughing.

"Pray what is the use of having a strong hand if you only use it to hold a skein of silk for my mother?" cries Miss Hester; "and what is the good of being ever so strong in a drawing-room? Nobody wants you to throw any body out of window, Harry! A strong man, indeed! I suppose there's a stronger at Bartholomew Fair. James Wolfe is not a strong man. He seems quite weakly and ill. When he was here last he was coughing the whole time, and as pale as if he had seen a ghost."

"I never could understand why a man should be frightened at a ghost," says Harry.

"Pray, have you seen one, Sir?" asks the pert young lady.

"No. I thought I did once at home—when we were boys; but it was only Nathan in his night-shirt; but I wasn't frightened when I thought he *was* a ghost. I believe there's no such things. Our nurses tell a pack of lies about 'em," says Harry, gravely. "George was a little frightened; but then he's—" Here he paused.

"Then George is what?" asked Hetty.

"George is different from me, that's all. Our mother's a bold woman as ever you saw, but she screams at seeing a mouse—always does—can't help it. It's her nature. So, you see, perhaps

my brother can't bear ghosts. I don't mind 'em."

"George always says, you would have made a better soldier than he."

"So I think I should, if I had been allowed to try. But he can do a thousand things better than me, or any body else in the world. Why didn't he let me volunteer on Braddock's expedition? I might have got knocked on the head, and then I should have been pretty much as useful as I am now, and then I shouldn't have ruined myself, and brought people to point at me and say that I had disgraced the name of Warrington. Why mayn't I go on this expedition, and volunteer like Sir John Armytage? Oh, Hetty! I'm a miserable fellow—that's what I am," and the miserable fellow paced the room at double quick time. "I wish I had never come to Europe," he groaned out.

"What a compliment to us! Thank you, Harry!" but presently, on an appealing look from the gentleman, she added, "Are you—are you thinking of going home?"

"And have all Virginia jeering at me! There's not a gentleman there that wouldn't, except one, and him my mother doesn't like. I should be ashamed to go home now, I think. You don't know my mother, Hetty. I ain't afraid of most things; but, somehow, I am of her. What shall I say to her, when she says, 'Harry, where's your patrimony?' 'Spent, Mother,' I shall have to say. 'What have you done with it?' 'Wasted it, Mother, and went to prison after.' 'Who took you out of prison?' 'Brother George, Ma'am, he took me out of prison; and now I'm come back, having done no good for myself, with no profession, no prospects, no nothing—only to look after negroes, and be scolded at home; or to go to sleep at sermons; or to play at cards, and drink, and fight cocks at the taverns about.' How can I look the gentlemen of the country in the face? I'm ashamed to go home in this way, I say. I must and will do something! What shall I do, Hetty? Ah! what shall I do?"

"Do? What did Mr. Wolfe do at Louisbourg? Ill as he was, and in love as we knew him to be, he didn't stop to be nursed by his mother, Harry, or to dawdle with his sweet-heart. He went on the King's service, and hath come back covered with honor. If there is to be another great campaign in America, Papa says he is sure of a great command."

"I wish he would take me with him, and that a ball would knock me on the head and finish me," groaned Harry. "You speak to me, Hetty, as though it were my fault that I am not in the army, when you know I would give—give, forsooth, what have I to give?—yes, my life to go on service!"

"Life, indeed!" says Miss Hetty, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"You don't seem to think that of much value, Hetty," remarked Harry, sadly. "No more it is—to any body; I'm a poor useless fellow. I'm not even free to throw it away as I would like, being under orders here and at home."

"Orders indeed! Why under orders?" cries Miss Hetty. "Aren't you tall enough, and old enough, to act for yourself, and must you have George for a master here, and your mother for a schoolmistress at home? If I were a man I would do something famous before I was two-and-twenty years old, that I would! I would have the world speak of me. I wouldn't dawdle at apron-strings. I wouldn't curse my fortune—I'd make it. I vow and declare I would!"

Now, for the first time, Harry began to wince at the words of his young lecturer.

"No negro on our estate is more a slave than I am, Hetty," he said, turning very red as he addressed her; "but then, Miss Lambert, we don't reproach the poor fellow for not being free. That isn't generous. At least, that isn't the way I understand honor. Perhaps with women it's different, or I may be wrong, and have no right to be hurt at a young girl telling me what my faults are. Perhaps my faults are not my faults—only my cursed luck. You have been talking ever so long about this gentleman volunteering, and that man winning glory, and cracking up their courage as if I had none of my own. I suppose, for the matter of that, I'm as well provided as other gentlemen. I don't brag; but I'm not afraid of Mr. Wolfe, nor of Sir John Armytage, nor of any body else that ever I saw. How can I buy a commission when I've spent my last shilling, or ask my brother for more who has already halved with me? A gentleman of my rank can't go a common soldier—else, by Jupiter, I would! And if a ball finished me I suppose Miss Hetty Lambert wouldn't be very sorry. It isn't kind, Hetty—I didn't think it of you."

"What is it I have said?" asks the young lady. "I have only said Sir John Armytage has volunteered, and Mr. Wolfe has covered himself with honor, and you begin to scold me! How can I help it if Mr. Wolfe is brave and famous? Is that any reason you should be angry, pray?"

"I didn't say angry," said Harry, gravely. "I said I was hurt."

"Oh, indeed! I thought such a little creature as I am couldn't hurt any body! I'm sure 'tis mighty complimentary to me to say that a young lady whose arm is no bigger than your little finger can hurt such a great strong man as you!"

"I scarce thought you would try, Hetty," the young man said. "You see, I'm not used to this kind of welcome in this house."

"What is it, my poor boy?" asks kind Mrs. Lambert, looking in at the door at this juncture, and finding the youth with a very woe-worn countenance.

"Oh, we have heard the story before, Mamma!" says Hetty, hurriedly. "Harry is making his old complaint of having nothing to do. And he is quite unhappy; and he is telling us so over and over again, that's all."

"So are you hungry over and over again, my dear! Is that a reason why your Papa and I

should leave off giving you dinner?" cries Mamma, with some emotion. "Will you stay and have ours, Harry? 'Tis just three o'clock!" Harry agreed to stay, after a few faint negations. "My husband dines abroad. We are but three women, so you will have a dull dinner," remarks Mrs. Lambert.

"We shall have a gentleman to enliven us, Mamma, I dare say!" says Madam Pert, and then looked in Mamma's face with that admirable gaze of blank innocence which Madam Pert knows how to assume when she has been specially and successfully wicked.

When the dinner appeared Miss Hetty came down stairs, and was exceedingly chatty, lively, and entertaining. Theo did not know that any little difference had occurred (such, alas, my Christian friends, will happen in the most charming families), did not know, I say, that any thing had happened until Hetty's uncommon sprightliness and gayety roused her suspicions. Hetty would start a dozen subjects of conversation—the King of Prussia, and the news from America; the last masquerade, and the highwayman shot near Barnet; and when her sister, admiring this volubility, inquired the reason of it, with her eyes—

"Oh, my dear, you need not nod and wink at me!" cries Hetty. "Mamma asked Harry on purpose to enliven us, and I am talking until he begins—just like the fiddles at the playhouse, you know, Hetty! First the fiddles. Then the play. Pray begin, Harry!"

"Hester!" cries Mamma.

"I merely asked Harry to entertain us. You said yourself, Mother, that we were only three women, and the dinner would be dull for a gentleman; unless, indeed, he chose to be very lively."

"I'm not that on most days—and, Heaven knows, on this day less than most," says poor Harry.

"Why on this day less than another? Tuesday is as good a day to be lively as Wednesday. The only day when we mustn't be lively is Sunday. Well, you know it is, Ma'am. We mustn't sing, nor dance, nor do any thing on Sunday."

And in this naughty way the young woman went on for the rest of the evening, and was complimented by her mother and sister when poor Harry took his leave. He was not ready of wit, and could not fling back the taunts which Hetty cast against him. Nay, had he been able to retort he would have been silent. He was too generous to engage in that small war, and chose to take all Hester's sarcasms without an attempt to parry or evade them. Very likely the young lady watched and admired that magnanimity, while she tried it so cruelly. And after one of her fits of ill-behavior, her parents and friends had not the least need to scold her, as she candidly told them, because she suffered a great deal more than they would ever have had her, and her conscience punished her a great deal more severely than her kind elders would have thought of doing. I suppose she lies awake all that night, and tosses and tumbles in her bed. I suppose she wets her pillow with tears, and should not mind about her sobbing—unless it kept her sister awake; unless she was unwell the next day, and the doctor had to be fetched; unless the whole family is to be put to discomfort: mother to choke over her dinner in flurry and indignation; father to eat his roast beef in silence and with bitter sauce; every body to look at the door each time it opens, with a vague hope that Harry is coming in. If Harry does not come, why, at least, does not George come? thinks Miss Theo.

Some time in the course of the evening comes a billet from George Warrington, with a large nosegay of lilacs, per Mr. Gumbo. "I send my best duty and regards to Mrs. Lambert and the ladies," George says, "and humbly beg to present to Miss Theo this nosegay of lilacs, which she says she loves in the early spring. You must not thank me for them, please, but the gardener of Bedford House, with whom I have made great friends by presenting him with some dried specimens of a Virginian plant which some ladies don't think as fragrant as lilacs.

"I have been in the garden almost all the day. It is alive with sunshine and spring; and I have been composing two scenes of you know what, and polishing the verses which the Page sings in the fourth act, under Sybilla's window, when she can not hear, poor thing, because she has just had her head off."

"Provoking! I wish he would not always sneer and laugh! The verses are beautiful," says Theo.

"You really think so, my dear? How very odd!" remarks Papa.

Little Het looks up from her dismal corner with a faint smile of humor. Theo's secret is a secret for nobody in the house, it seems. Can any young people guess what it is? Our young lady continues to read:

"'Spencer has asked the famous Mr. Johnson to breakfast to-morrow, who condescends to hear the play, and who won't, I hope, be too angry because my heroine undergoes the fate of his in Irene. I have heard he came up to London himself as a young man with only his tragedy in his wallet. Shall I ever be able to get mine played? Can you fancy the catcall music beginning, and the pit hissing at that perilous part of the fourth act, where my executioner comes out from the closet with his great sword, at the awful moment when he is called upon to *amputate?* They say Mr. Fielding, when the pit hissed at a part of one of his pieces, about which Mr. Garrick had warned him, said, 'Hang them, they *have* found it out, have they?' and finished his punch in tranquillity. I suppose his wife was not in the boxes. There are some women to whom I would be very unwilling to give pain, and there are some to whom I would give the best I have.'"

"Whom can he mean? The letter is to you, my dear. I protest he is making love to your mother before my face!" cries Papa to Hetty,

who only gives a little sigh, puts her hand in her father's hand, and withdraws it.

"'To whom I would give the best I have. To-day it is only a bunch of lilacs. To-morrow it may be what?—a branch of rue—a sprig of bays, perhaps—any thing, so it be my best and my all.

"'I have had a fine long day, and all to myself. What do you think of Harry playing truant?' (Here we may imagine what they call in France, or what they used to call, when men dared to speak or citizens to hear, *sensation dans l'auditoire.*)

"'I suppose Carpezan wearied the poor fellow's existence out. Certain it is he has been miserable for weeks past; and a change of air and scene may do him good. This morning, quite early, he came to my room, and told me he had taken a seat in the Portsmouth machine, and proposed to go to the Isle of Wight, to the army there.'"

The army! Hetty looks very pale at this announcement, and her mother continues—

"'And a little portion of it, namely, the thirty-second regiment, is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Richmond Webb—the nephew of the famous old General under whom my grandfather Esmond served in the great wars of Marlborough. Mr. Webb met us at our uncle's, accosting us very politely, and giving us an invitation to visit him at his regiment. Let my poor brother go and listen to his darling music of fife and drum. He bade me tell the ladies that they should hear from him. I kiss their hands, and go to dress for dinner at the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall. We are to have Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Walpole, possibly, if he is not too fine to dine in a tavern; a young Irishman, a Mr. Bourke, who, they say, is a wonder of eloquence and learning—in fine, all the wits of Mr. Dodsley's shop. Quick, Gumbo, a coach, and my French gray suit! And if gentlemen ask me, "Who gave you that sprig of lilac you wear on your heart-side?" I shall call a bumper, and give lilac for a toast.'"

I fear there is no more rest for Hetty on this night than on the previous one, when she had behaved so mutinously to poor Harry Warrington. Some secret resolution must have inspired that gentleman, for, after leaving Mr. Lambert's table, he paced the streets for a while, and appeared at a late hour in the evening at Madame de Bernstein's house in Clarges Street. Her ladyship's health had been somewhat ailing of late, so that even her favorite routs were denied her, and she was sitting over a quiet game of écarté, with a divine of whom our last news were from a lock-up house hard by that in which Harry Warrington had been himself confined. George, at Harry's request, had paid the little debt under which Mr. Sampson had suffered temporarily. He had been at his living for a year. He may have paid and contracted ever so many debts, have been in and out of jail many times since we saw him. For some time past he had been back in London, stout and hearty as usual, and ready for any invitation to cards or claret. Madame de Bernstein did not care to have her game interrupted by her nephew, whose conversation had little interest now for the fickle old woman. Next to the very young, I suppose the very old are the most selfish. Alas, the heart hardens as the blood ceases to run! The cold snow strikes down from the head and checks the glow of feeling. Who wants to survive into old age after abdicating all his faculties one by one, and be sans teeth, sans eyes, sans memory, sans hope, sans sympathy? How fared it with those patriarchs of old who lived for their nine centuries, and when were life's conditions so changed that, after threescore years and ten, it became but a vexation and a burden?

Getting no reply but Yes and No to his brief speeches, poor Harry sat a while on a couch opposite his aunt, who shrugged her shoulders, had her back to her nephew, and continued her game with the Chaplain. Sampson sat opposite Mr. Warrington, and could see that something disturbed him. His face was very pale, and his countenance disturbed and full of gloom. "Something has happened to him, ma'am," he whispered to the Baroness.

"Bah!" She shrugged her shoulders again, and continued to deal her cards. "What is the matter with you, Sir?" she at last said, at a pause in the game, "that you have such a dismal countenance? Chaplain, that last game makes us even, I think."

Harry got up from his place. "I am going on a journey: I am come to bid you good-by, aunt," he said, in a very tragical voice.

"On a journey! Are you going home to America? I mark the king, Chaplain, and play him."

No, Harry said: he was not going to America yet: he was going to the Isle of Wight for the present.

"Indeed! a lovely spot!" says the Baroness. "*Bon jour, mon ami, et bon voyage!*" And she kissed a little hand to her nephew.

"I mayn't come back for some time, aunt," he groaned out.

"Indeed! We shall be inconsolable without you! Unless you have a spade, Mr. Sampson, the game is mine. Good-by, my child! No more about your journey at present: tell us about it when you come back!" And she gayly bade him farewell. He looked for a moment piteously at her, and was gone.

"Something grave has happened, Madam," says the Chaplain.

"Oh! The boy is always getting into scrapes. I suppose he has been falling in love with one of those country-girls—what are their names, Lamberts?—with whom he is ever dawdling about. He has been doing no good here for some time. I am disappointed in him, really quite grieved about him—I will take two cards if you please—again?—quite grieved. What do you think they say of his cousin—the Miss Warrington



BON JOUR, MON AMI.

who made eyes at him when she thought he was a prize—they say the King has remarked her, and the Yarmouth is *crêving* with rage. He, he! those methodistical Warringtons! They are not a bit less worldly than their neighbors; and, old as he is, if the Grand Signior throws his pocket-handkerchief, they will jump to catch it!"

"All, Madam; how your ladyship knows the world!" sighs the Chaplain. "I propose, if you please!"

"I have lived long enough in it, Mr. Sampson, to know something of it. 'Tis sadly selfish, my dear Sir, sadly selfish; and every body is struggling to pass his neighbor! No, I can't give you any more cards. You haven't the king? I play queen, knave, and a ten—a sadly selfish world, indeed. And here comes my chocolate!"

The more immediate interest of the cards entirely absorbs the old woman. The door shuts out her nephew and his cares. Under his hat he bears them into the street, and paces the dark town for a while.

"Good God!" he thinks, "what a miserable fellow I am, and what a spendthrift of my life I have been! I sit silent with George and his friends. I am not clever and witty as he is. I am only a burden to him, and if I would help him ever so much don't know how. My dear Aunt Lambert's kindness never tires, but I begin to be ashamed of trying it. Why, even Hetty can't help turning on me; and when she tells me I am idle and should be doing something, ought I to be angry? The rest have left me. There's my cousins and uncle and my lady my aunt, they have shown me the cold shoulder this long time. They didn't even ask me to Norfolk when they went down to the country, and offer me so much as a day's partridge-shooting. I can't go to Castlewood—after what has happened; I should break that scoundrel William's bones; and, faith, am well out of the place altogether."

He laughs a fierce laugh as he recalls his adventures since he has been in Europe. Money, friends, pleasure, all have passed away, and he feels the past like a dream. He strolls into White's Chocolate House, where the waiters have scarce seen him for a year. The Parliament is up. Gentlemen are away; there is not even any play going on—not that he would join it, if there were. He has but a few pieces in his pocket, George's drawer is open, and he may take what money he likes thence; but very, very sparingly will he avail himself of his brother's repeated invitation. He sits and drinks his glass in moody silence. Two or three officers of the Guards enter from St. James's. He knew them in former days, and the young men, who have been already dining and drinking on guard, insist on more drink at the club. The other battalion of their regiment is at Winchester: it is going on this great expedition, no one knows whither, which every body is talking about. Cursed fate that they do not belong to the other battalion; and must stay and do duty in London and at Kensington! There is Webb, who was of their regiment: he did well to exchange his company in the Coldstreams for the lieutenant-colonelcy of the thirty-second. He will be of the expedition. Why, every body is going; and the young gentlemen mention a score of names of men of the first birth and fashion who have volunteered. "It ain't Hanoverians this time, commanded by the big Prince," says one young gentleman (whose relatives may have been Tories forty years ago), "it's Englishmen, with the Guards at the head of 'em, and a Marlborough for a leader. Will the Frenchmen ever stand against *them!* No, by George, they are irresistible!" And a fresh bowl is called, and loud toasts are drunk to the success of the expedition.

Mr. Warrington, who is a cup too low, the young Guardsmen say, walks away when they are not steady enough to be able to follow him, thinks over the matter on his way to his lodgings, and lies thinking of it all through the night.

"What is it, my boy?" asks George Warrington of his brother, when the latter enters his chamber very early on a blushing May morning.

"I want a little money out of the drawer," says Harry, looking at his brother. "I am sick and tired of London."

"Good Heavens! Can any body be tired of London?" George asks, who has reasons for thinking it the most delightful place in the world.

"I have for one. I am sick and ill," says Harry.

"You and Hetty have been quarreling?"

"She don't care a penny-piece about me, nor I for her, neither," says Harry, nodding his head. "But I am ill, and a little country air will do me good." And he mentions how he thinks of going to visit Mr. Webb in the Isle of Wight, and how a Portsmouth coach starts from Holborn.

"There's the till, Harry," says George, pointing from his bed. "Put your hand in and take what you will. What a lovely morning, and how fresh the Bedford House garden looks!"

"God bless you, brother!" Harry says.

"Have a good time, Harry!" and down goes George's head on the pillow again, and he takes his pencil and note-book from under his bolster, and falls to polishing his verses, as Harry, with his cloak over his shoulder and a little valise in his hand, walks to the inn in Holborn, whence the Portsmouth machine starts.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MELPOMENE.

George Warrington by no means allowed his legal studies to obstruct his comfort and pleasures, or interfere with his precious health. Madam Esmond had pointed out to him in her letters that though he wore a student's gown, and sat down with a crowd of nameless people to hall-commons, he had himself a name, and a very ancient one, to support, and could take rank with the first persons at home or in his own country; and desired that he would study as a gentleman, not a mere professional drudge. With this injunction the young man complied obediently enough; so that he may be said not to have belonged to the rank and file of the law, but may be considered to have been a volunteer in her service, like some young gentlemen of whom we have heard. Though not so exacting as she since has become—though she allowed her disciples much more leisure, much more pleasure, much more punch, much more frequenting of coffee-houses, and holiday-making than she admits nowadays, when she scarce gives her votaries time for amusement, recreation, instruction, sleep, or dinner—the law a hundred years ago was still a jealous mistress, and de-



manded a pretty exclusive attention. Murray, we are told, might have been an Ovid, but he preferred to be Lord Chief Justice, and to wear ermine instead of bays. Perhaps Mr. Warrington might have risen to a peerage and the woolsack had he studied very long and assiduously—had he been a dexterous courtier and a favorite of attorneys—had he been other than he was, in a word. He behaved to Themis with a very decent respect and attention; but he loved letters more than law always; and the black letter of Chaucer was infinitely more agreeable to him than the Gothic pages of Hale and Coke.

Letters were loved, indeed, in those quaint times, and authors were actually authorities. Gentlemen appealed to Virgil or Lucan in the Courts or the House of Commons. What said Statius, Juvenal—let alone Tully or Tacitus—on such and such a point? Their reign is over now, the good old Heathens: the worship of Jupiter and Juno is not more out of mode than the cultivation of Pagan poetry or ethics. The age of economists and calculators has succeeded, and Tooke's Pantheon is deserted and ridiculous. Now and then, perhaps, a Stanley kills a kid, a Gladstone hangs up a wreath, a Lytton burns incense, in honor of the Olympians. But what do they care at Lambeth, Birmingham, the Tower Hamlets, for the ancient rites, divinities, worship? Who the plague are the Muses, and what is the use of all that Greek and Latin rubbish? What is Elicon, and who cares? Who was Thalia, pray, and what is the length of her i? Is Melpomene's name in three syllables or four? And do you know from whose design I stole that figure of Tragedy which heads this column?

Now, it has been said how Mr. George in his youth, and in the long leisure which he enjoyed at home, and during his imprisonment in the French fort on the banks of Monongahela, had whiled away his idleness by paying court to Melpomene; and the result of their union was a tragedy, which has been omitted in "Bell's Theatre," though I dare say it is no worse than some of the pieces printed there. Most young men pay their respects to the Tragic Muse first, as they fall in love with women who are a great deal older than themselves. Let the candid reader own, if ever he had a literary turn, that his ambition was of the very highest, and that however, in his riper age, he might come down in his pretensions, and think that to translate an ode of Horace, or to turn a song of Waller or Prior into decent alcaics or sapphics, was about the utmost of his capability, tragedy and epic only did his green unknowing youth engage, and no prize but the highest was fit for him.

George Warrington, then, on coming to London, attended the theatrical performances at both houses, frequented the theatrical coffee-houses, and heard the opinions of the critics, and might be seen at the Bedford between the plays, or supping at the Cecil along with the wits and actors when the performances were over. Here he gradually became acquainted with the players and such of the writers and poets as were known to the public. The tough old Macklin, the frolicsome Foote, the vivacious Hippisley, the sprightly Mr. Garrick himself, might occasionally be seen at these houses of entertainment; and our gentleman, by his wit and modesty, as well, perhaps, as for the high character for wealth which he possessed, came to be very much liked in the coffee-house circles, and found that the actors would drink a bowl of punch with him, and the critics sup at his expense with great affability. To be on terms of intimacy with an author or an actor has been an object of delight to many a young man; actually to hob and nob with Bobadil or Henry the Fifth or Alexander the Great, to accept a pinch out of Aristarchus's own box, to put Juliet into her coach, or hand Monimia to her chair, are privileges which would delight most young men of a poetic turn; and no wonder George Warrington loved the theatre. Then he had the satisfaction of thinking that his mother only half approved of plays and play-houses, and of feasting on fruit forbidden at home. He gave more than one elegant entertainment to the players, and it was even said that one or two distinguished geniuses had condescended to borrow money of him.

And as he polished and added new beauties to his master-piece, we may be sure that he took advice of certain friends of his, and that they gave him applause and counsel. Mr. Spencer, his new acquaintance, of the Temple, gave a breakfast at his chambers in Fig-Tree Court, when Mr. Warrington read part of his play, and the gentlemen present pronounced that it had uncommon merit. Even the learned Mr. Johnson, who was invited, was good enough to say that the piece had showed talent. It warred against the unities, to be sure; but these had been violated by other authors, and Mr. Warrington might sacrifice them as well as another. There was in Mr. W.'s tragedy a something

which reminded him both of Coriolanus and Othello. "And two very good things too, Sir!" the author pleaded. "Well, well, there was no doubt on that point; and 'tis certain your catastrophe is terrible, just, and being in part true, as is not the less awful," remarks Mr. Spencer.

Now the plot of Mr. Warrington's tragedy was quite full indeed of battle and murder. A favorite book of his grandfather had been the life of old George Frundsberg of Mindelheim, a colonel of foot-folk in the Imperial service at Pavia fight, and during the wars of the Constable Bourbon: and one of Frundsberg's military companions was a certain Carpzow, or Carpezan, whom our friend selected as his tragedy hero.

His first act, as it at present stands in Sir George Warrington's manuscript, is supposed to take place before a convent on the Rhine, which the Lutherans, under Carpezan, are besieging. A godless gang these Lutherans are. They have pulled the beards of Roman friars, and torn the vails of hundreds of religious women. A score of these are trembling within the walls of the convent yonder, of which the garrison, unless the expected succors arrive before mid-day, has promised to surrender. Meanwhile there is armistice, and the sentries within look on with hungry eyes, as the soldiers and camp people gambol on the grass before the gate. Twelve o'clock, ding, ding, dong! it sounds upon the convent bell. No succors have arrived. Open gates, warder, and give admission to the famous Protestant hero, the terror of Turks on the Danube and Papists in the Lombard plains—Colonel *Carpezan*. See, here he comes, clad in complete steel, his hammer of battle over his shoulder, with which he has battered so many infidel sconces, his flags displayed, his trumpets blowing. "No rudeness, my men," says Carpezan; "the wine is yours, and the convent larder and cellar are good; the church plate shall be melted; any of the garrison who choose to take service with Gaspar Carpezan are welcome, and shall have good pay. No insult to the religious ladies. I have promised them a safe-conduct, and he who lays a finger on them hangs. Mind that, Provost Marshal!" The Provost Marshal, a huge fellow in a red doublet, nods his head.

"We shall see more of that Provost Marshal, or executioner," Mr. Spencer explains to his guests.

"A very agreeable acquaintance, I am sure—shall be delighted to meet the gentleman again!" says Mr. Johnson, wagging his head over his tea. "This scene of the mercenaries, the camp-followers, and their wild sports, is novel and stirring, Mr. Warrington, and I make you my compliments on it. The Colonel has gone into the convent, I think? Now let us hear what he is going to do there."

The Abbess, and one or two of her oldest ladies, make their appearance before the conqueror. Conqueror as he is, they beard him in their sacred halls. They have heard of his violent behavior in conventual establishments before. That hammer, which he always carries in action, has smashed many sacred images in religious houses. Pounds and pounds of convent plate is he known to have melted, the sacrilegious plunderer! No wonder the Abbess-Princess of St. Mary's, a lady of violent prejudices, free language, and noble birth, has a dislike to the low-born heretic who lords it in her convent, and tells Carpezan a bit of her mind, as the phrase is. This scene, in which the lady gets somewhat better of the Colonel, was liked not a little by Mr. Warrington's audience at the Temple. Terrible as he might be in war, Carpezan was shaken at first by the Abbess's brisk opening charge of words; and, conqueror as he was, seemed at first to be conquered by his actual prisoner. But such an old soldier was not to be beaten ultimately by any woman. "Pray, madam," says he, "how many ladies are there in your convent for whom my people shall provide conveyance? The Abbess, with a look of much trouble and anger, says that, besides herself, the noble Sisters of Saint Mary's House are twenty—twenty-three." She was going to say twenty-four, and now says twenty-three! "Ha! why this hesitation?" asks Captain Ulric, one of Carpezan's gayest officers.

The dark chief pulls a letter from his pocket. "I require from you, madam," he says, sternly, to the Lady Abbess, "the body of the noble lady Sybilla of Hoya. Her brother was my favorite captain, slain by my side, in the Milanese. By his death she becomes heiress of his lands. 'Tis said a greedy uncle brought her hither, and fast immured the lady against her will. The damsel shall herself pronounce her fate—to stay a cloistered sister of Saint Mary's, or to return to home and liberty, as Lady Sybil, Baroness of ——." Ha! The Abbess was greatly disturbed by this question. She says, haughtily: "There is no Lady Sybil in this house: of which every inmate is under your protection, and sworn to go free. The Sister Agnes was a nun professed, and what was her land and wealth revert to this Order."

"Give me straightway the body of the Lady Sybil of Hoya!" roars Carpezan, in great wrath. "If not, I make a signal to my reiters, and give you and your convent up to war."

"Faith, if I lead the storm, and have my right, 'tis not my Lady Abbess that I'll choose" (says Captain Ulric), "but rather some plump, smiling, red-lipped maid like—like—" Here, as he, the sly fellow, is looking under the vails of the two attendant nuns, the stern Abbess cries, "Silence, fellow, with thy ribald talk! The lady, warrior, whom you ask of me is passed away from sin, temptation, vanity, and three days since our Sister Agnes—*died*."

At this announcement Carpezan is immensely agitated. The Abbess calls upon the Chaplain to confirm her statement. Ghastly and pale, the old man has to own that three days since the wretched Sister Agnes was buried.

This is too much! In the pocket of his coat of mail Carpezan has a letter from Sister Agnes herself, in which she announces that she is going

to be buried indeed, but in an *oubliette* of the convent, where she may either be kept on water and bread, or die starved outright. He seizes the unflinching Abbess by the arm, while Captain Ulric lays hold of the Chaplain by the throat. The Colonel blows a blast upon his horn: in rush his furious lanzknechts from without. Crash, bang! They knock the convent walls about. And in the midst of flames, screams, and slaughter, who is presently brought in by Carpezan himself, and fainting on his shoulder, but Sybilla herself. A little sister nun (that gay one with the red lips) had pointed out to the Colonel and Ulric the way to Sister Agnes's dungeon, and, indeed, had been the means of making her situation known to the Lutheran chief.

"The convent is suppressed with a vengeance," says Mr. Warrington. "We end our first act with the burning of the place, the roars of triumph of the soldiery, and the outcries of the nuns. They had best go change their dresses immediately, for they will have to be court ladies in the next act—as you will see." Here the gentlemen talked the matter over. If the piece were to be done at Drury Lane, Mrs. Pritchard would hardly like to be Lady Abbess, as she doth but appear in the first act. Miss Pritchard might make a pretty Sybilla, and Miss Gates the attendant nun. Mr. Garrick was scarce tall enough for Carpezan—though, when he is excited, nobody ever thinks of him but as big as a grenadier. Mr. Johnson owns Woodward will be a good Ulric, as he plays the Mercutio parts very gayly—and so, by one and t'other, the audience fancies the play already on the boards, and casts the characters.

In act the second Carpezan has married Sybilla. He has enriched himself in the wars, has been ennobled by the Emperor, and lives at his castle on the Danube in state and splendor.

But, truth to say, though married, rich, and ennobled, the Lord Carpezan was not happy. It may be that in his wild life, as leader of condottieri on both sides, he had committed crimes which agitated his mind with remorse. It may be that his rough soldier manners consorted ill with his imperious high-born bride. She led him such a life—I am narrating as it were the Warrington manuscript, which is too long to print in entire—taunting him with his low birth, his vulgar companions, whom the old soldier loved to see about him, and so forth—that there were times when he rather wished that he had never rescued this lovely, quarrelsome, wayward vixen from the *oubliette* out of which he fished her. After the bustle of the first act this is a quiet one, and passed chiefly in quarreling between the Baron and Baroness Carpezan, until horns blow, and it is announced that the young King of Bohemia and Hungary is coming hunting that way.

Act III. is passed at Prague, whither his Majesty has invited Lord Carpezan and his wife, with noble offers of preferment to the latter. From Baron he shall be promoted to be Count, from Colonel he shall be General-in-Chief. His wife is the most brilliant and fascinating of all the ladies of the court—and as for Carpzoff—"

"Oh, stay—I have it—I know your story, Sir, now," says Mr. Johnson. "'Tis in Meteranus, in the Theatrum Universum. I read it in Oxford as a boy—Carpezanus or Carpzoff—"

"That is the fourth act," says Mr. Warrington. In the fourth act the young King's attentions toward Sybilla grow more and more marked; but her husband, battling against his jealousy, long refuses to yield to it, until his wife's criminality is put beyond a doubt—and here he read the act, which closes with the terrible tragedy which actually happened. Being convinced of his wife's guilt, Carpezan caused the executioner who followed his regiment to slay her in her own palace. And the curtain of the act falls just after the dreadful deed is done, in a side chamber illuminated by the moon shining through a great oriel window, under which the King comes with his lute, and plays the song which was to be the signal between him and his guilty victim.

This song (writ in the ancient style, and repeated in the piece, being sung in the third act previously at a great festival given by the King and Queen) was pronounced by Mr. Johnson to be a happy imitation of Mr. Waller's manner, and its gay repetition at the moment of guilt, murder, and horror, very much deepened the tragic gloom of the scene.

"But whatever came afterward?" he asked. "I remember in the Theatrum, Carpezan is said to have been taken into favor again by Count Mansfield, and doubtless to have murdered other folks on the reformed side."

Here our poet has departed from historic truth. In the fifth act of "Carpezan" King Louis of Hungary and Bohemia (sufficiently terror-stricken, no doubt, by the sanguinary termination of his intrigue) has received word that the Emperor Solyman is invading his Hungarian dominions. Enter two noblemen who relate how, in the council which the King held upon the news, the injured Carpezan rushed infuriated into the royal presence, broke his sword, and flung it at the King's feet—along with a glove which he dared him to wear, and which he swore he would one day claim. After that wild challenge the rebel fled from Prague, and had not since been heard of; but it was reported that he had joined the Turkish invader, assumed the turban, and was now in the camp of the Sultan, whose white tents glance across the river yonder, and against whom the King was now on his march. Then the King comes to his tent with his generals, prepares his order of battle, and dismisses them to their posts, keeping by his side an aged and faithful knight, his master of the horse, to whom he expresses his repentance for his past crimes, his esteem for his good and injured Queen, and his determination to meet the day's battle like a man.

"What is this field called?"

"Mohacz, my liege!" says the old warrior,

adding the remark that "Ere set of sun, Mohacz will see a battle bravely won."

Trumpets and alarms now sound; they are the cymbals and barbaric music of the Janizaries: we are in the Turkish camp, and yonder, surrounded by turbaned chiefs, walks the Sultan Solyman's friend, the conqueror of Rhodes, the redoubted Grand Vizier.

Who is that warrior in an Eastern habit, but with a glove in his cap? 'Tis Carpezan. Even Solyman knew his courage and ferocity as a soldier. He knows the ordinance of the Hungarian host: in what arms King Louis is weakest: how his cavalry, of which the shock is tremendous, should be received, and inveigled into yonder morass, where certain death may await them—he prays for a command in the front, and as near as possible to the place where the traitor King Louis will engage. "'Tis well," says the grim Vizier, "our invincible Emperor surveys the battle from yonder tower. At the end of the day, he will know how to reward your valor." The signal-guns fire—the trumpets blow—the Turkish captains retire, vowing death to the infidel, and eternal fidelity to the Sultan.

And now the battle begins in earnest, and with those various incidents which the lover of the theatre knoweth. Christian knights and Turkish warriors clash and skirmish over the stage. Continued alarms are sounded. Troops on both sides advance and retreat. Carpezan, with his glove in his cap, and his dreadful hammer smashing all before him, rages about the field, calling for King Louis. The renegade is about to slay a warrior who faces him, but recognizing young Ulric, his ex-captain, he drops the uplifted hammer, and bids him fly and think of Carpezan. He is softened at seeing his young friend, and thinking of former times when they fought and conquered together in the cause of Protestantism. Ulric bids him to return, but of course that is now out of the question. They fight. Ulric *will* have it, and down he goes under the hammer. The renegade melts in sight of his wounded comrade, when who appears but King Louis, his plumes torn, his sword hacked, his shield dented with a thousand blows which he has received and delivered during the day's battle. Ha! who is this? The guilty monarch would turn away (perhaps Macbeth may have done so before), but Carpezan is on him. All his softness is gone. He rages like a fury. "An equal fight!" he roars. "A traitor against a traitor! Stand, King Louis! False King, false knight, false friend—by this glove in my helmet, I challenge you!" And he tears the guilty token out of his cap, and flings it at the King.

Of course they set to, and the monarch falls under the terrible arm of the man whom he has injured. He dies, uttering a few incoherent words of repentance, and Carpezan, leaning upon his murderous mace, utters a heart-broken soliloquy over the royal corpse. The Turkish warriors have gathered meanwhile: the dreadful day is their own. Yonder stands the dark Vizier, surrounded by his Janizaries, whose bows and swords are tired of drinking death. He surveys the Renegade standing over the corpse of the King.

"Christian renegade!" he says, "Allah has given us a great victory. The arms of the Sublime Emperor are every where triumphant. The Christian King is slain by you."

"Peace to his soul! He died like a good knight," gasps Ulric, himself dying on the field.

"In this day's battle," the grim Vizier continues, "no man hath comported himself more bravely than you. You are made Bassa of Transylvania! Advance bowmen—Fire!"

An arrow quivers in the breast of Carpezan.

"Bassa of Transylvania, you were a traitor to your King, who lies murdered by your hand!" continues grim Vizier. "You contributed more than any soldier to this day's great victory. 'Tis thus my Sublime Emperor meetly rewards you. Sound trumpets! We march for Vienna to-night!"

And the curtain drops as Carpezan, crawling toward his dying comrade, kisses his hands, and gasps,

"Forgive me, Ulric!"

When Mr. Warrington has finished reading his tragedy, he turns round to Mr. Johnson, modestly, and asks,

"What say you, Sir? Is there any chance for me?"

But the opinion of this most eminent critic is scarce to be given, for Mr. Johnson had been asleep for some time, and frankly owned that he had lost the latter part of the play.

The little auditory begins to hum and stir as the noise of the speaker ceased. George may have been very nervous when he first commenced to read; but every body allows that he read the last two acts uncommonly well, and makes him a compliment upon his matter and manner. Perhaps every body is in good humor because the piece has come to an end. Mr. Spencer's servant hands about refreshing drinks. The Templars speak out their various opinions while they sip the negus. They are a choice band of critics, familiar with the pit of the theatre, and they treat Mr. Warrington's play with the gravity which such a subject demands.

Mr. Fountain suggests that the Vizier should not say "Fire!" when he bids the archers kill Carpezan—as you certainly don't *fire* with a bow and arrows. A note is taken of the objection.

Mr. Figtree, who is of a sentimental turn, regrets that Ulric could not be saved, and married to the comic heroine.

"Nay, Sir, there was an utter annihilation of the Hungarian army at Mohacz," says Mr. Johnson, "and Ulric must take his knock on the head with the rest. He could only be saved by flight, and you wouldn't have a hero run away. Pronounce sentence of death against Captain Ulric, but kill him with honors of war."

Messrs. Essex and Tanfield wonder to one another who is this queer looking *pert* whom Spen-

cer has invited, and who contradicts every body, and suggest a boat up the river and a little fresh air after the fatigues of the tragedy.

The general opinion is decidedly favorable to Mr. Warrington's performance; and Mr. Johnson's opinion, on which he sets a special value, is the most favorable of all. Perhaps Mr. Johnson is not sorry to compliment a young gentleman of fashion and figure like Mr. W. "Up to the death of the heroine," he says, "I am frankly with you, Sir. And I may speak, as a playwright who have killed my own heroine, and had my share of the *plausus in theatro*. To hear your own lines nobly delivered to an applauding house is indeed a noble excitement. I like to see a young man of good name and lineage who condescends to think that the Tragic Muse is not below his advances. It was to a sordid roof that I invited her, and I asked her to rescue me from poverty and squalor. Happy you, Sir, who can meet her upon equal terms, and can afford to marry her without a portion!"

"I doubt whether the greatest genius is not debased who has to make a bargain with Poetry," remarks Mr. Spencer.

"Nay, Sir," Mr. Johnson answered, "I doubt if many a great genius would work at all without bribes and necessities; and so a man had better marry a poor Muse for good and all, for better or worse, than dally with a rich one. I make you my compliment to your play, Mr. Warrington, and if you want an introduction to the stage, shall be very happy if I can induce my friend Mr. Garrick to present you."

"Mr. Garrick shall be his sponsor," cried the florid Mr. Figtree. "Melpomene shall be his godmother, and he shall have the witches' caldron in Macbeth for a christening font."

"Sir, I neither said font nor godmother," remarks the man of letters. "I would have no play contrary to morals or religion: nor, as I conceive, is Mr. Warrington's piece otherwise than friendly to them. Vice is chastised, as it should be, even in Kings, though perhaps we judge of their temptations too lightly. Revenge is punished—as not to be lightly exercised by our limited notion of justice. It may have been Carpezan's wife who perverted the King, and not the King who led the woman astray. At any rate, Louis is rightly humiliated for his crime, and the Renegade most justly executed for his. I wish you a good afternoon, gentlemen!" And with these remarks, the great author took his leave of the company.

Toward the close of the reading, General Lambert had made his appearance at Mr. Spencer's chambers, and had listened to the latter part of the tragedy. The performance over, he and George took their way to the latter's lodgings in the first place, and subsequently to the General's own house, where the young author was expected, in order to recount the reception which his play had met from his Temple critics.

At Mr. Warrington's apartment in Southampton Row, they found a letter awaiting George, which the latter placed in his pocket unread, so that he might proceed immediately with his companion to Soho. We may be sure the ladies there were eager to know about the Carpezan's fate in the morning's small rehearsal. Hetty said George was so shy, that perhaps it would be better for all parties if some other person had read the play. Theo, on the contrary, cried out:

"Read it, indeed! Who can read a poem better than the author who feels it in his heart? And George had his whole heart in the piece!"

Mr. Lambert very likely thought that somebody else's whole heart was in the piece, too, but did not utter this opinion to Miss Theo.

"I think Harry would look very well in your figure of a Prince," says the General. "That scene where he takes leave of his wife before departing for the wars reminds me of your brother's manner not a little."

"Oh, papa! surely Mr. Warrington himself would act the Prince's part best!" cries Miss Theo.

"And be deservedly slain in battle at the end?" asks the father of the house.

"I did not say that; only that Mr. George would make a very good Prince, papa!" cries Miss Theo.

"In which case he would find a suitable Princess, I have no doubt. What news of your brother Harry?"

George, who has been thinking about theatrical triumphs; about *monumentum ære perennius;* about lilacs; about love whispered and tenderly accepted, remembers that he has a letter from Harry in his pocket, and gayly produces it.

"Let us hear what Mr. Truant says for himself, Aunt Lambert!" cries George, breaking the seal.

Why is he so disturbed, as he reads the contents of his letter? Why do the women look at him with alarmed eyes? And why, above all, is Hetty so pale?

"Here is the letter," says George, and begins to read it:

"Ryde, *June* 1, 1758.

"I did not tell my dearest George what I hoped and intended when I left home on Wednesday. 'Twas to see Mr. Webb at Portsmouth or the Isle of Wight, wherever his Reg^{t} was, and if need was, to *go down on my knees* to him to take me as volunteer with him on the Expedition. I took boat from Portsmouth, where I learned that he was, with *our regiment*, incampt at the village of Ryde. Was received by him most kindly, and my petition granted out of hand. That is why I say our regiment. We are eight gentlemen volunteers with Mr. Webb; all men of birth, and *good fortunes*, except poor me, who don't deserve one. We are to mess with the officers; we take the right of the column, *and have always the right to be in front;* and in an hour we embark on board his Majesty's Ship the *Rochester*, of 60 guns, while our Commodore's, Mr. Howe's, is the *Essex*, 70. His squadron is about 20 ships, and I should think 100 transports at least. Though 'tis a se-

cret expedition, we make no doubt France is our destination—where I hope to see my friends the Monsieurs once more, and win my colors *à la poinct de mon épée*, as we used to say in Canada. Perhaps my service as interpreter may be useful; I speaking the language not so well *as some one I know*, but better than most here.

"I scarce venture to write to our mother to tell her of this step. Will you, who have *a coxing tongue will wheadle any one*, write to her as soon as you have finisht the famous *tradgedy?* Will you give my affectionate respects to dear General Lambert and ladies: and if any accident should happen, I know you will take care of poor Gumbo, as belonging to my dearest, best George's most affectionate brother,

"HENRY E. WARRINGTON.

"P.S.—Love to all at home when you write, including Dempster, Mountain, and Fanny M., and all the people, and duty to my honored mother, wishing I had pleased her better. And if I said any thing unkind to dear Miss Hester Lambert, I know she will forgive me; and pray God bless all.—H. E. W.

"To G. ESMOND WARRINGTON, Esq.,
"At Mr. Scrace's house in Southampton Row,
"Opposite Bedford House Gardens, London."

He has not read the last words with a very steady voice. Mr. Lambert sits silent, though not a little moved. Theo and her mother look at one another; but Hetty remains with a cold face and a stricken heart. She thinks "He is gone to danger, perhaps to death, and it was I sent him!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Session of Congress approaches its close, and no definite measures have been proposed to meet the deficiency in the revenues of the General Government.——The most important act which has yet been performed by Congress is the admission of Oregon into the Union. The Bill passed the Senate at the last session, but was not acted upon by the House. It was opposed by the Americans because the Constitution adopted grants the right of suffrage to aliens; and by the Republicans partly on account of the disabilities imposed upon persons of color, and partly from the wish to couple the admission of Kansas with that of Oregon. Various amendments having been rejected, the Bill as passed by the Senate was adopted on the 12th of February, by a vote of 114 to 103; 15 Republicans and 99 Democrats voting in favor of the admission; and 73 Republicans, 20 Democrats, and 10 Americans voting against it; 18 members not voting.——On the 16th of February the Senate, by a vote of 30 to 15, reaffirmed the resolution of June 12, 1858, recognizing the right of Messrs. Bright and Fitch to the seats now held by them as Senators from *Indiana* (not from *Illinois*, as misprinted in our last Record), contested by Messrs. Lane and M'Carty. Mr. Seward gave notice that annually, as long as he remained in the Senate, he should move that the resolution be expunged from the journal of the Senate.——The Pacific Railroad Bill was discussed in the Senate till January 27, when, upon motion of Mr. Doolittle, a resolution was passed that the Secretary of the Interior be authorized to advertise for proposals for building the road upon three lines—the Northern, Central, and Southern; $3000 being appropriated to defray the expense of advertising. The remainder of the Bill, upon motion of Mr. Simmons, being stricken out; the Bill was thus, for the present, practically killed. ——The House, on the 18th of February, by a vote of 126 to 76, passed the Homestead Bill of Mr. Grow. It provides that any citizen of the United States, or any person who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen, shall be entitled to enter any quarter section of unoccupied land, and to hold the same, on condition of actual settlement. The Bill is yet to be acted upon in the Senate.——On the 24th of January Mr. Slidell, in behalf of the Committee on Foreign Relations, presented the following Bill for the acquisition of Cuba:

"*Whereas*, Cuba geographically possesses a commanding influence over the large and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, of the Mississippi valley:

"*Whereas*, the island, in its present colonial condition, must continue a source of injury and annoyance, endangering the friendly relations between Spain and the United States, by the aggressions of its local authority upon American commerce and citizens, for which tardy redress can only be had by circuitous demands on Spain: and

"*Whereas*, in the opinion of Congress and in accordance with the views of the President, as the last means of settling the existing and removing future difficulties, it is expedient that negotiations for the purchase of the island should be renewed—

"*Therefore*, be it enacted, etc., that thirty millions of dollars be placed in the President's hands for expenditure, either from cash in the Treasury or to be borrowed on five per cent. bonds of one thousand dollars each, redeemable in from twelve to twenty years."

This Bill was prefaced by an elaborate Report, in which it was shown that the ultimate acquisition of Cuba has long been recognized as the settled policy of our Government, the only difference of opinion being as to the time, mode, and conditions of obtaining it. The Report, assuming that Spain can not long retain the island, says there are but three alternatives in the future of Cuba: First, possession by one of the great European Powers: this we have declared to be incompatible with our safety, and have announced to the world that any attempt to consummate it will be resisted by all the means in our power. Second, the independence of the island: this could only be nominal, and must resolve itself into a protectorate either by some European Power or by us. The former could not be tolerated, for England and France would insist upon emancipation; a servile war would follow, and Cuba would become like Hayti, a black empire or republic, which would be more dangerous and offensive to our Southern States than the uncontrolled possession of the island by France or England. The third alternative is annexation to the United States, which must be effected either by conquest or by negotiation. Conquest would involve a war, which would cost more than any sum which it has ever been contemplated to offer for the purchase of the island, and would probably lead to a servile insurrection and great injury to the industry of the island. Purchase by negotiation seemed the only practicable course, and this could not be attempted, with any prospect of success, unless the President were furnished with the means for which the Bill provides. There were precedents for placing money at the disposal of the

President for similar purposes. It was done when Louisiana, Florida, and California were acquired. The offer of purchase could not be justly regarded as an offense to Spain. We simply say to her, You have a distant possession which is of little value to you, and which you are liable to lose at any moment. It is of great value to us, and we will give you for it a sum a hundred times greater than the revenue which it yields to you. That this offer has been made and rejected already does not prove that it will not now be accepted; and, at all events, the direct offer will not be made until there is reason to believe that it will be favorably entertained. Spain is in need of money, and circumstances may at any moment arise which will induce the Government of that country to raise it by the sale of Cuba. The Report proceeds to detail the advantages which would accrue to us from the possession of Cuba. It would put an end to the slave-trade. Since 1842 we have spent $800,000 a year to maintain a squadron on the coast of Africa to put down this traffic; Great Britain spends nearly $5,000,000 a year for the same purpose; yet the trade goes on, 25,000 or 30,000 slaves being annually exported to the Spanish islands, which are now the only slave-markets. The moment Cuba comes into our hands this trade will be stopped. So also the Coolie-trade will be suppressed. This traffic is in many respects worse than the African slave-trade; the mortality on the passage being 14¾ per cent., and the condition and treatment of those who survive being far worse than that of the slaves, since their masters have no interest beyond obtaining the greatest amount of labor during the period of their servitude. The slave-trade being stopped, the value of the slaves would be enhanced, and, as a consequence, their treatment would be better. The increase of population is the most reliable test of the well-being of any class of people. Since the opening of the slave-trade the West India islands have received about 4,700,000 negroes from Africa, a number far greater than the present population of the islands; the United States received about 375,000, and their descendants now number about 4,800,000; showing conclusively that the condition of the negroes with us is much more favorable than under British or Spanish rule. The Report proceeds to enumerate the commercial advantages which would arise from the acquisition of Cuba. Our flour pays a duty of $10 81 a barrel, and the export is only 5642 barrels; of Spanish flour, which pays only $2 52, 228,000 barrels were imported; our lard pays $4 a quintal, while olive oil, which is used as a substitute, pays but 87 cents; our beef is charged $1 96, and we sent but 339,000 pounds, while that imported from Buenos Ayres, paying but $1 17, amounted to 30,500,000 pounds. It is estimated that if Cuba were annexed to the United States she would annually consume 600,000 barrels of flour, 25,000,000 pounds of lard, 20,000,000 pounds of beef, and 10,000,000 pounds of pork. All our other articles of export to the island would be in like manner increased, and the carrying trade, freed from discriminating duties in favor of Spanish vessels, would fall into our hands. Cuba and Louisiana now produce about 45 per cent. of all the sugar consumed in Europe and the United States. If the island were annexed the amount of production would be greatly increased, and in a few years we should have as complete control of the sugar of the world as we now have of its cotton. The price to be paid for Cuba is estimated in the Report at $125,000,000, the interest upon which, at five per cent., would be $6,250,000. It is estimated that our tariff, applied to the present imports of the island, from other countries than the United States, would produce a revenue of $3,000,000; the Report presumes that the imports would in two years be so largely increased that the revenue would amount to at least $4,000,000, while $800,000 would be saved by the removal of the necessity of keeping up the African squadron for the suppression of the slave-trade. Thus our annual expenditure of $6,250,000 for the interest of the debt incurred by the acquisition of Cuba, would be credited by $4,800,000, leaving an annual balance of $1,425,000 to the debit of the purchase—a sum which the Committee think is not to be weighed in the balance with the political and commercial advantages which would result from the acquisition of the island.

William H. Prescott, the historian, died in Boston on the 28th of January. He was born in 1796, and graduated at Harvard in 1814. He designed to follow the legal profession; but while at the University, a fellow-student sportively threw a crust of bread, which struck his eye, causing an inflammation that resulted in its total loss. The inflammation finally extended to the other eye, the sight of which became so much impaired that he could use it for the purposes of study only at intervals, and for a short time. Notwithstanding this almost total loss of sight, he resolved to devote himself to literary pursuits, the ample fortune and unbounded liberality of his father affording him every facility for the prosecution of his studies. He made Spanish history his special object; and during a residence in Europe, he collected material from every source, and engaged a reader whose acquaintance with the languages supplied, in a measure, the deficiency in his own eyesight. Mr. Prescott's first work, the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," appeared in 1837. Five years afterward he published the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," which was followed, in 1847, by the "History of the Conquest of Peru." He selected for his next subject the "History of Philip the Second," of which the first two volumes appeared in 1855, and a third was issued only a few weeks before his death.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the attempt of General Robles to unite the "Conservatives" and the "Liberals" has met with an utter failure. After deposing Zuloaga, setting at liberty some five hundred political prisoners, and dispatching deputies to treat with the "Liberals" of Vera Cruz, Robles called together an Electoral Junta, taking for granted that he would be chosen President. This Junta assembled on the 30th of January; but instead of proceeding at once to the election of a President, they set about framing a plan of government. On New-Year's Day news came to the capital that Miramon, the young General who had previously defeated Vidaurri, had gained a new victory over Degollado, near Guadalajara. He was at once proposed as a candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to Robles. On the second ballot he was elected, receiving fifty votes to forty-seven cast for his opponent. Robles, in the mean time, was to act as substitute until the arrival of the President. Miramon reached the capital on the 26th; disapproved of the acts of Robles, arrested the prisoners who had been liberated, and even reinstated Zuloaga. The latter, however, abdicated in favor of Miramon, who accepted the office, and set out at once for Vera Cruz at the head of 5000 men, leaving Zuloaga at the capital to act as President *ad interim*.

A bloodless revolution has taken place in *Hayti*. On the 22d of December General Geffrard entered the small town of Gonaives, accompanied by five persons; pronounced against the Emperor, and proclaimed the Republic, of which he was named President. He was joined by the few troops at that port, and started for Port-au-Prince to meet Soulouque. The Emperor set out to encounter the enemy, but finding his troops deserting he returned to the capital, where he was shut up by Geffrard, whose forces were continually increased by desertions from Soulouque. At length, on the 15th of January, Geffrard entered the city without opposition. The Emperor, with his ministers, by the assistance of Geffrard, took shelter with the French consul. A formal act of abdication was drawn up and signed by him, and the Republic was solemnly proclaimed. The life of the ex-Emperor being threatened by a mob who surrounded the consulate, Geffrard gave orders that he should leave the country. When the troubles first broke out the foreign consuls had sent out a vessel to look for some ship of war to protect the Europeans resident in Port-au-Prince. They fell in with the British transport *Melbourne*, bound from Jamaica to England, with 400 or 500 soldiers on board. The captain consented to put in at Port-au-Prince, and reached there before the abdication of Soulouque. He agreed to convey the fallen monarch to Jamaica. With some difficulty Soulouque and his ministers were safely convoyed to the vessel, which then set sail for Kingston, where they arrived on the 22d of January.

EUROPE.

The recent advices from Europe indicate the probability of hostilities between Austria and Sardinia, which it is apprehended may involve a general war. Throughout Italy the opposition to Austrian domination gains strength daily, and Sardinia is looked upon as the champion of the popular cause. The speech of the King on the opening of the Chambers, cautiously alluding to the impending difficulties, was warmly applauded. "The horizon in which the new year arises," said his Majesty, "is not perfectly serene. Relying upon the experience of the past, we shall meet the eventualities of the future with resolution. Our country, though small in extent, has acquired credit in the councils of Europe, because it is great with regard to the ideas which it represents and the sympathy it inspires. This condition is not free from danger, since, while we respect treaties, we are not insensible to the cry of grief which reaches us from many parts of Italy. Strong in concord, and confiding in our rights, we shall await the decrees of Divine Providence with prudence and resolution."—M. Rattazi, the President of the Chambers, in taking his seat, referred to the impending Italian contest, and urged the necessity of harmony and union. "The present situation," said he, "is serious; it calls for the utmost sacrifices on our part. Let us not repeat past errors; let us not once more allow history to stigmatize us as impotent, because we are divided. All Italy now turns her eyes toward our Parliament. She places the fullest confidence in us; she tells us to be united and prudent." In the same spirit is the Address of the Chambers in reply to the Royal speech. "Your voice," says the Address, "influential and respected among all civilized nations, magnanimously expressing pity for the woes of Italy, will certainly revive the memory of the solemn promises that have as yet remained without fulfillment. The nation which looks upon you as the powerful interceder with the various European courts for the cause of liberty, which knows that in you, and by you, at last has been found the secret—lost for so many centuries—of Italian concord, will to a man range themselves round your person, and show that they have learned the ancient art of uniting the obedience of the soldier to the liberty of the citizen." Austria meets these threats of an Italian union by largely strengthening her armies, notwithstanding which numerous petty outbreaks manifest the popular hatred of the German rule. The most important feature in the present state of things is the intention apparently manifested by the Emperor Napoleon to take sides with Sardinia against Austria. This is signified by a marriage which has just been arranged between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilda, daughter of the King of Sardinia. A few words addressed at the public reception on New-Year's Day by the Emperor to the Austrian Embassador confirmed the general opinion as to the critical relations between the two empires. "I regret," said Napoleon to the Austrian Embassador, "that our relations with your Government are not as good as they formerly were." These few words occasioned an alarming fall in the French, English, and Austrian funds.

In *Spain* great indignation was excited by that portion of the Message of the President of the United States relating to the proposed negotiations for the acquisition of Cuba. In the Chamber of Deputies M. Ulloa asked whether the Government intended to reply to the Message of Mr. Buchanan, which included a paragraph on the subject of annexing Cuba to the United States, which contained a grave insult to the Spanish nation. Marshal O'Donnell, in reply, said that the Government was disposed to demand satisfaction for such an insult. Spain was now in an era of development and restoration; if not great enough to menace, it was nevertheless strong enough to defend the integrity of the monarchy, and to preserve the dignity of the Spanish name. In whatever circumstances the Spanish nation may find itself, it would never be insensible to its honor; and would never abandon the smallest portion of its territory; and any proposition having that tendency would always be considered an insult to the Spanish people. While they would never be aggressive, and never aspire to denominate, they would never allow any encroachment to be made upon the dominions left to them by their fathers. This speech was received with applause; and M. Olozaga, in his own name, and in that of other members of different parties, proposed a resolution declaring that the Cortes had received with satisfaction the declaration of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and would give the Government its constant support, in order to maintain the integrity of the Spanish dominions. This resolution was unanimously adopted, and was ordered to be inscribed in the archives.

The British Parliament convened on the 3d of February. The Queen, in her speech, says that, in respect to Mexico, forbearance has been carried to the utmost extent for injuries inflicted by both contending parties upon British subjects; and the naval commander upon that station has been instructed to demand, and if necessary to enforce, reparation.——Henry Hallam, the historian, died January 22d, at the age of eighty-one. His published works are: "The Constitutional History of England," "The History of Europe during the Middle Ages," and "An Introduction to the Literary History of Europe." He was also for many years a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.

Literary Notices.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold, by his son, Blanchard Jerrold. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The life of Douglas Jerrold presents but scanty materials for the pen of the biographer. During the early part of his career, while engaged in a desperate struggle for literary success, he had few points of contact with the public; and after his earnest, caustic, and aggressive spirit had raised him to a prominent rank in British journalism, he had little personal connection with the events on which he was wont to comment, with such pungent vigor, from his retreat at Putney. A considerable portion of this volume, accordingly, is devoted to an account of Jerrold's literary productions, which have less interest for the majority of readers than the incidents which, in ordinary cases, take their coloring from the current of actual life. The work, moreover, is written in too apologetic a strain, with numerous superfluous allusions to charges against Jerrold's character, and a pervading desire to substitute the aspect in which he appeared to his family and intimate friends for the more repulsive one which he often exhibited in the rude collisions of debate and intellectual differences. Douglas Jerrold certainly had little of the angelic in his composition. He was not only intensely human all over, but was more strongly tinctured with the old Adam than most men; very decided in his opinions, he was equally incisive in the expression of them; he could ill brook contradiction; with a tender kindness to his dog, his horse, his cat—in fact, to every member of the animal creation—he was sardonic and unsparing in his intercourse with men; and if he ever refrained from his joke through regard to the feelings of another, it was because such habitual cynicism as his could not always be sustained. His son has only followed a natural sentiment in wishing to place the memory of his father in the fairest light. His attempt would have been more effective, however, if he had admitted the quills and bristles which formed a part of his nature, and shown that beneath them all (as was the case) there beat a manly and generous heart. Douglas Jerrold is not to be judged merely by the red and angry spots that were visible on the surface. In many of the nobler qualities of a man, on a large scale, he had few equals. His transparent sincerity, his brave earnestness, his truthfulness to his convictions, and his scorn of every species of pretension, affectation, and hypocrisy, amply redeem his character from the reproaches of those who see in him only a specimen of soured and cankered ill-nature.

The picture of his domestic life, as here drawn by his biographer, presents numerous points of interest —some of them, indeed, not a little attractive. His suburban residence was an old country-house, buried in trees, and affording glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Here you would see him, on a bright summer morning, sauntering forth about eight o'clock, perhaps paying a visit before breakfast to a tribe of gipsies encamped beneath the neighboring elms. A little spare figure, with a stoop, wearing a short shooting-jacket, and the throat quite open, without collar or cravat, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short, quick steps, over the common, assisted by a stout stick. A little black and tan terrier follows, and every now and then rolls over the grass, in reply to a cheery word from its master. The gipsy encampment is reached, and after a chat and a laugh with his dusky friends, he returns to breakfast. The frugal repast is a pitcher of cold new milk, some toast, bacon, water-cresses, with perhaps a few strawberries that have been found in the garden. After the morning papers, which are invariably read and talked about at the table, the author retires to his study. This is a cozy place, where one might easily forget the tumult of the world. All about it are books. Milton and Shakspeare crown the shelves. A bit of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree lies upon the mantle-piece. The walls are hung with one or two pictures by Wilkie, and a few favorite engravings. The furniture is simple, solid oak. Not a speck is to be seen on the writing-desk. The marble shell on which the inkstand rests has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into the study, and lies at his feet. Soon the work of composition begins to glow. If it be a comedy, you see the author walking rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if *Punch*, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits on something droll. Suddenly the pen is thrown down, and the author passes through a little conservatory into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch the careful steps of the little terrier among the gooseberry bushes, and nibble a hawthorn leaf which he has plucked as he goes thinking down the side-walks. Again hard at work in the study. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they are to be set, down it goes on the little blue slips of paper which have been neatly prepared for its reception. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine are brought in by a kind female hand, but no word is spoken; and the hand speedily disappears. The work goes rapidly on, and at last suddenly halts. The pen is dashed aside; a few brief letters are written and sent to the post; and away once more into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; and at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent under the mulberry-tree. Friends, without fail, drop in and join Jerrold in his tent. Only cottage fare, but a hearty welcome to dinner. They talk about the book in hand. It may be Rabelais, or perhaps Jeremy Taylor; not improbably one of Jean Paul's rich fantastic creations, or a volume of the stately Sir Thomas Browne. The host loves to show his visitors the beauties and conveniences of his cottage. He gives a glowing account of the fruitfulness of the mulberry-tree, and does not forget the merits of the asparagus bed. Sometimes he will be carried away by his enthusiasm as the sun goes down; and will be seen, still in his straw hat, watering the geraniums or clearing the flies from the roses. Dinner, if there be no visitors, will be at four. In the summer a cold quarter of lamb and salad and a raspberry tart, with a little French wine and a cigar in the tent. Then a nap of forty winks on the great sofa in the study; another long stroll over the lawn; and the tea is prepared in the tent. Over the tea-table jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. No friend who may happen to drop in now will make any difference in the circle.

In his personal habits Jerrold was a wonder of helplessness. He could never draw a straight line, nor play any game that required manual skill. He

could never dance a step, nor master a single figure of a quadrille. He could not carve the plainest joint, nor ride a horse, nor draw a cork. He never brushed his hat; never opened a drawer to find a collar; never knew where he had put his stick. His toilet was usually performed with his back to the glass. He had a decided weakness for any newly-invented strop or razor, for patent cork-screws, coffee-pots, match-boxes, knives, and lamps. If he saw something new, he must have it instantly; but if the thing did not succeed in the first trial, it was cast aside forever.

The biographer gives a touching description of the last hours of his father. Jerrold had betrayed some symptoms that excited apprehension in the spring of 1857, but it was not until the 1st of June that he was seized with the fatal attack. The previous day, although complaining of indisposition, he was at a dinner party given by Mr. Russell, the narrator of the Crimean war, in company with Mr. Dickens and several other friends. On the morning of June 1 he was unable to rise from his bed; his heart was evidently affected, but not to the extent that excited great alarm. On the following day he was, perhaps, a little weaker, but not worse, and made preparation for his journal as usual. Each day, however, his case became more critical, and it was at length evident that his work on earth was done. The morning of June 8 brought one of the loveliest summer days, but the hand of death was on the sufferer. At about ten o'clock he spoke for the last time; and in a moment, without a struggle, he fell into his long rest with a smile upon his face. That moment softened the remembrance of ancient animosities. Old friends came and knelt at the bedside, and kissed the hand as it hung, still warm, over it. His remains were deposited near those of his dear friend, Laman Blanchard, and he was followed to the grave by several of the most distinguished of his literary contemporaries.

Harper and Brothers have published the seventh volume of Miss STRICKLAND'S *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, containing the completion of Mary, Queen of Scots, and presenting an eloquent defense of the beautiful and unfortunate Princess. In point of variety of incident and vivacity of style this volume compares favorably with either of its predecessors.

The Old Plantation, by JAMES HUNGERFORD. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The scene of this story is laid in the southern part of Maryland, and comprises incidents that occurred at the distance of about a quarter of a century. Although founded on local and even personal circumstances, the writer has given to his narrative a certain spicy freshness which can not fail to interest the general reader in its perusal. The slight plot which serves to connect the varying incidents in a comprehensive unity is well managed; but the chief attraction of the volume consists in the liveliness of its descriptions, which are not only animated and picturesque, but evidently true to nature. The narrative is occasionally diversified by a vein of reflection, showing the aptitude of the writer for the more serious exercises of the intellect, as well as for the portraiture of living manners and external nature.

The Laird of Norlaw is a reprint of an admirable Scottish novel, by the popular author of "Margaret Maitland," marked by a touching religious pathos, and a fine sense of the lights and shades of character. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Fankwei; or, The "San Jacinto" in the Seas of India, China, and Japan, by WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The veteran surgeon of the United States fleet composing the expedition to Siam in 1855 here presents an interesting record of his experience in the waters of the East. His volume contains several graphic episodes illustrative of life on board ship—that inexhaustible theme, which, however hackneyed, is never finished—together with a great amount of information concerning the manners and customs, political condition, and religious ideas of the remote regions to which his official capacity gave him intimate access. He writes in a style which has not the least trace of affectation, but bears the impress of a decided individuality, showing the resolute thinker and observer rather than the experienced author. In addition to the topics which naturally fall within the compass of his narrative, Dr. Wood presents numerous comments on the naval discipline and traditions with which many years have made him familiar. They are brought forward with a certain sailor-like frankness, and are adapted to awaken attention, though they may not secure conviction. Their general bearing is to show that the American navy is too exclusively moulded on the model of the British, instead of receiving its character from the spirit of our own institutions.

Episodes of French History, by Miss PARDOE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The Consulate and the First Empire are the periods of which this entertaining volume presents a series of piquant illustrations. We certainly should be unwilling to vouch for their historical correctness, nor do we understand the author to put in strong claims on that score; but as agreeable selections from the romance of history, brilliantly colored by the embellishments of imagination, they will be read with interest by the lovers of lively narrative. Among the scenes which are brought before the reader are Josephine and Bonaparte at Malmaison, Madame Tallien and the First Consul, an incident in the Life of Bernadotte, and several others, which are even more marvelous than ordinary fiction.

European Life, Legend, and Landscape, by an ARTIST. (Published by J. Challen and Son.) The European experiences of a young American artist, who withholds his name from the public, are given in this agreeable volume. Without making any positive addition to the stores of information imparted by previous tourists, it presents a lively narrative of passing events and attractive scenes, and is evidently the production of an observing and accomplished mind.

The Pioneers, by J. FENIMORE COOPER (published by W. A. Townsend and Co.), is the first volume of the elegant new edition of the great American novelist some time since announced by the publishers. It is illustrated by a variety of steel and wood engravings of designs from the pencil of Darley, and executed in the most admirable style of that eminent artist. The typography and binding are in excellent taste, although the proof-reader has evidently nodded over his responsible task.

Curiosities of Natural History, by FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND. (Published by Rudd and Carleton.) A very readable volume, giving a popular description of some of the curious facts in the animal kingdom. The author is a son of the late celebrated Dr. Buckland, which is a good voucher for the accuracy of his knowledge; although, for the most part, he abstains from the technicalities of the subject, and confines himself to those aspects which are open to common observation and of universal interest.

Editor's Table.

OFF the Southern coast of the United States, about one hundred and thirty miles from Cape Sable, the southernmost headland of Florida, about one hundred miles from Cape Catoche, the most projecting point of the opposing Peninsula of Yucatan, right athwart the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, commanding the Mississippi River, the entrance to the Gulf, and a thousand miles of American coast, lies the rich, fertile, and beautiful Island of CUBA.

Its length is about seven hundred miles, its average breadth about forty. Its area, with the adjacent islands immediately dependent on it, amounts to 47,278 square miles. The State of New York contains 47,000 square miles; Pennsylvania, 46,000; Mississippi, 47,156. So that the Island of Cuba, with its dependencies, is as large as New York, Pennsylvania, or Mississippi.*

Situated between the nineteenth and the twenty-third parallels of latitude, the climate and products of Cuba are tropical. Its staples are sugar, coffee, and tobacco.

Its trade is very considerable. In 1855 the importations into the Island of Cuba were $31,216,000; the exports $34,803,000.

The population of the island, according to a calculation based on the census of 1850, is now about 1,586,000; of which 742,000 are white, 263,000 free colored, and 581,000 slaves.

But it is not worth while to present very elaborately the statistics in regard to Cuba here. That branch of the matter is quite exhausted by the late reports of Mr. Slidell and Mr. Branch.

Cuba—discovered by Columbus, in 1492—is now, with the neighboring island of Porto Rico, all that remains to Spain of her colonial possessions—all that is left of the transatlantic portion of that vast empire on which the sun was said never to set. Of Mexico, Central America, or Guatemala, New Granada, Peru, Chili, not a rood is left her. All of her once immense American possessions that she can call her own are Cuba and Porto Rico.

The decline of Spanish power on this continent has been coincident with the majestic growth of the Union; and for more than thirty years the expediency of the acquisition of Cuba by the United States has been discussed by the statesmen, the public prints, and the people of this country. Often pushed into the back-ground by matters of more pressing moment, it has never been lost sight of. With the steady increase of our empire the question has steadily acquired more and more prominence; and now, upon the project to place a fund of thirty millions in the hands of the President for the distinct purpose of purchasing the island, the subject is presented to the consideration of the country with more force and urgency than ever.

It is worth while, then, carefully to examine the matter of the acquisition of the Island of Cuba, with reference to its expediency, and also as to the means of accomplishing the object. We propose to do this with a single eye to what we suppose to be the permanent interests of the country, without any reference to the wants or necessities of any political party. The question of Cuba—and so it is as to all questions connected with the extension of our empire—has an interest above and beyond all party contrivances or political exigencies. The question is now thirty years old; it will be older before it is settled. It may be temporarily affected, one way or the other, while we write, by some European disturbance or some domestic vote. But it will ultimately be determined on great general principles; and so believing, we shall, as we have said, look at the matter solely as one of prominent and permanent American interest.

And in doing this we may as well say at once that we throw wholly out of view all topics connected with the question of slavery. Some individuals or portions of the country may desire the acquisition of Cuba because they hope and believe that such an event would put a stop to the slave-trade. Some may desire it, others dread it, because they think it would strengthen the institution of slavery. We leave these and all kindred considerations out of view. We do this certainly from no indifference, no blindness to the great interests, moral and industrial, involved in every thing connected with slavery, but for widely opposite reasons.

In the first place, no possible good can be effected by it. There are some questions which should never be drawn into the political vortex. Religion is one of these; temperance another; we believe slavery another. We see no result from twenty years' discussion of slavery except domestic disturbance, ill-temper, sectional jealousy, and general alienation.

In the second place, it is quite clear that we do not yet know enough of the laws which govern the relations of slavery to say what, in this aspect, will be the effect of the annexation of Cuba. The question of slavery must ultimately be decided by natural and economical laws; but before that period can be reached it is evident that great additions are to be made to our stores of knowledge, experience, and wisdom.

The subject of slavery on the continent of Europe, unconnected with any difference of color or marked physical difference of any kind, unaffected by the fact or the belief of intellectual superiority or inferiority, is comparatively easy of solution. The process of emancipation and amalgamation of the sovereign and the subject races goes on there slowly but steadily. It has been in operation for centuries. We see it now being wrought out under our eyes in Russia. But in those countries, where slavery or subjection is connected with difference of color and other marked physical dissimilarities, where there is an actual or asserted intellectual inferiority, the problems of slavery—in other words, the relation of the dominant and the subject races, their relative rights and duties—are infinitely more perplexing. Of this we have abundant proofs every where. The Sepoy mutiny—that great blot on the administrative skill and intelligence of England—redeemed in part by a grand display of what brave men and courageous women can do, the condition of Spanish America, Hayti, and Jamaica, the French St. Regis contract, the trade in Coolies, all show that this vast subject is as yet but little understood, and that its results can be but dimly foreseen—all show that it is wisest, so far as political and party combinations are concerned, to leave these great questions—where, indeed, after all our fretting and fuming, we must leave them—to the ruling of the Superintending Power who shapes our

* There seems to be some discrepancy about the superficies of the island. Turnbull, in his "Cuba," published in 1840, p. 241, puts it at 32,807. "Cuba and the Cubans," published at New York, in 1850 (p. 203), makes it 64,000 square miles. We have taken the intermediate sum of 47,278 from Colton's Atlas, published in 1857. The State of Maine contains 31,766 square miles; so that, on the lowest computation, Cuba is larger than the State of Maine.

ends, rough hew them as we will—to the superintending guidance of a great First Cause infinitely wiser than a myriad party mountebanks and quack-salving politicians.

We propose, then, to inquire what are the reasons that should prompt us to desire the annexation of Cuba—the force of the objections presented to the measure—and, finally, the means best calculated to secure the object.

The first reason that points to the acquisition of Cuba is obviously the intrinsic value and the great resources of the island. If Cuba were a sand-bank, if it were a rock, the case would be very different. But the island is one of the jewels of the earth. It is the "gem of the Antilles." All testimony concurs as to the fertility of its soil—the loveliness of its climate—its immense capacities if properly developed. Its staples—coffee, raised nowhere in the Union, sugar and tobacco, produced very partially—may be said to be all absolute additions to the wealth of the United States.

On the other side, an open commerce with Cuba would furnish a large and prosperous outlet to many branches of American manufacture; and under a system of easy and unrestricted intercourse its delightful climate would afford a welcome escape from the rigorous cold and chilling fogs of the winters of the Northern States. That Cuba would be an immense positive addition to the wealth and resources of the United States can not be doubted; and that, in an industrial point of view, it would be more to the United States than it ever can be to Spain is as little to be questioned. It is not now to be argued that the American policy of stimulating individual enterprise has an effect on the development of national wealth and material resources such as no other country can pretend to.

The military importance of Cuba can not be overrated. Havana is within half a day's steaming from Cape Sable, the southern point of Florida, and within two days and a half of the city of New Orleans. Its ports are numerous. Havana itself is one of the safest, best defended, and largest harbors in the world; and Havana is only one of a score of deep and capacious bays where the navies of the world might ride in safety.

The island of Cuba in the hands of Spain is regarded by us with comparative indifference. We know the weakness of Spain; a nation without a navy or pecuniary resources can make little injurious use of the most formidable position. But Cuba is susceptible, in the hands of a strong power, of being an infinite annoyance to the United States. Gibraltar in the hands of England is not near so great an irritation to Spain, not near so great a clog and embarrassment upon her commercial, military, and naval movements, as would Cuba be to us in the hands of a strong foreign power. We all know how a great naval strong-hold is regarded. The only real success of the allies in the late war was the destruction of Sebastopol; and they thought themselves well rewarded for a two years' deadly struggle by that achievement. It certainly is not too much to say that this country would view with unmixed aversion and alarm the possession of Cuba by any great European power, and that its occupation by England would be regarded by us as an event to be prevented at any cost. So said, substantially, President Adams, more than thirty years ago: "The convulsions to which the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, from the peculiar composition of their population, would be liable in the event of an invasion (by Mexico and Colombia), and the danger therefrom resulting of their falling ultimately into the hands of some European power other than Spain, will not admit of our looking at the consequences to which the Congress of Panama might lead with indifference." From that time down to the masterly letter of Mr. Everett to M. de Sartiges, the language of this country has been uniform. "It has always been declared to Spain," writes Mr. Webster to M. de Sartiges in April, 1852, "that the government of the United States could not be expected to acquiesce in the cession of Cuba to a European power." The acquisition of Cuba by the United States would put an end to all apprehension of this event.

But, says the lover of *statu quo*, where is the apprehension—what is the danger?

And we fully admit the pertinency of the question. If it can be fairly established that Cuba is likely, for any considerable period, to remain in the tranquil and undisturbed power of Spain, we should regard the present agitation of the question as unnecessary and ill-advised.

Let us see, then, if the possession of Cuba by a great European power is an event reasonably to be apprehended or not. What are the facts? What has been the history of Cuba? What the history of Spain?

The facts in regard to Cuba are these: that ever since the island was taken possession of by Spain it has been the object of the repeated attacks of both England and France; that the Spanish possession has been in the highest degree precarious; and that nothing but their jealousy of each other has prevented one or the other of the great naval powers obtaining it before this time. In 1538 Havana was attacked and burned to the ground by the French. In 1655 Jamaica, originally belonging, like Cuba, to Spain, was taken by the English, and has been theirs ever since. In 1762 England sent out an expedition under Lord Albemarle for the express purpose of taking Cuba, and effected her object after a short, well-fought conflict; that Cuba is not English now is owing only to the fact that she was obliged to surrender it. She retained the possession of the island till the next year, 1763, when, in the general peace, she was obliged to disgorge. She might well afford to, for in the Seven Years' War she had stripped France of all her possessions on this continent. In 1807 the French attacked the island without success. On the 4th March, 1808, Charles IV. made a formal cession to Napoleon of Spain and the Indies—of all the possessions of Spain in either continent; but Napoleon, having been swept off the ocean at Trafalgar, could make nothing of the transatlantic part of the gift, and Wellington canceled the remainder.

So the fact is, as regards the past, that, within a trifle over a hundred years, the Island of Cuba has actually belonged, either by conquest or cession, to both England and France. It is abundantly apparent that nothing but their respective inability to retain it has prevented Cuba ere this from being either an English or a French colony. Now what we say is this: taking into consideration the incapacity of Spain, and the close struggle going on in Europe for the mastery, the tremendous passions there at work, the total uncertainty of the future of the continent, the formidable growth of this country, and the greatly increased importance of Cuba in the eyes of the world, no reasonable man can doubt that the very first war in which Spain finds herself involved with any European power she will lose Cuba, unless she can find some ally strong enough to keep

it for her. And what reason is there to suppose that Spain will be able forever to keep the peace? England has been three times at war with Spain within one century—in 1762, again in 1780, and again in 1804; and if England is at war with her again it may be considered absolutely certain that one of her first acts would be to take possession of Cuba.

Look at the history of Spain for the last half century, and see how incapable she is to maintain herself in the great European struggle. To understand the question of Cuba, it is necessary to know well the history of Spain.*

When, in 1814, after the downfall of Napoleon, Ferdinand VII. returned from his prison at Valençay, and regardless of the wishes of the people, as proclaimed by the Cortes in the Constitution of 1812, undertook to re-establish an absolute government pure and simple, the condition of the country, exhausted by the great Peninsular struggle, was in every respect most lamentable. It was a dreadful picture of beggary and anarchy.

After a few years of convulsive life—if life it could be called, alternating with military conspiracies and insurrections, in which the rickety machine of Bourbonian despotism proved entirely insufficient to preserve order, to restore credit, or to give the unhappy country any thing which it wanted—Riego, in 1820, raised the standard of insurrection, Abisbal (O'Donnell) deserted the King, the Constitution of 1812 was proclaimed, and the Cortes convened.

Then followed three disastrous years of wrangling in the Cortes; armies of the Faith fighting against the ministers of the sovereign they pretended to adore; perpetual and universal disturbances; Mina on one side, Torrijos on the other; revolts and insurrections every where, till the French interfered with a strong arm; the foolish old Duke of Angoulême performed the farce of the Trocadero; and the Constitution was quenched in the blood of Riego.

Absolute power resumed the sceptre, but with no better success than before. Military commissions were varied with guerrilla risings, and the first Carlist insurrections took place. For ten years, till the King's death, anarchy substantial prevailed. The finances were ruined; the population impoverished; commerce prostrate; the priesthood absolute. "Nothing," said a pasquinade of 1826—"nothing is wanting to thy happiness, my dear country! Thou hast monks and locusts, the police, ports without ships, troops without breeches, a brilliant priesthood, high roads infested by banditti, and an exhausted treasury!" Bands of insurgents prowled about. The country was overwhelmed in debt. A dreadful insurrection took place in Catalonia. The future was rendered dark by the intrigues of the Carlists; and so, in 1833, Ferdinand VII. closed his reign—exhibiting one of the most extraordinary spectacles that the world has ever seen—confusion within, impotence without, debt, disturbance, convulsion on every side.

The effect of the last act of Ferdinand VII., by abolishing the Salic law and placing his daughter Isabella on the throne, was to produce a seven years' civil war, after his death, for the country which he had so well governed during his life. Obedient to his call, the demons of internecine strife appeared. The country was divided into two hostile camps—one embracing the adherents of the excellent Queen Mother Christine, and her daughter, the *Innocente Isabel;* the other of Don Carlos, or Charles V. as he was called—and then ensued the most infernal state of things that has been seen in Europe since the Middle Ages. What with the gentle shepherd Jauregui (he went by the name of El Pastor), Zumalacarregui, Mina, and their adherents, the whole country was a scene of savage bloodshed. Prisoners were put to death in cold blood; villages were first decimated by shooting every fifth man, and then burned. It seemed, really, as if hell were let loose. And, amidst all this infernal uproar, a new Constitution was proclaimed, and in July, 1834, peers and deputies met, surrounded by military revolts at Madrid, Malaga, and Saragossa, to inaugurate a new era. For seven years the Carlist war continued, until it fairly wore itself out; and, in 1840, Spain found a master in the Duke de la Victoria. In 1843 he gave way to Narvaez, and took refuge in flight. In 1845 a new Constitution was proclaimed. In 1846 Europe was convulsed by the disgraceful business of the marriages of the Queen and her sister; and from that time to this the history of Spain has been little more than that of rapid ministerial changes, Court intrigue, and royal scandal, varied by Carlist insurrections and local disturbances of more or less serious character. In 1854 Concha and O'Donnell organized a formal resistance to the ministry of the Conde San Luis; the battle of Vivalcaro was fought, the houses of the members sacked, the streets of Madrid barricaded, Christina banished, Espartero placed at the head of the Government, and O'Donnell made Marshal. On the heels of this revolution a new Constitution, that of 1855, followed. From this time "the two Consuls," Espartero and O'Donnell, divided the power, till July, 1856, when Espartero gave way, and amidst insurrections at Madrid, Barcelona, and Saragossa, a new Constitution, that of 1845, was adopted. Since then the chief contest has been between Narvaez and O'Donnell.

Any one can judge for himself what kind of public opinion, what kind of national force, what kind of improvement are like to have been produced in a country the last generation of which has been passed in scenes like these.

Now, on the other hand, look at the gradual steady diminution of the Spanish empire. Here it is, given by a recent Spanish authority: "In 1565 we gave up the Isle of Malta to the Order of St. John. In 1620 the Lower Navarre and Bearne was yielded to France; and in 1649 the Rousselon. In 1640 we lost Portugal and her colonies. In 1648 we recognized the sovereignty of the Netherlands. In 1626 the English wrested the Barbadoes from us; in 1655, Jamaica; in 1704, Gibraltar; in 1718, the Luccas; in 1759, Dominica; and in 1797, Trinidad. In the seventeenth century France took possession of Martinico, New Granada, Guadaloupe, and the half of the Isle of San Domingo; and in 1800, Louisiana. In the eighteenth century we yielded up Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy, and to Morocco our rights on Mazalquivir and Oran. We ceded Parma, Placencia, and Lucca, with other dominions in the north of Italy, to princes of the House of Bourbon; and in 1759 Naples and Sicily were emancipated from Spanish government. In 1819 we sold Florida to the United States; in 1821 we

* In Salvandy's "Don Alonzo," that curious work, insufferable as a tale but very valuable as a picture of Spanish life, he says: "Distraite par ses alliances et par ses perils, l'Europe n'a point vu ou n'a vu que d'une maniere imparfaite l'ere fatale du faible Charles IV., l'empire patriotique des Cortes de Cadix, l'orageux avenement de Ferdinand VII. et ce qu'a été son regne. C'est la pourtant qu'il faut remonter pour sonder toutes les plaies de l'Espagne, apprecier ses besoins veritables et prevoir ses destinees."

lost our half of the Isle of San Domingo; and before 1825 all the vast continent which our glorious ancestors had acquired was lost to us forever. Of all this immense power we have, as a remembrance of the past, the isles of Cuba and Puerto Rico, the distant Philippines, and our African possessions alone."

Keeping, then, this brief resumé of Spanish history for the last forty years before our eyes, we say, and we challenge any one calling himself a statesman to deny it, that the possession of Cuba by Spain is in the highest degree precarious, and that the reasonable probability, without any regard to the United States, is, that Spain can not retain it another half century. "Can the possession of Cuba by Spain be expected," writes Mr. Everett to M. de Sartiges, in December, 1852, "to last very long? Can Spain resist the mighty current of the affairs of the world?"

Connected with this branch of the subject is the character of the government of Cuba — of colonial government generally, and of Spanish colonial government in particular—and on this, of course, much depends. If Cuba were well governed; if its population were attached to the mother country; if its resources were being steadily developed, of course the actual *statu quo* would be entitled to much more respect, and the claims of Spain to retain its power much greater. In fact it would be an outrage for us to desire, or for Spain to consent to the transfer of a loyal, well-affected population. But how stands the case?

Spanish America was closely studied by a keen-eyed traveler at the beginning of this century, and the record of his observations still remains a monument of his sagacity and rare good sense. Humboldt, then himself the subject of an almost despotic power, and no fanatical lover of liberty, after seeing both Cuba and Mexico, pronounced this judgment on the character of Spanish colonial government: "The want of social life in the Spanish possessions, the hatreds which divide the classes nearest to each other, and in consequence of which colonial life is full of bitterness, come simply from the political principles on which this country has been governed ever since the sixteenth century. . . . . The greater the colony the more distrustful the government. According to the ideas unhappily adopted these distant colonies are considered as the tributaries of Europe. Authority is exercised, not according to the public interest, but as is dictated by the fear of seeing them grow too fast. The mother country looks for its safety to the balance of power produced by civil dissensions; and, by fomenting political enmities, it tries to nourish the spirit of party, and to augment the hatred that is purposely kept up between all classes and the constituted authorities." (Lib. ii., chap. vii.)

In less than ten years from the time that these observations were made by the philosophic German, the causes which he pointed out began to produce their ultimate effect, and within twenty-five years the Spanish yoke was forever thrown off by Mexico, Guatemala, and all her other colonies in South America.

Cuba and Porto Rico alone remain, and all testimony goes to show that the character of colonial rule has not altered. It is substantially the same cold, selfish despotism, governing the island solely with reference to the interest of the mother country, without any honest regard to the welfare of the island itself or the feelings of its people.

"The Peninsular system, as it is called," says Turnbull (p. 171), writing in 1840, "engenders discontent in various ways, and is rapidly preparing the minds of the Creole population for the dissolution of a connection which entails on them heavy burdens without even the show of compensation." Again (p. 11), "In this ill-governed country the happiest combination of capital, enterprise, and skill is not sufficient to insure success in any similar undertaking." (He is speaking of mines.)

Madden, writing about the same period (p. 106), calls it "a crazy despotism, clinging to ignorance as its chief hold on the loyalty of the people."

Turnbull says (p. 340) that it is the settled policy of the Government to keep the whole population dependent, by maintaining in their minds "the wholesome dread of a servile insurrection;" and Madden says (p. 85) that Spain owes her retention of Cuba, ever since 1837, to nothing whatever but this very fear.

But we do not require the testimony of individual witnesses to show the indifference of the mother country to the true interests of Cuba. Take the matter of the pirates. Only a little more than thirty years ago the West Indian seas swarmed with pirates. England did not put them down. Spain did not put them down. It became necessary for the United States to act; and so apparent was the complicity or supineness of the island authorities in the matter, that a bill was actually reported in Congress to blockade the ports of Cuba. "It is not," says Mr. Webster, in a letter to Mr. Barringer, of 26th November, 1851 (Works, vol. vi. p. 514), "for the purpose of reviving unpleasant recollections that her Majesty's Government is reminded that it is not many years since the commerce of the United States suffered severely from pirates and boats and vessels which found refuge and shelter in the ports of the Spanish islands. These violators of the law, these authors of gross violence toward the citizens of this republic, were finally suppressed, not by any effort of the Spanish authorities, but by the activity and vigilance of our navy."

The Spanish Government of Cuba is only kept in existence by a rigid censorship of the press, a considerable navy, and an enormous standing army. The censorship of the press is familiar to all. For more than twenty-five years, long before American filibusters were heard of, Spain has had quartered on the island a force of 25,000 soldiers. France maintains an army of 500,000 to 32,000,000 of people, or one soldier to every sixty-four men; and this is justly called an enormous force. Cuba maintains an army of 25,000 to 1,500,000, or one to every sixty men.

In truth Spain is indebted for her possession of Cuba entirely to the police of America. Repeal our neutrality laws, and it would be impossible for Spain to prevent our people from supplying the disaffected inhabitants of the island with munitions and men sufficient to overthrow the Captain-General in three months.

Nothing seems to be more certain than that the great bulk of the inhabitants of Cuba are totally disaffected to the rule of Spain. "The Creole proprietors," says Turnbull (p. 171), "of the soil of Cuba are weary of the yoke of the mother country." "An ardent desire for independence is entertained by the Creole inhabitants" (p. 349). Madden, writing or publishing in 1849 (p. 84), says: "It is needless for recent political writers of Cuba to deny the existence of a strong feeling of animosity to the mother country, and a longing desire for separation. From my

own intimate knowledge of these facts I speak of their existence. Cuba, ever since I knew it, has been slowly, but steadily, becoming Americanized."

And this, it is to be observed, is not the evidence of witnesses interested against Spain or in favor of the United States. It is the testimony of Englishmen, who have every inducement in the world to put the best face on the present state of things.

And how indeed could it be otherwise? Here is an island governed now on the colonial system of the sixteenth century by a power the most feeble in Europe. She has no representation in the national Legislature. The Governor-General, wielding an all but despotic authority, is uniformly a foreign noble without any deep interest in the island. The officials are generally Spaniards or foreigners. "It is a country," says Mr. Webster (Works, vol. vi. p. 528), in his report on the case of Mr. Thrasher, "where jury trials are not known, where representative government does not exist, where the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus is unheard of, and judicial proceedings in criminal cases are brief and summary." Add to this a restricted press, a large standing army, and a general system of repression. How can it but be odious? And one hundred and fifty miles away is a great free country, full of life and activity, governing itself, dashing on in the career of prosperity, without censors, without an army that can be called one, almost without police of any kind. How can the Cubans otherwise than hate the government of Spain?

Connected with the subject of colonial misgovernment is one fertile source of annoyance and vexation to this country. The intercourse of our people with the island of Cuba is frequent, the annoyances of Spanish officials perpetual, and when these occur reference is always made necessary to Spain. The Governor-General, despotic enough for every other purpose, being directed to pursue this course for delay, and to make redress difficult. Take the case of the *Black Warrior*, and many other instances; a whole cargo ordered to be unladen on account of some wretched formality of the custom-house not being observed, no redress possible on the part of the Governor-General, but a reference ordered to Spain. How is this to be endured?

But if the government of Spain be thrown off, one of only two things can follow—independence or annexation to some other power. Now independence as applied to Cuba is an impossibility. We have had enough of Spanish American Republics. Whether it be something in the blood, or want of training, or the influence of the Catholic Church, or some still more occult cause, certain it is that the Spanish American population in this country is, in its present condition, unfit for self-government. Forty years' experience proves this, and nobody wants to begin again with Cuba.

But a *tertium quid* has been suggested. Is not independence feasible under the guarantee of England and France? This is a pure delusion so far as we are concerned. The guarantee of England or France would be the power of England or France, and as far as our interests are affected, the island might as well be in their possession.

We repeat, then, that taking into view the history of Cuba since its discovery, the history of Spain for the last half century, the fertility and resources of the island, its military importance, its grave misgovernment, the disaffection of its inhabitants, its incapacity for independence, the consequent extreme danger of its soon falling into the hands of some European power, and the annoyances sure to flow perpetually from its occupation as it is at present situated, that it is impossible for the United States to avoid entertaining a fixed and ardent desire for the occupation of Cuba.

And it is to be observed that not one of the dangers or evils which exist at present is likely to diminish with time.

We desire to avoid, in regard to Spain or her people, the use of language which can give just cause of offense. Were we for a moment inclined to the baseness of insulting a gallant nation, the memory of Zaragoza would forbid it:

> "No lanzó en vano
> La invicta Zaragoza el santo grito,
> De vencer o morir, grito tremendo
> Que sobre el trono estremeció al tirano."

But the stern facts of history are not to be gainsayed. This much may with propriety be asserted of Spain: that long civil wars have shaken to its base the whole fabric of her political organization; that three hundred years of despotism have paralyzed the energies of a once vigorous people; that a fanatical and intriguing Church has exercised a pernicious influence on the country; and that the royal house has set no standard of public or private virtue. Though the condition of things is in some respects better, as in fact it is every where in Europe, materially, than it was fifty years ago, still there is no real improvement. Commerce, internal and external, languishes. There is no intellectual activity—railroads hardly exist. The country is rent by the most violent parties, a Pretender openly contests the throne, and the condition of things is in every aspect absolutely precarious. No intelligent Spaniard who loves his country will, we believe, seriously deny any one of these propositions.*

On the other hand, the relative strength of the other great powers has enormously increased. England was never so strong on the water as she is now; France never was more formidable on land or sea, or more disposed to intervene in foreign questions. All Europe is more than ever awake to the progress of this country, more than ever jealous of our gigantic strides.

We repeat, then, that the question of Cuba will every day more and more urgently press itself on this country for a solution until it is definitively settled; it behooves every intelligent man in the Union to examine the question, and to prepare himself to act on it or decide on it as may fall to him in his respective sphere; and to do this, not as a blatant demagogue, nor hack politician, but as an American citizen anxious for the permanent grandeur and prosperity of his country.

We believe that, to a great extent, this has been already done. From Jefferson to Buchanan our chief magistrates of all parties have held but one language. The discussion now going on in Congress will, it is true, give us a more definite test than we have ever yet had of the wishes and feelings of the country. But we apprehend that when the people are consulted, they will be found overwhelmingly in favor of the acquisition of Cuba.

The desire has grown gradually with the growth of the country. It certainly does not originate in

* Those who desire to have a correct idea of the virtues and vices of the Spanish character, will do well carefully to weigh the estimate formed by Napier, the author of the Peninsular War. He knew the country, he viewed it with no unfriendly eye, and his observation was as keen as his language is forcible and expressive.

any unfriendly feeling to Spain. It springs from a correct idea of the real strength of that power, and from a just jealousy of European interference on this continent. As to Spain herself, not only our language but our conduct has been most strictly careful and considerate. We have evinced a steady desire to do nothing to interfere with her rights. "The records of the diplomatic intercourse between the two countries," says Mr. Webster (Letter to Mr. Barringer, 26th November, 1851, Works, vol. vi. p. 514), "will show to her Catholic Majesty's government how sincerely and how steadily the United States have manifested the hope that no political changes might tend to a transfer of these colonies from her Majesty's crown."

The neutrality laws have been enforced, and the fate of Lopez and of Walker shows how little assistance filibustering has received from the United States. Our good faith, in this respect, is conspicuous. Indeed, we believe that there is not a government in Europe that would have so long left so tempting a prize untouched. It certainly is not England, that has planted her standard in every quarter of the globe. It certainly is not France, that has uniformly seized every inch of land on which she could lay her grasp. It is not Austria, with her troops stationed in Milan and Florence. It is not Russia, silently, but steadily, swooping on to the South.

We have still to consider the objections which, independent of those growing out of slavery, are urged against the measure.

The objection that we *can not* buy Cuba, that Cuba is not to be sold, is surely trifling—no one can say any thing about it till we have fairly tried. If one Spanish government will not sell, another may. If an outgoing Cabinet will not do it, an incoming one perhaps will. If the present dynasty refuses, perhaps the Count de Montemolin would assent, and who can say how soon the son of Don Carlos may be on the throne? This much is very clear to any one familiar with Spanish history, that within the last thirty years there have been repeated occasions when Cuba could have been purchased for a very reasonable price, had we been prepared for prompt and energetic action. There is little rashness in saying that such, or similar occasions, will again present themselves—at all events, till the experiment has been tried by a skillful employment of all the means in our power, to predict its failure is un-American and irrational.

The objection that the effort to purchase Cuba is an insult to Spain, seems to us singularly unfounded. It is all very well for the restless M. Olazaga to make an outburst on the national honor and the integrity of the territory, and for the Prime Minister, O'Donnell, not to let himself be outdone, and to thunder still louder in reply. We ought to understand that game in this country by this time.

But what is the proposition, and where is the insult that it contains? We say to Spain, you are not as strong by sea or land as England, France, or Russia. It is entirely certain that the next European war which breaks out you will lose Cuba, or if you do not it must be by some dispensation of Providence wholly irrespective of your own strength. We *can not and will not* see Cuba go into the hands of England, France, or Russia. Now we offer you for the island more than it can be possibly worth to you; we do it in the most respectful and friendly way; we should be perfectly willing to leave Cuba in your hands indefinitely, but we know that can not be. Pray, where is the insult either in language or idea? Is it any insult to Marshal O'Donnell or to his country, to tell him that Spain is not so strong a naval power as England? The idea of an insult in the case appears to us very childish. Of course Spain has a clear indefeasible right to refuse. If so, all parties stand on their naked abstract rights, and the question, whether we desire it or not, will probably have to be decided by the dread arbitrament of war. These contingencies Spain is at perfect liberty to take; but she has no right whatever to pretend that an offer to buy one of her islands is an insult.

We pass to more solid considerations.

It is objected that Cuba is an island somewhat distant from our shores—that its population is Spanish—and that its government by us will present difficulties. We fully admit it. We have no doubt that the acquisition of Cuba will present new problems and serious difficulties. All power is followed by responsibility. And if the alternative were real Cuban independence or tranquil Spanish possession we might think these arguments against its acquisition very strong, perhaps conclusive. Cuba independent would not be so strong as to be dangerous. Cuba well-governed would be almost as useful to us as if it were a part of the Union. But we have no belief in the possibility of any such a state of things—nobody believes it. We do not think there is a statesman alive, European or American, who will stake his reputation on a prediction that Cuba could remain independent ten years, or that it will belong to Spain twenty-five; and the question for the American people, therefore, is to determine whether they will use every fair and honorable means to acquire her, or make up their minds calmly to look on and see her all of a sudden occupied by some European power. We are well satisfied that they will certainly not do this last. It is wiser, then, to meet and avert the evil. In regard to this branch of the subject, too, it is to be observed, that the moment Cuba is an integral part of the United States the same process that has taken place in Louisiana would be repeated. A stream of Americans would pour in, and we know by long experience how small a nucleus of our people, trained to self-government, is necessary to set the republican machine going and to keep it in order.

The next objection to the acquisition of Cuba is, that we do not require it. The Union is large enough. "I have always wished," said Mr. Webster, in his speech on the admission of Texas, in 1845, "that this country should exhibit to the nations of the earth the example of a great, rich, and powerful republic, which is not possessed by a spirit of aggrandizement." "My opinion has been," said he, again, in his great speech of 7th March, 1850, "that we have territory enough, and that we should follow the Spartan maxim, 'Improve and adorn what you have. Seek no further.'" This has been the language and policy of a class of statesmen in this country, who, in regard to Louisiana, to Florida, to Texas, to California, have been actuated by the same motives, and adhered to the same line of conduct. That they belong to the names of which America is proud who shall deny; and yet who now will advocate these notions? The truth is, that they have been urged by members of a minority, unoppressed by the responsibilities of power, and, like all minorities, seeking grounds for attack. We have not the slightest belief that Mr. Webster, as President of the United States, would ever have uttered the words, "Improve and adorn what you have. Seek no further!"

For how impracticable is the idea! how contrary to the history of nations! to the genius of man! What vigorous individual, in the full career of success, halts, and folds his arms contented with what he has achieved if any thing yet remains to be attained? Tell the statesman to be satisfied with the diplomatic post or the prime minister's seat, and not to aspire to the curule chair. Tell the colonel to sheath his sword, and not wish to be a general. Tell Scott to rest satisfied with the fame of Ivanhoe. Tell Shakspeare to pause with the Tempest. Tell the man of commerce to be contented with his million, and not seek to double it. One and all laugh your advice to scorn; the genius that impelled them to the point at which they have arrived still urges them on; not till the physical power fails, not till the eye grows dull and the strength gives out, does the active man cease his unflinching labors.

And of the active, eager, ambitious, intrepid men is the active, eager, ambitious, intrepid nation composed—urged on by the same passions, impelled by the same desires. "The law of progress," says Mr. Everett, "is as organic and vital in the youth of States as of individual men." Look at the history of nations. Did the Romans cease to advance so long as they had power to do so? Where is there a scintilla of proof that England is content with her acquisitions? Has France yet begun to "Improve, adorn, and seek no further?" The idea is a sheer fallacy; we must be a great nation or a little one; we must advance or we must recede. We can not escape the destiny of our position. Perhaps it might be well, if it were possible, to pause in our impetuous career. Perhaps wealth and population would accumulate more rapidly in our large cities, agriculture in the old States would advance more steadily, their rural districts become more populous; but it is a vain expectation. Go tell the hardy Yankee boy to be patient amidst the snow and frost of Litchfield or of Becket Hills; "to improve and adorn, to seek no further." He smiles on you superior, nay, while you are speaking he is on his way to Chicago, to St. Paul's, to San Francisco; and so it happens that at this moment, and at any time for the last fifty years, has New England been denuded of all the active young men of each generation.

The same process is going on at the South and Southwest; and while Mexico is crumbling to pieces beneath her miserable rulers—while Central America is a stumbling-block and a stone of offense in the very path not only of our progress but of our communications—while Cuba, misgoverned and liable at any moment to fall a prey to European ambition, is within half a day's sail of our coasts—so long the territorial progress of America is a law of our existence; nothing but anarchy, or intestine divisions as bad as anarchy, can prevent it.

Another adverse argument is founded on the opposition of the European powers. This objection does not, in the present case, seem very formidable. We do not at all underrate the strength or the weight of those powers. If this country were to embark in any mad, immoral scheme of conquest, and Europe were formally to threaten opposition, we should consider the matter very serious indeed. We leave the part of Bobadil to our Congressional heroes—we have not the slightest idea of hanging up our boots before the astonished eyes of Louis Napoleon and the Czar of Russia. But in this case, independently of the fact that, as has been repeatedly said, the question is mainly an American one, and that consequently the European powers have no good right to object to our acquisition of Cuba, there is no evidence whatever that they would do so. The only two powers that can interfere are England and France. As to France, we admit that her purposes may be doubtful. The Government of that country is in the hands of a single man, uncontrolled by any thing but his own views of his own interest. Under such conditions what the individual will do—in other words, what will be his own view of his own interest—no mortal but himself can tell. We assume, therefore, that Louis Napoleon might desire to oppose us in any scheme that we might have for the annexation of Cuba. We are speaking of opposition by force. Now no one believes either that France would really interfere by force alone, or that her single-handed interference would avail much. A naval war with France would doubtless be a respectable struggle, but we do not believe any one thinks it likely we should come off second best.

The real question, the only question is, would England interfere? To this the answer seems to us plain. No war can now be made by England any more than by this country, unless it be popular with the people; and it will be a very difficult matter to make any one who knows England believe that she will go to war with us about Cuba. All her material interests lie directly the other way. They would all be greatly benefited by our acquisition of the island. We see no reason to doubt that England would look either with indifference or with satisfaction on the measure, if properly brought about.

Again, it is objected that the present time is unpropitious. This we believe, logically speaking, the weakest of all objections. In regard to Europe and the contingencies of any operation there, so far as preparation is concerned, no time is unpropitious — all times are propitious. The present, be that present when it may, is the time to be prepared for any future. Nothing can exceed the precarious and uncertain condition of the whole Continent. In France, every thing hangs on the life of Louis Napoleon; out of France, every thing on his impenetrable policy. Nobody knows what an hour may bring forth. The only way to accomplish any thing is to be fully prepared to act at a moment's warning.

And we do not say this with reference to any recent event. We are not alluding to the speech from the Sardinian throne, or to the Olympian nods of the Jove of the Tuileries. We are speaking of what may be called a normal state of things, of the condition of Europe for the last forty years. Ever since 1815 the whole policy of the governing powers of the Continent has been to keep down all liberty, all general intelligence, all activity—except mere material industry—by an enormous armed police. As our Bryant hath it:

> "Oh, ye wild winds! a mightier power than yours
> In chains upon the shore of Europe lies!
> The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
> Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes;
> And armed warriors all around him stand,
> And as he struggles tighten every band;
> And lift the heavy spear with threatening hand,
> To pierce the victim should he strive to rise."

So it has been now for more than a generation; and experience establishes the fact that this system, however successful it may be considered in the long run, is subject to the most sudden and violent disturbances, which render all prognostications in regard to the future, at any given time or for any given time, absolutely impossible. The

motto, then, for him who desires to do any thing founded on general considerations of European policy, is—if the present moment is unpropitious—simply, "Watch and wait!" "Pray to God, and keep your powder dry!"

We repeat, therefore, that the acquisition of Cuba is not simply desirable, but that it is a matter of national necessity, and that the objections to it are not founded on solid reason. We proceed to consider the means of effecting the end.

In considering the means of annexation filibustering holds the first place, chiefly because it has as yet been the only one efficiently tried. There is no doubt it might be made very effectual. The only practical operation of our neutrality laws is to protect Cuba and Spanish America, and chiefly Cuba. Any time within the last ten years, if the neutrality laws had been repealed, Cuba would have been overrun by a swarm of adventurers from this country. She would, beyond all peradventure, have been long since practically annexed, unless some foreign power had interfered to prevent it—an experiment of very doubtful success. But our Government has held, and rightly held, that this mode of dealing with a civilized state was not to be endured; and since the repeated abortive attempts of Lopez and Walker—rendered abortive by the practical operation and enforcement of our neutrality laws—no one can, with the shadow of reason, pretend that we have discharged the obligations of international law with less than extreme good faith. To this policy we no doubt shall adhere. If ever the time comes when necessity shall compel us, for our own safety, to resort to force, it will be done openly. A declaration of war or its equivalent will be resorted to. Under no circumstances do we believe that filibustering will be tolerated.

No doubt the acquisition of Cuba may become a question of force. No doubt—if there was any serious danger of Cuba falling into the hands of England or France, if the brutal policy of "Africanization" were seriously threatened by the Spanish Government—no doubt armed interference would at once present itself to the consideration of this country; but now the question offers itself in no such aspect. Nothing but impending evils of the most serious character can ever warrant an appeal to the awful arbitrament of war. Nothing short of such evils would induce this people to tolerate it. We put therefore filibustering and war with Spain, for the present, out of view.

It has been suggested that the object could be effected by something short of war. That in case of fresh aggressions on our commerce—in case of another commercial outrage like that of the *Black Warrior*, the United States should seize the island and hold it. This looks plausible enough at first sight; but how is this *coup de main* to be performed? How is Cuba to be seized? It can hardly be grasped like one of her own oranges. Cuba has forts, an army, a navy. To seize Cuba you must take the Moro Castle. This requires a naval force and land forces to back it. It could not be done with a sloop of war or a bomb ketch. In short, an expedition of no small strength would be an indispensable requisition to the operation of *seizing* Cuba. Such an expedition requires time, money, and, probably, Congressional action. How long was the expedition to Paraguay fitting out? And in the mean time the Spanish Government of Cuba would be on the defensive, and the mother country on the alert. In short, to seize Cuba means to make war on Spain, and, like war, is to be put out of view, for the present at all events.

Negotiation alone remains. But *in what way?* And this is the real gist of the case. We have already, in a very feeble way, under Mr. Polk and General Pierce, tried it without success.

We are a constitutional, representative Government; Spain is nominally the same thing. Under such Governments, treaties have to be ratified by popular bodies after they are made; and ratification implies time, discussion, possible rejection—at all events complete publicity. Publicity involves every species of opposition. Time involves all kind of dangers. Those least familiar with the history of our diplomacy know, that, though the great treaty with Spain by which we acquired the Floridas was executed on the 22d February, 1819, it was not ratified by her till the 22d February, 1821—two years after it was signed—those two years being filled by the angry mission of Mr. Forsyth, and every species of procrastination and evasion on the part of Spain. Now it appears to us pretty obvious that Cuba is not to be had in this way—that, unless a *secret* and *prompt* bargain can be made, it is useless to hope to make any. This, we think, will hardly be denied by any practical man. We say the negotiation, to be successful, must be secret, and must be prompt.

This brings us to the root of the matter. We take it that the only possible way to insure secrecy and promptitude is by giving power to the negotiators practically *to close the bargain.* If there is any other mode, we should very much like to have it suggested. *How is the bargain to be closed?* Nothing in the world can get rid of the necessity of ratification. The Constitution requires treaties to be submitted to the Senate, and to the Senate a treaty for the acquisition of Cuba must go like any other treaty. Still the bargain may be to all intents closed—promptly closed—absolutely closed—forever closed; but this can only be done *by the payment of money.* And this brings us to Mr. Slidell's Bill and very able report.

By that Bill thirty millions is placed in the hands of the President to be used with reference to the acquisition of Cuba (125 millions being contemplated as the whole price). It is very obvious how, if ever, the thirty millions are to be used. They are to *bind the bargain.* Mr. Preston may never be able to use them; but if the Bill passes, sometime or other, in the convulsive existence of Spain, when some O'Donnell is going out or some Duke de Victoria coming in; perhaps at some dynastic change, when the Constitutionalists are giving place to the Carlists, an American envoy may be able to say to the incoming ministers:

"Amigos mios! Muy Señores mios! You are about to undertake the difficult task of governing Spain. It must be admitted that your success is uncertain. The uncertainty results chiefly from the dreadful state of your finances. I will give you one hundred millions—one hundred and twenty-five millions—for Cuba. You don't need it; it costs you more than it is worth. Some day it is sure to be ours. Think of my proposition."

"Bah!" replies the Spanish Prime Minister. "What good will that do us? A treaty has to be ratified—to be discussed; talk in Congress—talk in the Cortes; lose our places—perhaps our necks—three times over before we touch the money. Bah!"

"Valame Dios! Vmd no me entiende!" replies the American envoy. "Your Excellency does not understand me. I am not such a greenhorn as you do me the honor to suppose. I will *give* you what I offer, and here is thirty millions down to bind the

bargain! Draw on the Rothschilds to-morrow for it. Here stands M. Weiswiller, the confidential friend of the house, who will tell you it is all right."

The whirligig of Fortune's wheel bring all sorts of chances with it; and whenever such an offer as this is made by a clever man who has watched his time, we should be very sorry to be a guarantee to the refusal of the Spanish Government. Every body who reasons to the contrary may know, or think that he knows, a great deal about what is called Castilian pride or Spanish obstinacy; but he seems to us to know very little of human nature—very little of the condition of Spain. Nay, more; we undertake to say, and we think nobody will venture to deny, that in the rapid and violent changes of ministry in Spain since the accession of the present sovereign—*i. e.*, twenty-five years—there have been at least a dozen occasions when an American envoy, with thirty millions at his disposition, might have been absolutely sure of meeting with an eager assent to such a proposition. What has happened will happen again, and all this without implying any corruption—any indirection whatever on the part of either this country or of Spain.

But it is said that this kind of legislation tends to diminish the agency of the Senate in the transaction, and that just so far as it operates to make the treaty binding and the ratification a mere matter of form, it goes to enlarge the power of the President and to diminish that of the Senate. No doubt it is so. We concede it frankly. But is that an objection? Observe, the evil of this Government, as of all free Governments, is want of unity and executive vigor. In ordinary matters this is of no consequence; but the moment a crisis appears the defect becomes one of magnitude; and in these cases it becomes absolutely necessary to strengthen the executive in order to secure promptitude and secrecy, to prevent the eternal delays and the everlasting haranguing of our parliamentary bodies. This has been shown repeatedly. So in this very treaty matter, in regard to our treaties with Louisiana, Florida, and Mexico. On each of these occasions this very practice was resorted to, of placing money in the hands of the President to bind the bargain. Reason and precedent, therefore, concur, and the only question is as to the real merit of the contract. In this respect the President, it seems to us, does wisely. His submission of the matter to Congress enables him fully to know their views and that of the country, so that this discussion on the treaty in fact only precedes instead of following its execution. If upon reports like those of Mr. Slidell and Mr. Branch this Cuba Bill is passed by both Houses, we repeat, the sense of the country is taken infinitely better before the treaty is made than by a debate in secret session of the Senate after it is made. Who can doubt it?

To place a secret service fund of thirty millions in the hands of the Chief Magistrate is no doubt a bold measure. No doubt it calls for full confidence in the President of the United States. Nor do we believe the confidence misplaced. We say the *President of the United States*, without intending any particular compliment to the experienced and veteran statesman now at the head of the Government. We believe no one has ever been selected President of the United States who would, deliberately, misapply a trust fund placed in his hands for a special object. If the object be a good one, and the means well devised, we would place the fund in the hands of Mr. Buchanan; and so we would have done in those of General Harrison, or General Taylor, or Mr. Polk, or General Pierce, or any past President of the United States.

To sum up, therefore, as the lawyers say—

The acquisition of Cuba, rightly made, would be a great addition to the wealth and the power of the United States.

The condition of Europe is, in the highest degree, precarious; and it is exceedingly improbable that Spain can long retain Cuba. If Spain loses it, it must fall to England, France, or the United States. The independence of the island, with or without foreign aid, is an impossibility.

This country never will, and never ought to, tolerate the idea of the possession of Cuba by either England or France.

The acquisition of Cuba, sooner or later, is therefore a political necessity for this country. The time may be delayed, or it may be accelerated by events; but the national mind should be taught to look steadily to the acquisition of Cuba as a proper and a certain event.

As to the means. Filibustering is out of the question; on grounds of good morals and public policy it is not to be thought of.

War with Spain is at present equally inadmissible.

Seizing Cuba is practically declaring war against Spain.

Negotiation is the only present practicable mode.

Negotiation, to be successful, must be secret and prompt; and the only way to secure those results, is to put a sum in the hands of the negotiator to enable him to close the bargain.

Owing to the precarious and uncertain condition of Europe, the present is a proper and fitting time to make the necessary arrangements.

Power should be given and left in the hands of the Executive till future orders. It may be one year, five years, ten years before any one can use it; but sooner or later, and before very long, the time will come, and then it will behoove us to act, and to act promptly.

This is the only way to acquire Cuba without war, or, at least, the hazard of war.

We believe these propositions are, in the language of the old jousts, each and every of them defensible, "against all comers;" and we have little doubt that, sooner or later, they will command the approbation of the people of America, wholly independent of party combinations.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was near Hartford that the Easy Chair encountered the great snow-storm of the year.

For you must know that Easy Chairs are not necessarily infirm, nor ex-officio, incapable, as too many persons, who associate them only with Bank parlors and Insurance offices, are fond of affecting to believe. No indeed; some of them are as brisk as the uneasiest chairs of your acquaintance, and would run all over the world if they only had rollers.

Rollers are less respected than they should be. Who that has traveled (and what star-spangled-banner-bearer has not, waving it triumphantly over all the mountain tops and in all the valleys of the world—poor things, too, compared with the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River)—who that has traveled, I say, has not learned to respect rollers; has not, in fact, met all kinds of timber—rough, hewn, and carefully cut—huge back-logs and mere kindling wood, going every where comfortably upon rollers?

Rollers are the secret. No stick so sticky but, if

it can fit itself to rollers, may go up the Pyramids and down the Danube. A good many get about upon plated or even brass rollers; but, on the whole, the golden seem to be preferable. They are surer, and often last longer.

And for want of these very rollers how many of the most hospitable, most delightful Chairs are compelled to stay at home! They do not stir from their rooms, their offices, their firesides. They hear the beautiful stories that the travelers tell—they think how fine it would be to see lands of which they dream, pictures and statues and buildings—the faces of the living and the graves of the dead; to enjoy what they perceive at once the stick that is telling the story did not enjoy because it could not understand or feel. But they remain quietly in their places. Time passes over them, and their forms become quainter and more old fashioned; newer patterns of chairs come in, but the old become only more reverend as they become stranger, and although, having no rollers, they can not run around the world, yet many who have had the longest and liveliest wanderings believe that nothing was better worth hearing or seeing in all that travel than the Chair that could not stir from home.

For human timber grows curiously, or is strangely hewn; sometimes art twists it, and carves it, and tones it into some Beau Brummell—and so the wood becomes a fantastic toilet-table. Then, again, nature leaves it a vast forest of every kind of tree, full of singing birds, and fruits, and flowers, with sunlight and moonlight streaming all through it, making romance and glory.

And usually the toilet-table has rollers, while the forest has not!

And so, following the musical direction, *da capo*, we all come round again to the statement that the Easy Chair encountered the great snow-storm of the year near Hartford; and whether it was going upon its own rollers or that of the Railroad Company it does not say.

It was what is called an old-fashioned snow-storm, and every Yankee knows what that is. The adjective itself seems to convey an impression of intensity which no other word can carry. As a matter of fact, old-fashioned things were, in their time, new fashions. The gentlemen engaged in politics, for instance, in the golden age, probably found quite as much brass lying in their way as we people of the iron age. Besides, our climate has not ameliorated in the lapse of years, as we generally believe. Why, on the 10th of January, in this very current glad new year of grace, 1859, the mercury fell lower in the city of New York than it has fallen for seventy years.

At least E. Merriam says so; and for his part the Easy Chair would as soon laugh at the almanac as at E. Merriam.

We have "old-fashioned" hospitality, "old-fashioned" manners, "an old-fashioned time," precisely as people in the old-fashioned times used to have them. We mean by the word something genuine and hearty; and the snow-storm deserved the word.

Down it came; beginning after midnight, and during the silent, dark hours before dawn, rustling softly against the windows with a whispering, incessant earnestness, as if to make the half-roused sleeper conscious of the web of strange winter beauty that was weaving all over the earth. With every light, busy drift against the pane the sense of security and comfort became more profound. The half-roused sleeper sank away again into forecasting dreams of the enchanted landscape he should see upon awaking: in dreams he heard the remote chime of sleigh-bells and the shouts of children coasting; in dreams, the wild beauty of the morning was prefigured, yet not more beautiful than when it came.

In the gray dawn the storm was unabated. It fell in large flakes, every one of which told, and the whole village was muffled in snow. It had caught upon every bough and twig—it clung to every window-sill and sash—it was drifted around doors and fences—and, still thickly falling, it had already buried the low posts and fences—the dirty, stony, dreary places were covered with waving, delicate, sparkling snow, and the detail of the topography of the village was utterly destroyed.

Nobody was seen upon the street. You looked out at the village churches, and shuddered to think how spectral and cold they were inside, and how inaccessible. There was a double ridge in the road overblown with the light snow; and in the bar-room of the tavern there was a tradition that a sleigh had passed along at an early hour. A huge black Newfoundland dog suddenly went leaping and wallowing through the deepest drifts, buried out of sight, almost, and his black tail waving cheerily behind, like the flag of a pirate's cutter in a rolling sea. The air was not cold, but the wind blew keenly, and the snow fell more and more thickly.

In the tavern, people looked out of the windows, and discussed the storm. There were rumors of incredible depths, and comparisons with other years and storms. One had measured the depth of the snow at seven in the morning—another had heard from a neighbor—another wondered whether any trains would come through—and, at intervals, the whole united in a chorus, led by some one who spoke the sentiment of all, "Bless my soul! why, it's a real old-fashioned snow-storm!"

The Easy Chair was especially interested in the trains, for he wanted to reach Hartford, which was only ten miles off.

"Well, Mr. Landlord, what's the chance?"

"There'll be no train this morning—sure," said he, cheerfully. "Perhaps something will get through before night, though."

"Could I push on to Hartford with horses?"

"I shouldn't like to be the man that tried it," replied he. "However, we'll know something more about it when the stage comes back from the dépôt, which is about two miles off."

"How long has it been gone?"

"Well, it's now eleven, and it went down at seven."

The little, whispering, rustling snow, so impalpable, so sparkling, so airy, so gentle and pure, had paralyzed the activity of the world! Travel, trade, human communication of every kind was at a dead lock. The little particles of hot water in the shape of steam which have wrought the daily material miracle of the century were entirely conquered by the little particles of cold water in the shape of snow. The tough hills of Connecticut, which enormous capital, and profound skill, and the incessant labor of thousands of men for years, had succeeded in leveling, and excavating, and grading, were built up again and restored to their old impassability in a single night, by an agent so exquisite that, if it touched your cheek as it worked, you felt only a cool dampness. It was a material image of the effect of eloquence; for so impalpable words, that seem to have no substance or power, fall thickly upon a si-

lent mass of men, and build in their minds great heights of resolution and daring; standing on which they pluck from tyrants their country's liberty—or perhaps only fill their fancies with images as pure and graceful and lovely as the outline of the drifted snow.

At noon the stage-sleigh, drawn by four stout horses, struggling, and almost floundering, in the snow that reached their bellies, slowly dragging the sleigh that plowed up solid masses as it came, appeared down the street. The driver was sheeted and shaggy with snow. He stood peering out of his muffler, and encouraging his animals—poor fellows, how bravely they toiled!

He reported no train—no news—and no prospect of any kind but snow, and a general faith that the New Haven line would push through somehow.

As he spoke the storm rustled against the window in soft derision. Whish! whish! it seemed to say, let us have one white day of peace.

But the Easy Chair must say a word to Hartford, and so ascertaining that there was a telegraph station near by, it prepared to reach it. The wind was now a gale, and the snow drove furiously and blindingly through the air. Seen from the windows, it was a pretty spectacle; but actually encountered, it was as different as the lake in whose waters you are drowning from that whose glossy surface took every hue of the sky, and was an image of heavenly repose.

Furred, and coated, and muffled, and booted, and wrapped as closely as it knew how to wrap, the Easy Chair stepped from the door. There were no paths—there could be none—and a huge embankment of snow surrounded the house. With a bold leap he was in the midst of it to his waist, and then struck out as well as possible, like a swimmer in a furious sea, against the pitiless whirling of the snow and piercing wind that dashed savagely at him while he toiled and tumbled in the drifts.

All went well enough as long as he held to one side of the street.

But at length, to reach the telegraph office, which was in the basement of a church, it was necessary to get through or over the vast unbroken reefs and cliffs of snow that filled the street. At the door of the office a small boy was animatedly going through the movements of shoveling a path, and seemed to be entirely satisfied that the snow whirled back again as fast as he threw it aside, until it seemed to the Easy Chair, who had plenty of time to observe every thing while it was preparing for the plunge, that the youngster tasked his skill to scatter the snow in such a light shower that none of it should fail to blow back again.

There was no path from the sidewalk into the street, and there was nothing to do but push off into the solid banks of snow; and, with a vigorous rush, the Easy Chair moved forward, buried now almost to the shoulders, then shaking his frame and buffeting the storm as he emerged into a shallower drift, making irregular headway toward the boy, who had suspended his labor to watch this much more interesting performance. He laughed and cheered lustily as he saw the desperate struggle, not, as the sequel showed, without some mischievous expectation. For as the Easy Chair came nearer in long, lurching tacks, and, by way of establishing some human sympathy in the midst of the elemental saturnalia, cried out lustily that Jack Frost was having it all his own way, his foot struck something in the snow—he had, in fact, tripped over the top rail of a buried fence, which the naughty boy knew was in the way, and, with an involuntary and mighty dive, the Easy Chair disappeared, headforemost, in the lightly packed snow.

He heard a great shout of utter uproarious delight as he fell, and the next moment, scrambling, and blowing, and shaking, he rose unsteadily to his feet, smeared all over with snow—snow on his whiskers, on his eyebrows, on his eyelashes; snow up his legs and arms; snow down his neck, and in his hair, and in his gloves; snow all over him, and, as he felt, all through him, wet and chilly; while in his bewilderment, as the Chair made unhappy and unsuccessful efforts to smile, and joke, and bear it off cheerfully, as a trifle of no moment, the naughty boy, weakened perhaps by his labor, shouted with excess of hysteric glee, and finally sank down by his shovel in a deliquium of delight.

The Easy Chair came on, blowing and perspiring, and stood at length in the office. But, oh! how weary! how shaky in the knees! how feverishly hot! how uncomfortably wet! The boy, now somewhat recovered, brushed the Chair down with a broom, breaking out into little snickering gusts of laughter, and carefully pointing out the way back, in which there were no tops of fences to tumble over. But under every snow-bank now, to the imaginative apprehension of the Chair, there were nothing but latent fences, lying in wait to trip up the heels of wayfarers. Suddenly the broad, glittering waste of snow became like a smooth tropic sea, in which lurk reefs with jagged teeth to seize unsuspecting vessels.

But with the heroism of Smelzel, who closed his eyes in what he believed to be a field full of man-traps and, helter-skelter, rushed out of it, profoundly surprised that he arrived at the end of his journey at all, or, in any case, with whole legs (which he would not have done, you know, except that the man-traps had all been removed in the previous century), so rushed the Easy Chair, and, duly grateful, without tumbling over the tops of any more fences (perhaps, as *in re* man-traps, because there were none there).

Ah! what a kindly port of refuge was the hotel! It might have been a poor one. It might have had a close stove of some infernal device in the Easy Chair's chamber. It might have been dirty and repulsive. It might have been so—because *some* taverns are so—in Italy, for instance. But this was a generous house with a generous host; and in a generous room the Easy Chair planted itself before a generous fire, an open, blazing, sympathetic fire; with a gentle singing, a subdued roaring, going on all the time, and merry flames flickering and peering up chimney eagerly, as bright-eyed children like to peep into dark rooms; and croning contentedly to itself, as if, within its own domain, it had conquered that whispering, sly, insinuating, softly-treacherous snow.

In the afternoon of the still storming day the covered sleigh came again to the door, and the Easy Chair stepped in with three fellow-passengers, and they plowed and pushed down the road toward the station, the horses smoking and straining, and slowly walking. It was about the rate of a heavy ox-sled; and gradually the gray monotony of the silent afternoon, the occasional brisk chirp and word of the driver, the sound of the scraping of the sleigh bottom against the snow which it pushed up, worked like a spell, and as we went at the speed of an ox-sled, so we seemed to understand the state of the

logs of wood that are drawn upon it. Every moment we became more and more like mere sticks—wooden blocks. Steam, cars, speed, were ideas that went gradually out in the mind, like sparks from burned paper.

At length we reached the station. Men were shoveling in every direction, and vast bulwarks of snow were reared beside the platform. There was no news of any train farther than New Haven. There, for seven hours, the morning train from New York had been waiting. It was now late in the afternoon, and snowing as hard as ever. The good-natured men about the station could give no hope, and, upon the whole, seemed to regard the excitement of the delay and interruption as an agreeable variety in the monotony of regularity. A pleasant-faced boy worked the telegraph, click! click! Man was still triumphant. If he could not run along the rail, he could talk along the wire. We talked with Hartford and New Haven, and the thick-falling snow that had averted the locomotives and the huge snow-plows could not stop a single word that was whispered through the storm.

There was a locomotive upon a branch road that connected at this station, and orders presently came from Hartford that it should start. There were three passengers who had been waiting all day, and although they were told that no car could be taken, they willingly agreed to ride upon the wood in the tender. Up they jumped, putting up their collars, and pulling down their caps, and turning their backs to the engine. Several other men with shovels followed and sat upon the wood. The conductor buttoned up his huge coat and stepped to the side of the engineer, the bell rang, the steam shrieked as if it were summer and there were a long train of cars, the rest of us stood on the platform and wished them a pleasant journey. Off they rolled; they had a trip of twenty miles to make—it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and at ten in the morning they had not been heard from.

As the Easy Chair turned back into the station where he had been waiting, he observed a solitary woman sitting in the room allotted to the "ladies" (as if the female American were ever any thing else! *vide* the railroad cars!). She was a kind of statue of silence. She sat as if she had been sitting from immemorial time, with no chance of relieving her mind by speech. The men passed in and out of their room; they talked freely and cheerfully together; they joked, and ran round, and even went behind one of the highest snow bulwarks, to a place called a "saloon," where beer could be had; they smoked, and spat, and unbent their mighty minds in whatever way they chose, and fought the blue devil Ennui as vigorously as they could.

But for the solitary woman there was no such resource. She was alone in a masculine world; and she sat all day silent, and had been sitting all day silent since eight o'clock—it was now past four—for she had come down by that earliest sleigh at the time the adventurer had measured the depth of the snow, and found twenty-four inches upon a level. There was indeed a fellow-passenger of hers at that hour, and at intervals during the day he probably beamed in upon her solitude; but he, too, was overcome with silence, yet it was a cheerful, philosophical silence, for he said afterward that he was used to travel and its chances.

Toward six o'clock, as there were no tidings of the train, and as the sleigh was about returning to the hotel, we stepped in again, leaving behind in the station a gentleman whose home was in Hartford, and who had made up his mind to remain in that room until the car came that was to carry him home.

Through the deep snow we toiled wearily homeward.

Oh grateful Chinese herb! Oh fragrant Indian weed! Oh solacing fumes of evaporating mountain-dew! The evening floated away, beguiled by the story of the Pilgrims, told in the freshest and fullest, the most comprehensive and satisfactory manner, in the first volume of Dr. Palfrey. The storm was clearing, and the gentle rustle—half fascinating, half fearful—was heard no more. At midnight the stars shone bright. The outline of the landscape gleamed pale through the cold air; all so silent, now, all so dim, while the stars twinkled with lustrous life; and the great, memorable, old-fashioned snow-storm of '59 was over.

And now one word about the history of which the Easy Chair has just spoken.

Dr. Palfrey has published the first volume of a "History of New England," a work of rare and ripe scholarship: so clear and calm, so dignified, animated, and vigorous a story that the reader feels that the work is now adequately accomplished—a work of the profoundest interest to every New Englander, and to every American.

Our historians Bancroft and Hildreth have, of course, accounts more or less copious of the first settlements; but they are necessarily brief, and subsidiary to the general panoramic view which they paint. But Dr. Palfrey, with a detail full of intelligence and interest, and never dry, or halting, or doubtful, succeeds in showing us the men as they lived, the times as they were, without the gloss of an unjust enthusiasm or the partiality of adverse prejudice.

Thus his relation of the whole difficulty between the colony of Massachusetts Bay and Roger Williams is both genial and candid, although he states frankly that, from the Puritans' point of view, with the design they had of forming a particular kind of State and Government, Roger must go. When he formed his own colony in Rhode Island he did precisely what Winthrop and his friends had done in Massachusetts—that is, he made the body of freemen the judges who should become one of their number, although he carried the catholic and democratic principle a little farther.

The difficulty in judging the men of Massachusetts is, that they are generally represented as the great pioneers of religious liberty. They were not so at all, or only in a very limited sense indeed. Undoubtedly they helped carry forward the practice of the great idea; but they did not know it, and they did not mean to. They hung heretics with a will, and often, when they did not hang, it is clear enough that their mouths watered to do it.

Laud certainly persecuted the Nonconformists, and so did his predecessors. But the Nonconformists quite as certainly persecuted greater Nonconformers. It always is so, and always must be. People want to worship God according to their own consciences; not to let other people worship according to theirs.

Dr. Palfrey shows a full and fair appreciation of Roger Williams's character; although, perhaps, that noble man is entitled to more praise than the Doctor is disposed to give him, and that for the very reason that he had the courage to stand to his opinions so stoutly. Many other men in history have, in gener-

al, perhaps agreed with him; and he, like many earnest reformers, may have been rather ardent than constant in his faith; and, like Daniel Boone in the wilderness, pushing on farther when people came to his side and dwelt with him. Roger loved a good argument—a stout intellectual wrestle. We may well believe that of a man who rowed himself from Providence to Newport, alone, in an open boat, after he was seventy years old, to break a cudgel with George Fox. George was off before he arrived, but Roger shied his stick after him—if a grave old Chair may use such an expression of the reverend Roger and the indomitable George.

Mr. Arnold—who, simultaneously with Dr. Palfrey, has put out the first volume of the History of Rhode Island, written with a fidelity which is beyond praise—treats the question of Roger Williams substantially as Dr. Palfrey treats it, with this natural difference, that while the latter dwells more at length upon the general enthusiastic and incoherent intellectual action of Roger Williams, and the objects which the Boston men had in view in organizing their colony, the former displays with more affectionate reverence the sublime scope of Williams's idea of moral liberty, and censures the limited political philosophy of the Massachusetts colonists.

If, leaving details, the Easy Chair should say that the central interest of New England history is that the Pilgrim settlers brought more fully than any others, although in a dislocated and unconscious form, the fundamental idea upon which, in a fuller development, our American national institutions rest, the reader would instantly begin to scrutinize the wood of which it is constructed, to see if it were not carved of a Maine pine, or a Massachusetts elm, or a Vermont maple, or a Connecticut oak, or a New Hampshire larch, or a Rhode Island apple-tree!

So, perhaps, the wiser course is not to say it—and, above all, not to hint that New England is still the brain and the conscience of the whole.

Heavens! it wouldn't suggest such a thing for worlds!

The Easy Chair used to chat with his friends about the singers who perched for a season upon the boards at Astor Place, or even at the Academy. But his voice has to reach so many and so far that the singers had all gone silent long before his voice was heard, and new songs of all kinds were being sung to the listening public.

Yet the pretty little Piccolomini ought to have a word of remembrance, no matter how her name is pronounced. We can fancy ourselves standing upon the shore as she sails away (for the veracious Mr. Ullmann declares, in his prodigious advertisements, that nothing will persuade that affectionate Mr. Manager Lumley to be separated from his pet, Piccolomini, after the 1st of April. *The 1st of April*, did you say, Mr. Ullmann? Ah, Sir! and didn't you turn the 1st of April upon us, out of season, with your celebrated Musard?), standing upon the shore, and blowing kisses, and waving lace handkerchiefs, and shaking primrose gloves at her as she sails back to her longing Lumley.

A pretty little Piccolomini it was; and yet one was almost pained to see her. Prettiness is so evanescent! *Petitesse* is such a small capital! Yet how she bounded upon the stage, as if the audience were her lover and she were gayly punctual at the tryst! Her lover, who would not let a rough word be said nor a wind blow cold against his darling! Her lover, who had a soft pat of primrose glove for every little arch twist and hoyden fling, and all the pretty naughtinesses!

It was almost painful, because you could almost see the shadow falling out upon her from the side-scenes. It was a triumph of coquettish youth, achieved upon an arena on which only the triumphs of genius are permanent, and therefore it looked like a girl dancing gayly upon thin ice in April, thinking it was a rock of adamant.

Farewell, pretty Piccolomini!

"Gather your rosebuds while you may;"

and may you so line your little nest that, if winter should ever come, and the sun should ever go behind a cloud and nobody care to hear your song, you may be glad enough to sing your own little song in your own little nest, nor waste a regret upon the applause that thought it admired you, but only admired your youth.

More than once has the Easy Chair recorded his obligation to the wandering organ-grinders, who weave a spell of music in the dullest day, and make Italy and southern roses burn through the fog in Nassau Street.

Can we easily compute the influence of those soft, persuasive melodies upon the hearts that hear, and hear unconsciously? Not only by exquisite association with the choice moments of love and youth and beauty, but by the essential sweetness and character of the music they make, the hand-organs are fountains of feeling scattering their invisible spray of refreshment upon many a weary brain—upon many a sinking heart.

Have you watched one of the players sometimes? A boy, perhaps, or young man, with large, round, black, abstracted eyes? with a velvet coat and a Calabrian hat, a dark skin and a grace even in repose, even in tugging under his heavy instrument? But most of all, where it is a genuine Italian, an alien and romantic aspect; the look of an estray; Phœbus, somehow, run down to a sorry hack, and standing in a pound?

They do not ask for money, you observe. They look at you, perhaps, sometimes with an encouraging smile, but more frequently with no recognition, and as if you belonged to different spheres. "If you have music in you," their silence seems to imply, "or any thing that answers to music, you will understand the situation of affairs in our pockets, and, often enough, in our hearts."

It is most melancholy, perhaps, when they have a monkey. It is such a ridiculous parody of a man; and when you are touched to the heart with imaginary sorrow to see a grizzled ape-face contorted over a nut-shell, or staring with brute wishfulness at you as its owner makes a bow in a rusty blue old Continental military coat, is a sad revulsion. You could give a shilling to your remembrance of that day at Sorrento, when the brown-faced girl sang fisher songs upon the rocks, and among them the very *Luisella* that the organ plays; but you can not see Luisella in a monkey.

But be generous. Make it two shillings—send the boy home happy!

Encouraging vice and idleness?

Why, my dear Mr. Grundy, do you take under your charge the habits and moral character of Mr. Keenedge, because you buy stocks, or tea, or carpets, or clothes of him? Not at all. You pay his bill, not because you know he may get tipsy on the money, but because he sells good sugar. Could

you, perhaps, apply the same principle to the long, dark-haired youth with the abstracted eyes?

So do the organ-grinders run away with this foolish old Chair that it quite forgot it was going to talk of another form of the same nuisance, as Mr. Solomon Gunnybags delights to call them—the *image-men.*

Now, Mr. Gunnybags, don't fly into a passion before the Easy Chair has said a single word. It is not going to defend or abuse them as a highly moral or immoral class of people. They are probably no better and no worse than the great family of Gunnybags in all its branches. But their trade is a great deal better than many trades and professions which enjoy extreme respect.

The image-men are useful agents of that unconscious education which is going on all the time and all around us. Do you suppose it makes no difference whether a child's eye is familiarized with coarse and mean and squalid objects, or those which are really lovely and elevating? Would you be quite as willing your grandson should be bred in constant contact with ugliness and filth, as with beauty and cleanliness; in a tenement city house, as in the open sweetness of the country?

Of course you would not; because, sputter at "nonsense" as you may, you know that as a man does not live by bread alone, so he is not altogether educated by class-books. The education of the eye and ear, by shapes of beauty and musical sounds, is quite as important as learning to spell willing with two l's, or to understand that d-o-g does not spell cat.

The men who grind the organs, and those who carry about upon boards the plaster casts of famous or graceful statues, are scattering seed finer than thistle-down—seed that shall by-and-by come to harvest in many a kind word, sweet thought, and prompt sympathy. Idlers? Why, they are no more idlers than the rest of us. They remind us perpetually of the noble works that have been wrought. The public eye grows familiar and the public ear fond of the sights and sounds that refine and invigorate.

Do you remember the things that used to be carried about when you were a child, Mr. Gunnybags? Sir Gardner Wilkinson recalls them. "Cats with moving heads; green parrots; wooden lambs covered with cotton wool; or (if the figure of a man was attempted) a coarse boor holding an equally vulgar pot of beer." Shall we not confess with him that we are grateful for the change so unostentatiously brought about by these humble foreigners?

The poet whose elegy upon George Steers was published in the February number of the Magazine wishes to correct the spelling of the name attached to the poem as that of the author. "The Long Island Farmer" is not Wedgewood B. Homer; he is Bloodgood H. Cutter. The correction would have been made earlier had it been possible.

Our Foreign Bureau.

WHY not call it *Bureau*, office, *sanctum*, which we have established here upon the banks of the Seine? Why not—since the Magazine has now become an established institution, known over the world, and sought after from Hong-Kong to Frazer River—why not have a permanent news rendezvous in the central city of the Old World, where we may rule, with our quill sceptre, upon our editorial throne—sending forth our couriers, as occasion may serve or as the public interests may demand, to bring us in report of what may be doing—in Lombardy (if the war become earnest); in St. Petersburg, when the Demidoffs and the Gortschakoffs rally their splendid toilets or their glittering sledges; in Vienna, if ever that dead elegance of Hapsburg ripen into blaze of war or blaze of enthusiasm?

It may involve exceptional and extravagant expenditure; but does not our exceptional circulation demand it? And shall we not find repayment in the smiling eyes that shall read our report, and in the glad ears that shall listen for the world-echoes which come floating, like friendly voices, through our office window on the banks of the Seine?

And what if wandering Americans should make occasional rally there, to intercept, without interrupting, the great current of gossip as it floats on and over to the dainty type-setters of Franklin Square? We shall welcome them; only asking two undisturbed days in the week in the which to group our material and send it forward.

(Second floor, third door to the left, No. 80 Quai Voltaire.)

Fortunio (they know him at all the cafés on the Boulevard) is in our employ; just now he was with us, telling, in his rollicking way, how some political refugee has within the week made escape from the clutch of Louis Napoleon. A small matter in itself; but our Fortunio has a way of building small matter into imposing romance. As thus. He taps our shoulder as we sit engrossed in vast piles of journals:

"Have you heard of the adventure of Marie F——?"

"Not we. Who is Marie F——?"

"Shame! not know the maiden belle of the last fête at the Hotel de Ville? Mouth of a cherub; hair flaxen! Well, she goes to Strasbourg to visit an aunt—a few hours, you know; first-class place; *coupé* to herself. But just at the moment of setting off a belated stranger rushes upon the platform; first-class ticket. The guard, in his haste, opens the door of the *coupé*, and thrusts him in.

"Embarrassing for Marie, who looks steadfastly out of her own window for the first league; then gives a stolen glance at her companion; not bad looking, *moustache* well turned, and young.

"Half a league more of out-look; the country grows dreary, and she ventures another eye-shot. Young man is evidently anxious and perplexed.

"Marie returns to the landscape (growing finer), and is just occupying herself with the study of certain artistic effects produced by a group of extinguisher turrets against a copse of poplars, when she becomes conscious of the near approach of the stranger. She turns in alarm. Not only near her, but before her; a dirk in one hand, and in the other—scissors!

"The stranger asks, in a tone of command, that Mademoiselle take the scissors and remove his *moustache!* The knife, and a certain wildness of manner, give force to his demand.

"Evidently a madman. Her cries could not be heard if she screamed. Therefore she obeys. Next she must submit for a few moments to be blindfolded; and the stranger proceeds to tie her own handkerchief over her eyes; then retires for ten minutes to his own side of the *coupé*. At the end of this time Mademoiselle is informed that she can remove the bandage from her eyes.

"She does so; and finds, in place of the young stranger, a benevolent-looking old man of five-and-

sixty! He has effected the admirable travesty while she has been blindfolded.

"A strange mystery about the man's madness; and poor Marie is in an agony of terror. The false old man again makes appeal to Mademoiselle to conceal all she has seen for three days; after this, she may tell what she chooses. Marie makes the strange promise, and keeps it.

"Her confidant at the end of that time is her father. His suspicions are awakened, for he holds a certain high place in the administration of police. The description given by his daughter corresponds with that of a certain noted political refugee, implicated, within the week, it is said, in some new plot of assassination of the Emperor. Further inquiry confirms his identity with the traveling companion of Marie F——.

"The pretty Marie has a romantic story to tell, and the refugee a romantic tinge given to a lucky escapade."

Now, when our friend Fortunio drops such a story in our ear, we do not turn upon him with a brusque demand of testimony for its authenticity; we know he has never any such testimony to adduce. We know his habit of literary embroidery. The whole affair may possibly be put down in to-morrow's *Presse* in this shape: "Guiseppe Mantoni, a suspected conspirator, disguising himself by shaving off his beard in a railway carriage upon the Great Northern, has made his escape to England." Yet we listen to Fortunio. There are those who like his way of telling a story; therefore we employ him.

Another gentleman from whom we occasionally levy contribution is that Henri de Pène who, last summer, came near slipping away from all further outlook upon sunny trifles, by that fearful double duel (which we duly chronicled) with two sons of Mars.

But M. de Pène is himself again.

He sat here with us just now, philosophizing, criticising; ambling along over his subject with the easiest grace in the world.

Shall we try and recall some shreds of his talk? Just in from the Gymnase, where they are playing the "Cendrillon" of M. Barrière.

Odd it is that the world should cling to a story which should have for one of its chiefest elements the injustice of a mother! Over and over it is repeated, in Italian Cenerentola, in music of Nicolo, in English nursery book, and always listened to. The conclusion must be that mothers are unjust; that many a poor Cinderella does sit at home, in the corner of the great chimney; that prettier sisters win the kisses, and the flowers, and the silks, until some fairy fête comes and drops a crystal slipper; upon which away the neglected one goes dancing toward success and happiness. But what redeems the matter always, she does not prove unkind, but has tender words and wishes for those who have neglected her, and crowns the tale with the great, golden moral of good for evil.

Well, the Cinderella of M. Barrière (marvelously played by a little Victoria who will fill the place of Rose Cheri some day) is a serene, brown-eyed, quiet-living creature—not altogether neglected, but not enjoying a tenth part of the maternal affection and maternal favors which are showered upon her laughing, black-eyed sister Blanche. Yet her heart is yearning toward the mother who neglects her, and toward Blanche who slights and wounds her. Upon a certain festal day Cinderella has prepared a gift for her mother—a vail embroidered by many months' secret toil, and a little bunch of wild flowers: will not these open the mother's heart at length?

Blanche, too, has secretly prepared her gift—a miniature of herself, exquisitely done by the artist most in vogue.

And the mother, with blind fatuity clinging to the little miniature of her favored child, scarce notices either vail or flowers, but runs with the precious gift to the poor Cinderella that she may join in her admiration.

And the poor girl, with tortured heart, kisses the image of her happy sister, her chagrin all lost in a burst of tenderness.

(A great many eyes are hidden in white cambric at this pass.)

Then there is a gaunt, brutal sort of cousin, Antoine by name, who has claim to a large portion of the estate which mother and daughters are at present enjoying. The matter is working through some long Chancery suit, which Antoine proposes to satisfy and compromise by marrying the neglected Cinderella.

She, poor girl, recoils in horror; but the mother, with rare cruelty, urges filial duty in the matter, and commands acceptance.

No fairy is yet in sight.

A count (no matter for the name) becomes meantime a *habitué* of the house. An admirable match for the pretty Blanche; so thinks Blanche, and so thinks Blanche's mother. Blanche is not heartless either, but has a ripe and full one if it were well governed; and before she knows she has lost it, and the unsuspecting count is its keeper.

Cinderella, suffering and doubting, is visited by no fairy yet; but a certain Aumont, good fellow and proud and earnest, knows what tenderness belongs to her; in fact, has plunged so madly in love with her that he must needs stultify himself by fighting a duel with the persistent and odious cousin Antoine; from which rencontre he comes away with his arm in a sling.

Affairs stand thus, when, upon a sudden, and to the great surprise of all parties, the count makes proposals for the hand of—Cinderella!

The mother is amazed; Blanche altogether desolate. But the count avows himself very much in earnest. The manifest neglect of the second daughter had at first excited his sympathy only, but the sympathy had led to closer observation, and the observation had revealed to him her rare merits.

The mother recognizes at length her injustice, and there follows a scene of embraces and tears, which (so far as tears may do it) is repeated in the pit and the galleries, and in fact all over the house.

But Cinderella has no heart to give; Aumont has won that. The count reconsiders his determination, and Blanche is made happy; and there is a vague suspicion floating (as the curtain drops) that the widowed mother may possibly atone for her injustices, and keep the property, by marrying the braggart Antoine.

There is rather a taste for tears this winter upon the Paris boards. "*Un jeune homme pauvre*" has been very largely watered in this way—even to imperial weeping at the private theatre of Compèigne.

De Pène, who is a loquacious fellow withal, and rambles all over Europe (*Voie des Journaux*) collecting news, tells us what we are pained to learn about the magnificent Ristori.

She has had her usual success in Florence, more especially in an Italian rendering of Phèdre. Upon the morrow of its first representation she writes a

confidential letter to a friend, saying: "I cleared last night $——, besides press money." The letter carrying such triumph is shown to the father, who, weak man, must needs copy and preserve it for private circulation; private circulation grows so large presently as to need imprint; and a little spicy Florentine journal, piqued in its pride, attacks the great Madame Ristori for bribery of the papers. Whereupon the artiste commences action for defamation.

Great scandal comes of it; and, worst of all, the unpalatable truth that artistes even of the first reputation are in the habit of paying largely for the *bravuras* of the papers.

If we think smally of the man or woman who will buy praises, what shall we think of those who have them to sell? (Are such things known among you at home?) We say, pierce them with the same spit, and broil them together.

Again, this friend of ours, De Pène (chatter-box that he is!), must tell us what he counts rather a piquant anecdote about one of our countrymen, who wears a gilt band about his cap (one of the marines, possibly?), down at Nice.

It appears the King of Wurtemberg, a pleasant, sedate, unpretending old gentleman, is passing his winter at that sea-port.

Our countryman, strolling up and down upon the quay, accosting people in familiar manner, presently falls in with a stately old gentleman quite by himself, and gives him "Good-morning."

The old gentleman returns the salutation.

"Stranger here?"

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"Got many acquaintances hereabout?"

"A few," responds the old man.

"Do you know who lives yonder?" asks the gilt-banded gentleman, pointing to a villa near by.

"The King of Wurtemberg."

"What sort of king is he? Gentleman?"

"He has that reputation."

"Who is stopping with him?"

"His chamberlains."

"Eh? Chamberlain? What's a chamberlain? Why does he have chamberlains?"

"So as not to be alone."

Just here a chamberlain passes out of the villa gates, and, approaching, makes respectful salutation to the old gentleman, who, to the great mortification of the eager questioner, proves to be the King himself.

De Pène says of the American, "*Il court encore —avec sa casquette brodée d'or,*" which is much as if a Westerner were to say, "He streaked it—with his gold cap!"

To all which, after listening, we reply, good-humoredly: "It's a fable, Monsieur de Pène; it carries its untruth with it. We Americans are curious indeed and fact-loving; but we are not in the habit of proclaiming our ignorance in that style to a chance acquaintance; and you may be sure that a man who was ass enough to wear gold decoration without authority, would never have blazoned his ignorance of royal retinue; and if he wore his decoration honestly, his intelligence would forbid the truth of what you say."

We note the matter, however, in token of the prevailing disposition on the Continent to point sneers at the American character. And are our travelers wearing the quiet dignity which would destroy their force?

And now from this pleasant talk with our friends hereabout, let us turn for a moment to our budget of letters—letters from Athens, letters from St. Petersburg, letters from Hong-Kong, and here a pleasant letter from Siam. Our correspondent gives us a story of a state dinner. It is too good to pass by:

"In a large room with plain, whitewashed walls, but handsomely furnished, sit the consul and his wife, duly attired to do honor to their expected guests. Some of the junior officers of the consulate loiter in the veranda watching the river, the great highway of Bangkok. Presently a rich barge, distinguished by a row of official umbrellas at the stern, glides to the pier, and from it steps the Praklang, whom Europeans call Minister for Foreign Affairs. Quickly following, in another and still richer barge, comes his Royal Highness the Prince Wongsa, chief of the Princes, half brother of the kings; and, equally punctual, the Kalahome, or Prime Minister, rides into the court on a beautiful pony, followed, as also the others, by a numerous train of slaves. The nobles enter the room; of their retainers some return home, others sit in the court outside, but the betel box-holders, the cigar bearers, and the carriers of the official tea-pots crouch on the veranda watching their masters' wants, and anon crawling in to supply them. For, though politeness makes them accept our invitations, and consent to sit on chairs and use knives and forks, they can not give up for a minute their quid of betel, and are far more hasty than our code polite sanctions in resorting to the fragrant weed. They all wear rich embroidered sarongs (or waistcloths), bound round the waist with silk sashes. The two Ministers have assumed, in addition, tight silk jackets buttoned up to the neck—a mark of respect to their English entertainers, especially the lady, to whom the Prince expresses his regret at not being able to do likewise, pointing to a great boil on his back as a most sufficient reason. The Prime Minister is a gentlemanly and highly-intelligent man, rather reserved and proud. He speaks English fairly, but avoids parading it; indeed, seems studiously to avoid the use of it if he can have an interpreter. He readily adapts himself to European manners, and, by his noble bearing and dignified conversation, inspires respect in all who know him. In figure he is slight, and but for his mien he would be altogether lost sight of in the presence of that monster of obesity, the Prince Wongsa, a mass of fat, having but slight resemblance to a man, a horrible toad-like being. His overgrown cheeks hang in great rolls till they are lost in the huge mountains of blubber which hide his shoulders; and as for his paunch, it must measure three yards round. So clumsy is he that, despite his princeship, not even the most enthusiastic of boarding-school misses could think him handsome. His unwieldy paunch, his merry, false, and boastful disposition, and his meanness in money matters, have given him among Europeans the name of the Siamese Falstaff. He is a merry fellow, always making jokes and leading in the laugh. And what a laugh! He laughs all over, rolling about and heaving his huge body in such an alarming way, and giving utterance to such strange sounds the while, that the first idea of the uninitiated is to send for a doctor; but as he recovers, and they watch all the disturbed creases of fat subsiding into quiet, the laugh that he has done with is taken up by the spectators. His manners are, to European ideas, as coarse as his person, and sundry internal rumbles and sounds impolite are the accompaniments of his dinner—a performance, however, in which he is

equaled, if not excelled, by the Praklang, also a fat old gentleman, but less addicted to talking and laughing. To-day, indeed, he seems quite dull; perhaps the presence of his senior officers is a restraint. The illustrious company sit down to dinner, and an excellent dinner it is, for, thanks to the skill of our preserver and the activity of our purveyors, no one who has the means to afford them need now be without all the luxuries of an English and French bill of fare. Turtle soup and salmon, hare and currant jelly, peas and beans, damson tart and Stilton cheese, with many other less familiar but higher sounding viands, relieve the invariable staple of a Bangkok dinner, fowls and ducks; even these to-day make their appearance in a new guise, plumped with English stuffing, savory with French mushrooms. Madras supplies the most appetizing of curry stuffs, and Bombay sends the ducks (a kind of dried fish) to eat it with; California contributes the potatoes, and Australia the flour; France, Spain, Germany, and Portugal each send of their best wine; the West Indies furnish the curaçoa; there are dates from Egypt and almonds from Persia, coffee from Ceylon and tea from China.

"The Prince wishes to take wine with the gentleman next him, whose attention is called to the fact by a vigorous poke in the ribs; he turns round, his noble friend is grinning expressively, and tapping his wine-glass; two glasses are quickly filled, two heads are gravely inclined, two glasses are emptied, and the interesting rite is over. A minute more, and the Praklang follows the example of his Royal Highness; another poke, another draught, and he may sit at ease: he has but two neighbors, and his ribs may rest for that evening. The Prince and Praklang continue drinking with all round the table, attracting attention, where their arms will not reach, by a series of horrid grunts and quick repetitions of his name whom they wish to honor. How differently the Kalahome manages! He conveys by an interpreter his desire; servants fill the glasses; he bows condescendingly, sips his wine, and resumes his conversation."

From Russia always talk about the progress of the serf independency, which great scheme of the Emperor, it must be confessed, drags wearily and languidly toward full execution.

Another matter, however, which will not less interest the real civilizers of the world, and those who love healthful progress, is the establishment, under a society recently organized in St. Petersburg, of schools for the instruction of the poor, to be opened on Sundays, the only day upon which most of them could avail themselves of the privileges offered.

To read and to write—are not these hopeful things to learn even upon a Sunday? Things, too, of which the masses even of mechanics are sadly ignorant. In addition to these special schools, it is proposed further by the same society to establish certain courses of lectures, in which men of all trades may be taught orally the elemental scientific truths which belong to their respective pursuits.

May we not rank these designs, with the proposed amelioration of the system of serfdom, as hopeful signs for Russia?

Meantime, however, the sad abuses of trust in high places is revealed from day to day. Only latterly we have this development: An *ispravink* (chief of police) in the East, upon the Caucasian frontier, bargains with a merchant to pass his tea through free of duty; the *striaptchü* (an official corresponding to your district-attorney) discovers the fraud, and draws fifteen hundred dollars from the merchant as a bribe to keep silence. Having pocketed this sum, he goes to the police official and proposes copartnership in further demands upon the importer of teas; and together they push their exactions to such outrageous extent that the poor merchant submits himself to the mercy of the Emperor.

The Imperial family, long since returned from its autumn retreat at Tsarkõe, is lending its city presence to the balls and *raouts*, and to the triumph of the black tragedian, Aldridge.

"Will your far Westerners spend a sigh," says our correspondent, "if I tell you that the Empress-Mother is more feeble than ever, failing fast, if we may credit rumor; and the frequent bulletins confirm the street rumors?"

We were speaking just now of the proposed courses of lectures in St. Petersburg (think of lectures in Russia!). Within the month (December) a series has been opened under the auspices and at the cost of the mercantile house of Vedoff, Srougovstchikoff, & Co. (all honor to Vedoff and Srougovstchikoff!), and the early lectures have been thronged, the first being upon Botany, and following ones upon Physiology. We will not tax your compositors with the names of the professors.

Yet again, in indication of the march which Russia is making just now, let us chronicle the return of certain explorers, who had recently gone out to determine upon the best practical route from the capital to the mouth of the Amoor River. They bring, it is true, no such voluminous report as belongs to your Western surveyors for a Pacific Railway; but it is by half more prompt, more practical, and more economical!

Let America see to it that Russia—despotic Russia—does not distance her in gaining hold upon that great commerce and those splendid fisheries which must belong to the seas of Ochotsk and Japan!

'Tis but a short sail from San Francisco, through the Behring Straits (in summer), to rich shores and to teeming rivers, whereabout, in twenty years' time, a great people will be wearing Merrimack cottons, or else the fabrics of Russia and Prussia.

Would the trader like a few practical details as to what may be salable—in Japan, for instance?

He shall have them.

Cloths should be sent in pieces about 25½ yards in length, by as near as possible 41 inches in breadth. They ought to be thick, fine, and glossy, with broad black list or selvage. Cashmeres, of the same length, but only 28¾ inches broad; camlets, of the same length, but only 32¼ inches broad; watered camlets, of the same length, but only 28¾ inches broad; printed woolen velvets (trijp), of the same length, but only 23 inches broad. Besides these articles Patna, Bengal, and European (why not American?) chintzes, red cottons, Adrianople red stuffs, Armozyns, Kaliatour wood, and elephants' tusks may be advantageously introduced. With regard to the latter, it is likewise necessary to observe that great attention must be paid to the size and weight of the different qualities. Glass and crystal wares find, too, a ready sale. Small wine-glasses and drinking vessels of middling quality are most in request. Watches, clocks, mirrors, telescopes, and other optical instruments, are much sought after by the wealthier classes; and drugs, if of good quality, may be advantageously disposed of. The Japanese carry on their accounts in thails, and one thail is as nearly as possible equal to sixty-seven cents in American

money. Pieces of cloth of the above-stated dimensions were sold, before the opening of the trade, at from twenty-eight to thirty-six thails; cashmeres at fifteen; camlets at twelve; watered camlets at seven; printed woolen velvets at about ten thails—average prices.

With regard to return cargoes we have but little to say. The copper mines of Japan are very rich, but the Government has always jealously limited the export of that or any other metal, and it remains to be seen how much will be obtainable by the American merchants, and at what prices. The next article in value is camphor; and then there are lackered wares, silks, and crapes, which latter we get in abundance from China, so that it may be fairly doubted if it would turn out to the merchant's advantage to bring them over from a great distance. Yellow and white wax, dried ink-fish (*zeekat*), for Chinese consumption, whalebone, camphor-wood, and mother-of-pearl are among the few wares at present adapted for exportation. The future will enable us to form an opinion as to the coals we are likely to get from Japan. At present we know nothing about their quantity or quality, and, in fact, very little of the natural resources of the country, which time and prudence may render available to our trade.

And while we have wandered thus far away Eastward, let us enjoy a spice of the literature of those countries. Before the Ascot Society, in London, Mr. Fowle gave, latterly, a translation of the Burmese ethical work, the "Nidhi Keyan," from which we excerpt, in way of sample, the following passages:

"Riches are not equal to learning, for wisdom can not be stolen or lost; it is therefore thy best friend, and benefits while living, and even after death. . . . . Gather up each fragment of learning, and think it not small or unworthy of notice; for as rivers are formed and wells are filled by drops of water, so may thy wisdom increase. . . . . The wealth of priests is moral precepts. . . . . A man of good family upholds its honor, and, however poor, never disgraces it. . . . . Soft words make friends; bitter words make many enemies. . . . . One wishes for a friend when one gets a rose or dainty dish. . . . . The beauty of women and the sweetness of the sugar-cane bring satiety; but of the words of wisdom you can never be filled. . . . . Be thankful for the feast when you have partaken of it. . . . . Be grateful to your wife in old age. . . . . A man who continually asks favors is not liked. . . . . A person may have youth, beauty, rank, and wealth; but without learning he is like a handsome flower that has no fragrance. . . . . The master beats his people as a potter batters his clay—not to break or destroy it, but to bring it into shape. . . . . A rose imparted its fragrance to a leaf in which it was folded; so associate thyself with wise men, and their wisdom will cling to thee. . . . . However great may be the misfortunes of the virtuous man, he will never transgress by breaking the law or acting improperly. . . . . A silly person can discover a fault as small as a little seed in others, but he can not see a fault as big as a cocoa-nut in himself."

There might be worse proverbs—and better Burmans!

And now suppose we were to return from the Far East by way of the Mediterranean and the Ionian Islands.

They are pretty islands, you know; and just now very much talked of, by reason of the new British envoy, and by special reason of their restiveness under the wing of Victoria.

Corfu, chiefest among them, has this winter been visited by an extraordinary number of fashionable tourists—political, artistic, and sporting. The latter are the most numerous. Hotels and lodging-houses are crowded by gentlemen who have come out for the purpose of shooting on the opposite coast of Albania, which abounds in game of all sorts. "On account of the sirocco and deluges of rain," thus writes our correspondent, "but little success has, however, as yet attended their efforts. The presence of a special envoy on an extraordinary mission may have increased the interest attached to Corfu just now, and drawn others to the spot. Every yacht in the harbor is taken, the price of every thing is doubled, and dogs are at a premium. For the last ten days, therefore, this little town, which is inhabited by only twenty thousand persons, has been enlivened by a succession of entertainments and festivities, which have put every available vehicle in requisition, and must have proved a good harvest to the vendors of every species of female attire. Milliners have, even in this distant isle, to follow Paris fashions, and to tax their imagination and ingenuity in the preparation of that extensive paraphernalia which the ladies of the senators and representatives of the Ionian Parliament love to revel in no less than the daughters of New York merchants and Western Congressmen. Balls, dinners, receptions, and levées have been the order of the day; and no exertion seems to have been spared on the part of the Corfiotes to do honor to the High Commissioner Extraordinary, whose patience must, however, have been sorely tried in having so suddenly to make the acquaintance of such numbers of her Majesty's Ionian subjects."

Our correspondent further says: "The inhabitants of the neighboring islands are as good wreckers as the men of Key West, and watch a ship in a storm with feelings of great interest. Light-houses are an abomination in their sight. A gentleman who has just returned from a shooting excursion encountered a severe gale off Ithaca, and, though the natives gathered in numbers on the shore, in expectation of his yacht being driven on the rocks and wrecked, his shouts brought no help, and on a cessation of the storm he and his friends were received with expressions of lively disappointment. An adventurous ensign was upset in his boat off Cephalonia, the other day, and drifted for a good while, clinging to it; a barge full of Greeks put off from the shore, as he thought, to rescue him, but on their approach to within twenty yards of him they stopped rowing, and inquired what price he would pay for the rescue. The young officer, not being inclined to bargain for his life, and seeing a good chance of drifting to land, would not come to terms; so they left him to his fate, which was not, however, I am happy to say, a watery grave."

Another letter we take up from a gossiping correspondent in Berlin gives us this little account of the fête (birth) day of the English-Prussian Princess Frederick William:

"The morning broke clear and cold, and at a very early hour dense crowds of spectators assembled in the vicinity of the Princess's palace, anxious to obtain a glimpse of her. Soon after nine o'clock carriages began to drive up in rapid succession, con-

veying the chief military and civil authorities to inscribe their names on the Princess's visiting-book. Among the earliest to arrive were Lord and Lady Bloomfield, who were graciously invited to remain and take part in the ceremonial appointed to take place in the Chapel Royal—a beautiful edifice situated in one of the wings of the palace. The members of the Prussian royal family arrived before noon, and at twelve o'clock the whole party entered the chapel, where an impressive service was performed in the German language. The Prince of Wales, who is on a visit to his sister, wore the uniform of a colonel in the Guards. After the company had departed her Royal Highness withdrew to obtain a little repose after the fatigue of the day, during which period the Prince of Wales and his brother-in-law drove out and visited some members of the Prussian royal family, returning before eight o'clock to a dinner *en famille*. In the evening a few of the public offices were illuminated, and some of the theatres had special performances in honor of the day. It was remarked that her Royal Highness, although somewhat pale, looked remarkably animated and happy. Prince Frederick William wore the uniform of the regiment of Guards to which he belongs. During the day her Royal Highness received a number of costly presents, many of which came from far distances. Several packages arrived from England; among them a large bouquet of English roses and other choice flowers, purposely grown for the occasion. The Princess, it is said, anticipates her confinement very early in the ensuing year. It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which this event is looked forward to by all classes of society in Berlin."

We have put thus much in type, that our readers may contrast the record with the terrible progress of the British "double marriages" in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." The great alliance is surely now fairly won; and the court festivities of Prussia, it is to be hoped, are of a different complexion from those which enlivened the "Tobacco parliaments" of old.

Royalty is not yet exploded. Economy is probably less than it was in the time of Frederich Wilhelm, consumption of Champagne may be even greater; church-goers may possibly be fewer; diplomacy is as inscrutable and as false; but if we compare the two ages, who had not rather take his chance under the present Regent, and prospective King, than to have lived under the wing of the great Potsdam giants?

From the British Princess it is no long remove (not so long as that from Siam to Corfu) to the British Premier; and we have a sketch of him here which will be read with interest:

"Nothing is more strikingly characteristic at once of the whole genius and temperament of Lord Derby than his manner in the House of Peers upon the night of some great discussion—upon the occasion, let us say, of one of his important ministerial statements. Every one is in expectation. The building is comparatively crowded—the Lords in unusual attendance, the Commons clustered below the bar, strangers grouped upon the steps of the throne, or to the right and left upon the floor of the House behind the woolsack. Although the Premier is seated, in the midst of his colleagues, upon the front Treasury bench, he among them all is at once readily distinguishable. You recognize him at once by the watchful glance—that frequent look of vivid and vigilant observation. If you mark him keenly before he rises, moreover, you fail not to note the nervous anxiety betrayed in his every lineament, in the compression of the firm lip and the knitting of the broad forehead. When at length, amidst the breathless silence of the assembly, he has gained his feet, how through the clear and unstudied exordium he rapidly, yet by imperceptible gradations, wins upon the sympathy of his audience by his evident sincerity and earnestness. Later on, when he has passed the outskirts of his argument, and has fairly warmed to his theme, all the more genial qualities of his mind become apparent, shining out winningly, delightfully, playfully, with an air of exhilaration. It is a vivacity with him 'ever young' in its easy animation. Yet, suddenly, in the midst of this, if he is desirous at any moment of reverting to a more serious tone, of recalling himself and his hearers to a mood of gravity befitting some impressive and emphatic declaration—his look, his voice, his bearing are instantaneously invested with the dignity of the senator and the statesman. The management of his harmonious voice, above all, is throughout marked in every turn and inflection by an almost perfect art and a nearly matchless dexterity; more especially, as we have heard it inimitably described, when, upon occasion, it is so managed that 'the cadence falls like the running bullet in a loaded bludgeon.'"

Nothing more from England; indeed your American papers are so thoroughly posted in all British matters that we rarely seek for our material in that direction.

Falling back, then, into the solitude of our office-chair—the correspondence for the month being exhausted—what have we to beguile the half hour which waits before the closing of our monthly budget?

Nothing, except it be the "Life of Vicdocq."

And who was Vicdocq?

The "Old Hays" of France; the great police detective of his day; the Vautrin of Balzac's stories.

He died about half-way through the year 1857, having been born in Arras in the year 1775.

He commenced life by robbing his father's house, and ended it, in the most tranquil part of Paris, a gray-haired patriarch, with a fortune at command, and full of police honors.

While a boy he fled into Belgium to escape imprisonment, and there associated himself, successively, with a show of traveling and educated dogs, and a Punch and Judy theatre. Weary of this, he enrolled himself a soldier, fought against the Austrians, deserted, was retaken, received a bullet in the leg, and married, at the age of eighteen, a woman four or five years his senior, who had the misfortune to be thin, deformed, ugly, and without character.

At Lille, shortly after, being condemned to prison for an attack upon his superior officer, he aided a poor devil to escape by means of forged papers. For this new offense he was condemned to the galleys; and there formed that wide acquaintance with culprits and their habits which served him so well in after years.

In the year 1809 he was named chief of the secret police of Paris, with pay of five thousand francs a year. Within a twelvemonth after his entrance upon official duty he had arrested and expelled from Paris no less than eight hundred of his old criminal friends. The wariest and the most subtle were matched by him with a subtlety equal to their own. His capacity for taking on disguise, whether of voice, or dress, or gait, or even countenance, was something most wonderful. He introduced himself into the

haunts of the lowest thieves as one of them; and with equal facility, appeared at *bourgeois* fêtes as an honest, stolid vendor of perfumery. On one occasion he passed himself off, to his own superior, the prefect of police, as a well-known Duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain! And remembering that he was five feet five, and had the shoulders of a Hercules, his power of concealment seems almost inconceivable. Even at the age of sixty he passed himself off, for a whole evening, in a numerous and delighted society, as a stout young country wench of Nancy.

There is a story of his winning a way to the dinner-table of the Baron Mechin that may perhaps be worth the telling.

The Baron Mechin had been prefect; had been deposed; and was believed to be plotting against the Government. He was to give a dinner party, at which it was supposed his friends might talk over their plans. Impossible, on any pretext, to procure invitation for any secret member of police. In this juncture the new prefect sends for Vicdocq, who had hitherto been employed only in detection and arrest of such gross criminals as robbers and cut-throats.

"Vicdocq," says the prefect, "you are capable of almost any thing you undertake; I have a service to propose to you. The Baron Mechin gives a dinner; we must have report of the conversation. Can you contrive to be of the party?"

"When is the dinner to come off?" says Vicdocq.

"To-night."

"*Parbleu!* it is short notice. And where does he live?"

"26 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin."

"*Bien;* I will be of the party."

"You think it possible?" says the amazed prefect.

Vicdocq has the Napoleonic scorn of the impossible.

He disguises himself as a servant; wanders into the Chaussée d'Antin; makes his observations; enters a wine shop beneath the hotel of the Baron Mechin; seats himself at one of the little tables; passes a word or two with the boy attendant; and is presently gratified by the entrance of the chief cook of the Baron.

Vicdocq hails him as an old acquaintance (much to the amazement of the simple cook); plies him with good wine; discusses chances for service; expresses intense admiration for the capacity of his companion; and "could he be allowed to see the result of this day's preparation—such an artistic display of dishes (he could put on a bit of livery and pass himself as servant of one of the guests); it would be a proud thing for him."

But the simple cook, at his last introduction of a friend under such circumstances, had missed half a dozen pieces of plate; it had made him wary; the thing was quite impossible.

The direct attack fails; but Vicdocq, by means of his conversation, is in possession of certain data about the household which he presently puts in requisition.

Bidding the cook *bonjour* he retires, hurries home, disguises himself this time as a pleasant, gray-haired old gentleman from the provinces, and wandering toward the scene of his strategy, enters a café upon the corner of the Boulevard, orders a light lunch, writes a note, and, beckoning a commissionaire, dispatches it to M. Benoit, valet of the Baron Mechin.

In a few moments M. Benoit enters; inquires for M. Lambert; he is directed to the table at which sits Vicdocq; is received kindly.

Vicdocq prays him to be seated, offers him a taste of Madeira, and opens his plan.

M. Benoit is desperately in love; wishes to marry; his name, however, is on the conscription list for the year; he has no money to buy a substitute; five hundred francs are needed; would M. Benoit like the five hundred francs?

Without a doubt—charmed to earn them. It can be easily done. The Baron Mechin has a parrakeet he prizes highly?

Benoit says yes; in fact he has the care of him.

Will Benoit, for the sum of five hundred francs, this evening, just before the hour of dinner, allow the pet bird to escape by the window on the street?

"Impossible! the bird would be lost; a thousand francs could not replace him."

"But he shall not be lost; *tenez*, here is a little silken thread, with a lead bullet attached; tie the string to the left wing of the bird; he will flutter and drop to the pavement; I will be there to receive him. It is a ruse of mine only, to have interview with the Baron on matters of importance; and if you lose service, *tenez*, here is my card; you shall take service with me."

Benoit reads the card—a pompous title upon it:

M. Lambert,
Notaire-Certificateur à Montélimart.

It wins upon the valet, and the bargain is struck.

At the appointed hour Vicdocq is on the street—a serene, stately old gentleman from the provinces. His agents, meantime, posted here and there to intercept the parrakeet in case of escape.

When the guests have all arrived a casement is suddenly opened; a parrakeet screams and flutters in the air, drops, and is instantly caught up by Vicdocq. He detaches the thread, protects the bird under the lapel of his coat, and asks naïvely of the shopkeepers to what fair lady so beautiful a bird belongs?

It is the Baron Mechin's; and the Baron's balcony is already thronged with the Baron's guests, eager to learn if the capture has been made.

M. Lambert (sending up his card) is overjoyed to find he has done a worthy man, and so sterling a patriot, even so small a service. He begs liberty to return the bird with his own hands. He enters—is delighted at the opportunity afforded; the liberal sentiments of the Baron (in low tone) are so dear to his heart; proudest day of his life; the Baron does not, perhaps, know what ardent friends he possesses in the little commune of Montélimart?

The Baron has, indeed, heard of M. Lambert, and of his liberal opinions; is delighted at the opportunity; it was a fortunate escapade of the bird that gives him such unexpected pleasure; a few friends are with him; would M. Lambert do him the honor to dine?

Vicdocq could ape the manners of the pompous *bourgeois* as well as those of the Duchess of St. Germain. He delights his host; draws out the political views of the company; and takes report next morning to the delighted prefect.

Happily it was not such as to endanger either the life or liberty of his pleasant entertainer.

Editor's Drawer.

"GOOD wine needs no bush." Better than wine, to make glad the heart, is the matter in this Drawer, and it needs no note of commendation. Read this from an excellent Methodist brother in the ministry in the West, who writes from Ohio, and certifies to the authenticity of the story:

"Over the contents of the 'Editor's Drawer,' in the last 'issoo' of *Harper*, I have 'laughed as I would die.' Herewith I send you an anecdote of a whang-doodle hard-shell preacher, who wound up a flaming sermon with this magnificent peroration:

"'My brethring *and* sistern! ef a man's full of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three *Arabian* children; they put 'em in a fiery furnace, hetted seven times hotter than it could be het, and it didn't swinge a har on their heads! And there was John the Evangeler; they put him—and where do you think, brethring and sistern, they put *him?* Why, they put him into a caladronic of bilin' ile, and biled him all night, and it didn't *faze* his shell! And there was Dan'el; they put him in a lion's den—and what, my fellow-travelers and respected auditories, do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for prayin' three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethring and sistern; I don't think any of *you* will ever get into a lion's den!'"

A NEWLY-ELECTED Justice, in one of the mountain counties in Ohio, no doubt honestly believing that his jurisdiction extended over the whole of the United States as well as the inhabited portions of Canada and Mexico, lately perpetrated the following in issuing his first warrant. It appears that some half dozen young Kentuckians had been at a wedding in one of the rural parts of Ohio, and having imbibed rather freely, became noisy; and, finally, kicked up a row. One of the sober-sided citizens of that region, feeling aggrieved at the conduct of the boys, laid in his complaint, in the form of an affidavit, before the nearest magistrate, and demanded a warrant for their arrest; telling the magistrate, at the same time, that the boys would probably be in Kentucky before the warrant could be served upon them. The magistrate called for pen, ink, and paper; and assured him that he was elected by over two hundred majority, and that he would issue a warrant that would take them in Kentucky, or any where else; whereupon he immediately sat down and issued the warrant, and, for safety and certainty, directed it "To all Constables in Ohio and Kentucky."

The description of the offense charged in the warrant is as follows:

"Whereas the Defendants, on or about the 14th day of October, A.D. 1858, at the county aforesaid, did, *unlawfully*, *riotously*, and *routously* assemble themselves together, with intent then and there to do an unlawful act—to wit, with force and violence, against the person and property—to wit, the dwelling-house of one W. D., then and there being—to wit, then and there to strike and beat the said W. D., who was too old to defend himself; and to injure his said property, by then and there shooting at him, the said W. D., and other members of his family, with a pistol supposed to be loaded, but the contents are unknown to this Court. These are, therefore, in the name, and by the authority of the State of Ohio, to command you to arrest said Defendants, if found within your State; or, if they have fled to any other State to avoid the levy of this warrant, you are authorized to pursue after them and bring them back, as well to answer the charge aforesaid, as to answer for a contempt offered to me personally, and to the authority of this court, by attempting to escape beyond its jurisdiction; and you will have their bodies forthwith before me for trial as soon as you return with them, dead or alive.

"Given under my hand and seal of office, this 15th day of October, Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord, 1858.

"A. B." (*seal.*)

The aggrieved individual actually took the warrant to Kentucky, and tried to get a constable to arrest the defendants under it; but the constable, after consulting his attorney, concluded that the Ohio Justice had mistaken the extent of his jurisdiction; and, not knowing what might be the result of a suit against him for false imprisonment, declined obeying the mandate so imperiously directed to him.

THE late Judge M—— was said in his early days to be very fond of a quiet game of cards, and was reputed to be quite a proficient in all the mysteries of euchre, high low, bluff, etc., etc. While holding the circuit in one of the Western counties, the counsel for the plaintiff was examining a rather reluctant witness, and in the course of his examination put some question to the witness which was objected to by the opposing counsel, and ruled out by the Judge as improper. This was repeated again and again, in different forms, until the Judge, out of patience, called out to the plaintiff's counsel, "*Mr. B——, if you have got any trumps you had better play them, and not undertake to nig any more!*"

JUDGE B——, of E—— County, in this State, was one of the *side* Judges of the old Court of Common Pleas, a very good sort of man and a respectable merchant, but considerably elevated by his position on the bench; and, on the resignation of the first Judge, his self-esteem was by no means decreased by his becoming the presiding Judge. While holding court on one occasion, a Mr. T——, who has since become somewhat eminent in his profession, tried his first cause, and excited the unanimous commendation of the whole bar at the ability he displayed. A question of some importance in the result of the cause arose during the trial, and, after a very able argument on the part of our young friend, was decided by the presiding Judge against him. This aroused his young blood; and in the excitement of the occasion he remarked, in the hearing of the Judge, "*that he was astonished at such an outrageous decision.*" Judge B——, much excited at the remark, called the young man to an account, and required of him an apology, which it was arranged should be made at the opening of the court in the afternoon; or, in default, the Court would commit him for contempt. Mr. T—— was very much alarmed at his position, and called on his friend, John R——, celebrated for his dry humor and ready wit; who told him to give himself no further uneasiness on the subject, as he would help him out. At the opening of the court Mr. T—— was called upon for his apology. The tall, gaunt form of John R—— arose, who said that he had been requested by his young friend to address the Court in his behalf; and after commenting upon the talents and rare ability displayed by his young friend in the trial of the cause, his youth, and inexperience in the ways and customs of courts, and of this court in particular, remarked, "*That had his young friend been as familiar with the practice and decisions of this court as he* [Mr. R——] *was, he would have ceased long ago to be astonished at any decision your Honor might make!*" [An old story, but good as new.—ED. *Drawer.*]

"THE people of our State of Tennessee are at this time greatly 'exercised' upon the subject of the 'New Code' which was passed by our last Legislature. Section 1840 of the Code reads as follows: 'Every miller or bolter of flour, made or intended for exportation, shall provide and use distinguishable brands or marks; and before the flour is removed shall impress on the head of each barrel the name of the miller or bolter by whom it was manufactured,

and the quality of flour contained in each particular barrel, by branding or marking thereon, at full length, the words "family," "superfine," "fine," "middling," as the case may be.' Shortly after the issuance of the 'Code' I was passing by the mill of our simple-minded and law-abiding friend, W—— L——, when you may guess my surprise and amusement to see about one hundred or more barrels bearing the following *inscription*, at full length: 'W—— L——, *miller or bolter*, family, superfine, fine, middling, as the case may be!' and my friend still busy, brush in hand, doing a hundred or so more.

"'Why, what does all this mean?' said I.

"He triumphantly pointed out to me the abovementioned section of the Code, and said, '*Done* accordin' to law, you see, old hoss!'

"I succeeded in holding in till I left him. Some one has enlightened him, I suppose; as I notice a great many barrels, whose heads are painted all over red, waiting to receive new inscriptions or brands."

"The author of 'Cousin Sally Dillard,'" writes a correspondent, "has furnished the Drawer with 'an ower true tale' about one of our judges (his name is not Billings, though), whose peculiar merits do not consist in a quick appreciation of a joke. The same witty contributor knows another instance of inappreciative solemnity, which he could report much better than I. But here it is:

"Some years ago, when Governor Morehead graced the executive chair of the old North State, a ferocious onslaught was made against his administration by the party in opposition, which had a majority in our Legislature. A committee was appointed by that body to examine the expenditures of his Excellency in the executive mansion—which we call 'the palace.' Mr. Brogden, now State Controller, was chairman of that committee—since celebrated as the 'Spoon Committee.' The majority of this committee and its chairman were politically opposed to the Governor, and went into the scrutiny *con amore*, hoping to find something rich out of which capital might be made for the coming canvass. After visiting the palace, and peeping about among its furniture and fixings generally, this grave body met to make their report upon the awful waste and extravagance which his Excellency had shown in building an ice-house, and repairing his stables, and in divers naughty east room embellishments, when it occurred to the chairman—a simple-hearted but not very polished citizen—that the committee had neglected a very important part of their duty, inasmuch as they had not *counted the spoons*, and verified the number as charged in the Governor's bills. Ben Pope, a member of the committee, and a gentleman of infinite humor, exclaimed with much mock indignation against an investigation that implied that a Governor of North Carolina *might steal spoons*. 'But, Brogden,' said he, 'if you wish to count the spoons, go and do it. *I* shall not go, and I am sure the other members of the committee will be ashamed to accompany you in such a pitiful service. You will go alone—and—and, Brogden, *who is to count them after you?*'

"Several gentlemen were dining that day with the witty and very accomplished Mrs. T——, and the spoon story was told and enjoyed with great glee by all at the table—all but G—— M——, whose only failing is similar to that which afflicts Judge *Billings*. He is slow at taking a joke, and understands one only when he has had time to turn it over and examine it in all its bearings. But, unlike the Judge, when he once gets hold of it, he never lets it slip. It works him all over, and his enjoyment is intense, and intensely explosive. On this occasion, long after the uproarious mirth had subsided, and other and more quiet themes were under discussion with the dinner, the sober-sided George incontinently burst out into a terrific fit of laughter, such as none but he can perpetrate, for he has a voice like young thunder, and old Stentor was a baby to George in a vocal way.

"'Good!' exclaimed he. 'Good! Glorious! I see it!'

"'See what?' asked Mrs. T——.

"'Oh, that joke upon Brogden and the spoons! Glorious! Capital! Capital!'

"'There was no danger of losing the spoons,' said the lady, laughing, 'if Brogden was as slow at taking them as Mr. M—— is at taking a joke.'

"The feast went on, but G—— M—— could not get over the spoon joke; and semi-occasionally, if not oftener, during that dinner, he thundered out his appreciation of Ben Pope's fun. He could not help it. Brogden and the spoons, the spoons and Brogden, were ringing in his ears, and he must let out. And even now, though years have passed, there is no question but the demure and quiet woods of old Guilford are waked up by some very mirthful and un-Quakerly sounds whenever the memory of that scene comes over his mind."

"During that same session of the Legislature, the dominant party had determined to pass some resolutions of a party character on a certain day. The minority were equally determined that it should not be done. A noisy night session was the consequence. All sorts of parliamentary tactics were employed by the minority to stave off the question. It was about midnight when this same Green Mitchell—for that is his name—a member of the Lower House, an eminent lawyer, a pure gentleman, and large-hearted philanthropist, obtained the floor. He lifted up his voice to a high key, and said, pausing after every word: 'Mr.—Speaker—The—point—of—order—now—under—discussion—is—decided—in—one—of—the—three—large—volumes—of—Hatsell's—Precedents.— I—am—not—certain—in—which—volume—but—I—shall—begin—at—the—beginning—of—the—first—volume—and—read—on—until—I—find—it.' He then ordered one of the pages to bring him 'a pitcher of water, and three large spermaceti candles. He should probably want them all before he was done, though he should use only one at a time,' etc. The consequence was that the majority consented to adjourn, and the resolutions were passed on a subsequent day."

"People nowadays, when the Congress of the United States is spoken of, get an idea of a body whose only intellectual recreation is the delivery of long Buncombe speeches, which poorly make up for their want of novelty and point by the noise and pretension with which they are pronounced. But, not to go back to the time of the Randolphs and Burgesses and Holmeses of an earlier day, there have been many 'good things' said by our M.C.'s within but a few years, which are worth the trouble of preserving. Two or three of these, which I now recall to mind, I propose to put into your Drawer for that purpose. '*Pars quorum*,' I do not pretend to say I was; but my particular employment at the Capitol gave me good opportunity to hear and enjoy as well as if I had been 'one of 'em;' and I am glad to show

you that I have had appreciation and memory of the wit of others, although making no claim to be among the perpetrators myself. I will chronicle nothing but what is harmless to the fame of any one living or dead, so I hope to be pardoned for the use of names.

"Every body has heard of 'long John Wentworth,' of Chicago. Well, when in the House of Representatives, one day, a vote was being taken by tellers on some question on which the lines of party were a little broken, John found himself separated from his Democratic friends and arranged on the other side. It was on a Lake Harbor Improvement Bill. You know how they vote by tellers—passing in pairs, like yoke-fellows, between two members, who are appointed to stand in the area in front of the Speaker's chair, and make report of the numbers in the affirmative and negative. Our tall Illinoisan, towering in person above all the crowd who were pressing forward thus in couples to be counted, looked down and around him, inquiring, 'See here, boys! am I alone among these rascally Whigs? Isn't there any good Loco Foco here to pass through with me?'

"'Double yourself up,' said Abner Lewis, of New York, who, with Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, was coming just behind; 'double yourself up, Wentworth, and so you will go through with the hardest Loco Foco in this crowd.'

"'Ah, yes,' added Schenck; 'you think "None but himself can be his parallel."'

"But the quotation and application were both unnecessary. The shaft needed no feathering.

"This same Mr. Schenck, who, in the eight or ten years of his service in the House of Representatives, held always the first position, in my judgment, as the readiest and most effective debater in the Hall, was famous for letting off good and brilliant things, and sometimes very pungent ones, in conversation as well as on the floor. It required all of his very gentlemanly and polished manner, often, to reconcile the object of his sarcasm to take, and endure good-humoredly, the trenchant blows he could give. In the long-protracted debate on the 'Oregon Question,' in the time of President Polk's administration, Mr. Andrew Kennedy, of Indiana, was one of the most violent of the 'Fifty-four forty or fight' party. Andy was known as a man of much more native shrewdness than of cultivation. He had finished a loud and fiery war-speech one day, and passed out into the post-office room of the House, which was commonly used by the members as a lounging and chatting place. He was still glowing with unsubsided excitement and patriotism, when some one remarked to him:

"'Kennedy, you did belabor the British lion terribly. Queen Victoria would hardly sleep soundly to-night if she could know how you had been defying and threatening her.'

"'Very well,' said the flushed orator, 'them's just my sentiments! Yes, Sir,' said he, looking almost fiercely at Mr. Schenck, who happened to be the only Whig present, 'them's my sentiments. I hate every thing *English!*'

"'I do not doubt it at all, Sir,' quietly rejoined the latter; 'I have observed that you extend your hostility sometimes *even to the language!*'

"But Mr. Schenck once was himself pleasantly and wittily hit by a most excellent fellow. Some one had sent across the hall to his desk a card, on which was written a crabbed Latin sentence, requesting a translation. He looked it over, and gave the opinion that it had better be passed on to George P. Marsh, of Vermont, who was the admitted scholar of the House; but said that if he did venture a construction, he should say 'that there was either a mistake in the punctuation or it was bad Latin.'

"'Maybe it's *good* Latin, Schenck,' dryly remarked Julius Rockwell, of Massachusetts, who overheard the conversation; 'that may be the difficulty!'

"How much better and more becoming such encounters of wit than the brutal pugilism with which our nation's Solons sometimes diversify the scenes of legislation!"

"For the delectation and edification of my better half," writes a Southern correspondent, "I was just now reading to her George Bulpin's advertisement in *Harper's Weekly*. One of our 'chattels,' who rejoices in the name of *Frank*, being in the room, was a delighted listener. Said 'chattel' values himself at $1500. The advertisement announced that Mr. Bulpin had recently purchased a stock of goods in Paris amounting to one million of *francs* in value. The 'chattel,' wholly unacquainted with the currency of the French, and imagining that the cloaks and furs in Bulpin's establishment had cost a million times his own value, rushed out to his mates and announced the intelligence by informing them that 'a store-keeper in New York had bought his new goods, and had traded a million of niggers for 'em!'

"'Oh, Frank, hush! you lyin', you know you is,' said one of his auditors; 'dey ain't no one man eber had a million niggers.'

"'You jes come in de house, den, an' see wheder Marsa's lyin'. I hearn him read it in de paper, an' de store-keeper's name is Bullpen, an' all dem niggers was named *Frank*, a million of 'em, sartin.'"

In the early days of the State of Indiana, the capital was Corydon; and the annual sessions of the General Assembly usually brought together as wild a set of mad wags as could be found in the State, who had to rely upon their own resources for amusement, for there were then few theatres, concerts, or shows.

These lovers of mischief had established a *mock Masonic Lodge*, into which they would entice such as were a little green, and take them through a variety of ridiculous ceremonies, to the infinite amusement of the crowd.

On one of these occasions, it being understood that a good-natured, athletic young man, about half a simpleton, was to be initiated, the room was crowded. Judge Grass (it being a character in which he was peculiarly happy) had consented to act the rôle of the devil; and to make the services more impressive had put on a false face and a large paper cap, surmounted with horns, and, with some chains in his hands, placed himself behind a screen.

After taking the candidate through a variety of ceremonies he was brought to a stand before the screen, and told that he had then to confess all the crimes he had committed during his whole life. The candidate confessed some trivial offenses, and declared that he could recollect no more. At this the Judge came out from his hiding-place, groaned, and shook his chains. The frightened candidate related some other small matters, and declared that he had disclosed all the crimes he had ever committed. At this the groans of the pretended devil became furious, the chains rattled and he shook his horns in the face of the terrified candidate, who, starting back in alarm, cried out,

"*H-h-old on, M-m-m-ister D-d-evil, if I m-m-must*

t-t-t-ell you, I d-d-did k-k-kiss J-j-judge G-g-grass's w-w-wife a c-c-couple of t-t-times!"

The groaning ceased.

WHOEVER knows the Rev. Dr. Robert M'Cartee knows a man of a most rare and genial humor, whom it would be pretty difficult to get the advantage of in readiness of wit or reply; but when gained, no one enjoyed the joke more than the Reverend Doctor himself. It was while he was the beloved pastor and friend of a congregation in Port Carbon that he met a Quaker gentleman in the cars between Pottsville and Philadelphia. Their first conversation turned on the different tenets of their faith, when the Reverend Doctor, wishing to change the subject, remarked that his broad-brimmed friend was laboring under a severe cold, and recommended to him a very efficacious remedy, which he had often used, very simply compounded; "which," said the Doctor, with a look of sly humor, "we call 'Stewed Quaker.'"

"H-e-m! h-e-m!" chuckled the Quaker, coolly enjoying the joke at his own expense, "thee might stew a Presbyterian to death before thee'd get that much good out of him."

IT is the custom in many parts of the country to allow ministers to pass over the bridges free of toll. A minister traveling along the other day came to a bridge. A freshly-imported Paddy came out of the toll-house and stopped him; but, on being told his office, bade him go on. The minister asked him "why he believed his mere word without any credentials?"

"Faith," says Paddy, "a pr'acher wouldn't lie, sure!"

There is capital *Irish* in that; but it takes a minute to take the whole of it in.

SOME years ago it was the custom for the students in the Theological Seminary at —— to preach before the Professors, who criticised their performances. Upon a certain occasion a young man, who was very sophomoric in his style, was preaching on "The Creation." He drew a glowing picture; spoke of the dark night of chaos, out of which, at the fiat of Omnipotence, sprang a bright and beautiful world, bespangled with flowers, gayly-plumed birds, etc., etc. Old Dr. ——, whose turn it was to criticise, sat through it all evidently very much annoyed, and the older students expected some long and scathing rebuke. The venerable Doctor, however, after a pause of a moment, in which he surveyed the orator minutely, turned to the students and said: "*He can't beat Moses!*"

WE extract the following from a letter by a missionary in Syria, on the all-absorbing subject of the crinoline:

"One day an Arab from Ghurzug called upon us and said that he had seen a great curiosity at Beirût. Said he: 'The French and English ladies there wear large umbrellas under their dresses. I am sure of it. I saw the frame-work. And when the sigñoras passed along I saw the merchants move away their baskets and boxes in the narrow streets to let them pass.'"

"WHEN, in the beginning of the past summer, the yellow fever commenced its ravages in our city, the neighboring towns, with the *exception* of B——, published in the newspapers their quarantine laws forbidding any one from our city to enter their towns, under the usual penalties, unless after a quarantine of several days. An acquaintance of mine having business which, in a few days, would call him to B——, was fearful lest that town, too, should exclude Charlestonians; but no notice having appeared, he 'packed up' and started thitherward. You may imagine his surprise on arriving there, to find a notice pasted on the *Court-house*—within the town—forbidding any person or persons from Charleston to enter that town, under a penalty of five hundred dollars and one month's imprisonment. Ought not those folks to be looked after?"

Irish all over.

CAPTAIN THISTLE, of whom a story was in the Drawer some time ago, is now in this city, a worthy and respectable man, and we have every reason to know that the story was purely fictitious. The gallant Captain resides in Bleecker Street, and may be inquired of by any one who doubts the correctness of what we now state.

"I VISITED, a few days since, the Shelby Agricultural Society's fair grounds, a mile and a half from this, the 'Bluff City.' After satisfying myself with the internal arrangements of the place, I was about passing out at the main gate when I observed a large tent in a distant corner.

"'What's in that tent?' said I to the gate-keeper.

"'That's *the* bar,' said he.

"'The *bar?*'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'Singular,' said I, 'that they can't get along with an "institution" of this sort without a *whisky*-shop.'

"'It's no whisky-shop,' gruffly replied he; 'it's the *bar*—the *Oss*-tralian bar.'

"Lovell and old Bruin were playing their pranks in that tent."

CALIFORNIA justice is sometimes very summarily administered, and the following is a specimen thereof. A correspondent writes:

"Our town has long been infested with a set of loafers and gamblers, who have been a scourge to the quiet citizens and a terror to the public officers. On the election of J—— B——, last fall, to the office of Justice of the Peace, he determined to deal with them 'as the law directs.' While walking up the main street he heard an altercation in one of the saloons, and going in saw two of the sporting fraternity 'pitching in' to each other. Without waiting for warrant or constable he immediately collared the largest and most pugnacious of the two, and requested him to 'walk up to the office and settle.' This he refused to do; whereupon the Squire took him by the throat, and *held* him till the blood started from mouth and nostrils. Thinking that sufficient argument in favor of 'law and order,' the Squire let go his hold, and again requested his company. He again refused to go; whereupon our energetic Squire took him up in his arms and carried him to the office, called the Court to order, and fined the sporting man forty dollars, which he paid. The 'Court' then adjourned with the remark, 'Gentlemen, that is what I call *even-handed justice.*' I 'concurred' in that opinion."

DURING the last hour of the session of the late Mississippi Legislature there was considerable merriment in the House. Upon some measure the "House went into the Committee of the Whole,"

D—— in the chair. Now D—— was evidently not a handsome man, having, among other defects, a remarkably large nose and very prominent eyes. Some member playfully moved that the Daguerreotype of the chairman should be taken, with which to ornament the Hall. Mr. S—— objected; because, he said, that the I's and No's (nose) could not be taken in the "Committee of the Whole."

JIM is a "five-year-old," and very fond of going to school. His mother once said, "Jimmy, you can not go this morning; some of the scholars have the measles, and I am afraid you will take it from them." "Ma, I promise you I will not take it even if they give it to me!" replied he.

Speaking of a gentleman with a very ugly name, Jim exclaimed, "If I was that man I would get married and change my name!"

LITTLE JUNIOR, a bright and thoughtful fellow of four summers, awoke the other morning, and, turning to his grandmother, said, "Grandma, I dreamed I had a carriage last night!" "Did you?" said she; "well, what did you do with it?" "Oh," said he, in his thoughtful manner, "I left it in the *dream-house!*"

"IN my reading class," writes a clever correspondent, "was a boy who loved to show his learning by using bigger, if not better, words than he found in the book. His lesson was to give the dictionary definitions of a page of words, on which was: 'Missionary—*one sent* to preach the Gospel.' To make it a little more elegant, he cried out, 'Missionary—*one penny* to preach the Gospel!'"

"WE have a little three-year-old feminine, who, a few evenings since, was importuning me to repeat to her the lines,

'Twinkle, twinkle, little star!' etc.,

which led to a tedious questioning on her part about the stars. The evening was beautifully lit up, and we were enjoying the scene, looking out of the window. I had become about tired of answering when she asked, 'And where do the stars go when they go out?' As it was getting about time to retire for the night, I thought I would put an end to the whole business, and answered, 'I guess they go to bed!' In a few moments she asked, 'And who makes their bed?'"

"THE little son of Ex-President Tyler, a boy of four years, stood gazing at the COMET, and exclaimed, 'It's God's kite sailing in the sky!'"

An octogenarian writes to the Drawer: "I make bold to send you a conundrum made by my little grand-daughter on the occasion of the departure of one of her older brothers on a voyage for health. I omit her lisp, but otherwise give her words:

"'Why,' asked she, 'is Fred like a man that has fallen off a tree, and is determined to go up again?' *Ans.* 'Because he is going to try another *clime!*'

"Not bad for an eight-year-old, is it?"

"IT will not be necessary that I should inform any one of your readers who was S. S. Prentiss, as the history of this wonderful man is a part of the history of the country. Many years ago, when he was engaged in a large practice in Mississippi, he and his friend, Judge G——, were on the circuit in some of the eastern counties of the State, and stopped for the night at the village of H——. Late at night Prentiss discovered that Judge G—— and himself were not the only claimants for possession of the bed, as he was vigorously beset by a description of vermin who do not make very comfortable bed-fellows. Accordingly he awoke Judge G——, and a consultation was had whether they should beat a retreat or make an effort to exterminate their assailants. The latter course was, however, adopted; and for the purpose they took from their saddle-bags a brace of pistols, with caps, powder, and other munitions of warfare. With pistols in hand, they proceeded to raise the bed-clothing; and as one of the creeping reptiles would start from his hiding-place bang—bang! would go the pistols. This, of course, aroused and alarmed the worthy landlord, who came in hot haste to the room, and when he learned the facts was in great rage. Prentiss demanded he should leave the room, claiming that he was only 'exercising the right of self-defense—a right which the law of God and the law of man had given him.' Both the entreaty and the threats of the landlord proved unavailing. The firing continued until bed, bedstead, and bedding were riddled with balls. At last they succeeded in capturing one of the enemy, when a difference of opinion arose between Prentiss and Judge G—— as to what should be his fate. At length it was agreed that he should be 'fairly and impartially tried by a *jury of his country.*' Three of the landlord's sons were brought in and forced to sit as members of the jury, and a third lawyer who was present acted as judge. The prisoner was then pinned to the wall. Judge G—— (who was a very able lawyer) opened for the prosecution in a speech of two hours in length. Prentiss followed for the defense in a speech of four hours. There were those present who had known Prentiss intimately, and had heard him upon great occasions of his life, and who now assert that this was perhaps the most brilliant speech he ever delivered."

A CINCINNATI correspondent writes: "The following specimen of negro wit is too good to be lost. I was some time ago in a barber's shop, enjoying the delightful titilations of a shampoo, when Bill, our barber, a very observant, talkative fellow, and as black as the ace of spades, said to me, with his strongest darkey twang,

"'Massa C., do you know Lawyer ——, in de same building whar your office is?'

"'Oh yes,' I replied; 'very well.'

"'Gosh,' said Bill, 'he's got de littlest head of any man I ever seed!'

"At this remark a big, fat, chuffy negro, lounging on a settee, spoke up: 'What use a man got wid a big trunk, when he hain't got many clothes?'

"I thought it fitted the head exactly."

HERE is a specimen of breaking the news gently. During the summer of 1849 a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died with cholera while some fifty miles from home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a wagon to his friends and home. By inquiry he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectably-appearing lady, who was in fact the newly-made widow, and asked:

"Does Mr. Wilson live here?"

"Yes," was her reply, "but he is not at home to-day."

"I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon, for I've got him here dead in the wagon!"

Substance and Shadows.



A PUPPY.



PRETTY PUSS.



AN ASS.



A MUSHROOM.



A CROCODILE.



AN OLD GOOSE.



JOHN BULL.



THE WIDOW'S GRIEF.



BLUE BEARD.



A GIN BOTTLE.



AN ODD FASHION.



A DOUBLE FATE.

Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1, 2, and 3.—Morning Negligée and Children's Toilets.

THE MORNING NEGLIGÉE is specially designed as a bridal peignoir. The Chemisette is only apparent, being really a portion of the garment. It is wrought in needle-work so as to give the garment the appearance of being a half-high dress. The sleeves are similarly constructed, so as to present the appearance of under-sleeves. If desired, the skirt may be wrought in a suitable design in needle-work, *en quille*. The corsage is close, and, with the skirt, is similar to that presented last month, being cut in one length, so as to fit rather closely at the waist, with a moderate fullness below. Our illustration is designed for white muslin. Should merino be selected for the material, a blue-bird egg color is appropriate, if it suits the complexion. In this case the robe must have the neck cut square, half-high, with an inside *fichu;* the sleeves also must be short, and turned back, buttoning upon themselves, with under-sleeves arranged in broad plaits, as represented in the illustration. The vandyked sleeve-caps, which have buttons at each point, may be slightly stiffened. The cord and tassels are merely for ornament. The coiffure consists of a simple lace handkerchief.



FIGURE 4.—CORSÉT TOURNURE

The BOY'S TOILET consists of a Scotch cap of black velvet with feather and plaid band; a Zouave jacket; full trunk pants, closed at the knee, with over-alls and gaiters. The jacket is of dark-green velvet, heavily embroidered, and confined with hooks and eyes. It may be edged with gold lace.

The CHILD'S TOILET is of white muslin, trimmed with blue ribbons.

The CORSET TOURNURE is a novelty which is highly recommended. While serving the purpose indicated by its name, it forms an effectual support for the skirts.

We also illustrate a SKIRT SUPPORTER, the extreme lightness and simplicity of which commends it to public favor. It consists of a girdle of three parallel slips of watch-spring steel, furnished with a slide so as to be readily adapted to the size of the wearer; this, instead of the person of the wearer, receives the pressure of the girding; small protuberances projecting from the girdle serve as points of supports for the skirts. This girdle, with the skirts, is sustained by light braces passing over the shoulder.

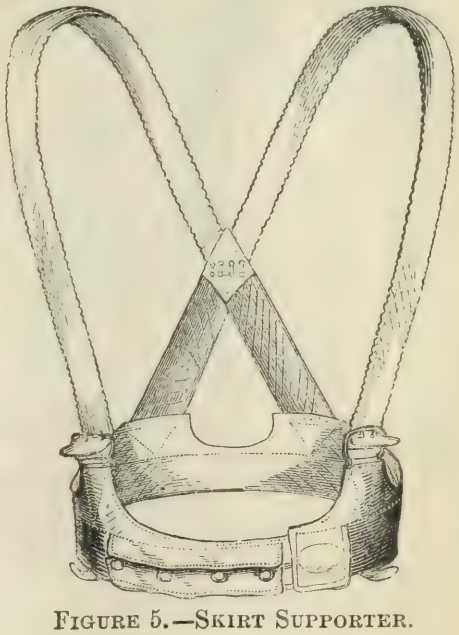


FIGURE 5.—SKIRT SUPPORTER.

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THE WRECKER.

IN the autumn of 18— the good ship *America*, L. S. A., master, sailed from New York, bound to Mobile and a European port, and homeward. The vessel had been chartered to take the place of the regular packet in the well-known and popular packet line of the Messrs. E. D. Hurlbut and Co. At the urgent solicitation of her owners, though with great reluctance on his own part, her old commander, Captain A——, who, after a long service at sea, had retired for life, as he supposed, to his quiet home in F—— H——, Massachusetts, was prevailed upon, for this voyage only, to rejoin his ship.

The passage, up to the date of the fatal catastrophe which resulted in the total loss of the ship and the partial loss of her cargo, was remarkably

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prosperous and pleasant. In a company of passengers numbering about thirty, ladies and gentlemen, a choice and agreeable society was found. The master of a ship ought to be among the most prominent and interesting social features on board; and I am sure in the present instance this presumption was true, and I do injustice to none in recording the truth, and assigning to our Captain a high place as a gentleman among others who worthily bore that honorable name. For my own part, I found in him my most agreeable companion on board, of whose leisure I was glad to avail myself, in drawing from him results of a varied and extensive observation, and experience of men and things. Nor was our Captain indifferent to the gentler impulses of sympathy with the unfortunate and suffering; and I remember another of his chosen quotations from the poet was the touching appeal—

"When chill November's sturdy blast."

But, withal, Captain A——'s modesty was equal to his literary acquisitions. "Sir," I remarked to him, "you are very familiar with the poets." He instantly replied, "Mr. ——, you have all."

Our passengers, I have said, made a pleasant company. We had variety. The greater part were connected with trade, merchants and merchants' clerks, returning to their place of business from a summer Northern visit. We had one with us who called himself a lawyer, but our Captain, for some reason, was inclined to think he was "only a marine court lawyer." And what with reading and conversation, eating and sleeping, observing the "wind and weather," watching the ship's progress in dull or lively sailing, and the ever-interesting details of skillful navigation, with such spice of variety as headwinds and squalls might afford, and the excitement of "Let go and haul!" reefing, taking in and making sail, that old way of sea voyages before the innovation of ocean steamers, though often tedious, was not without its interest. It was considered good enough when the best that could be had; and even in comparison with steam has, in some respects, its own superior excitements of pleasure.

But to our passage. In good time we made the "Hole in the Wall," and passed Abaco; sailed smoothly over the cream-colored waters of the Bahama banks, making our congé to King John in passing his dominions; enjoyed a holy Sabbath-day and its Christian worship with a solemnity and depth of devotion which a "Sabbath at sea" helps so much to inspire; against a headwind and in a dark night beat in safety through Providence Channel; doubled the Isaacs, and passed the Double-headed Shot Keys, prominent waymarks, and without accident or harm stood on our course, running along the line of the Keys of Florida, unconscious and unsuspicious of danger.

On the evening of the sad disaster all on board were unusually cheerful. The weather was fine, balmy, soothing—in a word, tropical. All felt the joyfulness of the approaching termination of our passage; the last turning-point was at hand; soon we were to haul up for our "northwest course," and when Tortugas light was nearly abeam, with mutual pleasant congratulations and hopeful anticipations, all retired at ten o'clock below, saying, "No more land will be seen till we make Mobile light."

An hour passed away, and all was still as sleep could make the occupants of their several berths. It was a calm, starlight, gently-breezing night, and our gallant bark, borne onward in her course by the hardly whispering wind, was making easy progress, when suddenly she brought up all standing and hard aground.

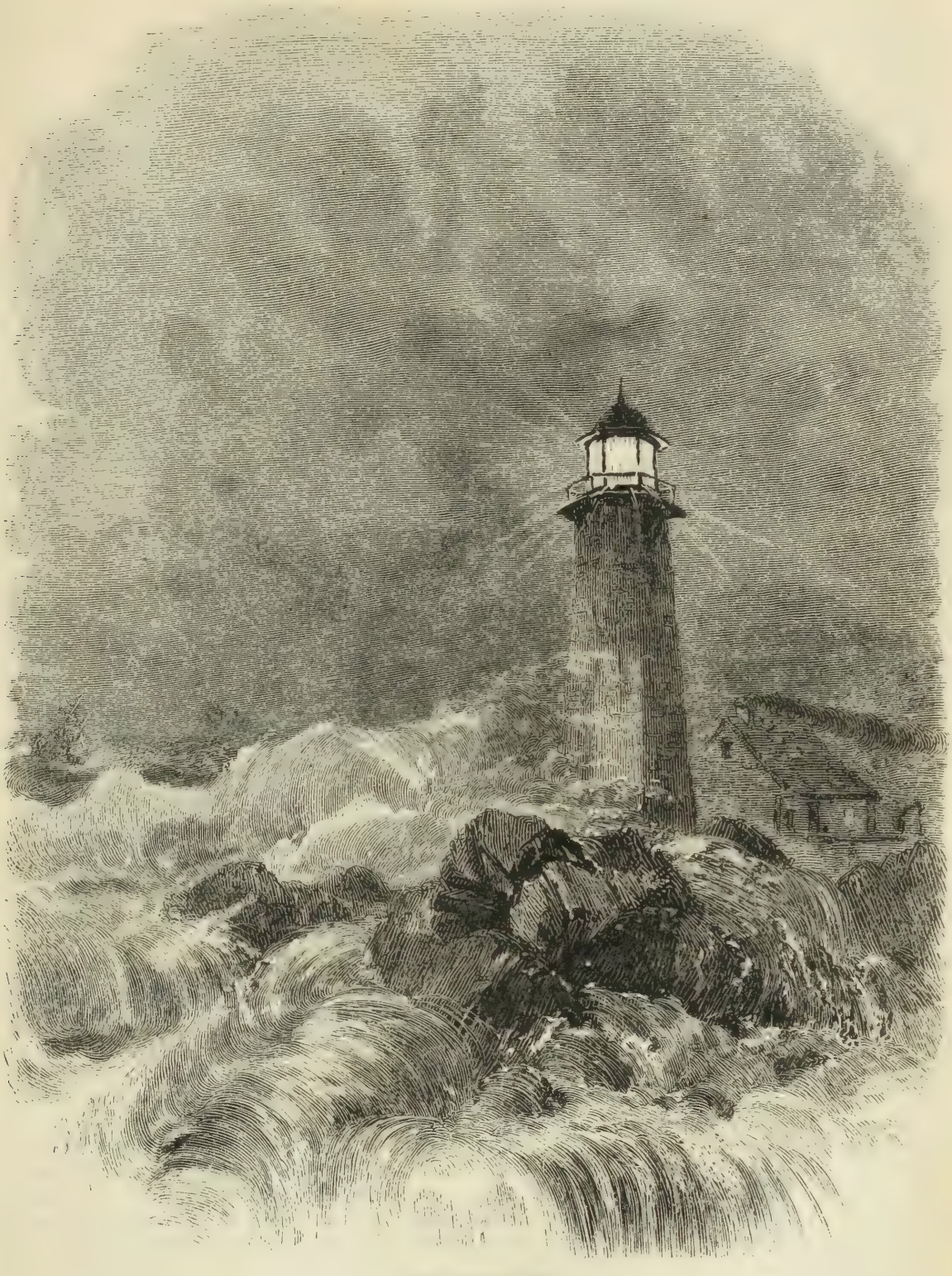
In a moment all were startled from their berths, in unexpected mingled terror and surprise. Soundings were made forward, aft, and in all directions around the ship, and our position was ascertained upon a sunken reef. Sails were backed, and all possible efforts made to clear the reef, but in vain.

Soon the falling tide revealed still more our danger. The ship careened more and more upon her side, and showed that she had grounded during high water. And now, among us all, speculations were indulged upon the probable cause of our calamity—how it was possible the ship could have been drawn so much out of our course, whether by a strong current which set us upon the reef, or by a hazy atmosphere—though the sky was cloudless—which had dimmed the light of the Dry Tortugas, and made the distance from it seem greater than it was; or whether—a conjecture which the circumstances contributed to suggest — the keeper of the lighthouse, in complicity with some wrecker, had willfully obscured the light, in the hope of luring the ship to her destruction upon the reef.

This last hypothesis our commander thought most probable. "We are," he exclaimed, "victims of the piratical wreckers!"

The morning dawned upon a seemingly hopeless wreck. The sea was still smooth, as it had been fortunately through the night, but the ship was hard aground. No steamer was near to be called to our relief, and the prospect of getting afloat was sufficiently gloomy.

Soon a small fishing-smack came near, and from it a rough specimen of humanity, who said he was master of the smack, boarded us. He held also a wrecker's license. He was, therefore, not regarded very favorably by our company, more especially as he had been seen to come to us from the direction of the Tortugas light. Though years have since passed away, in my memory I have a distinct impression of the man, hailing from the ancient town of G——, Connecticut, as he stood upon our deck by the starboard bulwarks, a stout, burly, red-faced, sun-burned sailor, whose only clothing consisted of a Guernsey shirt, pantaloons rolled up to his knees, and a slouched, weather-beaten hat, without stockings or shoes. With some stretch of fancy, Byron's description of the meeting of Gabriel and Satan may represent the cold civility of this occasion, as to the skipper and our worthy Captain:



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

"Between his darkness and his brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness."

Offers of assistance were made by the skipper, but refused, not only because the charge was high, but also and chiefly because our Captain feared, perhaps wisely, that he might be drawn into still greater danger. The captain of the smack left us, but evidently with the conviction that his opportunity would come.

Captain A—— meanwhile was not idle. All that ingenuity and skill could devise was attempted to save the ship. The time of high-water was approaching. A kedge anchor was carried out astern, all hands were at the windlass, and at high-water, as was hoped but hardly expected, the ship floated! The scene on board was full of joy and activity, sails were trimmed, every man at his post, but unfortunately it was impossible to "fetch by" the reef; and again the ship grounded, driven even farther on than before. This was our situation for another night.

Another day came, and with it other plans for saving the ship. The wind now rose, and we were thumping severely. It was determined to lighten the vessel, and, at high-water, try to drive her with all sail over the reef. Again the wrecker

came on board, and in answer to our Captain's inquiries gave advice as to a place of anchorage if required. The ship, under a heavy press of sail and a strong wind, was carried over the reef, but in the act of passing the rudder was unshipped and rendered useless. Now all was bustle and hurrying to and fro. By trimming sails the ship was steered to the anchorage pointed out by the wrecker, near a key to the southwest of the light-house; but too near, for during the night following the wind rose to half a gale, and before morning the anchor had dragged, the ship again struck bottom, and the stern was fast burying itself in the sands of a lee-shore.

The end had now come. The next morning the ship struck more heavily, the wind increased, and the wreck, driven first stern-wise, was now broadside upon the key. The wrecker had left us the night previous and returned to the light-house. Noon came, and every thing was ominous of danger. It made our Captain's heart ache, as the ship struck and ground heavily upon the coral rocks beneath.

"Would," he exclaimed, "that my body instead were grinding upon these rocks!"

Preparations were now ordered to be made for leaving the ship, as it might be unsafe to remain on board through the coming night, and a raft was begun upon which to float the passengers to the shore.

These preparations were stayed by the timely return of our wrecker with his smack. His opportunity had arrived. With much difficulty he succeeded in taking off all our passengers with our luggage, and landing us on the Dry Tortugas island. It was after dark when we were landed. Upon the island the only dwelling was that of the light-keeper. This, with only two rooms, was given up to the passengers. To one room the ladies were assigned; in the other, and on the piazzas, the gentlemen distributed themselves as best they could. Stores were brought from the wreck the next day for the use of the company.

Now, according to the rules of professional wrecking, the voyage was ended; the wreck belonged to the underwriters; the wrecker who "first came" must be "first served" with the opportunity of saving property, ostensibly for the underwriters, but quite as much for the wrecker's own benefit. Our wrecker, with his crew of two or three fishermen, among whom the deputy light-keeper figured familiarly, had obtained complete possession of his prize.

Captain A——, anxious to promote the interests of the underwriters, immediately asked the wrecker to assist him in getting word to Key West, the rendezvous of wreckers, for more assistance in saving the wrecked cargo. The vessel having bilged, the value of the goods was hourly diminishing. Fair promises were made to these requests; the only means of conveyance was the light-house boat, a small sloop-rigged open boat of about five tons—that boat, it was assured, should be sent. But there the matter ended.

Three days thus passed away. The wrecker meanwhile was busy about the wreck. Our Captain became impatient, and insisted that he should fulfill his promise. Then, seeing the Captain's decision, he consented that the next day the boat should be sent, in charge of the deputy light-keeper. Some of our passengers also volunteered to accompany the expedition. Among these was our "lawyer," who thought the occasion a favorable one for distinguishing his zeal and courage. The time for setting out came. The morning was calm and delightfully mild. Not without some foreboding of failure Captain A—— saw the party off, wishing them a safe and speedy passage.

It was not, as must be confessed, a small undertaking to make the passage—a distance of from sixty to seventy miles—in so small a craft. But none was so confident and boastful of "going through" as our lawyer. "The thing," he said, "can and shall be done!"

Long, owing to the prevailing calm, the tiny boat remained in view, making but little progress. At length a breeze sprang up, and it was wafted out of sight.

The exposure and anxiety which our Captain had suffered had brought upon him a severe attack of fever. He had taken up his quarters, for the sake of greater quiet, on the ground floor of the light-house. At his request I bore him company. He was sick in body and sick at heart.

"How foolish I was," he said, "to leave my home for this voyage! Yet now I would like to make another, only to give the Dry Tortugas a wide berth."

Evening came, and the unwelcome news of our returning expedition spread through our company. When the party landed, and told their own story, it was plain that the light-keeper had been at work with their fears. This was singularly confirmed, and divulged, with other things, the same night. For, while the Captain and myself were in our place upon the floor of the light-house, the deputy light-keeper and wrecker passed in and by us, and went up to the top of the light-house, and there commenced talking about the incidents of the previous day. The winding staircase constituted an excellent whispering-gallery; so that their ordinary tones in conversation were distinctly heard. The deputy light-keeper said he had represented to those with him most formidable obstacles to be encountered—calms and head-winds, a long passage at the best, and liability to meet severe squalls and northers. The effect he designed was attained. And now, over this result, the wrecker and light-keeper rejoiced heartily. Prospects of a rich harvest were brighter than ever; and in the view of it the wrecker, with marked satisfaction, said, "If the boat can be kept back another day, I shall be able to get all I wish, and then she may go!" Captain A——, hearing this, said to me, "Now the boat shall go; and that to-morrow morning, even if I am obliged, sick as I am, to go myself in her!"

The importance of our overhearing this conversation, in its relations to the coming salvage



ALMOST CAPSIZED.

suit, will be seen in the sequel. The circumstances made me a competent witness in the case.

In further planning about this trip, Captain A—— said he would undertake it if I would accompany him. To this I assented; and the next morning the light-keeper, who did not make any resistance, with a boy to assist in the business of sailing, and ourselves, embarked in the little boat for a second, and, as it proved, successful experiment. The early morning was calm as the previous one. Soon, however, a breeze arose, but it was dead ahead. Our first stretch was on a starboard tack, by which we stood out into the Gulf. Late in the afternoon, the wind being fresh, we tacked ship and crossed the line of the chain of Keys, and passed to the northward of them. At midnight the weather became decidedly squally. The first two or three squalls were comparatively light. Then followed one which came upon us as a horrible tempest. The first blast from it knocked us down upon our beam ends. To add to our danger, when an attempt was made to let go the halyards they were found to be foul. We were for a few moments in imminent danger. Indeed, I am confident we should have been capsized, only that, by dint of the greatest exertion, the peak was lowered enough to shake the wind partly out of the sail, and so were we saved. After this experience of the skill and watchfulness of our "ship's company," we kept a sharp look-out to windward ourselves. This squall over, we had light and baffling winds the remainder of the night; but as morning dawned a regular norther set in, which, under shortened sail, carried us onward rapidly, and for the last two or three miles, being to the northward, providentially, of our port, we ran down to it under "bare poles," unable to carry any sail.

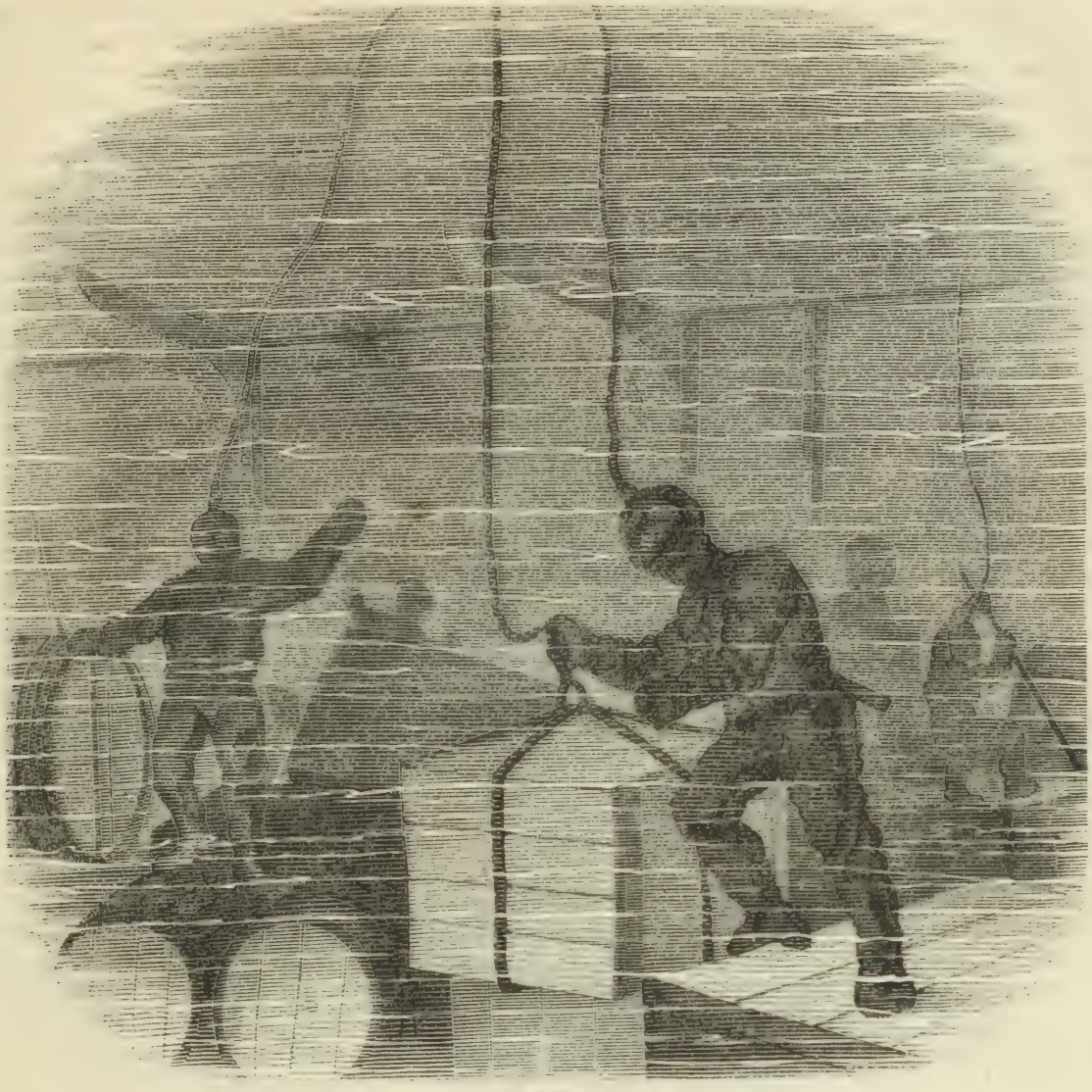


WRECKERS AT WORK.

While still at a distance we were descried by the people of Key West, and crowds were gathering—the light-house boat being recognized—on the dock awaiting our arrival. The visit of this boat being unexpected by them, their conjectures as to the reason of it were shown by the inquiry which first greeted us on landing, "A wreck?" And the next, "Where?" showed the nature of their anxiety as well on the subject. The answers to these simple questions fulfilled one great purpose of our mission. The message was delivered, and it had its effect. Before we left the wharf, though a perfect gale was blowing, preparations were making on board several wrecking vessels to set out immediately for "the wreck." Some did set out, but the severity of the norther was so great that they were soon obliged to put back. Among these vessels was a fishing smack, just in from Havana, having a deck-load of oranges. In the haste for departure the fruit was by shovelfuls thrown overboard, some falling upon the dock, but the greater part into the sea.

Captain A—— and myself were glad at once to go to a hotel and order breakfast, not having eaten any thing for more than twenty-four hours past. With sharpened appetites we sat down to a table of Key West beef-steaks (green turtle), with other dishes to match. At the suggestion and request of Captain A—— the Divine hand was gratefully acknowledged, which had safely rescued us out of our great perils, and brought us to our desired haven. "We should be most ungrateful," said he, on a subsequent occasion, "if we failed to recognize the providence of God in our deliverance from the greatest danger in which I have ever known myself to be found. For, in this instance, no resource was left us but our own frail craft. At other times of peril, in storm or shipwreck, I had relief in thinking of my boats or other means of safety at command, but here we had nothing of the kind."

A part of our business also was to engage a vessel to proceed to the Tortugas, and take on board our passengers and convey them to their destination. The next day she sailed, and in her we returned to the scene of the wreck. At the earnest request of Captain A—— I remained, not joining my fellow-passengers, though it was highly important that I should have gone. For the purpose of appearing as a witness in the salvage suit at Key West I consented to stay.



THE DIVERS.

I had now a fortnight or more upon my hands, some eight or ten days of which I spent at the Tortugas, while the work of saving goods from the wreck was going forward. Alone, or in company with Captain A——, I occupied a part of this time in exploring the reefs, as portions of them were left bare by the retreating tide. How the recesses of the coral beds, the chambers of busy, wondrous life, teemed with the varied uncounted forms of existences inhabiting the deep! Or, breaking in pieces the coral rocks, were revealed, imbedded within them, the date and almond bivalves. There were the star-fish, sea-urchin, and these and other genera, with their almost endless species. Strange scenes in living forms all around in view; while the reefs and islands—all the solid substances beneath and above the water—were the remains of now extinct life.

The first wrecker had precedence of all the rest in privileges at the wreck, and, before the arrival of the reinforcement, had succeeded in discharging all, or nearly all, of the dry and undamaged goods. Then came the more difficult work of breaking up the cargo from the lower hold and out of the water, which, at the flow and ebb of the tide, rose and fell in the bilged vessel. The last and most difficult of all this business was that of the divers, who had been trained in the waters around New Providence, and who now persevered in their work deep in the vessel's hold, fore and aft, making fast to huge boxes and bales of merchandise, and this notwithstanding the water was discolored and made nauseous by dye-stuffs, drugs and medicines, and poisons, too; and left not their unwelcome though gainful employment until it became absolutely insupportable.

The business of wrecking ended, the wet goods dried as far as they could be by exposure on the neighboring Key, all were then put on board the wrecking vessels and taken to Key West.

On returning myself in one of these vessels to Key West, I found the place astir with an additional excitement, growing out of another wreck which had occurred upon Carysfort Reef about the time of our own. This wreck of a large merchantman—large according to the standard of the times—with a full cargo of assorted merchandise, gave also employment to a large party of wreckers, as desirous as ours of making a prize.

Following in the order of things, the public sale of the wrecked goods took place under the orders of the Admiralty Court, the savings of each wrecker or association of wreckers being kept distinct from those of other parties.

The next and last act in this business was the suit for salvage in the Court of Admiralty, which could not fail to be regarded with special interest by all concerned.

It was interesting to myself, and it may be to others, to trace some of the distinguishing features of the system of wrecking. The great risk to commerce in the dangerous navigation of the Florida Keys—frequent wrecks and heavy losses of property in vessels and cargoes—prompted the establishment of the scheme. It was too great an interest to leave to the possibilities of a precarious and sadly partial relief. The system of wrecking, therefore, was established, consisting in the issue, by the Court of Admiralty, of wrecking "licenses," which are ever subject to the authority and control and revocation, for reasons, of that court. The penalties of any abuse of privilege or other dishonesty in the prosecution of the business of wrecking, involve not only a recall of the license, but also a forfeiture of compensation in salvage fees, and, in extreme cases, of the privilege of a license temporarily or forever.

Licenses may be held by parties engaged in the coasting and inter-island trade; and among these are such as are employed in supplying the markets of Cuba with fish caught along the Florida reefs, to which class our man of G——, Connecticut, belonged.

At the date of the events of the present narrative the Admiralty Court of Key West was presided over by Judge W—— the independent.

The wreckers held "the Judge" in awful reverence; for while they could not fail to pay respect to his person, they with reason feared his justice.

I was puzzled to understand how the wreckers, who as a class were no better than they should have been, were controlled. "Oh," said he, in reply to my inquiry on this point, "that is easily done. If they commit any offense against honor or justice, instantly I take from them their licenses." This was summary and effectual government.

The trade and business of all kinds being at this time exceedingly small in Key West, the business of wrecking, in its various relations and details, constituted no inconsiderable source of material gain. It offered opportunities for investment of capital, and speculative trade in wrecked cargoes and wrecked and condemned vessels. The wreckers especially found their harvest in decrees of salvage.

The percentage for salvage varies according to circumstances. It may appear extravagantly high in all cases. But a large compensation is essential, as an inducement to the wrecker, to undergo hazard and exposure and toil in his business. The experiment had been made by the Board of Underwriters in New York of fitting out a wrecking schooner of their own, and sending her to Key West in the hope of a gain to their interests. But the experiment signally failed. The wrecking service is one which can not be maintained by ordinary rates of wages and compensation. The underwriters' vessel consequently remained idly, or laggardly at best, in port, while the independent wreckers were braving the storms and hardships of a most trying business.

When it is considered how much of the wrecker's time is unemployed, how greatly hazardous his service, and often how small the amount and value of goods saved, surprise will be much less on account of the high salvage rates which go to sustain the entire corps and scheme of wrecking.

The humane aspects of the system are signally cheering. As in the case of our own wreck, so likewise in every one, the attention of the wreckers is first turned to the preservation of the passengers and their baggage. And for this service it is not considered that any award is bestowed.

The only exception to this last remark must be reserved for a case peculiar in its circumstances, and especially interesting in its character, which was related to me by Judge W——. A brig laden with sugars, bound from Havana to a European port, was wrecked upon a reef to the eastward of Key West. On board the vessel, besides the crew, were four or five passengers. Only one boat remained from the wreck fit for use, and this was too small to hold the entire company in escaping from the wreck. A raft was constructed and the party divided, some entering the boat and the others embarking upon the raft, which was attached by a rope to the boat for the purpose of being towed to the nearest Key. The attempt was made accordingly, but in vain. No progress could be made in a rough sea and against a head wind and current. Reluctantly, but of necessity, the raft with the people upon it was cast adrift. The boat alone reached the island, and the party falling in with a wrecker reported the wreck and the abandoned raft. The wrecker went immediately in pursuit of the raft and its freight of human life, and for two days watchfully and anxiously cruised for it, until it was found and the people upon it were rescued. Then, and not till then, the salvor proceeded to the wreck. Of the perishable lading nothing could of course be saved; and after stripping the wreck, all the available rigging, sails, chains, and other furniture, were carried into Key West.

"In this case," said Judge W——, "I awarded to the salvor all the avails of the articles saved, in value not over three or four hundred dollars, as a just though inadequate compensation for efforts in saving human life. And this was the first and only instance in which I ever gave an award for such an object."

And it is a specially memorable fact, as related to me by the same authority, that in all the preceding period of the existence of the wrecking system up to that time, not a single human life had been lost by shipwreck in the entire sphere over which the wreckers cruised.

Only a few years after that date, sad to narrate, in a most terrific gale which swept along the Florida Keys, this pleasant aspect was changed, not through any fault of the wreckers, but by an



THE RAFT.

awfully destructive hurricane, which drove scores of vessels upon the reefs and keys, and destroyed many wrecking vessels with their brave and hardy crews.

Of the mode of conducting a salvage suit little need be said, as it falls under the general rules governing civil cases. That in the present instance the forms of law were strictly observed, and impartial audience was given to the parties in the case, and due regard paid to the several interests involved, and that dignity and decorum marked the whole course of the proceedings, may well be supposed from the courtly and upright bearing and character of the presiding judge.

An incident in the progress of the affair occurred which showed the wisdom and independence of the court. One of the attorneys remarked, "May it please the court, I undertake to prove thus and so." The Judge replied, "The court, Sir, will waive that matter." Judge W—— was well aware that the testimony in form would be given as offered, but in effect it would prove nothing. I inquired in private of the Judge, "How do you receive such evidence as you are sometimes obliged to hear?" He replied, "I regard more the manner than the matter of it."

A heavy penalty was inflicted among the decisions in the case of the Carysfort Reef wreck. It was charged that a certain wrecker had received from the wreck goods which he failed to deliver at Key West. Further, this wrecker had on the way stopped at his home at I. Key. The main fact having been proved, the wrecker was denied all salvage for his four vessels employed, and deprived also of his wrecking license.

In the case of our own wreck, and with reference to the special matter about which I had been detained, the first wrecker forfeited the higher rate to which he would have been entitled but for the sinister part he played in preventing messages from being forwarded sooner to Key West for assistance; the proof of which criminality on his part, as has been related, his own lips furnished in the top of the Tortugas light. For this guilty interference he was made to suffer, in having his salvage cut down from fifty or sixty per cent. to thirty-five per cent. upon the amount of goods saved by his vessel. This difference in percentage against himself inured to the advant-

age of the underwriters in the sum total of several thousands of dollars.

Of all concerned, none experienced a more grateful relief than the Captain of the lost *America*, when the last act of this business was completed, in the closing up of the several salvage suits by the decrees of the court, and the disbursement to each wrecker, or association of wreckers, of the several awards in their favor. The underwriters' portion was the residuum. And it is justly due to Captain A—— to say he labored diligently, and at all points, to make this portion as large as possible.

Judge Marvin, the present able Judge of the Admiralty Court of Key West, in a recently published work on "Wreck and Salvage," gives some interesting information on the present condition of the wrecking system. Forty-seven vessels, averaging fifty tons, and carrying about eight men each, held licenses during the year 1858. This number was found fully adequate to the wants of commerce. About one half the vessels engaged in wrecking associate with this the business of fishing for the Havana market. The United States District Court for this district was established in 1847. The Judge alone has authority to license wrecking vessels. The act of authority provides that "No vessel nor master thereof shall be regularly employed in the business of wrecking on the coast of Florida without the license of the Judge of said Court; and before licensing any vessel or master the Judge shall be satisfied that the vessel is sea-worthy, and properly and sufficiently fitted and equipped for the purpose of saving property shipwrecked and in distress, and that the master thereof is trustworthy and innocent of any fraud or misconduct in relation to any property shipwrecked or saved on said coast."

Embezzlement of wrecked goods, or voluntarily running a vessel aground under the pretense of piloting her, colluding with the master of a vessel wrecked or in distress, or corrupting him by any unlawful present or promise, are, severally, good causes for withholding or revoking the license.

One inference from the view which my opportunities gave me for observing the operation of the wrecking system is all I have to add upon this whole subject. The scheme is wise, humane, economical, and effective; but there is an obvious necessity that it be narrowly watched and faithfully guarded.

In conclusion, for himself, Captain A——'s lingering, constant regret was that he had been so unwise as to undertake this voyage, and his oft-expressed wish that he might yet make another to the Gulf, only for the opportunity it would afford him to "give a wide berth to the Dry Tortugas."

And if it might add any thing to his cup of earthly happiness, one who loves him as a man and a brother would crave for him the fulfillment of that cherished wish for another opportunity to give "A WIDE BERTH TO THE DRY TORTUGAS!"

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.*

IN the year 1696 a Dutch brig, bound from Bombay to Charleston in the just founded colony of the Carolinas, was becalmed in the Mozambique Channel, and finally, falling short of provisions, was obliged to make a port on the coast of Madagascar to obtain supplies. The chief article of food obtained was rice; and as this was of a very superior quality, large and full in the grain, the Dutch captain, on arriving at Charleston, made Governor Thomas Smith a present of half a bushel which remained over. The Governor, instead of eating it, divided it among his friends to plant in their gardens. The new plant succeeded admirably; and from this small beginning has sprung the extensive rice culture of North and South Carolina, and Georgia; whose grain still retains its superiority in the markets of the world.

Madagascar, to which we Americans thus owe a very valuable staple product, is an island lying along the eastern coast of Africa, from which it is separated by a body of water known as the Mozambique Channel. It is about 1000 miles long, from 240 to 250 wide, and distant from the Portuguese city of Mozambique, on the African Main, about 250 miles. The natives have no especial name for their country; but call it, rather vaguely, "*Izao rehitra Izao*," signifying, "All this, Entirely;" "*Ni tani rehitra*," "All this Country;" "*Ny riaka*," "The Island;" "*Ny anivony*," "The-in-the-midst-of-the-flood." It was known to the Arabian and Persian merchants of the Middle Ages, who called it *Serendib* and *Magaster*, traded with its inhabitants, and spun tough yarns about it, which that credulous old Venetian, Marco Polo, retailed in good faith to wondering Europe. He says: "A thousand miles from Sokotera [Socotra] South Westward, is *Magaster*, one of the greatest and richest Isles of the World, three thousand Miles in Circuit, inhabited by Mohammedans, and governed by four old Men. The People live by Traffic, and Sell great Store of Elephants' Teeth. They feed on Camels' Flesh, as most delicious of all other. Much Ambergrease is driven here upon the Shores. The Island abounds with wild Beasts, as Lions, Giraffes, wild Asses, and other Game. Silks, Cloth of Gold, and other rich Goods are brought hither from foreign Countries. Vessels seldom sail Southward to any of the numerous Islands except this and Zenzibar, by reason of the violent Currents: For there is no returning Northward; and the Ships which from Malabar make the voyage in twenty or twenty-five days are three months going back.

"At a certain Time of the Year there comes hither from the South a wonderful Bird called

* *Three Visits to Madagascar during the Years* 1853—1854—1856. *Including a Journey to the Capital, with Notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the present Civilization of the People.* By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F.H.S., Author of "Polynesian Researches." Illustrated by a Map and Wood-cuts from Photographs, etc. 8vo, Muslin. New York: Harper & Brothers.



THE CHRISTIAN PRINCE AND PRINCESS ROYAL.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.]

Rukh, like an Eagle, but so large that it takes up an Elephant in its Talons, and soaring aloft kills him by letting him fall, then feeds on him. His Wings when spread out extend fifteen Paces, the Feathers being eight long and proportionably thick: A Messenger sent by the Great Khân to view the Island, brought back one of the Feathers, which measured nine Spans, and the Barrel two Palms; besides the Tooth of a Chinghial, a Beast bred there as big as a Buffalo, which weighed fourteen Pounds."

The lover of the "Arabian Nights" will probably remember that *Serendib* is made the scene of one of Sindbad's most fortunate mishaps—his adventure in the valley of diamonds.

The Arabians are still the principal traders to Madagascar. They have numerous trading posts on the western coast of the island, and exercise

a kind of commercial supremacy over the rude inhabitants of the northwestern coast. They are shrewd, unscrupulous, and avaricious; cheat and rob where they dare, and are the go-betweens in the trade of other foreigners with the natives.

The island was first visited of Europeans, in 1502, by Lorenzo Almeida, son of the Portuguese Viceroy of the Indies. He called it after his patron saint, St. Lawrence. His successor, in 1508, circumnavigated it and took possession of it; and it has since, in like manner, been taken possession of by the Dutch, the French, and the British—a process which has not, however, up to the present time, resulted in any thing important to either possessors or possessees. Radama, —the Napoleon of Madagascar, the predecessor and father of the present Queen, and a shrewd old gentleman as ever lived—remarked once to a British envoy, when an invasion was hinted at: "I have two generals—General *Hazo* [forest] and General *Tazo* [fever]—in whose hands I can safely leave any invading army."

The first attempt at colonization was made by the French in 1642, under a charter from Cardinal Richelieu. The Jesuit priests who accompanied the colony, by their bigotry roused to fury the jealous spirit of the natives, who arose and destroyed the French. Another colony, founded on Isle St. Mary, on the eastern shore of the island, in 1745, was for the same cause massacred and destroyed in 1754. A third attempt was made in 1773 by Count Beniowski. He aroused the hostility of the then French Governor of the Mauritius; and finding himself unsupported in his attempts at forming a French colony in Anton Gil Bay, on the northeastern shore of the island, conceived the romantic idea of laying in Madagascar the foundation of an independent kingdom, of which he proclaimed himself king, under pretense of being the child of a native royal princess who had been held captive in the Isle of France. He assumed the name of King Ampausacabe, appointed officers to carry on the government in his absence, and thereupon sailed for England and France with the purpose of enlisting one of those powers in his favor. Not succeeding in this, he came to New York, procured stores and arms, and returned to his kingdom in July, 1785.

His first act was to seize upon all the French ports on the island; whereupon the French sent a frigate to Anton Gil Bay to destroy his settlement. Beniowski was killed in the first engagement with his countrymen—and so ended his kingdom and all his grand sounding plans for the amelioration of the country. He seems to have been a hot-headed dreamer, who acted with undaunted courage, but with no foresight or wisdom.

Before this, in 1710, the bays of Madagascar were the chosen haunts of the pirates, who then gained rich booty from the spice and specie-laden Indiamen of Portugal, England, Spain, and Holland. Johanna, one of the Comoro Isles, just to the north of Madagascar, was the port of the famous Captain Kyd, the ruins of whose fort still crown a hill commanding the harbor. The Isle



HARBOR MASTER'S HOUSE, TAMATAVE.



HOVA OFFICERS AND BEARERS.

St. Mary, forming with the main island a secure harbor, with somewhat intricate entrance, was another piratical stronghold. Here Kyd and his compeers hove down and repaired their ships, and caroused in safety on shore among the then hospitable islanders. There are yet many legends of buried treasure current in this portion of the coast. The British and French finally drove the pirates from this and other strongholds. Some were taken and hung, others escaped in their vessels, but several crews were obliged to escape inland; and here ingratiating themselves with the chiefs, presently established a considerable traffic in slaves, by means of which trade they also finally made their peace with the French settlers of neighboring Bourbon and

Mauritius, where slave labor was in considerable demand. As the readiest means of obtaining slaves, these precious rascals pitted the ruling chiefs of the island against each other, buying their slaves of the victors. Ere many years the chief business of the islanders became the catching and selling of their friends and enemies; the woods were filled with robbers and man-stealers, and every house was a man-trap whose owner invited his friends to dine over a pitfall, down which, at the close of the entertainment, his hapless guests were precipitated into the arms of expectant slave-dealers. To make matters still worse, it was popularly believed that the slaves were sold to the French and British only to be *eaten* by these supposititious cannibals.

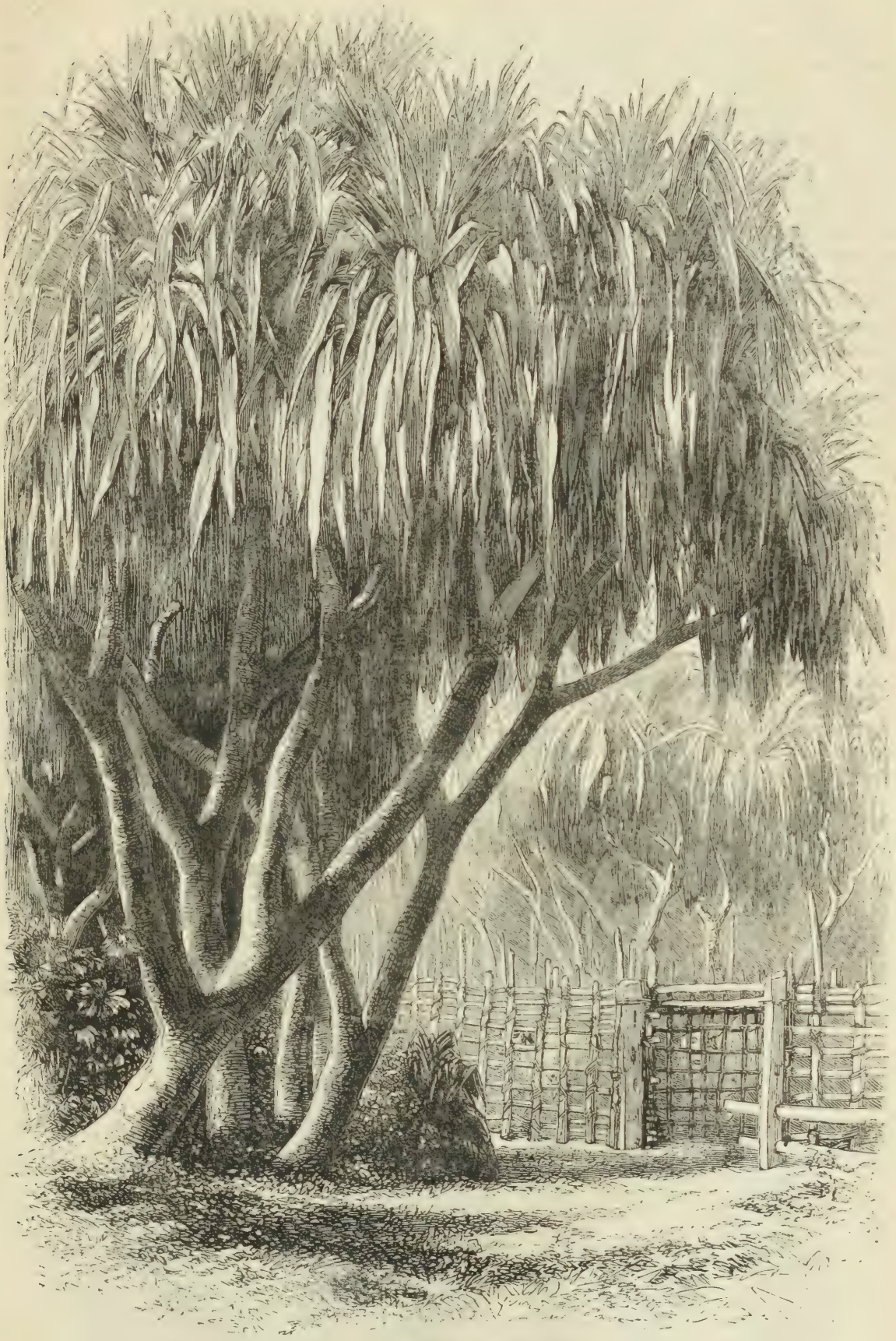
In 1810 the Isle of France became a British colony. In 1816 Radama was induced to send two of his younger brothers to Governor Sir John Farquhar to be educated. The Hovas, previous to Radama's reign, formed one of the least powerful of the tribes among whom Madagascar is divided. Ambitious, and not at all scrupulous, Radama from time to time subdued his neighbors, waging most cruel wars of extermination against those who made resistance. Appreciating the superiority of the thorough organization and drill of European troops, he, in 1816, persuaded a Mr. Brady, a British soldier, to remain in the country and train his army in the European manner; after which he was victorious in every battle that was fought.

But the King saw beyond this. He summoned British tradesmen and teachers to his dominion; and wrote a letter to the London Missionary Society, in which he promised to protect as many missionaries as they should send, "provided you send skillful artisans to make my people workmen as well as Christians." In 1818 the first missionaries set up a school for children at Tamatave, the principal port of communication; where, according to the report, "the children were much delighted, especially with the singing." Radama encouraged the schools, sending his own children, and those of his nobles and chief men, regularly. At an examination held at the capital in 1825, the King made an address to the children, in which this remark shows his practical turn of mind: "The knowledge you obtain is good—good for *trade*."

The language of Madagascar was spoken, but not written. The natives appear never to have possessed a knowledge of written characters. The most important work of the missionaries was, therefore, to invent an alphabet, and construct a grammar, preparatory to the translation of the Bible and school-books into Malagassy. This was accomplished. The Bible, tracts, and school-books were placed in the hands of the people; and in ten years, from the first visit of missionaries, nearly 15,000 natives had learned



AFRICAN PALM-TREE.



PANDANNUS TREES AND CATTLE PEN.

to read, many to write, and several thousand had been instructed as carpenters, builders, tanners, curriers, shoemakers, and workers in iron. A great number had professed Christianity. Radama, though never himself a professed Christian, was shrewd enough to see through the cheats of the idol-masters and diviners, as well as to appreciate the uses to himself of educated followers. Thus had been accomplished, in an unusually short space of time, among a people somewhat jealous of foreign control, the introduction of letters, of many of the most useful mechanic arts, and of legitimate and honorable principles of trade—the three great civilizers,

when they go hand in hand with Christianity. As for religious advancement, their idolatrous beliefs sat but loosely at any time upon the Malagassy; of their customs of infanticide, and the poison ordeal of *tangena*, the former seems at once to have fallen into disrepute, while the latter, during Radama's reign, was almost totally abolished, to be revived, however, with great barbarity, under his successor. Lying and stealing were habits most firmly settled in the popular mind of Madagascar, and it was for a long time a reproach of stubborn pagans, to the Christian converts, that they refused to lie. "What kind of men are you," exclaimed a fierce native judge to some Christians brought before him, "who go about telling the truth, and refusing to swear by your sisters!" The first missionaries remarked that the language contained no equivalents for the words *generosity* and *gratitude*.

In 1828 Radama died. His appointed successor, Prince Rakatobe, an excellent young man—nephew of the deceased King, was assassinated, and Radama's Queen took possession of the throne. The custom of the country required a total cessation from all labor except the culture of rice (this to prevent a famine) for twelve months after the King's death. The schools were ordered to be continued, but the Queen took the scholars of a certain age for soldiers, the consequence of which was that people hid their boys away. The missionary presses were kept busy, and in this year the Bible was printed complete in Malagassy, as well as many thousand copies of Scripture passages, etc.

In 1829 the French—whose forts at Isle St. Mary and Nosi Beh have always been eyesores to the Malagassy, and who have at various times displayed a desire to rule the whole Island—made an attack upon the sea-port of Tamatave. This brought matters to a climax. All foreigners were immediately expelled, the missionary publications destroyed wherever found, schools stopped, the profession of Christianity interdicted, and, finally, a general purification of the realm resolved upon. This was accomplished by causing every man and woman suspected of Christianity to pass through the ordeal of the tangena, of which a great many died.

The tangena nut is a violent vegetable poison. When two witnesses certify the guilt of an accused person, he is condemned to the ordeal. First he is made to eat a quantity of rice, with which he receives three pieces of chicken-skin. A portion of tangena nut is then scraped into water, which the prisoner drinks. Vomiting is one of the milder effects of the poison. Should the three pieces of chicken skin be ejected from the stomach, the sufferer is declared innocent; and should he afterward recover, he receives a present from the sovereign. Should the three pieces of skin fail to make their appearance by a given time (half an hour), the prisoner is declared guilty, instantly slain with a club, and his effects divided between the executioners and the Government.

Several missionaries were allowed to remain at Antannanarivou until 1835, when the last left for the Mauritius. In March of that year an edict of the Queen required "all who had attended school, or had learned to read; all who had attended public worship; all who had spoken against the idols or customs of the country, and all who had been baptized, or had joined the Christians, or observed the Sabbath, within one



HOVA AND BETSIMASARABA WOMEN.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.]



JACK-TREE, WITH FRUIT.

month to come before officers appointed and confess the same." Some were fined, many were sold into irredeemable slavery, with cruel conditions attached, such as that they should not be approached or aided by friends or relatives. A great many perished from drinking the tangena, and numbers were forced to drink scalding water, were burned at the stake, thrown from precipices, killed with spears and clubs, or buried alive.

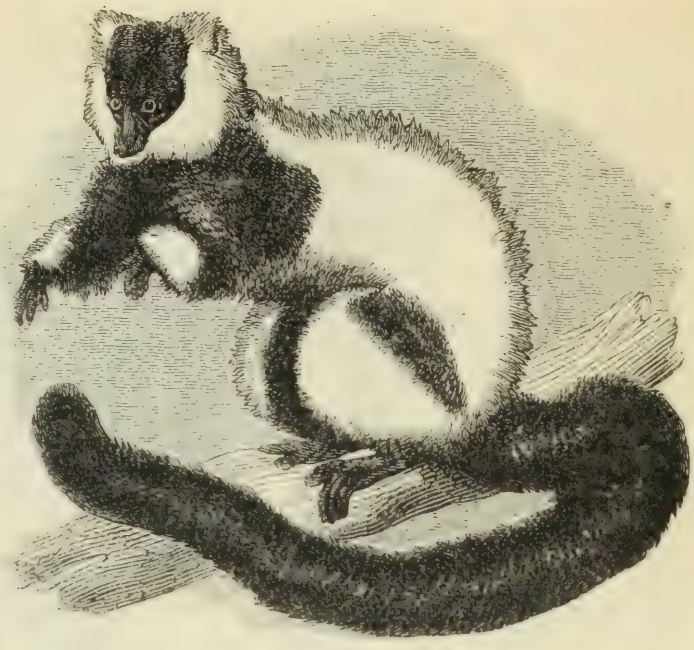
So thorough was this examination that the Queen and her idol-keepers flattered themselves they had extirpated the belief and practices of the Christians from the island. All reports, however, place it beyond a doubt that the exact reverse happened. The fortitude and patient goodness shown by the unfortunate converts gained secret accessions to their ranks, even in the midst of the most violent persecutions. Moreover, the love of education has shown itself very strong in the Malagassy; and the stoppage of the public schools caused many to favor secretly the case of those who alone would teach their children to read and write.

The persecutions were rigorously kept up for seventeen years—from 1834 to 1851. In all these years death or slavery was the fate of any found in possession of Bibles or tracts, or caught in the act of Christian worship. At no time was a suspected convert left in peace. Yet the Christians constantly received accessions to their ranks; and even in the capital, under the eyes of the savage idol-keepers and chiefs, who were the principal instigators of the persecutions, the small band gradually increased. During the year 1846 one hundred men and women declared themselves Christians, and among these was no less a person than Prince Rakotandrama, the only son of the Queen, and heir-apparent to the crown. These conversions were of course kept secret; but when, five months afterward, twenty-one of the new converts were detected and condemned to death, the Prince, with noble courage, appealed publicly to his mother for their lives, owning his sympathy with them.

In June, 1845, three French and British vessels of war were sent to Tamatave, to adjust some differences between the natives and a few European cattle-dealers who still lived at the port. The commanders failing to get satisfaction, fired into the town, burned it down, and killed a number of people. They, however, lost two boats' crews, killed by the Malagassy. The heads of these unfortunates were stuck on poles over the gate of the palisaded fort which fronts the harbor; and here the writer of this saw them, bleached with long exposure, on a visit to Tamatave in 1850. They were still there when Mr. Ellis arrived on his first visit, in 1853.

In 1849 there occurred another season of violent persecution. More than two thousand persons were brought to trial for their belief in Christianity; many were sold into slavery, heavily fined, and tortured, and eighteen, several of high rank among them, were put to death. The terrors of the law caused many to renounce their

faith at this time. But on the other hand, Mr. Ellis ascertained that no sooner did the persecutions relax somewhat than the Church received numerous accessions from among those who had witnessed the steadfast and patient spirit of the sufferers.



LEMUR.

For twenty years—from 1834 to 1854—no Europeans but a few traders had visited Madagascar; and these had remained on the sea-shore, principally at Tamatave, and confined themselves strictly to trade. In these twenty years it was generally supposed that the Malagassy had fallen back almost altogether into their ancient barbarism. From time to time the London Missionary Society received communications from native converts, which proved that the remnant of Christianity remained, and even grew. But no one dared anticipate that the arts of civilization which had been so fostered by Radama, and so energetically put down by his successor, survived. In 1852, letters from Antannanarivou spoke encouragingly of political and other favorable changes then in progress, under the auspices of Prince Rakotandrama and his friends. It was thought desirable that some intelligent European should visit the capital in a friendly way, to see for himself the condition of things. Mr. Ellis, well known in the world of letters as the author of "Polynesian Researches," was deputed to this office; and his most interesting account of this somewhat dangerous expedition shows that so far from retrograding, amidst all the tyranny and persecution of twenty years the knowledge of reading and writing had become very general; all the numerous officers of government being obliged to make reports of duties performed, in regular dispatches to headquarters—that several of the mechanic arts introduced by the Missionaries were in a flourishing condition; and that, in short, the Hovas, now the ruling people of the Island, had proved satisfactorily their capacity for unaided progress toward civilization.

Mr. Ellis received the Royal permission to visit Antannanarivou in 1855. He arrived at Tamatave in 1856, and was hospitably received by the officials of the port and district; the harbor master, commanding general, and the chief judge, whose euphonious name was *Rainibehevitra*, signifying *Father of Great Thoughts*. The harbor master's house, which was a fair sample of the better class of Hova dwellings, was a very comfortable affair. The walls inside were hung with the native cloth, made from the fibres of the rofia palm; a fine large mat covered the floor of long and well-joined planks. A four-post bedstead, covered with fine sleeping mats stood in one corner; in the centre stood a table covered with a white cloth, on which refreshments were placed; and a number of chairs and native seats, the latter of matting, in the shape of high square ottomans, were scattered about the room. The company asked many questions about England, France, and America, the officers meantime refreshing themselves from time to time with small mouthfuls of snuff, which they take mixed with salt and the ashes of a native plant. The Malagassy do not smoke, but all who can afford it chew this snuff. Every officer has in his retinue a snuff-box bearer, who from time to time hands his master a piece of bamboo cane nine inches long, beautifully polished, covered with rings, and having a lid with



A CATTLE FAHITRA.

a silk tassel. Emptying half a tea-spoonful into his palm, the chief by a rapid jerk of the hand tosses the delectable morsel on to his tongue.

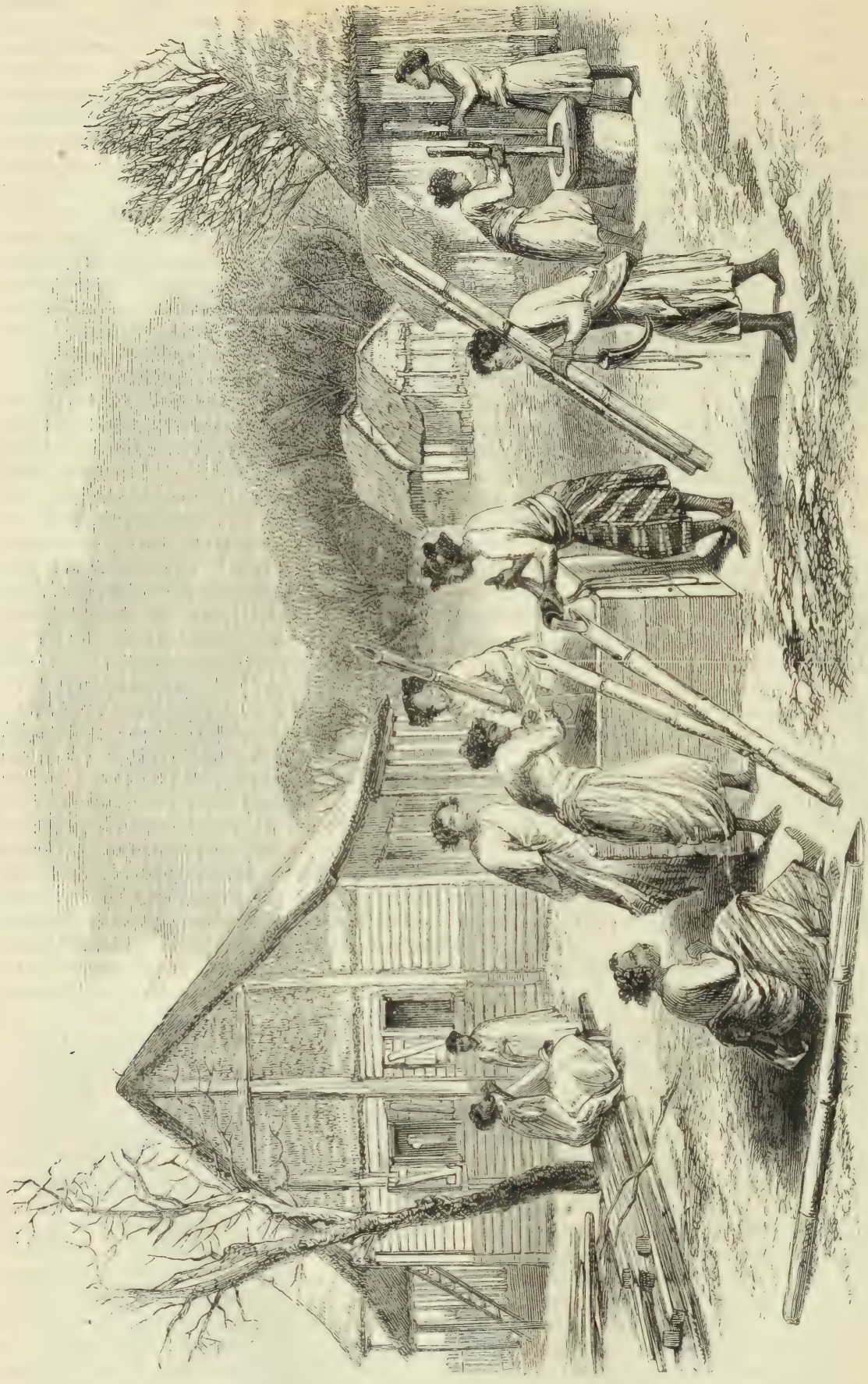
Every missionary should be a physician. No sooner was Mr. Ellis's arrival known than he was sent for by numbers, who desired him to see and prescribe for fever-patients. The Madagascar coast-fever is one of the most deadly diseases known. On parts of the coast white men are sure to die if attacked. The natives suffer less, but even they must be acclimated. One day a head chief sent for a prescription. Mr. Ellis calling to see him, found him reclining on a bed in a narrow, dark, close hut, whither he had removed to keep warmer. A fire was burning in the middle of the floor. A native lamp dimly lighted the apartment. This lamp consisted of an iron rod sharp at one end, and having at the other extreme a cup with a hook above it. The rod was stuck firmly into the ground, the cup contained melted fat in which floated a lighted wick, and from the hook was suspended a piece of bullock's fat which, melting, replenished the cup.

Presently entered an aid-de-camp of the chief with two letters. He was ordered to read them; then to answer them according to instructions given by his sick master. Bringing paper, pens, and ink, he seated himself cross-legged on the ground near the lamp, laid a quire of paper on his knee, and wrote while the chief dictated the words. The letter finished, it was read aloud to the chief, who approved; whereupon the writer brushed some sand from his naked foot upon the sheet, with the feathery end of his long quill, to prevent it blotting, folded the sheet, sealed it, and dispatched it by a messenger.

"There was something singularly novel and suggestive as to the processes by which the civilization of nations is promoted in the spectacle I had witnessed," says Mr. Ellis. "Little more than thirty years before, the language of Madagascar was an unwritten language; a native who had been educated at Mauritius was the only writer in the country, and he wrote in a foreign tongue; but now, without any of the appliances which are usually connected with a secretary's desk or office, a quiet, unpretending young man, seated on a mat on the floor in a low dark cottage three hundred miles from the capital of the country, and with his paper on his knee, receives and writes with accuracy and ease the orders or instructions of his superior; and while the latter reclines in his sickness on his mats spread on the floor in his leaf-thatched hut, as his fathers had done for generations before, he has only to utter his wishes or his orders, and these are conveyed to those whom they concern with as much authenticity and correctness as the most formal dispatch from an office of the most civilized nation. And when I reflected that to such an extent had the native government availed itself of the advantages of writing as that in the year 1836, when the late missionaries left the capital, there were four thousand officers employed, who transacted the business of their respective departments by writing, and that such is the benefit or pleasure which the people find in thus communicating with each other, that scarcely a traveler ever journeys from one place to another without being a letter-carrier, I was strongly impressed with the fact that, besides the benefits of their directly religious teaching, missionaries were rendering most important aid toward the enlightenment and civilization of mankind."

The 25th of June is the Malagassy New Year. This is a national festival in which all the people join, there being a cessation of labor for three days. Mr. Ellis was invited to a State dinner, given by order of the Queen to the chiefs and foreign residents at Tamatave in honor of the day. The native officers wore uniforms of great variety and some splendor, one being arrayed in rich green velvet, trimmed with gold lace. All wore gold epaulets, and cocked hats with feathers. The visitors were received by a guard of soldiers, wearing a folded white cloth across their loins and white belts across their naked shoulders. A band, consisting chiefly of drums and clarionets, played native and foreign airs. The dinner hour was half past five. The places at table were designated by the guests' names written on small pieces of paper, laid upon the table-napkins. Mr. Ellis was placed between the lady of the house and the master of ceremonies. The dinner consisted of soup, turkey, roast pig, fowls of various kinds, with good pastry, and, most important of all, a dish of *jaka*. This is the ceremonial beef preserved without salt from the previous year's festival, and now tasted by each guest, after a speech from the master of ceremonies, in which he stated that the Queen desired the foreigners in the port to partake with her subjects of the hospitalities of the season. Coffee followed the dinner, and dancing upon that. The evening was concluded by drinking the Queen's health in a small glass of liquor; the toast being proposed in another speech by the Marshal. Can any man with a well-ordered appetite ask a surer evidence of Malagassy civilization than was afforded by this dinner?

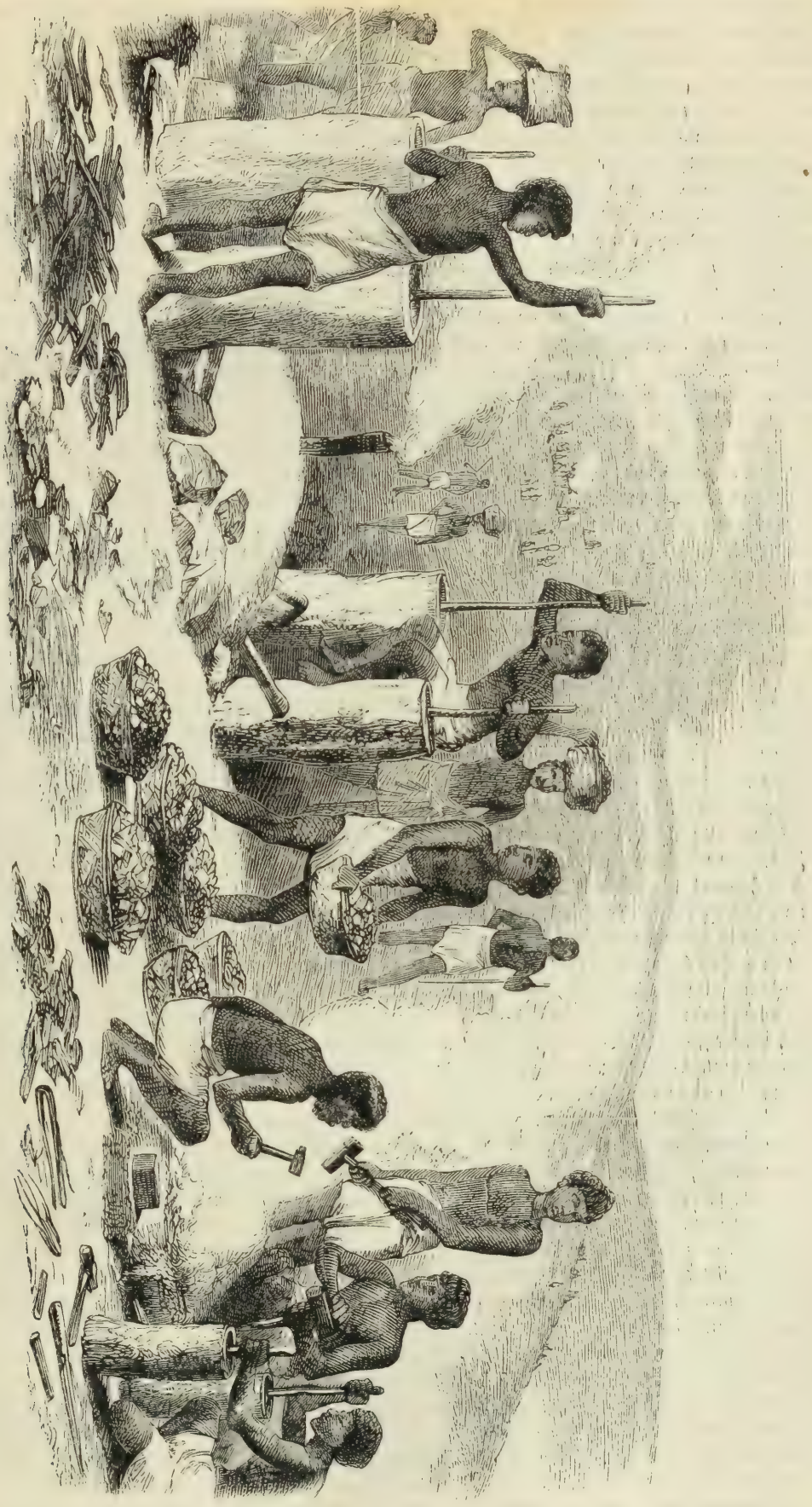
In all his intercourse with the natives Mr. Ellis found the subject of education one most gladly touched upon. He was informed that though public schools were abolished, all who were able taught their children to read. Books with the words extending in lines *across* the page are strictly prohibited; but books with the lines running up and down (spelling-books?) were admitted. A singular regulation places all the skilled labor at the command of the Government. This was Radama's Napoleonic idea. Thus the carpenters, blacksmiths, workers in iron and leather, the sewing women, as well as all who can read and write, are liable to be called, at any time, to serve the Government without remuneration. When not so employed, however, they are permitted to work for themselves. The chief native manufactures are cloth made from the rofia palm, and often beautifully dyed; baskets and mats, of very fine texture and brilliant colors, used for various purposes; hats, and the



FEMALE SLAVES DRAWING WATER AT A WELL.

shawl-like garment of cotton and silk worn by the nobles, called a *lamba*.

Cattle and rice are the chief articles of export at present; but it appears that the Government collects also other articles of commerce. Of course Mr. Ellis met a New York merchant in Tamatave. Americans are now found wherever there is an opening for commerce. A Mr. Mack, agent of a New York house, informed Mr. Ellis that he had just concluded a contract with the Queen's Government to take all the gum, beeswax, and India-rubber that would be collected for several years; giving in exchange principally arms and ammunition.



IRON SMELTING AND NATIVE SMITHS.

The markets of the towns abound in iron ware and tools, such as saws, axes, and hammers, sold at exceedingly reasonable rates—a most promising sign of advancing civilization. Iron is found, in certain parts of the country, in such plenty that only the surface ores are used. The processes of smelting and working the ores are carried on in the neighborhood of running streams, where the ore, broken into small bits, is washed carefully before being placed in the furnaces. These are built of stone, generally sunk two or three feet into the ground, and covered tightly with clay when charged. The blast is supplied by two pairs of pistons, working in wooden cyl-

inders—generally part of a small tree hollowed out. The iron is permitted to cool in the furnace, taken out in lumps, reheated and beaten into bars or rods, and in that shape taken to market or to the Government store-houses. The smiths who work for the Government live in villages together, and labor in common.

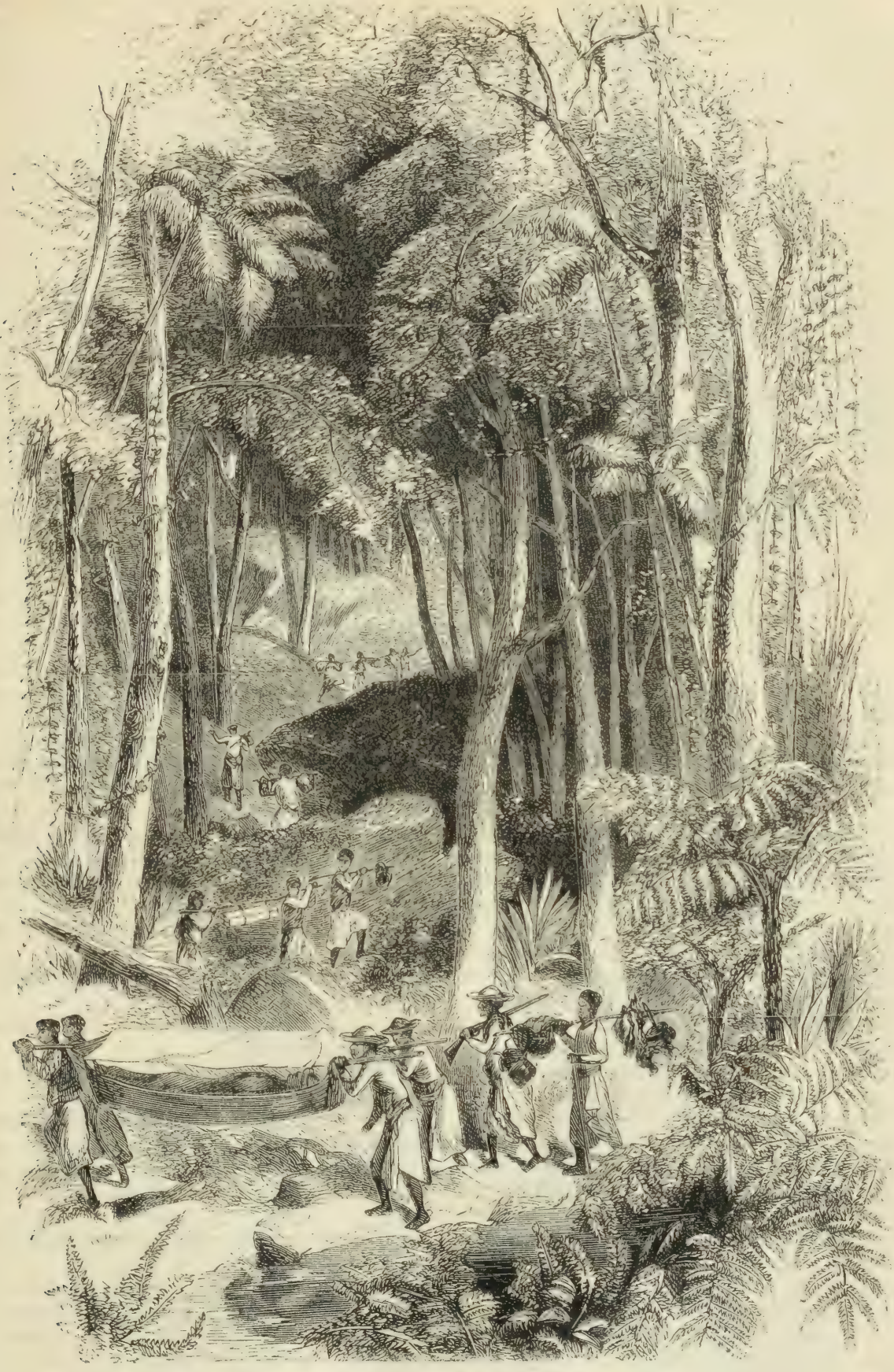
Receiving a letter from the capital, inviting his immediate presence there, Mr. Ellis prepared for an arduous journey of fourteen or fifteen days, over roads which, though often traveled, are yet far from easy. A large party of bearers were appointed, at the Government expense, to carry the goods he intended as presents to the Queen and her chief officers, as well as some photographic apparatus and a small coil of telegraph wire, with the needful instrument and chemicals. Wheeled carriages are not known in Madagascar, and pack oxen are not used. Every burden is borne on the backs of men. No less than one hundred and nine men were needed to carry Mr. Ellis's baggage, and his palanquin and cooking utensils required twelve more. The Government had given orders that this large party should be provided with food and sleeping accommodations by the inhabitants of the villages they passed through. When they stopped at night, the palanquin was suspended to the rafters of a hut, and formed an easy bed, conveniently removed from the dirt, rats, and insects which unpleasantly encumbered the floors. At every stop the packages were stored in the *lapa*—a house provided by Government for such purposes. The journey was a tedious one. The dense jungle of Madagascar, the fruit of a rich soil soaked by heavy rains almost every month in the year, is oppressive to the spirits of the traveler. The sunshine is uncertain—rain but too certain. There are few birds—none of cheerful voice—and the snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and crocodiles (which last populate the rivers, and lie in wait upon the banks), with stories of whose attacks the guides beguile the way, are the reverse of pleasant. If to these be added the constant care necessary to protect the stranger from fever, the disagreeable jolting of the palanquin by day and the general roughness of accommodations by night, a journey to Antannanarivou will not appear a pleasure-trip. Mr. Ellis was fortunately a zealous naturalist. A new flower or shrub—and they are not few, the peculiar flora of Madagascar being almost unexplored—gave him no end of delight. The jack-tree, which bears the bread-fruit of Madagascar; the giant-leaved rofia palm, of whose fibrous bark the beautiful native cloth is made; the pandannus-tree, whose leaves serve as waterproof wrappers for all kinds of parcels in Madagascar; and the singular "traveler's-tree," whose broad, high leaves form with the trunk a reservoir, where the thirsty traveler may always find from a quart to two quarts of pure and healthy water—these, and many more, beguiled the tedium of his journey. In the woods he was amused with the antics of a pretty animal of the monkey tribe, the lemur, whose chattering somewhat enlivened the silence of the jungle. The aye-aye—a singular animal peculiar to Madagascar, and of which only one specimen has as yet been brought to Europe—is regarded by the natives with somewhat superstitious feelings, which make them averse to catching it.

In the villages the daily life of the people was laid before him. At one he saw the manner in which male and female slaves are punished. Slaves are worth from seventy to one hundred dollars for males, and from twenty to forty dollars for females. They seem to be well treated, not overworked, and seldom punished. The boards joined about the neck of a young girl, and the heavier iron collar about the neck of a boy, were the only punishments Mr. Ellis saw used. As an evidence of the amount of writing done at the capital, Mr. Ellis saw on the shore of one of the small lakes with which the country abounds a number of people employed in collecting and drying the dark-colored, shining, micaceous sand, which was afterward sent to Antannanarivou, to serve the purpose of blotting-paper in the Government offices.

Food seemed abundant every where. The splendid hump cattle of Madagascar, which form the chief wealth of the nobles, are sold for from four to six dollars per head. The beef is tender and succulent; and the singular process of fattening, in a cattle-pit, called a fahitra, enables them to bring to market animals of enormous size. The fahitra, as will be seen by our illustration, is a pit dug in the ground, in which the animal is forced to stand up, with its fore legs upon a raised platform, and its food above the level of its head. Their theory is that, in fattening, the chief weight of the body should be thrown on the hind-quarters. Fowls are fattened in a hole, or in a close basket, where they are crammed with a paste of rice flour, until, in some chickens brought to Mr. Ellis's table, the fat on the legs, and some other parts, was full an inch thick.

The locusts, which annually cause great destruction of crops in the central provinces, are highly esteemed as food by the natives. They generally fly within two or three feet of the ground; and on the approach of a swarm the people rush out and strike them down with their lambas, and with large flat baskets. The women and children gather them up from the ground into long-necked sacks, where they are divested of legs and wings by a severe shaking up. These extremities are then winnowed out, the bodies dried in the sun, or fried in fat, then packed in sacks for food, or sold in the markets. Europeans who have been forced by stress of hunger to eat locusts thus prepared do not deny them a certain pleasant, nutty flavor; and it is generally acknowledged that they are wholesome and fattening.

At last, on the 26th of August, 1856, Mr. Ellis reached Antannanarivou, a name which signifies "the city of a thousand towns." It stands upon an oval-shaped hill, a mile and a half in length, and four or five hundred feet high. Near the centre, and upon the *tampombohitra* (crown



TRAVELING THROUGH THE FORESTS.

of the town) stands the palace, the loftiest building in the place. It is about sixty feet high, surrounded by double verandas, and has the steep roof necessary in this rainy climate. The roof is pierced on three sides with attic windows; and on the centre of the top stands a large figure of a gilt eagle, with outstretched wings. Adjoining the Queen's palace is a smaller building, on the same plan, in which resides the Christian Crown Prince. The neighborhood of the town is a dreary, treeless waste. Near a brook at the entrance of the town a large pile of granite was



CATCHING LOCUSTS.

pointed out as the place where many Christians had been put to death.

A convenient house had been set apart for Mr. Ellis by the Queen's orders; and here he received many eager visitors, administered medicines to the sick, who were brought him in great numbers, and held much converse with the Christian converts, who came to him at all hours, by day and night. It must be remembered that Christianity is yet prohibited in the island; that the persecutions may recommence at any time; and that a cruel death hovers over every convert. There results a very singular and affecting feature of Mr. Ellis's work—a necessary concealment of every circumstance which might lead to the identification of those Christians with whom he came in contact, or of whom he obtained knowledge. He states that their religious feelings "appeared sincere and satisfactory, and derived simply and solely from the teachings of God's Holy Word." How steadfastly the Gospel doctrine has progressed appears from the fact that a large number of those who have suffered death, tortures, and slavery became Christians after the missionaries left. There is not in all the stories of the martyrs a more affecting recital than in these simple extracts from a MS. confided to Mr. Ellis, the journal of one who was sold into slavery in 1849. "It is quoted without apprehension," says Mr. Ellis, "as those to whom they refer have passed into a world where the cruelty of the persecutor can never enter." Here are the extracts:

"On the 14th of March, 1849, the officer before whom the Christians were examined said, 'Do you pray to the sun, the moon, or the earth?'

"R—— answered, 'I do not pray to these, for the hand of God made them.'

"'Do you pray to the twelve mountains that are sacred?'

"R——. 'I do not pray to them, for they are mountains.'

"'Do you pray to the idols that render sacred the kings?'

"R——. 'I do not pray to them, for the hand of man made them!'

"'Do you pray to the ancestors of the sovereigns?'

"R——. 'Kings and rulers are given by God that we should serve and obey them, and render them homage. Nevertheless they are only men like ourselves; when we pray, we pray to God alone.'

"'You make distinct and observe the Sabbath day.'

"R——. 'That is the day of the great God; for in six days the Lord made all His works. But God rested on the seventh, and he caused it to be holy; and I rest or keep sacred that day.'

"And in similar manner answered all the Christians, and when a man who had kept aloof saw that one—a woman—did not deny God, and remembered that to deny God was followed with compunction, he went and spoke as the others had done, and when these brethren and sisters were bound, the husband of one of them, who had heard their confession, came and said to

them, 'Be not afraid, for it is well if for that you die.' He was a soldier from a distance, and not of the number of the accused; then he was examined, and as he made the same avowal, they bound him also. And they removed these ten brethren and sisters, and made their bands hard or tight, and confined them each in a separate house.

"And, at one o'clock at night, we [those not yet accused] met together and prayed.

"On the 22d of March, when one had said Jehovah is God alone, and above every name that is named, and Jesus Christ is also God, the people cried out, mocking. And to another the officer said, 'Rabodampoimerina (the sacred name of our queen) is our God, but not your God.' He answered, 'The God who made me is my God; but Rabodo is my queen or sovereign.' And when he refused other answer, they said, 'Perhaps he is an idiot or a lunatic.' He answered, 'I am not an idiot, and have not lost my understanding.' Then there was a commotion and buzz among the people, saying, 'Take him away.' And they took him to prison.

"And before it was light on the following day, the people assembled at A——y. Then they took the eighteen that chose God, and to inherit life, and to become His sons and His daughters, and bound their hands and feet, and tied each of them to a pole wrapped in mats, and placed them with the other prisoners. And of these united brethren and sisters ten were from Vonizongo. And when the officers and troops and judges arrived they read over the names of each class of prisoners, and then placed them by themselves, and stationed around them soldiers with muskets and spears; and the sentences were then delivered, consigning some to fine and confiscation, others to slavery, others to prison and chains, some to flogging, and eighteen



AYE-AYE.



MODES OF PUNISHING SLAVES.

to death, four to be burned, and fourteen to be hurled from the rocky precipice and afterward burned to ashes.

"And the eighteen appointed to die, as they sat on the ground surrounded by the soldiers, sang the 137th Hymn.

"And when the sentences were all pronounced, and the officer was about to return to the chief authorities, the four sentenced to be burned requested him to ask that they might be killed first and then burned. But they were burned alive.

"When the officer was gone, they took those eighteen away to put them to death. The fourteen they tied by the hands and the feet to long poles, and carried on men's shoulders. And these brethren prayed and spoke to the people as they were being carried along. And some who beheld them said that their faces were like the faces of angels. When they came to the top of Nampaminarina they cast them down, and their bodies were afterward dragged to the other end of the capital, to be burned with the bodies of those who were burned alive.

"As they took the four that were to be burned alive to the place of execution, these Christians sang the 90th Hymn, beginning, 'When our hearts are troubled.' Each verse ending with 'Then remember us.' Thus they sang on the road. And when they came to Faravahitra, there they burned them, fixed between split spars. There was a rainbow in the heavens at the time, close to the place of burning. Then they sang in the Hymn 158:

> 'There is a blessed land,
> Making most happy;
> Never shall the rest depart,
> Nor cause of trouble come.'

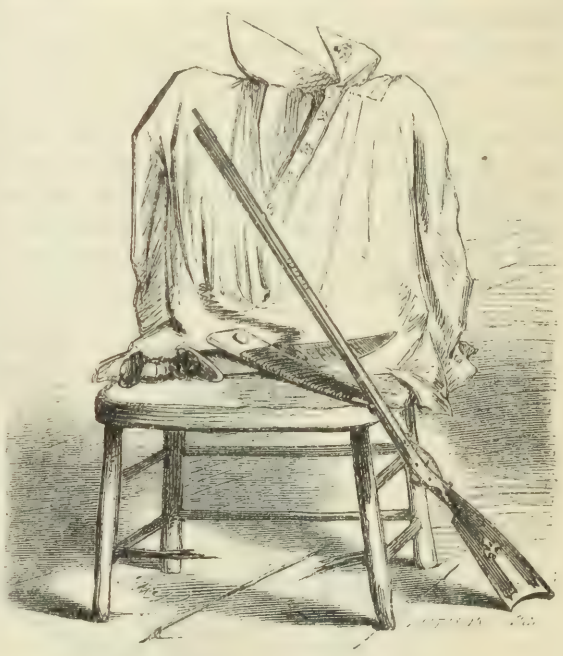
"That was the hymn they sang after they were in the fire. Then they prayed, saying, 'O Lord, receive our spirits; for thy love to us has caused this to come to us. And lay not this sin to their charge.'

"Thus they prayed, as long as they had any life. Then they died; but softly, gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life. And astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there."

Ten years ago this pleasant month of March, these Christian men and women thus met their deaths.

After a stay of some days, Mr. Ellis at length received audience of the Queen. The Court sat upon the veranda of the palace, and Mr. Ellis, with a French resident and two interpreters, were ushered through a great crowd to a station in front of the Queen. Bowing to her, and then to the tomb of Radama, they pronounced the salutation "Tsara, Tsara, tompoko;" "It is well, it is well, Sovereign." After mutual inquiries after health, Mr. Ellis then offered the *hasina*, a customary tribute of a coin (in this case an English sovereign), without which no one must have audience of the Queen. Thereupon followed speeches of friendship from Mr. Ellis and the Queen, and presently the audience was over and the strangers retired. The speeches made seem to have been quite as meaningless as they would have been on any similar occasion at a European court.

Mr. Ellis found the Malagassy disposed to be friendly toward Europeans, so long as they were assured they had no ulterior designs upon the country. The repeated attacks of the French have aroused their jealousy, and by making the country inaccessible have, doubtless, retarded by years the civilization of the people. They will suffer no foreign yoke; but all seemed anxious for a legitimate foreign trade, and the farther spread of civilized arts. It is to be hoped that the great nations who can so greatly affect the destiny of such a minor and semi-barbarous people will permit them to advance in the only way in which there can be true advancement for nations or men—by permitting them to aid themselves. Unless some criminally foolish act of hostility on the part of France should again excite the enmity of the Malagassy against all white men indiscriminately, it seems certain that, on the death of the present Queen and the accession of her Christianized and educated son, the arts and amenities of our civilization will change the face of the great island. Meantime, may God protect His people there!



THE RED RIVER TRAIL.

> "From the forests and the prairies,
> From the great lakes of the Northland,
> From the land of the Ojibways,
> From the land of the Dacotahs."
>
> LONGFELLOW.

MINNESOTA—euphonious name of the far-off Northland! There is music in the word, and poetry in its import. The untamed savage selected it from his own vocabulary, and with it christened his hyperborean elysium the "*water and smoke country.*"

Many who have failed to discover precisely wherein consists the romance of Indian life and character (according to Cooper), or, blind to their own imagination, will see no poetry in a

breech-cloth, no sentiment in scalp-locks and scalping-knives, discern no epic theme in swarthy cheeks and darkling eyes that peer from massy uncombed hair, utterly ignoring the æsthetics of the red man, must nevertheless admit that the enunciation of Indian proper names not only often falls musically upon the ear, but that the etymology of the words is as often strikingly expressive and full of sentiment. Thus, in the accepted signification of the original words, *menah* (water) and *shotah* (smoke), the former refers to the innumerable rivers, lakes, and streamlets that diversify the country, and the latter to the peculiar haziness of the atmosphere during the delightful period of the "Indian Summer"—a season when the fancy instinctively revels amidst bucolic scenes of *dolce far niente*. Then nature seems to lapse into dreamy repose; the autumnal sunlight throws a mellow hue upon the prairies; the hum of the insect world is strangely audible; smoke floats lazily in the still air; and naught disturbs the placid surface of the lakes save the ripple of the birchen canoe, or the dip of the swallow as he skims the wave. The Indians' dream of the beatitude of the spirit land is here almost realized. What name so appropriate then as Minnesota? However, there are some unpunished witlings who assume that in the aboriginal vernacular the correct interpretation of the word is, the "land of fire-water," from the quantity of whisky drank there; but we discard this rendering as Quixotic, and a base attempt to "do" the Indian out of his poetic fame.

It had long been the cherished desire of Mr. C. Sharpe Penman to penetrate this to him almost mythical region of the West—the quondam home of the immortal Hiawatha and the mighty Mudjekewis—the land of the Dacotah and Chippewa—the country whose people, like Henry V., swear "by St. Paul," and whose great men are those who traffic in furs—that isotheral Canaan where corner lots are wealth, and where money is loaned at four per cent. a month. Long had Mr. Penman contemplated the vastness of the undertaking, and carefully weighed its difficulties and dangers. The information that he had acquired from the perusal of sundry narratives of pioneer life and exploring parties had made him in some degree familiar with the hardships and privations that he might expect to encounter; and besides, the careful study of the most recent maps and histories of Minnesota that he could obtain (published some six years since) convinced him that, with the exception of the small trading post known as St. Paul, the entire country was a wilderness, traversed only by wild beasts and Indians, and a few vagabond white men nearly as barbarous as the Indians themselves. For many months had Mr. P. sought in vain for some congenial spirit, as brave and reckless as himself, to become his *compagnon de voyage*, and share the delights and dangers of his contemplated trip.

At length, by that good fortune which alone favors the brave, opportunity offered. A party was organizing for a grand "buffalo hunt" in this very section of country, to be composed only of the most distinguished personages, and Mr. P. received a pressing invitation to become one of the number. Included among them were His Excellency the *fêted* Mohammed Pasha and sundry (roving) foreign diplomatists, Congressmen, and office-hunters, indefatigable in the pursuit of game, and others in pursuit of pleasure under difficulties. So rare an opportunity, with the promise of such illustrious company, was not to be thrown away. Mr. P. eagerly jumped at it; and in this case, at least, it is safe to say that he did not leap before he looked. Indeed he invariably received much credit for his foresight; and by those who are inclined to believe that there *is* something in a name, it has more than once been intimated that the key to his usual good fortune was *C. sharp*.

Accordingly, Mr. Penman at once began to make the necessary preparations, and to look about for a proper outfit. He was by no means what some sportsmen would style a greenhorn. On the contrary, he was a professed disciple of Izaak Walton, and a devoted worshiper of Nimrod and Diana. He had angled for sunfish and bull-pouts, and hunted gophers and med'-larks in Connecticut. He had not always fed on toast and tea, nor luxuriated in feather beds; for on more than one occasion, while camping out in some neighboring woods, he had been reduced to corn bread and ham bones. Still, with all his experience and knowledge of what should properly constitute his *mecum portare* when on an expedition of this sort, he had in this instance some doubts as to the items pertaining to his outfit. He accordingly determined to write to an acquaintance in Minnesota, who had several times crossed the Rocky Mountains, fought "grizzlies" in California, and starved on the deserts of the Cimarron and Gila, and who was consequently to be considered competent and reliable authority. In due time he received the following reply:

"MINNESOTA, *May*, 1858.

"DEAR PENMAN,—Your letter of many interrogatories has been received. Inclosed is a list of articles suitable for your outfit, though there may be some things that I have omitted. These your good judgment will supply. Your chief difficulty will be a tendency to carry too much. A good-sized knapsack should hold all the smaller articles of your equipment. Tobacco will secure you friends, and is a good commodity for trading with Indians. I don't think you need be apprehensive of any danger from the redskins, though it is always well to be prepared for emergencies. A fair supply of wits and a good pair of eyes are your best protection. 'Keep your eye skinned' is the universal proverb of the prairies. *See sharp.* By-the-by, a small party of us here expect to start on a hunting cruise about the time you propose, intending to travel in the same direction, and would be pleased to join you, or have you join us. Will you consent? Yours in haste,

"TICK."

From the time of the receipt of this letter until the day of departure Mr. Penman's mind was one perfect phantasmagoria of buffalo, Indians, rifles, fishing-tackle, Mackinaw blankets, and moccasins. Often, both waking and dreaming, he imagined himself already on the ground; for

"Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

Eagerly did he await the motions of the great men and high officials who had booked themselves for the land of promise. Day after day dragged slowly by, but he had not yet heard even the first warning note of preparation. "Great bodies move slowly;" and, in this case, he began to fear that they would not move at all. At length the auspicious day arrived, and his misgivings proved realities. The expedition was abandoned! Fortunate then was it for Mr. P. that his philosophy enabled him to abide this bitter disappointment with equanimity; but more fortunate still that the proposal of his friend "Tick" held out an expedient not likely to fail.

Before another sun had set he was far on his way toward the Mississippi.

It is useless to attempt to describe our hero's emotions upon beholding, for the first time, the waters of the mighty river—the "parent of perpetual streams." Though he could not exult, like De Soto, in the consciousness that he was the first white man who had ever gazed into its mysterious depths, still the event was to him scarcely less impressive. As he looked upon its placid surface, disturbed by scarcely a ripple, and reflecting the emerald hue of its wooded banks, and the blue and silver of the flecked sky above, his soul expanded, his pulse beat quickly, and a new life and vigor leaped through his veins. He seemed to stand upon the confines of another world. Here was the dividing line that separated the wilderness from civilization. All beyond was a region of dreams and uncertainties. A thousand tales of the legendary past came up before him. Almost he expected to hear the war-whoop of the savage from yonder wooded islet, to see the panther bounding from the adjacent thicket. The fancies of his bewildered brain were only dispelled after a time by the sight of the tall pipes of an approaching packet as she steamed around the bend, reminding him that this is a progressive age.

Gliding swiftly up the river, each succeeding mile developed new beauties in the ever-changing panorama. Clusters of picturesque islets, whose massive foliage rested on the wave; gently sloping hills, covered with green sward to the summit, and capped with groves of burr-oak that look like apple orchards; fantastic bluffs and isolated rocks; rugged turrets and crags overgrown with vines and mosses, and perched upon the very verge of the projecting cliff, looking like the ruins of ancient castles or fortresses; romantic little dells and ravines, in which are nestled the rude log cabin of the pioneer, or the mushroom hamlets of some enterprising settlers—these constitute the chief features of the Upper Mississippi. This is what *Nature* has done. But though Mr. Penman wondered at the profusion with which she had here dispensed her fairest gifts, yet the evidences of the presence of man and his labor that continually met his astonished eyes were far more surprising because more unexpected. He had been sitting for some time in a fit of mental abstraction, leaning on his elbows, with his chin between his hands, when he suddenly felt himself jostled, and, on



SCENERY ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

looking up, discovered an ambiguous looking individual, who appeared much like a New York alderman run to seed, or a member of the swell mob disguised as a countryman.

"I say, stranger," said he, with a stately wave of his hand, "do you observe that city just yonder?"

Upon adjusting his spectacles, Penman discovered two or three buildings to the left, almost hidden in a ravine. One was a good-sized structure of stone, on which was a large sign bearing the words, "Forwarding and Commission—Storage." A small frame shanty, on which the words "City Bakery" were conspicuous, and a tumble-down log-house, dignified by the name of "Hotel," completed the number.

Mr. Penman duly apprised his companion of the result of his observations.

"Well, Sir, that is the very best location on the river, and is destined to be the great metropolis of the Great West. Yes, Sir!"



THE FUTURE METROPOLIS.

"But you don't mean to say that is a *city*, regularly incorporated!"

"Yes, *Sir*—all laid out and plotted—public squares—lots fifty dollars per foot—Mayor and all."

Penman thought the place rather small for a city, and suggested that the greater part of the houses might lie back of the bluff—thought the hotel business wouldn't pay.

"Look a-here, stranger," said the other, abruptly, "whar do you hail from?"

"New York."

"Humph! thought as much. You city chaps down East think you are all creation; but I reckon we can teach you a thing or two out here. 'Twont do to be too free in your remarks about things you don't know nothing about."

Penman felt humbled, and retired to his meditations. It was a mystery to him where all the stores and commission-houses of the numerous self-styled cities that line the river obtained their customers. Not from the local population, surely. He afterward learned, to his surprise, that these often do an immense business—that each is the channel through which flows the grain and other produce of the back country for miles around, and whither the scattered inhabitants resort to procure the little necessaries of life. Surprising quantities of goods and merchandise are daily landed at these embryo metropolises. In the flush times fortunes came at the bidding here.

For three days did Mr. Penman delight in the beauties of the ever-changing landscape, while the steamer glided onward and onward into the silent depths of the wilderness, winding through charming islands, some of them dotted with picturesque wigwams, occasionally passing a steamer or huge raft floating down with the tide, startling the wild duck from the wave, or the red deer from his retreat in the shaded pool. Occasionally a fisherman's boat or Indian canoe shoots out from some little bay, or is seen coursing along the shore; the blackbird whistles in the woods, the blue crane stands moping in the water, and the eagle and hawk are floating lazily high up in the light of the mid-day sun. These were his day visions. At night, when the moon was shining in her full effulgence, flooding both forest and river with her silvery light, the picture was still more enchanting. But then was it

grand indeed, and strangely exciting, to see the lurid light gleam out from the furnace doors, creating fantastic and ever-changing shapes upon the shadowy shores; to watch the showers of streaming sparks, and to listen to the rushing of the water, the heavy clank of the engine, and the hoarse breath of the smoke stacks as it came from the rosin-fed furnaces—infectious of boiler explosions. Moreover, it excited Penman's apprehensions. He felt uneasy, and his mind wandered strangely from themes of poetical fancy to the study of the mechanical forces. It was the only drawback to his complete enjoyment. But his journey now drew near its close, and present delights were soon to be numbered with the past. The steam-whistle sounded, the bell tolled, the engine ceased its movements, and the huge craft glided quietly up to her landing.

"Man the plank! Here, you men—run her out—steady—now—run her up—lively there—why *don't* you take her up? All ashore! Out with them casks—lively, I say!"

Old Tick was waiting on the levee, and in a moment had jumped on board.

"Arrived at last, eh?" he exclaimed, grasping Penman's extended hand. "I feared you had disappointed us. But where's the Sublime Porte and the rest of them?"

"Port! Ha! ha! your old failing!" laughed Penman. "I'm sorry I haven't the article. But I've a very good sample of *brandy* in my knapsack," he added, *sotto voce*.

"Ah! very good in its place," replied Tick, wondering at his friend's singular construction of his question. "But, I say, where is the distinguished Turk and the others who were to accompany you?"

"Oh! ah! hum! withdrawn from the ticket like shrewd politicians who can see no chance of being elected. But I'll give you the whole story by-and-by—give you an ex-party statement."

"Well, then, let's move. Our boys are all waiting at the hotel."

"Directly—as soon as I get the rest of my luggage. There goes the bell now!"

"More traps!" ejaculated Tick, as he hastily followed the other to the baggage-room. "Well, you've no lack, that's certain. Be lively now—she's moving!"

Seizing a number of parcels, he jumped to the levee, while Penman delayed for a stray article. In the mean time the boat moved off.

Directly Penman appeared at the foot-lights.

"Hooray there! Here's a passenger wants to go ashore!" shouted the deck hands. "Run out the plank!" yelled the mate. "Here, you fellow! Now's your chance—jump for it!"

Penman rushed frantically down the extended plank, now some six feet from the shore; but as he sprang his foot slipped, and he landed most unceremoniously, though without bodily injury. From C sharp to B flat the transition was easy and rapid.

On the following morning Penman proceeded to the appointed place of meeting, fully armed and equipped. He had spared neither pains nor expense in perfecting his outfit, and had omitted nothing that his own or others' experience, or that his imagination suggested might be useful. Having donned his hunting costume, strapped on his knapsack, blankets, and cooking utensils, stuck his belt full of weapons, shouldered his rifle, and surveyed himself complacently in a mir-



RIVER VIEW.

ror, he pronounced himself *au fait* and "ready." His friends were awaiting him.

"Ah! here he comes at last!" said Tick. "But what has he got? My eyes! what a traveling curiosity shop!"

"Why, he has arms enough for a pirate!" said Skittles.

"Yes, and boots enough for a freebooter," added Wabash.

"Good-morning, gentlemen!" bowed Penman, with a bland smile. "You see here a veritable representative of the ancient Nimrod. Do you not think my outfit unexceptionable? You observe I have all the essentials. I've always found it well to be well prepared."

"Preparation is every thing," remarked Skittles, aside.

This produced an explosion of laughter, in which Penman felt obliged to join, though he couldn't discover precisely "where the joke came in."



THE LANDING.

"You seem in excellent humor to-day," he continued. "If I was certain now that we should not be molested by Indians out in these savage wilds whither we are going, my mind would rest upon a bed of roses. By-the-by, I have a quantity of trinkets in my knapsack which I hope to trade with some of the red men hereabouts; also some tobacco and a handful of half dimes. I am told that the Indians are ignorant of the value of coin, and will take a dime for a dollar at any time. But why do you laugh, gentlemen? Do not my ideas tally with the facts?"

"Oh yes, brother Penman, exactly. Go on—in your own way. You'll be the death of us, let alone Injuns!" gasped old Tick, convulsively. "That outfit is proof against savages; they won't dare approach you. You are safe. But to speak seriously, Penman, I think you had better leave a portion of your traps behind, or really we shall have to procure another horse. The animals are not very stout. You see we have here all the blankets and public stores that we need."

"True. But supposing it impossible to procure these things in this part of the country, I took care to buy every thing in New York."

"So you thought we were all savages in this part of the world, eh? Well, it will do you good to come out here. It will enlarge your ideas. But here are the horses, so let's move."

Penman felt mortified and slightly irritated, but he said nothing, and quietly followed instructions.

The route of this party varied very little from that proposed by the other. It was their design to follow up the Mississippi River to St. Cloud, and then take a northwesterly course to the Red River of the North. Here a few days were to be spent in hunting buffalo. *Then*, if their spirits, strength, time, and ammunition held out, they were to proceed to Pembina, near the boundary of the British possessions, thence to Frazer's River, and across the Rocky Mountains to Behring's Straits, take the overland route to Hong-Kong, and return by the ocean route to the United States. This, however, was entirely optional with each. As Penman said:

> "'A true, devoted pilgrim is not weary
> To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps.'"

And there was no calculating how far they might go after they had once got fairly started.

After a trip of some thirty miles they reached St. Paul, the Mecca of the Northwest. We will not here attempt to describe Penman's astonish-

ment on beholding a place of so great size and such imposing appearance located in the midst of a wilderness. Of course it was incomprehensible to him; and had he not recalled to mind certain historical scraps of the medieval time, that told how nations dwelt in walled cities, etc., the marvelous problem would never have been solved to his satisfaction.

St. Paul possesses all the characteristics of thriving Western cities. It looms up in majestic proportions, like the huge frame-work of a leviathan, showing rather what is to be than that which now is. It is simply a giant in embryo. Here stately warehouses and fine blocks of brick and stone buildings, mountains of earth, and Alps of rock are strangely commingled. Palatial structures, plank sidewalks, with steps ascending and descending, hills, gullies, ravines, lagoons, and ridges, well-graded streets, gas-pipes, steamboats, temporary rickety shanties scattered here and there without system or regularity, like drift-wood left by a flood; kidded Beau Brummels and moccasined Winnebagoes, lager-beer and billiard saloons, with an admixture of tobacco-pipes, half dimes, city and country scrip, bankers and real estate brokers, and a general conglomeration of all things good, bad, and indifferent, form one grand and magnificent hotch-potch that outrivals the confusion of the diluvian period. Yet these very features are the best evidences of the wonderful progress and enterprise of the place. In truth, the camp-fires of the Indians have but just been extinguished, and the wheels of the dray rumble over the fresh trails of the bear and deer.

Penman looked and wondered, and passed his hand over his eyes like one blinded by the sun.

"Shades of the Magi!" he exclaimed. "But this surpasses all expectation. However, it can be accounted for in a great measure. Emigration tends directly to St. Paul. It is the only point in this part of the country that is known or heard of abroad. Every body comes here, stops here, and settles. It is a great *well*, and all the springs run into it."

Satisfied with this logical conclusion, he lapsed into a brown study. For a time his face wore a puzzled and rather a disappointed look, but presently brightened again.

"Whip up the nags!" he cried, cheerily. "Let us congratulate ourselves, gentlemen, that we are so soon to pass the Rubicon of civilization. I long to leave all traces of the white man behind, and breathe the freedom of the primitive wilderness. Above all, I especially desire to look upon the famed Falls of St. Anthony, which, I am told, includes the wildest and most romantic scenery of the West, rivaling even Niagara itself; though, I presume, from its proximity to St. Paul, some adventurous pioneers have already erected their rude cabins there."

"Yes; I believe there is also a saw-mill there," replied Tick, laconically.

"Wouldn't it be well to examine our weapons, in case of encountering a stray party of Indians?" inquired Wabash. The question was put to Tick, though particularly intended for Penman's ear.

"I reckon," was the reply.

Penman stole a hasty glance at his armor.

A few moments passed, and anon the buildings of a compactly-built city loomed up in the distance.

"What place is that?" asked Penman, with surprise.

"St. Anthony."

"Shades of the Magi!" was Penman's solemn exclamation.

Shortly afterward their vehicle was rumbling through the busy streets of the Manchester of the Far West. Granite buildings rose on either side, and hotels that rivaled the huge caravansaries of Eastern cities. Conspicuous among these is the "Winslow House," to whose capital bill of fare Mr. Penman did ample justice, and the anticipation of a further acquaintance with which, on his return, consoled him for more than one experience of short commons on his journey. Immense dams spanned the entire breadth of the river, and huge mills and manufactories mingled the hum of their heavy machinery with the roar of the foaming waters. The main street, bordering the river, presents quite a business aspect. To the westward is the University building—a large granite structure of imposing appearance. A beautiful wire suspension-bridge and a number of wooden ones connect the adjacent thriving city of Minneapolis. In point of beauty it is the queen city of the West; and the circumjacent scenery is unrivaled. Its lumber business is immense; no less than from 50,000,000 to 75,000,000 feet of lumber being annually manufactured. Some 200,000,000 feet of logs are rafted down every season.

Such was Penman's hasty review of the place; but he ventured few remarks.

"This is the *town*. Now let us see the *Falls*."

"Here they are before you!"

"These! is it possible? Why, I expected to listen to the music of the cataract; but, instead of that, I hear nothing but a dam roaring."

"It strikes me your remark is slightly profane," remarked Skittles.

"As you like it," rejoined Penman, with some show of vexation. "I confess I am disappointed. Instead of Nature, here is nothing but Art. There is nothing grand, romantic, beautiful, nor picturesque here—nothing but everlasting saw-logs, saw-mills, and mill-dams. If this ever was what it has been described, it can now never be redeemed. It is all artificial. The romance and beauty of St. Anthony is gone forever! I confess I am disappointed."

"Nature must succumb to the triumphant march of Improvement," suggested Tick.

"Humph!" growled Penman.

"Your mistake is a common one," remarked Skittles, fully sympathizing with Penman's feelings. Skittles was a true lover of Nature, and for three years had jealously watched the rapid innovations of the pioneer settler, yet not without some satisfaction, since the value of his lands

were thus enhanced a hundredfold. "Eastern people," he said, "are apt to get the impression that this part of the country is almost a wilderness, hardly yet redeemed. How few, indeed, can have any conception of the rapidity with which it is being settled up! Civilization pursues one as a remorseful conscience does a fugitive criminal. He can not escape from it. The traveler starts from the East with the design of reaching some place where the hand of civilization has not left its imprint—where Nature revels in all its primitive grandeur of trackless forest and unbroken prairie. Steam lends him her aid, and speeds him two thousand miles on his way, but he is still haunted by the everlasting presence of man's labor. He mounts fleet horses, and hundreds of miles are added to his journey; but civilization is still with him. The voice of the steam-engine is heard in the bosom of the forest, and the smoke of the settler's cabin curls from the lap of the far-off prairie. Ah! Penman, this is a great country! If any New Yorker, or any denizen of the cramped states of Europe, is inclined to doubt, let him traverse its broad expanse, and he will find that the wild beast does not make his lair in every timber tract, nor the red Indian claim its sovereignty undisputed."



ON THE PRAIRIE.

"Well done, orator and poet!" shouted Wabash. "Next, music!" So saying, he took down an old fiddle from its accustomed place and perseveringly punished the "Arkansaw Traveler." This had the effect to enliven the entire party, who had unconsciously lapsed into a sentimental fever. It encouraged the plodding horses, started up the song of the bobolink and redbreast by the wayside, astonished the solemn-looking kine, and loosed the loud tongue of Sancho the dog, who had until now been silently trotting along in the shade of the wagon; the passers-by stared; and Sancho bounded on in advance, barking his delight. Such was the power of music.

Wabash was an eccentric gentleman from Indiana, born and bred on the Wabash bottom, and supposed to be proof against mosquitoes and fever and ague. He had an inexhaustible fund of humor and narrative; and in relating his numerous stories was wont to take his cue from the preceding narrator with the never-failing preface of "That reminds me of an incident that happened down on the Wabash." Hence his sobriquet. Skittles, Penman, and Tick have already been noticed. These four composed the party.

This day's journey was altogether barren of adventure. The route, for the most part, traversed an open prairie, though at times leading through beautiful groves of oak, that nestled here and there like island gems in a peaceful sea; and occasionally winding along the wooded banks of the silent Mississippi, which, ever and anon, greeted the eye with sun-lit smiles, as it danced and sparkled through the trees. These were the chief features of the scenery. It might have been monotonous but for its exceeding beauty. Every thing wore the freshness, the vigor, the bloom of a perennial spring. Above was that deep blue sky—that *Minnesota* sky—whose cerulean depths the eye seemed almost to fathom, yet only to realize that they were illimitable; while on every side the verdure of trees and prairie shone with a living green that almost dazzled with its brightness—such a green as those may never see whose limit of vision includes no more than the dusty leaves of nut-brown hue that starve in city parks and thoroughfares. But brighter than all was the glory of the prairie flowers. Far away, as far as the eye could reach, they bloomed in every variety of shape and color, like one boundless garden of rare exotics, filling the air with their delightful perfume. Plants that are nurtured by the careful attention of the Eastern florist here grew wild in rich profusion. Roses of every hue, tulips, lilies, sweet-scented verbenas, pinks, sweet-williams, hyacinths, and lady-slippers, mingled their sweet breath with that of many nameless varieties. To crush them beneath the foot seemed sacrilege; yet a prairie of flowers might have been plucked from among them with no perceptible diminution of their number. How many, many flowers were here

"—— born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air!"

Were they at the disposal of a city florist, they would have proved an inexhaustible mine of wealth.

Penman was enraptured. This was indeed a new world to him.

"Beautiful, exceedingly!" he exclaimed. "Were it not for these fenced fields of grain, these farms and hamlets that we meet occasionally, I should almost fancy I trod the delectable hunting-ground of the Indian's heaven."

The soil here was not remarkably fertile, being sandy; and though all the land had been taken up in sections, halves, and quarters, still only a small part had been improved or occupied by the settler—most of it, indeed, being held by

speculators, while those farmers who aimed to grow rich on the fat of the land had wisely gone still farther west, to the more fertile prairies beyond the Mississippi. Hence, with the exception of half a dozen large villages, human habitations were met only at times, and often a distance of eight or ten miles was passed without seeing a house or cabin; while, at frequent intervals along the road side, the expired or still smoking embers of the camp-fires of the emigrant or tourist marked the spot where they had rested for the night. It was hard to realize that but *four* years had passed since this very land was the exclusive property of the red man, but now transferred to his white brother by sale and treaty. These smiling, peaceful prairies have been the silent witnesses of many a tragic deed of blood, and the celebration of drunken, barbarous orgies. The savage Chippewas have had many a scalp-dance here; and the blood of white man and Indian has mottled the turf. Just yonder is the ruin of an old French trading-post, standing alone in its desolation, a monument of man's avarice and iniquity. Ten years ago that Frenchman let out the evil spirits from a barrel of whisky, and these entering into the savages assembled there, did tear and rend them like the demons of the ancient time. Pandemonium was then let loose. They howled and yelled, and cut themselves with knives; and in the midst of their bacchanalian orgies, when their insane revelry was at its height, they seized the unfortunate but imprudent trader, tore off his scalp, and danced like fiends around the burning timbers of his already plundered house. Thus he paid the penalty of his crime.

Late in the afternoon — that is, about five o'clock—after traversing for a considerable time a treeless prairie of greater extent than any they had before crossed, our adventurers descried the welcome outline of a belt of timber on the horizon before them.

"That's Big Lake," said Tick. "We will camp there to-night. We should gain nothing by going a mile or two farther, and a more suitable and delightful spot is not to be found on the route. Besides, it is not best to press the horses too hard on the start."

"If I mistake not," said Skittles, "it is a famous lake for bass. If we are fortunate enough to find old Brown's canoe there the chances are that we shall feast to-night."

The lake did not belie Tick's representations. It was one of those enchanting sheets of water that abound in Minnesota, and for which that State is so remarkable. It was not one of ordinary lily-padded lagoons, overrun with tall, rank rushes that spire up from depths of slimy mud, in whose sluggish waters lazy fish float motionless the livelong day, and on whose weedy shores great frogs and turtles sun themselves "from morn till dewy eve;" but its fount was clear as crystal, like a diamond of the first water set in the emerald green of its wooded banks; its waves rippled musically on pebbly shores that were rich with variegated agates and brilliant cornelians, and almost laved the green sward that carpeted its gently sloping banks. Such was Big Lake, though most inappropriately named, unless the signification of the word "big" implied something *remarkable*. Its diameter is about two miles.

With assiduity did Tick and Wabash apply themselves to the task of making preparations for the night, while Penman stood by, with hands in his pockets, curiously eying their movements, but entirely at a loss how to lend a helping hand, until aroused by the sharp voice of Tick, who rather peremptorily remarked that "those who expected to eat supper must expect to help get it."

Forthwith, Penman being duly instructed, proceeded to gather dry fuel for the camp-fire, while his companions were no less busy. The horses, speedily relieved of their harnesses, were permitted to graze *ad libitum*, the tea-kettle came forth from its covert, and promiscuous biscuit, pork, salt, pepper, cheese, and crackers from their hiding-places, blankets and knapsacks were brought out, and fresh water dipped from the lake, while Sancho, for lack of more profitable employment, snapped his trap-like jaws at every tormenting fly *sans souci*.

Meanwhile, during these hasty preparations for supper, Skittles had stolen away unobserved, discovered the wished-for canoe, and was now seen in the middle of the lake beating the air and the water with a choice bit of pork that he had fastened to his hook in lieu of a better bait, evidently with much profit to himself and detriment to the fish. This sight was too much for Penman. He had one of Conroy's best 200 feet trolling lines, with spoon attached, that had never yet been proved; and, eager to test its merit, he ran down to a neighboring point of land, hailed his comrade, and was magnanimously received on board. The spoon worked to a charm, and in half an hour fish enough were caught to surfeit a score of appetites more ravenous than theirs. The bass is a strong fish, and the sport of capturing him is most exciting. He strikes boldly, and pulls with a will. You feel that first tug run through every nerve like an electric thrill. Between you and the fish the sensation is reciprocal. As soon as he feels himself hooked his efforts to free himself are most extraordinary, and require much skill to prevent. Anon you see his huge nose plowing the water one hundred feet distant as he allows himself to be drawn rapidly toward you; then suddenly he rallies and throws his body clear out of the water, or betimes darts away with the line like a runaway steed with the bits in his teeth. But you humor him according to his notions, giving him the line when necessary, though keeping his nose always toward you, and directly you have the ineffable satisfaction of lifting a huge twelve-pounder over the side of your canoe, and seeing him flounder on the bottom. He is fine game for a sportsman.

Hearty was the welcome the fishermen received on their return, and in a twinkling one

of the fish, cut up in sections, was frizzling and sputtering in melted pork scraps, the sweet savor thereof ascending most gratefully to the nostrils of all. Eight eyes regarded wistfully that magic ring of iron—that frying pan, and Sancho crawled still nearer to the side of the hungry travelers, fidgeting and whining his impatience.

When all was ready none needed a second invitation to partake of the appetizing viands. Huge mouthfuls of fish and bread were hastily washed to place by copious draughts of coffee, and an incredible amount of ham and biscuit was quickly disposed of with an appetite truly startling to dyspeptics and users of "pepsin." Long was the feast protracted, and when at length the most voracious of them all declared himself satisfied, and had wiped his well-used knife, the stars were shining brightly in the clear blue sky, and a veteran owl had commenced his nightly hoots from the top of an adjacent tree. Then once more the flickering embers of the fire were kindled into a cheerful blaze (for the evening air was cool). Wabash took down his fiddle and the others their tobacco-pipes, and, while he vigorously executed the Virginia reel, they devoted themselves to "Virginia twist," until at length, under the soothing influence of musical airs and vapory smoke, all yielded to the demands of the drowsy god, and resignedly committed their wearied bodies to his care.

At midnight the moon got up—that jolly old half-moon—and laughed at her reflection down in the sparkling lake; and with her coming came spectral figures, shapes, and shadows, creeping out from every copse and thicket. The hooting owl winged his noiseless flight to some distant tree, and the gentle breeze, that had rustled the leaves and rippled the lake, now died away, and all was still. Naught was heard in the camp save the deep breathing of the slumberers and the munching of the horses near at hand. Wabash lay snugly enveloped in his blanket, with his head comfortably pillowed upon a bag of oats, but he slept uneasily. He had eaten too bountifully of bass, and bad dreams distressed him. His fancy conjured up visions of wild beasts and savages, and burnings and tortures, and once or twice he started with the belief that blood-thirsty demons approached him with stealthy steps to take his life. Had he fairly awakened, the spectre of his dream would have assumed a more tangible shape; for one of the horses had scented



AN ATTACK OF NIGHTMARE.

the oats in the bag, and, strangely venturesome, cautiously approached until the coveted prize was directly under his nose. At first he pricked his ears suspiciously, then smelled, snuffed, and at last, emboldened, seized it with his teeth, taking up at the same mouthful a large bunch of the sleeper's hair. Meanwhile Wabash's dream ran in this wise: he heard the savage at his side, felt his hot breath upon his cheek, his heavy hand upon his breast, felt his fingers twisting his hair, but he could not move a muscle; quickly the sharp knife encircled his head; he perspired in agony, made one desperate effort, and with the jerk that tore his devoted scalp from the skull he started up with a cry more fierce than an Indian war-whoop or a city milkman's yell. With a snort of alarm the horse wheeled about, and Sancho, per force of habit, barked most lustily. The noise and confusion and the tramp of rapid feet instantly aroused the heaviest of the sleepers.

"Great Heavens! what's that?" shrieked Skittles, springing to his feet, and glaring about him in dismay.

"A panther! Indians! we're attacked!" yelled Penman, clearing his blanket at a jump, with a rifle in one hand and pistol in the other.

"'Tacked be dogged!" growled old Tick, raising himself on one elbow, and reconnoitering the premises at a glance. "Attack of the *nightmare* more like. Why can't you keep quiet, and let a fellow sleep?" and he lay down again and rolled himself up in his blanket.

It was half-suspected that he had been a silent witness of the whole procedure, for his blanket now twitched spasmodically, and a suppressed chuckle was heard from its folds.

Meanwhile, Wabash having assured himself of the safety of his scalp, and fully recovered the use of his senses, now felt extremely foolish. Having solved the mystery to his own satisfaction, he would have composed himself to sleep once more, could he have resisted the temptation of relieving himself of the burden of the joke by throwing it upon Skittles and Penman, who had not yet recovered from their trepidation.

"That *was* a big one!" said he.

"What? what was it?" said both, in a breath.

"Why, a striped wolf. Didn't you see the animal?" That was the only way to get rid of him—yell like murder. They ain't afraid of fire nor powder, and it ain't no use to shoot at 'em, for their hide is as thick as a rhinoceros's."

"Gracious! what a narrow escape! We must stand guard after this. That dog is no good at all, or he would have aroused us—confound him."

"Oh, pshaw! It's nothing to an adventure I had down on the Wabash last summer. A party of us—"

"Oh, lie down and go to sleep," again growled Tick, impatiently. "What's the use of making all this fuss?"

"Humph! we'll have to *go* to sleep, for it won't come to us," rejoined Skittles. "It's no use trying to sleep any more to-night."

However, all lay down again, and the camp resumed its usual quiet; but it continued only for a moment. With the absence of the wind down came the mosquitoes in countless myriads, ravenous for blood, and from that moment all idea of sleep was at an end. It was their first visitation, and the party had not thought it necessary to fit up their mosquito nets. Still came the mosquitoes, in double phalanxes, "thicker, faster, and more of them," and hovered and floated above. They hummed and sung and poised their trenchant blades, and settled down and bit and sucked and sung. In vain the victims fought and slapped and covered their heads. Their tormentors' sharp bills penetrated all coverings—boots even, as Wabash affirmed. But Wabash played the Stoic and endured their attacks unmoved, to the wonder and admiration of Skittles and Penman, though with the loss of an immense amount of blood.

"Confound the varmints—there's no end to 'em!" Penman swore.

"Pooh! never mind 'em. I don't feel 'em at all," said Wabash.

"That's no consolation to us. Confound 'em, there's two more of the wretches dead. I believe I have killed a million, and I can't see as they have diminished at all."

"Oh! let 'em bite. You must get used to 'em, as I am," said Wabash, again. "If you lived on the Wabash bottom, you might see mosquitoes worth speaking of. Why, I have known 'em suck a man clean dry in five minutes."

Old Tick had remained silent until now. He had heroically endured their assaults; but now his Stoicism had been taxed to the utmost.

"Come, boys," he said, "it's no use. We can't stand this any longer. We shall be eaten alive if we remain. It is now three o'clock—only an hour and a half to daylight. I think we had better hitch up the horses. That will take us half an hour. We can then make ten or fifteen miles by seven o'clock, get breakfast, push on again for two or three hours, and then lie by during the heat of the day."

All readily agreed to this proposition; and the party soon after took their flight out of Egypt, pursued by vindictive hosts. About eight o'clock in the morning they passed a large number of men busily throwing up an embankment of earth.

"What's that?—a fort?" asked Penman.

"No; they are building a railroad. We intend to travel over this road by steam in the course of a year or two."

"It strikes me that you Minnesota people are more energetic than wise."

"Folks differ as to that. But let me tell you, if you don't know it, that we are now building *four* railroads in this State."

"You are a go-ahead people—got up on the high-pressure principle. You will 'bust your biler!'"

"In five years we shall be a great State," pursued Tick.

"Ah! yes; the mushroom grows in a day and dies in an hour," rejoined Penman.

"Get up, there!" shouted the other, and cracked his whip at the horses.

The party reached St. Cloud that evening—distance, seventy-five miles from St. Paul. St. Cloud is a town of only three years' growth; and though it has a couple of fine hotels, two or three churches, a large number of stores, and is tastefully laid out, it is less remarkable for its size, its rapid progress, and the good quality of its components, than for its natural beauties and picturesque location. It stands on a high wooded bluff, at a bend of the Mississippi, and is literally embosomed in trees. Mrs. Swisshelm, of newspaper and printing-press notoriety, publishes a weekly paper here, which she conducts with ability.

At this place the number of the party was increased to seven. Of the additional *dramatis personæ* may be mentioned, first, one Major Tewksbury, an English sportsman, anxious to test the accuracy of his rifle upon the buffalo and other wild game of the Western prairies, as well as to look after a recent purchase of city lots that he had made in the city of "Chippewa"—a thriving place on the Upper Mississippi. In all his predilections, tastes, habits, and notions he was thoroughly English. He wore a shooting-jacket of the most fashionable cut, spotless linen shirts and colors, of which he had an indefinite supply; gloves of kid or buckskin, immense rubber boots, and a sort of a small military cap, which he thought especially becoming. In his speech and action he was extremely precise, and was inclined to look upon the free-and-easy manner of Western men as decidedly vulgar. He despised the Yankees; and was as profuse in his disparagement of every thing American as he was lavish in his praise of every thing English. The only wonder was that he should have ever consented to leave his native land to make his home in so disreputable a country; and, more than all, to have invested his money in it. He was, however, a person of many good qualities, and proved agreeable company throughout the expedition.

Dr. Quackenboss, a short, fat, good-natured little man, from Alabama, with a rubicund face and "jolly red nose," and a cranium considerably bald, was an honest disciple of Æsculapius—honest, we say; for he had on numerous occasions swallowed his own medicaments! But this unusual temerity, together with hot rolls at breakfast and tea, had so impaired the organism of his stomach that he was now fain to attest the efficacy of prairie air and horseback jolts to assist his digestion. To this end he had purchased a scrubby Indian pony, bob-tailed and cross-grained (oats swallowed askew), and was now prepared to straddle his prescription, and to endure pony's jerking gait, with a grace becoming the most patient of patients. There was nothing peculiar about his dress, if we except his hat, an immense Mexican *sombrero*, which he declared would answer the treble purpose of umbrella, sun-shade, and shanty.

Addition No. 3 was no less a person than Captain Kinks, who was to act in the capacity of chaperon and guide to the party for the rest of the journey, the greater part of which was to be made through an unsettled and little-traveled country. He was a gentleman of considerable



DOCTOR QUACKENBOSS.

intelligence, and had traversed this route on many previous occasions. He subsequently proved extremely useful in rescuing the party from watery graves, digging them out of sloughs, bridging bottomless quagmires, etc., etc.

The next morning, at the hour for starting, Penman astonished the company by making his appearance with his head closely shaven. The razor had done its work thoroughly, and not a vestige of last night's luxuriant head of hair remained. He approached majestically, and, removing his hat, bowed and regarded his friends with the perfect nonchalance of a dandified "croppy" in a public assembly—not at all disconcerted. A spontaneous burst of uproarious laughter greeted him.

"Wagh! that's some, anyhow!" yelled Tick.

"What a subject for a phrenologist!" exclaimed the Doctor, carefully manipulating his cranium.

"'Ere's to all the 'air off your 'ed!" cried the Englishman, tossing off an imaginary bumper.

"Ain't he a beauty, though!" said Wabash. "He reminds me of a chap down on the Wabash!"

"What *can* have happened, my dear friend?" interrupted Skittles, with an air of concern. "You look as though you had been scalped!"

"Ay, there's the rub! To be or not to be scalped? that's the question," replied Penman, with spirit. "For myself, I prefer the latter, even though it cost me my hair."

"Ah! I see. So you really took this precaution to prevent your being scalped by Indians?"

"I did, indeed. I've no notion of leaving my top-knot to ornament any boasting red-skin's wigwam. Now, you see, in case we are worsted in an encounter with any hostile savages, it will be impossible for them to scalp me."

"It's not so bad an idea, after all," said the Doctor. "I think *I* need have no apprehension on that score," he added, rubbing his own bare pate with evident satisfaction. "But really, my friend, I am sorry for you."

"And I," added Skittles. "What a desecration of Nature's endowments! What a waste of beauty! Gentlemen, let us weep for Adonis!"

"Better weep for Adonis living than for a dead Hector," rejoined Penman. "I have information from reliable persons that the Indians are very troublesome in some parts of the State whither we are going; and I think you may find that proper precautions are not to be sneered at."

"All aboard for Red River!" now shouted Captain Kinks, from the wagon-box, and, cracking his whip, the party drove off with colors flying, amidst the cheers of those who had assembled to see them off; the Doctor gallantly bringing up the rear. Some two miles from the town they struck the old Red River trail, which they followed. This is the road made by the Pembina carts on their annual visits to St. Paul, whither they convey valuable freights of furs and buffalo robes, which they barter for provisions, merchandise, and necessaries of all descriptions. The present month of July was the time when the trains invariably made their appearance, and our party looked forward with eager expectation and curiosity to the day when they should meet them. Indeed, a small advance-party had already arrived at St. Paul, and the rest were known to be not more than a week's journey behind.

Pembina, as is known, is the northernmost settlement of the United States, being but five miles from the boundary of British America. It contains a population of six or seven hundred souls, and was settled originally by British subjects, who supposed they had located on British soil. The greater part of its inhabitants are half-breeds, who gain a livelihood by hunting and farming. Their dialect is as various as their origin; being principally Chippewa and bad French, with an admixture of Cree, English, and Gaelic. Pembina is four hundred and sixty miles from St. Paul, and this is (or was) its nearest market. But now that St. Cloud has come to be a town of considerable size, it naturally aspires to the hope that it may, at no distant day, secure this valuable trade of the Red River people, since it can not but be an object to them to shorten their long and tedious journey a distance of seventy-five miles. It seems strange to think of a people traveling twenty or thirty days to do their shopping; but how much more wonderful must it seem to these hyperboreans themselves, during each successive year, to witness the rapid advances of civilization, and to find thriving towns where all was an unsettled region the year before!

The Pembina fur traffic dates back only to the year 1844, when it received its first inception at the hands of Norman W. Kittson, the present Mayor of St. Paul. For three years he battled with the Hudson's Bay monopoly with little promise of success, suffering continued reverses and losses; but from the year 1847 the stream of trade began to turn toward the Mississippi Valley, and to break over the artificial barriers imposed by the Company. In 1850 the proceeds of furs collected amounted to $10,000, and in 1857 it had increased to $180,000. In 1844 the number of carts employed was only six; in 1858, six hundred; and it is an interesting fact to notice that four hundred of these came from the British territory. There is hardly a doubt that, with the termination of the sway of the Hudson's Bay Company, the whole of the trade heretofore forced through the difficult channel of Nelson's River will now find its more natural outlet in this direction. Hence there now seems more necessity than ever for a military post on the Red River; and it is to be hoped that this necessity will be supplied by the fort now building at Graham's Point.

The Red River trail, which our party traveled, here lay over open prairie, without shade or protection from the heat of the sun, which was oppressive. But the Captain had thoughtfully

erected a cotton awning over the wagon, and this most gratefully tempered the heat to Penman's shorn head, and shaded the thin-skinned Englishman, Skittles, and Tick. It was only large enough for four. The Captain and Wabash occupied the driver's seat.

Three miles from St. Cloud they crossed the Sauk River on a bridge, and after a ride of four miles over prairie and oak openings, considerably cultivated, reached the settlement of St. Joseph. (Gracious! what a catalogue of saints! Minnesota abounds in that staple.) Here the Doctor's saddle began to be uncomfortable, and he showed signs of uneasiness, but he still persevered, and hitched along, with pony's jerking gait, puffing and blowing, his face red with exercise, and his dumpy legs pressed closely to bobtail's sides. This caused the party much merriment.

"I say, Doc, do you feel better now?" and "Doc, does your digestion improve?" and "Is he easy under the saddle, Doc?" and a multitude of such bantering questions were showered upon him, successively, until his proverbially good temper became slightly ruffled, and his fiery red face grew still redder. At last they reached St. Joseph, and he slid heavily from the back of his animal, and seated himself upon a convenient bench.

"What's fun to you, gentlemen, may be the death of me," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Whew! but this beats tepid baths and mustard poultices! Well! kill or cure is *my* rule of practice."

"More frequently the former, I suspect," remarked Skittles. "But really, Doc, I hope you will make an exception in your own favor."

"Thanks for your good wishes, but confound your nicknames!" returned Quackenboss, with a show of warmth. "I detest that word 'Doc.' It isn't more than half civil, either, to address a member of the profession by that title. You Yankees have an inveterate fashion of abbreviating all names, as if you were afraid of wasting breath, or something of that sort. Now, some of my patients used to take the same liberty, and called me 'Quack' for short, and my office-boy called me 'Boss' for ditto; and now you young scape-graces go so far as even to *dock* my title, as somebody has this horse of mine, by cutting off its termination!"

This amusing repartee elicited a round of cheers from the company.

"The—ah—Doctor is quite right," said Major Tewksbury, pompously. "His gentle rebuke is—ah—well-timed. Pardon me, gentlemen, but I think there is no country where so little respect is shown to age, rank, or station as in America. In my opinion, it indicates a boorish character and bad breeding; in fact, I may say—ah—a low rank in the scale of civilization."

"I hope *you* don't feel hurt by our rudeness, or degraded by our companionship," retorted Wabash, with sarcastic manner, and instantly running up the American flag. "Now, down on the Wabash we are different from the Yankees. *We* give every old scoundrel a title whether he has a right to it or not. As a general thing, the more titles the worse man. Every body there is captain, colonel, or major."

"Do you mean personality, Sir?" responded the English major, bristling up.

"Not in the least, Mr. Tewksbury. I supposed you came honestly by your title."

"What, Sir!" fiercely. "Do you mean to insinuate that I—"

"Stop, now!" interposed the Doctor. Cease this dispute, and don't spill blood here. Remember I haven't my surgical instruments with me. Besides, you know the Atlantic cable now unites England and America in one eternal bond of fratricidal love!" (The Doctor sometimes twisted his words.)

At this moment Captain Kinks appeared with a huge pitcher of beer.

"Here, gentlemen!" he said; "if you *will* froth at the mouth, do it in a rational way. Here are glasses. You can now draw a bead on each other without possibility of personal injury."

"Your health, comrades," nodded the Doctor, as he drank. "May your last *bier* be as agreeable as this."

This sepulchral joke restored good humor at once; and bidding adieu to St. Joseph, they proceeded gayly on their way. Tick kindly offered to bestride the Doctor's horse, and the Doctor took his place in the wagon. They had traveled but a mile or two, when a dense yellowish cloud was seen on the distant prairie, and apparently moving slowly toward them.

"Hurrah! here come the carts!" shouted Kinks. "It must be them, and no mistake."

Gradually the cloud increased in size, and spread away to the southward like the tail of a comet, and soon a single ox-cart could be distinguished at the head of the column, as if just emerging from the thick pall of dust. As the train approached, the outlines of other carts, filing in long procession, could be defined; and soon the foremost came up. Our travelers halted to gaze and wonder at the novel spectacle. There were some hundred and fifty carts in all—rude, wooden vehicles, put together without a particle of iron—not excepting tires and linchpins—and each drawn by a single ox, harnessed in shafts with gearing of strips of raw hide. The appearance of the drivers accompanying was not less grotesque. One hardly knew whether to be most surprised at the odd uniformity of their costume of coarse blue cloth, richly ornate with brass buttons, their showy belts of red flannel, and their small jaunty caps, or at the remarkable diversity of their figures and complexions, including, as it did, the fair skin and light-brown curls of the Saxon, and the swarthy hue and straight black hair of the Indian, with every intermediate shade that amalgamation could produce. Each driver had the charge of five or six carts, the animals being led by a strap tied to the cart next in front—so that, while he flourished his whip over the back of the leader, the rest were compelled to follow, *nolens volens*. In some cases these straps

had chafed the roots of the horns until the flesh was raw and bloody, and this added much to the woe-begone appearance of the wretched animals. Each cart was heavily loaded with furs, which were covered with a buffalo robe spread over the top.

As the train dragged slowly by, each driver raised his cap with a respectful "*Bonjour!*" but on every face were traced the lines of care. The effects of their long and toilsome journey were visible alike on man and beast. No cheery "wo-ha!" was heard from the men, but they walked wearily and in silence beside their jaded and over-tasked animals, or lay stretched at full length upon the tops of their loads, sleeping or half awake. The oxen, gaunt and lean, as if they had long been strangers to good pasturage, with protruding eyes and drooling lips, toiled painfully with their burdens; while the heavy wheels, that had never known grease, kept up an incessant creaking and groaning, as if speaking for the dumb oxen their unspeakable woes. A thick coat of dust covered every thing, and black mud on the wheels and bellies of the cattle gave good evidence of the deep sloughs they had crossed on their route. In the middle of the train was a cart of more pretensions than the rest, drawn by an Indian pony and covered with canvas, containing the factors of the Fur Company. They were evidently pure Anglo-Saxons, but in their general appearance were rougher, if any thing, than their half-breed teamsters. A mattress spread upon the bottom of the vehicle, and a suspicious black bottle at their side, showed that they were not indifferent to creature comforts. As they drove by, one of them, with a most remarkable "Bowery twang," sung out:

"Ef yer want ter see the finest carriage in the train, here yer are!"

At length the last cart dragged by, and our travelers once more resumed their journey, highly interested in the rare sight they had been permitted to witness.

"That is a spectacle well worth seeing," said the Doctor. "You don't see such things on the other side of the Atlantic, my friend?" addressing the Englishman.

"Ah—very ordinary. We have much finer carriages in England."

Crossing Jacob's Prairie, which is five miles in length, flanked on both sides with timber, and containing many fields of grain, they arrived at Cold Spring, a small hamlet, early in the afternoon. Here they stopped to dine and bait the horses. Provisions were quickly produced and spread upon the grass, and, seating themselves upon the ground, the party proceeded to dispatch their meal in true backwoods style. Major Tewksbury discovered a small mound of earth, which offering unusual facilities for a comfortable seat, he at once appropriated for himself; but he had hardly got fairly to work with knife and fork before he suddenly sprang to his feet as if he had received an electric shock, and commenced a series of contortions and evolutions not laid down in military tactics. Biscuit and bacon were dashed furiously to the ground, and knife, fork, and tin plate went flying in different directions. He stamped, kicked, and swore, slapped his legs and thighs, scratched his sides and back, and hitched his pants and vest. Then off went one boot, then the other, and then his pants followed. What could have happened? The cause was plain. He had seated himself on an ant-hill, and now black ants of the largest size were running over his body in every direc-



THE MAJOR IN DISTRESS.

tion! There was no eating after this. The effect was magical. Every man was roaring, and screeching, and rolling on the ground, until their sides ached with laughter.

"What *can* be the matter with Major?" gasped old Tick, as soon as he could recover his breath. "Is the man drunk or insane? Oh, Major, what is it?"

"Ugh! ugh!" yelled Tewksbury, still pirouetting, and executing the most inimitable *pas de deux*. "I'm on fire! I'm bitten to death!"

"Oh, it's only an attack of the shakes," said Wabash, provokingly, not forgetting his old grudge. "I've seen plenty of 'em on the Wabash bottom."

"Pshaw! he's going through the Shanghai drill," said Kinks.

"No; I have it. It's the St. Vitus's dance," said the Doctor. "I've treated many such cases. Major, I must write you a prescription immediately. You'll never recover unless you take care of yourself at once."

Forthwith he pulled out pencil and paper, and drew up the following prescription:

"℞ Aqua vitæ.....2ʒ
Lignum vitæ.....1ʒ
Pura aqua.....1ʒ
Sal Saltus.....½ʒ
Vito Vite.....1ʒ
"Shake and mix."

"There," said he; "that will help you."

But, in the mean time, the Major had disappeared, and was now seen behind the wagon changing his clothes.

A ride of five miles farther brought them to the small settlement of Richmond, on the Sauk River. Thus far their journey had been easy, and without bodily discomforts; but here they left the Red River trail, and followed a blind track on the north side of the Sauk valley—the mark of the newly-surveyed State road from St. Cloud to Breckinridge. Beyond this all was doubt and uncertainty; and henceforth the party would have to intrust themselves solely to the knowledge and skill of Captain Kinks to pilot them safely to their destination. On receiving this information Mr. Penman was in ecstasies. He rejoiced in the belief that he had at last reached the limit of civilization, and was soon likely to get to the celebrated "jumping-off place" in the region of sundown. All thought of danger from savages was banished by the joy he anticipated in beholding and mingling with the native children of the forest.

"I am impatient," he said, "for the hour to come when I can grasp the hand of some aged chieftain, and gazing on his inspired brow, hear him talk of the Spirit Land and the far-off hunting grounds of his forefathers. I long to listen to the sweet and gentle lullaby of the young squaw, as she soothes her babe to rest, amidst the warbling of mocking-birds and the roundelays of the whip-poor-will, as they blend their notes with hers. I long to realize my many dreams of picturesque wigwams amidst flowery groves, of light birchen canoes bounding over foaming breakers and dashing rapids, the wild chase, and the mysterious ceremonies of the mystic "medicine man;" to roam in peaceful groves, where resounds the love-song of the young brave to the blushing and innocent maiden; to hear the shrill war-whoop, and the wild shouts of victorious warriors over the scalps of countless enemies; to—hum—ah."

Here Penman's flight of fancy carried him so high that he was in danger of being lost forever.

"Hear war-whoops, eh?" said Kinks, with a provoking grin. "If what you heard at St. Cloud is correct, about the Indians being hostile, your last wish may soon be gratified."

Penman involuntarily placed his hand on his poll, but made no reply. He was soon after detected putting fresh caps on his revolver.

The Captain had heard rumors before he started of renewed hostilities between the Sioux and the Chippewas, as well as that some straggling war-parties had levied on the cattle and provisions of some of the settlers in the Sauk valley, but he gave so little credence to them that he thought them not worth repeating. However, he had privately determined to make inquiries of a friend who lived some twenty miles beyond, and whose name had been mentioned as one of those who had received attentions from the Indians. This man's house he knew lay directly on the trail the Indians followed in passing from their own to the enemy's country.

The scenery of the Sauk valley is beautiful and varied. Lakes and streams are met successively, and pleasant groves of oak diversify the undulating prairie which stretches away in graceful curves, till in the dim distance it meets the horizon, while the serpentine course of the river is plainly traced by the dense belts of oak and willow that skirt its banks. It is one of the most favored spots of earth, and Nature has here surpassed the perfection of art in laying out and adorning her lawns and parks and groves and terraces. As the party advances, a gigantic crane starts up from the river with its shrill, harsh voice, and flapping his huge wings sails lazily away to some place of fancied security; the prairie chicken rises with its windy whir, and wild pigeons flutter in the oaks and willows, while on a distant ridge a herd of deer are quietly feeding. Anon a solitary buck darts out from a willow copse on the opposite bank, and tossing his head aloft, bounds gracefully over the prairie. Penman seizes his rifle with nervous haste and fires. The bullet glances over the water, and the deer gallops away unhurt. All laugh, and Penman, much mortified, reloads in silence. Anon a solitary log-house is passed, surrounded with cultivated fields, or a rickety shanty marking some unoccupied claim. And thus the passing hours are whiled away, the country growing more beautiful at every step, and exciting frequent exclamations of delight. At length the setting sun sinks in the western sky, and with the approach of evening the mosquitoes, those dreaded pests and the only curse of this western paradise, begin to swarm in countless myriads, coming up

from the river in clouds, and filling the air with their ceaseless hum. It is time to camp, but what a prospect for comfort! for quiet sleep! It is true the air is still and balmy, the rich sward soft as velvet, the sky radiant with mellow hues, and softly blending shadows are floating over the prairie, all inviting rest, a quiet siesta, and a calm repose; but what a mockery of bliss! what an aggravation! To pause here, allured by these delights, is but to consign one's self to voluntary martyrdom, to endure exquisite tortures, to be consumed by minutest particles. But this is low ground. Yonder knoll, away from the river, where the evening breeze has full scope, may afford some relief, and the horses' heads are turned thitherward.

On the way an odd-looking individual is observed near by, seated on a stump, vigorously beating the air with both hands, and apparently going through a series of gymnastic exercises.

"Halloa!" shouted Tick. "I say, stranger, are there many mosquitoes about here!"

"Well, no — not very — thick about here, though there's a—good many—over—yonder!" was the broken reply, each pause being filled up with spasmodic blows and slaps at what seemed to be invisible objects.

"We'll go on a piece," said Kinks. But matters did not improve. They accordingly camped, resignedly submitting to the force of circumstances. The duties of the hour were performed with astonishing alacrity, for continued and rapid motion was the only salvation of each individual. Even the indolent and aristocratic Englishman forgot his high-bred notions, and applied himself with becoming industry to collecting materials for making "smudges," regardless of his kid gloves and spotless linen. The horses, too, hungry though they were, cropped but hasty mouthfuls of the tempting and luxuriant grass, and after rolling upon the earth, and rubbing their sides against trees and bushes, finally parted their halters, and galloped away over the prairie to rid themselves of their winged tormentors. This made extra work for somebody, and Skittles, who volunteered to go out and bring them back had the misfortune to get mired in a slough, where he was so bitten by mosquitoes as hardly to be recognizable the next morning. His face and hands were greatly blotched and swollen, and bore the appearance of one having the small-pox. Indeed, so greatly did he suffer that it was several days before he fully recovered. If Skittles's credulity had ever before been put to the test by the mosquito stories of the Western backwoodsmen, he was now prepared to believe every thing. As to their numbers and ferocity there can be no exaggeration. It is easy to imagine that a person exposed, even for a short time, to their attacks, without covering, would not long survive the poisonous effects of their bites. In most parts of the unsettled country it is impossible to live without suitable protection for the body. No hunter or lumberman goes without it, even in the middle of the day. At evening he surrounds himself with a zone of smudges, and at night his only safety is within his mosquito net.

Thus we find our adventurers disposed in camp. In the thick smoke of their smudges, or securely ensconced within the mosquito bars which they have carefully erected on suitable sticks, they bid defiance to their tormentors. The horses, too, usually so averse to fire, now boldly approach and stand quietly in the thickest of the smoke, blinking their smarting eyes, but thankful for the temporary relief. The evening meal is hastily dispatched, and now, all drawing forth their tobacco-pipes, sought to ease "the ills that flesh is heir to," as one cures ham and bacon, by a permeating investment of smoke. Smoke was their only solace in that hour of trial, and though they endured all with Stoical resignation, not an eye was tearless.

Said Skittles to Tick, awaking from a sort of reverie, "It's singular, isn't it, that it is only the *female* mosquito that torments us and steals away our blood?"

"Didn't know it."

"It's even so. Surely any one can see that their onslaughts are made with real feminine ferocity, such as the other sex is incapable of."

"How can you distinguish the one from the other?" asked the Doctor from within his retreat.

"By their shape and color, and especially their bite. Didn't I just say that it was only the *females* that bit? But really, it does seem to me as if I never before saw them equaled in size, numbers, and variety; for here are scuttlebacks, ring-tails, browns and blacks, and short-horned gallinippers, any one of which might be mistaken for a bird at a little distance."

"Nor I," said Wabash, "excepting down on the Wabash bottom, where they are hunted for snipe."

"Come, friend Skittles!" spoke Penman, "you are quite an entomologist; can't you write or read us a short dissertation on the mosquito, his life and habits?"

"Certainly," replied S., proceeding to the task at once. "The mosquito is an offensive and venomous species of insect. (That's so.) He abides in swamps and marshes, though he does by no means confine himself to those localities. (We wish he did.) His bill is long, sharp, and piercing, and his voice is like unto it. In these respects he differs not from the snipe or sand-hill crane; neither as to his general personal appearance, particularly when on the wing. He also much reminds one of a Scotch bag-pipe, and yet is unlike it, inasmuch that his piping *ceases* when his bag is full, and *vice versa*. He delights in blood and torture, and his cruelty is particularly manifest, in that he invariably sucks his victim through a tube instead of swallowing him at once. (Ruffian!) His appetite is insatiable, and is limited only by his capacity. When full, he retires for a time, but like the chamber of a Colt's revolver, returns to the charge as often as he goes off; so also, if he be driven away forcibly, and for this his pertinacity is remarka-

ble. But of what possible use he is I wot not, unless it be as a model of industry and perseverance." (Bravo.)

Skittles might have expatiated still farther—for he seemed perfectly familiar with his subject—had not a quick, low growl from the dog suddenly cut his remarks short. Another growl followed, then a quick, angry bark. All listened breathlessly—it was impossible for the eye to penetrate the thick vail of smoke. Short, quick steps were distinctly heard in the distance, then a sound as of a brief struggle, and of an animal choking for breath, accompanied with low guttural tones. Penman thought of his previous night alarm, and now prepared himself for the unknown danger.

"What do you think it is, Captain?" asked he, with a whisper.

"Perhaps a wild cat has attacked one of the horses," suggested Skittles.

"No, they are all here."

"Wolves fighting, perhaps?" said the Major.

"A mosquito combat," hinted Wabash; "or possibly they are just finishing that man we saw before supper."

"Hark!" said Penman. "Don't make fun. It may be some real danger. There! Hear that!"

The sounds had now approached much nearer, and the struggling, scuffling, and choking were greatly increased. Penman would have now called for a volunteer to reconnoitre, had he not been deterred by observing the imperturbable gravity of the Captain and Tick, who puffed their black-stemmed pipes in silent contempt of the fears and opinions of the "greenhorns" in the party. But now came the crisis. There was a rush of feet, a quick, heavy fall, and a low agonizing groan, then presently a cry for help. There was a human being in peril!

"Halloa! help m—" The exclamation was cut short, and then came another rush.

Tick and Kinks now crawled out from the smoke, and the rest of the party tumbled out of their comfortable quarters inside the mosquito bars. The mystery was cleared up at once. By the dim light of the stars the shadowy outline of a man was defined holding by a rope an animal of some sort, which was pitching and plunging and darting in every direction. Between the two there appeared to be a desperate conflict, and it seemed doubtful which would triumph in the end, for often the beast would give the rope a sudden jerk that would almost pitch the other head foremost to the ground. Then recovering from the shock, the man would bestow upon him a shower of expletives, catching at each word like a drowning man for breath, and vainly endeavoring to keep him in control. Thus for several minutes this semi-comic tragedy was kept up, to the infinite amusement of the spectators. At length the man came within fair speaking distance.

"Halloa!" said Tick.

"Halloa!" bawled he. "What's the time of night? Who's there? Where you bound? Any—whoa, I say! Confound your pesky hide! Going on further in the morning? I've got to tie up here somewhere to-night. Whoa—hey there—blast your picter!"

From numerous hints it was evident that he



TAMING THE SHREW.

wished to pass the night in camp, but they were not recognized. Finally, after exhausting the whole Western catalogue of travelers' queries, he proceeded on his way with the following answer to the oft-repeated question of "what's the matter?" "I've got a tarnation heifer here—blast her!—that's as wild as Satan, and I'm going to drive her until morning, and see if I can't tame her!" So saying, he plunged into the darkness.

This explained the whole. All admired the stranger's pluck; but it was evident that if either triumphed in the end, it must be the heifer.

THE COSTLY KISS:

A NEW YORK DETECTIVE EXPERIENCE.

A WHOLESALE hardware store down town was entered, the safe opened, and sixteen thousand dollars taken, one night last August. Next morning complaint was made, and I was sent to work the case.

On examining the premises every thing showed the touch of a professional hand. The lock of the front door had been "tooled" effectually; the bolt was dislodged, and could not be shot. The door of the counting-room had been kicked in, the thin partition making this an easy matter. The safe had been opened without violence, a key fitted to the lock having evidently been used. The fall-rope—the stout rope used for hoisting goods to the upper stories—had been cut; one end had been made fast to a handle of the safe; the other end hung out from the window, which opened into an alley-way some fifteen or twenty feet below. It seemed plain that the thief had been unwilling to run the risk of coming out through the front door into the street—it might have been nearly daylight—and had preferred this less exposed exit. Nothing in the store had been taken, with the exception of a pair of silver-mounted pistols; the thief had, reasonably, been content with the booty found in the safe.

After concluding this examination I received from the partners a description of the money stolen. It consisted of new bills on a Massachusetts bank—fives and tens—twelve thousand of the amount having a private mark, put on at the bank, for reasons of their own. This mark was a "Co," written in small letters, in red ink, near the right-hand lower corner. Besides, I was shown pistols of the same pattern as the ones taken. Lastly, I took a look at the key of the safe. It was a plain, straight key; the tip screwed on. The make of the key was such that it could not easily be copied; I doubt whether an impression could have been taken from it in wax worth any thing. This key had been in the pocket of the senior partner over night. There was a duplicate tip kept in a drawer of one of the counting-room desks very carelessly; but this drawer was found locked, and the tip within. I borrowed this tip, as it might possibly be of use to me.

Before I left, I asked the partners if they suspected any body on their premises? No: their porter, a respectable black man, had been in their employ for fourteen years; they *knew* him to be honest. Of their clerks, one was a boy, just from the country; next to him was a young man, a nephew of the junior partner, engaged to be married to the adopted daughter of the senior partner, and about to receive an interest in the business; the head-clerk was a superintendent of a Sunday-school in Brooklyn, and therefore above suspicion; the book-keeper, an elderly young man, bald, bachelor, quiet, regular, reliable as an interest-table. No, again; it was not possible that the work had been done by any one connected with the establishment. True, the safe had been opened by some one who had used the right key; but if this had been done by one of the employés, he would not have made such a fuss about getting in and out.

The first step I took was to get my cards printed. Here's one of them that I keep as a memento of this case. You see I describe the bills, noticing particularly the private mark—the "Co"—and offer a reward to any one giving information at police head-quarters of the person offering such bills; and there is a reward of one hundred dollars for the recovery of the whole amount—a ridiculously small reward, but all they would allow me to offer. These cards I distributed at bar-rooms, billiard-saloons, eating-houses, livery-stables, lodging-houses, including some hotels; shipping offices; the foreign steamers, of course; exchange offices, and other places likely to be patronized by "cracksmen." I also sent some of the cards to the police of other cities. And this was all I could do. I had set my hooks, and now must wait patiently for a bite.

When I first entered the force I was told that I must cultivate my bump of patience, and I have had occasion to learn the value of the advice. It was annoying to have day after day go by with no advance made in my work, but there was no help for it. It was nearly a week before I got even a nibble.

This came in the form of a note left at the office, informing the deputy that something might be learned about the bills marked "Co" by calling at such a number Greenwich Street, a place where I had left one of my cards. I went over there immediately, and found that one of my fives, marked, had been taken there, at the bar, the night before; but it had not been noticed as a marked bill until after the man had gone. The bar-keeper, however, remembered the man, and described him. The description answered to no one I knew. All I could do was to circulate the description, and hope that some brother officer might 'light upon him; I might, myself. Not much, however, from *that* nibble; but as the possessor of the "swag" had begun to spend on his money, I had hopes of having something to do before long.

Next day another call at the office from a livery-stable keeper in East Broadway. I wasn't in when he called, but the sergeant took the man's

information, and told him he'd send me up to his place. I went, and found he had taken in a "fineff" ($5), one of my marked bills. It was a man I'd had dealings with before; and when I left one of my cards with him he said, jokingly, that if my man came in his way he'd halter him for me, and put him in a clean stall till called for. Well, what I got from this source was just this: the stable-keeper had taken the "V" from a grocer close by; and when the horse man questioned the provision man, *he* said he'd taken it from a widow woman that kept a boarding-house in that neighborhood. They hadn't questioned the widow, but left that for me; so I got her address, and went right to the house. It was about eleven o'clock, and she was in the heat of getting dinner—came up to see me with a very red face and her sleeves rolled up. However, I won't take time to paint her picture. The amount of my visit there was that she had taken the bill from one of her boarders, a nice little girl, she said, by the name of Jenny Rice; she worked at a bindery down town, and was the widow's seventh or eleventh cousin, in some way. She gave me an exact account of the relationship, but I never can remember farther than *second* cousin in my own family. Well, I asked the widow how she supposed Jenny came by the bill. I had told her at first that the bill was a bad one, and I had received it in business, and traced it round to her. She said she had no idea; most likely for wages at the bindery. By this time I had made up my mind that the widow was an honest, reliable kind of a little woman, and I gave her some idea of what was in the wind; told her I was an officer, and said something about a reward. I told her I was anxious to know something about Jenny's acquaintances; what young men she knew, etc.

"Now," says she, "Jenny's an honest girl; that I *know;* but I don't like the company she keeps—that's a fact! That is, I don't mean company in general; but there's a young fellow that's walked up home with her, and taken her out to concerts a few times, that I don't like at all. He's got too much money, and is rather too much of a gentleman—not that he's a bit too *good* for her, but he isn't the kind of a young man I want to see paying attentions to my Jenny—she's the same to me as a daughter. Jenny's got his daguerreotype locked up somewhere, the foolish girl! I wish I could get it for you, but it won't do to try to get into her drawer. But *he* couldn't have given her *five dollars; that's* out of the question! I'd better ask Jenny where she got it. I'll ask her this noon; and if you'll come here this afternoon I'll tell you what she says."

Now the widow's talk about this young man had interested me, as you may guess. I wanted to *see* him; and I thought I could do it best by being at the house toward night, when he might walk home with Jenny. So I told Mrs. Gould—the widow, that is—that I'd rather she wouldn't say any thing to Jenny about the bill at present; that it wasn't best to trouble her, for it was most likely, as she said, that the bill came from the bindery; but that I'd be round that evening, and if the fellow she'd spoken of should happen to come home with her, or come in to invite her to go any where with him, why, I could see him, and then find out what kind of a person he was. The widow said she wouldn't speak to Jenny if I thought it wasn't best; and that if I would make inquiries about this Gregory's character—that was the name Jenny called him by—she'd be very much obliged to me. And we agreed that I should come there that evening, and—if there was any occasion for it—I should pass as a distant relation of hers from Rhode Island, where her husband came from. And so, after fixing on the best time to call, I came away.

At the office again; and there I found a message waiting for me to go to a station-house down town, to see a young woman who had been offering some of my marked bills. You see my hooks were getting nibbles for me in several directions.

On my way down town I stopped in at the store, and told the partners that I was started at last on several scents, and should drive my man to earth in a few days. The news was acceptable to them, as you may suppose.

Well, at the station-house I found a young Irishwoman, who, they said, had been offering some marked bills at a shipping-office, in payment for a second-cabin passage to Liverpool. The money was shown me—about seventy-five dollars—and I recognized it at once. The woman was an unusually pretty Irish girl, well dressed, and having the appearance of being a first-class servant. She gave her name as Margaret—she wouldn't give the other—and she seemed determined to keep her own affairs to herself. I perceived, as I thought, that she was what the French call *enceinte.* Poor thing! I said to myself, it's more than likely that the very rascal I'm after is your deceiver, and has given you this money to get you off to Ireland, out of the way.

I took Margaret into the Captain's sitting-room, and tried to talk with her, but I was met at the outset with such a speech as this:

"Mr. Officer," said she, "you may spare your words. My secret is dearer to me—dearer even than the baby that lies near my heart. God bless and preserve it! It will save trouble for me to speak plainly now at the start. I shall never tell who gave me that money."

I was a good deal taken aback by such a speech as that, you know. About all I could say was what I did:

"We must put you in prison until you do," says I.

"Very well," she replied; "I can stand *that* well enough, though I *wouldn't* like to have *his* baby born in a *prison!* But it's a vow I've made, and I'll never be left to break a vow that my conscience and my heart tell me to keep."

"Well, Margaret," I said, "you may think better of this. I'll see you again to-morrow morning;" and I had her put into the room of

one of the sergeants, who was absent on leave, for over night. I thought it possible that a night's confinement might be an argument with her, and, besides, I had a dim hope that my visit at Mrs. Gould's that evening might lead to discoveries which would make the breaking of Margaret's vow unnecessary. I had her safe in hand, at all events, and could afford to wait for something to turn up which should enable me to get hold of her secret. Poor girl! I was sincerely sorry for her. Her real Irish beauty—the most charming beauty, to me, in the world—her dark gray eyes, glistening with tears; her sad situation; her devotion to her betrayer; all these excited my sympathies for her in an alarming degree—for a policeman: a policeman, you know, has no business to *have* such things as sympathies about him.

Well, I was at Mrs. Gould's at the set time, just before tea. Jenny came home alone—a very pretty girl she was, by-the-way, a plump little bird of a girl, lively as a wren ("Jenny Wren" I called her, to myself)—and as I sat in the sitting-room with the widow, I had to be introduced to her as a Mr. Gould, from Rhode Island. She didn't pay me as much attention as I should have liked, but hurried through her tea and went up to her room to dress to go out.

"Tell Sue," says she, "when she comes, to come right up to my room."

"Where are you going?" the widow asked.

"Oh, we're going out to spend the evening; sha'n't be home till late. But you needn't sit up; I've got the key." And so she flitted off.

"That *Sue*," says Mrs. Gould, as soon as Jenny was out of hearing, "*she* goes with Gregory *too!* He'll be with them girls to-night, sure as rats! If you mean to see him, you'd better follow the girls."

The advice was good, and I soon left the house and got a position across the way from which to watch them when they came out. Sue arrived in a few minutes, and then pretty soon they came out together, and turned into East Broadway, I following at a proper distance behind. They went at a brisk pace down street, and hadn't gone far before they met a young fellow coming up. They had a very jolly meeting, laughing and talking at a great rate. I didn't try to get a look at him then; I felt sure they were going together to some place of amusement, and I could follow them in and spot him at my leisure, so I let them go along undisturbed. They went on, each of the girls taking an arm, until they came to the National Theatre, and there they went in. I gave them time to get fairly in, and then I took a pit ticket and went in too. Looking around after I got seated, I soon discovered Jenny by her bonnet—the trimming was rather peculiar—and who do you think, by thunder! was with her? That young clerk, the one that was a relation of one partner, engaged to the daughter of the other, and about to become a member of the firm himself!

"You—blessed young rascal!" says I to myself, "what the—mischief are you up to?"

But I didn't stop to think long there. This Charley, as he was called, might recognize me—for he had seen me at the store—and be on his guard. You see I had at once concluded that he was the burglar. I know that I had no distinct proof of it, but you know we often *feel* sure of some facts before we *are* sure. Well, I got out into the street; and as I wanted to find a quiet place to think, and had plenty of time, I went into a saloon near by, and sat down over a glass of iced lager.

Now, if you'll think a moment, you'll see I was in something of a quandary. If there had been nothing else to do but the arrest of the man I believed was the guilty party, why I had only to walk back into the theatre and collar Charley Taylor, *alias* Gregory; for I was sure, I thought, of his being the man. But then, in a case of this kind, in which highly respectable people are mixed up, you know, it's best to be *very* sure and have your proofs before you go to extremities. Now I hadn't *got* any proofs.

And then another thing, *the recovery of the money* was really my main business. Justice is all very well, of course, but I knew that the hardware firm down town cared considerably more for their sixteen thousand dollars than for the appropriator thereof, especially, mind you, if said appropriator should prove to be *one of themselves*, as I may say. But if I were to go and dash at Charley in a careless way, he might—supposing him guilty—find means to put it out of our reach; or he might—of course he *would*—protest his innocence, and have so arranged matters as to demand our proofs. This would be difficult, perhaps; at all events, I hadn't any at present. I might watch him and wait till he had occasion to pass off some more marked bills, but that might be a long and tedious job; and then again I might trip him up in a few hours. But I had, I thought, a better way. Most likely Jenny had got that five-dollar bill from him; that was a pretty fair guess. And most likely, too, poor Margaret's money came from the same hand, though of that I wasn't so sure. A young rascal like him, who would flirt with sewing-girls while engaged at the same time to be married to a rich and fashionable young lady, educated, refined, and all that; and more than this, who would steal his own money, so to speak, to the tune of sixteen thousand dollars, was bad enough for any thing. If any one of my suspicions was correct, the others were likely to be. Now, according to my theory, both Jenny and Margaret held proofs against him. But Margaret wouldn't expose him, and Jenny, probably, was so much bewitched with the handsome young villain that he could make her believe any thing and do any thing for him. It was quite unlikely that she would own, for the sake of her own character, that he had given her money. Very well, I could play off the two girls against each other. Make either believe that he was in love with the other, and *then*, you know, jealousy would bring out the truth right away.

By the time I had arrived at these results my

second glass of lager had disappeared, and I got up, decided on two points at least: one, to let Charley alone for the present—I had him within reach any time I wanted him; and the other, to go and see Margaret again, and try the effect of a little honest deception. And I thought I might as well go then as any time, for it wasn't late. So I went.

When I got to the station-house they told me that the poor girl had been sobbing and moaning in a pitiful way, but that for the last hour she had been quiet. I knocked at her door, and she came and opened it immediately, and looked just as if she was expecting some one. When she found it was only me, she went back to her chair and sat down, and her face showed, as plain as could be, that she had made up her mind to be faithful to her vow, let what would come. She had taken off her bonnet and arranged her hair—dark, wavy hair, done up plainly and tastily—and she looked prettier than ever. I oughtn't to call her pretty, for that's a *little* word, I think. She was beautiful enough for a queen, but it was that kind of beauty—I declare I can't describe it, but I should like my *sister* to have such a face. It was goodness and liveliness and sweetness and archness, all put together; and her paleness and sad looks rather improved her appearance.

"So you're bound you won't betray Charley?" said I, as I sat down.

She started up like a wild deer at the name Charley; she threw her hands out just as I have seen it done on the stage, and her eyes didn't flash, they *burned*.

"How do you know?—" she began, and then she changed her tone:

"Ah, Mr. Officer, didn't you think you'd caught me that time! His name *isn't* Charley, and it's guess again, Sir, and worse luck to you."

Poor girl! Nature spoke before you did, and betrayed the secret you tried so well to keep.

"No, Margaret," said I, "you can't deceive me. I know all about it."

And I told her enough, and in such a way, as to convince her that I knew every thing she feared, and I asked her to trust me and make a clean breast of it.

"Very well, Sir," she said; "you seem to think you know a great deal about our—about my affairs. You know so much you surely can't want to hear any more from me. You'll be an older man than you are, though, before you get me to break my vow."

Then she leaned forward, put her head into her hands, and gave up to her feelings. She hadn't but just controlled her voice while saying what she did. I saw that if I wanted to know any thing more from her I must bring all my facts to bear. But did I *want* to know more? Why break the poor thing's heart with the truth?

Well, I sat some time thinking about it. There was no sound in the room but the buzz of the gas, and, once in a while, the saddest of sighs from poor Margaret. I concluded, finally, that it was best to get her statement if possible. I should want to use it to convince the partners of the rascality of Charley; it might, perhaps, save his intended bride from making a life-long mistake; and, lastly, it was best that Margaret herself should know—the sooner the better—the character of the man she was evidently trusting. So I began:

"Margaret," said I, breaking the stillness, and making her start, almost frightened, from her seat, "Margaret, this is a bad business of mine—"

"Sure it is," she interrupted.

"—And I don't like to have it to do; but as I'm in it I must go on, and I want to have it done and over with. Now listen to me: I shall tell you nothing but the truth, *so help me God!* and I can prove it all to you if you want it. In the first place, you used to live at Mr. Brown's in Tenth Street. Charley boarded there with his uncle, and there he met you. (She was shivering all the time, though it was a hot night; her head was in her hands, so I couldn't see her face.) Charley is engaged to be married to Miss Sarah, the young lady that lives with Mr. Brown's partner—perhaps you know her."

During this last sentence she slowly raised her head and *looked* at me—*such* a look! I declare if some painter could see her as I saw her, he could make a picture that people couldn't look away from.

"Mr. Officer," said Margaret, "if this is a lie you're telling me, may—may God forgive you. But you're—breaking—my heart!"

"Margaret," said I, "it's the sad truth, and nothing more nor less. I have a sister at home, and I couldn't trifle with a woman. And now hear me out. This very night, not much more than an hour ago, I saw him making love to a pretty sewing-girl at the theatre. He is with her a great deal, takes her to theatres and concerts, and she is in love with him if he isn't with her."

"Oh, my God!" she groaned, and rocked herself to and fro. I could hardly stand it. If I hadn't felt so *mad* at Charley, I don't know but I should have had occasion to wipe my eyes too.

"You see, Margaret," I went on, "that this fellow is a thorough *rascal*, and whatever promises he has made you are worth just nothing at all."

"*No*, Sir!" she burst in; "he promised me money, and he gave it to me, too, with a free hand, God bless him! He's as generous a man as lives; but the *rest!* oh, the *rest!* I'd be glad to think you lied to me, Sir, though I knew 'twould sink you fathoms deep in hell. But something tells me you're speaking the truth with your honest face."

"That money," said I, "Margaret, was *stolen*. He has been living a fast life lately, and he had to rob a store to get money. He broke into his own uncle's store, and took thousands of dollars, and it's that that's bringing every thing out. The money was marked."

"And so you're on his track, and I'm fool enough, *curse* my woman's weakness, to help you to more proofs against him!"

She went on now for some time in such a way that I feared her trouble had crazed her. She paced the room, hardly minding me, now cursing herself, now him—"her *baby*, oh, her *baby*, *his* baby!" And then she fell on her knees at her chair, and uttered one of the wildest, strangest, and yet most beautiful prayers I ever heard. From the tone of the prayer I saw she was thinking of suicide, and I planned how to prevent this. I concluded to take her home with me, and leave her under the care of my mother and sister.

Well, I'm making too long a story of this, but I can hardly help it. I never was so interested for any body as I was for that poor Irish girl. I pitied the intended bride of Charley, it is true, but I hadn't *seen* her, and besides, I knew that she hadn't suffered wrong from him. But Margaret! there she was, the poor crushed flower, right before me: she's before me *now*, for that matter.

To go on now, and finish up as soon as I can. I took Margaret home with me. She was glad to go, or rather, she went without any objections. I led her along as I would a child. At home I left her in good hands.

And now I had the agreeable little task of undeceiving the simple-hearted Jenny. There wasn't really any *necessity* for it, for I had proofs enough through Margaret; but, as I thought the matter over, I came to the conclusion to use Jenny's proof—if I could get any—and so save Margaret an exposure. In this way, too, I could spare, somewhat, the feelings of Charley's family, especially of the young lady he was engaged to. She was innocent, and it would be too bad to make her suffer more than was necessary; *that* would be enough. So, next day, I found Jenny; met her at noon, and had a talk with her in Mrs. Gould's sitting-room. She wouldn't believe what I told her, and said that it was "none of my business" where she got that bill, spiteful and nippy as she could be. I convinced her that it *was* my business, and proposed to prove to her that what I had told her about Margaret was true. I didn't want to *compel* her to tell me where she got the bill; it was easier and better to get at the truth in a gentler way. And so I asked her just to go with me and *see* Margaret. Well, finally, she consented to go. Now, if I knew how, I should just like to describe the meeting between those two girls; but I *don't* know how; there's no use in my trying. To tell the truth, I left them alone part of the time. When I came in again, in about half an hour, contrary to what I expected—for they began at each other somewhat in the way of cats, to speak plainly—I found them almost in each other's arms, and both crying.

When I took Jenny away, we walked to Mrs. Gould's without a word on either side. As soon as we got seated in the house,

"Now," says I, "Miss Jenny, do you want to have Margaret exposed to any more trouble; or shall I have what I want from you?"

"No, no!" she said; "Margaret's had more than her share of trouble. As for me, I've only been flirting, carrying on a little—ha! ha! (but it was a hollow kind of a laugh, Jenny!) and I can afford to do any thing, almost, to spare her. Only I *don't* want to go into court! Must I?"

I told her that it might not be necessary; and then I asked her, plumply, if Charley gave her that bill.

"Yes, he *did!*" she said; "and I'd rather tell the whole story than to leave it *part* told. It was this way: Charley tried to snatch a kiss from me one evening, and I told him, in fun, that kisses were worth a dollar apiece. 'I'll give you *five!*' says he. 'Let's see your money,' says I; and then he put the bill in my hand, and I, like a silly girl, gave him the kiss. I tried to make him take back the money, but he wouldn't take it, and finally left it on the floor when he went away. I thought then that, as he cared so little for money, I could find better use for it than he was likely to put it to, and so I paid it to Mrs. Gould for board. And *now* he'll find what *such* kisses really cost sometimes, I hope; for, if I *ever* liked him, I'm sure I *hate* him *now*."

So, you see, I had got all the proof I wanted. Perhaps I haven't said, in so many words, that Margaret had admitted that Charley had given her that money which she offered at the shipping office; she did; and, besides this, she had told me that she had seen him have large rolls of bills, which he said he had *inherited*.

Well, my next step was to get hold of Master Charley in such a way that I could secure man and money at the same time. I shall soon come to that now, and the end of the story.

Early next morning I reported progress to the Deputy. He seemed as much interested in the case as I was, and told me to go on and arrest Charley as soon as I could.

From there I went down to the store, and told the partners every thing. They were, of course, completely overcome, and didn't know what to say or do. Charley's uncle spoke first, and proposed calling him down to talk with him. I objected to this, and told them why. If they wanted me to recover their money, they must let me do it in my own way; and I told them my reasons for fearing that he would deny the charge, and try to get off himself, and either take the money with him, or get rid of it—put it out of our reach in some way. The sum was a little too large to risk; its loss had straitened them a good deal—for, as you may remember, the hard times were beginning about then—if they could possibly have spared it, I am sure they would have hushed up the matter in some way. They concluded, however, to leave me to finish the case as I chose, making me promise, though, to make nothing public—at least not till I had consulted them.

The way I managed to get the money was this—and I take some credit to myself for the process. If you'll bear in mind that I was to do nothing publicly, you'll understand better why I acted as I did at first:

I found out that Charley was going to the opera that evening with his intended. I went

there too. I was dressed in opera style, so as to be ready to play the part of a gentleman of fashion, if necessary. I looked around for some time before I found Charley and his friend; and when I did find them, and saw *her*, I was sorry, I tell you, for what I had got to do. She was not nearly so pretty as Margaret, but she *loved* him; every look and action showed it. I needn't dwell on that, and I don't want to. It's enough to say that here was another heart to be broken, and I was the unfortunate wretch to be the means of it!—Sometimes I think I won't remain in the force another day; but I find I'm getting used to it. I don't want any more cases like this, though. —Between the acts I met Charley in the lobby, and pretending to have something to say to him of importance, asked him to be so kind as to step aside with me for a moment. He looked at me with surprise, and recognized me as the officer he had seen in the store; but he went with me into a corner a little out of the stream.

"Now," says I, "I suppose you don't want to have the muss of a public arrest here, with your lady to take care of, and acquaintances all around—"

"Arrest for *what!*" says he, putting on the indignant, but taking care to speak low. I almost smiled at the difference between his manner and his tone.

"Well, for taking about sixteen thousand dollars out of a certain safe down town," says I.

He was excited, of course; but he carried himself with surprising coolness.

"I'm much obliged to you for beginning this so quietly," says he; "but I assure you that you have made a great mistake."

"We won't waste words," says I. "I have only to say to you just this—and if you're a sensible man you'll do what I say, and save yourself a public arrest: *I know Margaret; I know Jenny Rice; I know*, as perhaps you don't, that almost all of those bills *have a private mark on them;* and I know that *I have got you foul* every way. Now listen to me—you needn't waste time in talking now—I want you to go back and finish the opera with your friend; and you may be sure that I shall be close by you all the time. You mustn't mind it if I claim your acquaintance; and then when you ride home, I'll go too. After you've put your friend inside her door, you are to go with me, quietly. Now if you fail to obey my directions, in any particular, rely upon it that I shall expose you as publicly as I can. *If* I've made a mistake, you can prove it to me, and nobody need be the wiser for your arrest."

The orchestra began just then, and he knew he must go back to be in his seat when the curtain rose; so he sullenly gave me his word to do as I told him, and left for his place.

I watched him as he played his part with his lady—'twas better than looking at the opera to any one fond of playing; and when the opera was concluded I walked by his side—I didn't have to speak to him—and saw them into their carriage; then I hurried up on to the box with the driver, making him think I was a friend of the gentleman inside, going to join him after he had seen his lady home, and that I didn't go inside because I didn't want to disturb their tête-à-tête; and so we drove off.

I kept my place, when we got to the house, until he had seen his friend inside her door; I think there was a kiss with their good-night—if there was, it was the last—and then he came down the steps, and I joined him. He paid the driver, and then I walked away with him to the nearest station-house. On the way he owned that, as for Margaret and Jenny, he had nothing to say; but that it was "too bad to be brought out for a paltry fifteen dollars." And then he told me that he had been one of the first in the counting-room the morning after the robbery, and had seen a ten and a five lying on the floor among the loose papers in front of the safe, and had, he admitted, taken them for his own use; but he was sure his uncle and the other partner wouldn't think much of that.

"You forget," said I, "that you gave Margaret at least seventy-five."

He started a little, and then says he,

"Well, I see you're smarter than I am; and I may as well own up. The *porter* did the business, and I caught him at it, and he gave me five hundred to keep mum."

"Why didn't you make a better bargain?" I asked him.

At that he winced a little.

"Now," says I, "you needn't lie any more about this. I know all about you. I haven't followed you for nothing the past fortnight. *You* opened that safe, and *you've got that money*, and *I want it!*"

With that he trembled and turned pale. We had got inside the station-house, and he sat down in the sitting-room, and seemed to be entirely overcome. Presently he looked up and began to come the pitiful dodge, and to ask me to help him out of the scrape, to have mercy on him, and all that. He offered me any amount to let him off. I cut him short. Says I,

"I'll show you as much pity as you deserve, you scoundrel! and no more. And the long and the short of it is, that the best thing you can do is to fork out that money and make matters as easy with the firm as you can. What *they'll* do in the mercy line, I don't know."

Then he began sobbing and blubbering, and said that he couldn't restore any thing; that he'd got frightened and thrown the greater part of the money into the dock, and had spent nearly all the rest.

"*What* dock?" said I.

"At the foot of Beekman Street," said he.

"Did it sink or float?"

"It sunk—that is—some of it sunk—I believe —and some—floated."

He stammered over this, and I came down on him the moment he got through.

"You *lie*, you rascal!" says I; "you haven't *been* to the foot of Beekman Street! you can't dodge out *that* way, either!"

I said this at a venture, like, for I wasn't sure that he *hadn't* been there, but I suspected him from his stammering; in fact, I had asked him whether it sunk or floated to try him. But I made a good hit; I was right in my suspicions. And he, thinking that I *had* followed him so closely as to know every step he'd taken, saw that there was no use trying to escape me. So he owned up, thoroughly. He told me how he'd planned the robbery, how he'd used the extra tip, putting it back in the drawer after using it—he had found a key that fitted the drawer—and how he had broken the front door lock and left the rope hanging out the window, to make it seem that an ordinary burglar had been in; but he said he hadn't suspected the private mark on the bills.

Well, I kept him at the station over night, and the next morning we went together down to the store. We marched right in—it was early, and no one there but the porter—and up stairs, up to the attic, and there, from behind some old stove-pipes, he brought out two rolls of bills, tied up with a fish-line. Then down to the counting-room, where we sat waiting for the firm to come in. As soon as they came there was a *time*.

On counting the money it was found that about a thousand of it was missing. I suppose the firm was content with recovering so much, and to spare the feelings of the family the affair was hushed up. I made the complaint, of course, but the case never came into court, that I know of. Charley walks the streets of New York to-day, and from the company he keeps I shouldn't be surprised if I had to "cap" him again.

His wife that would have been I don't know any thing about. But I know that Margaret is out of his reach. I saw her on board a packet bound for Liverpool, on her way home, about three months ago. Her grief brought on a miscarriage, and she was at death's door; but she recovered, and is now at home in Ireland—my sister has heard from her.

If Charley sees this story in print, he may just understand that if he had reformed and tried to live honestly I wouldn't have said a word about him; and one more thing, he had better look out for "shadows," any time of day or night, and not pay too dear for his KISSES.

PORPHYROGENITUS.

I.

BORN in the purple! born in the purple!
Heir to the sceptre and crown!
Lord over millions and millions of vassals—
Monarch of mighty renown!
Where, do you ask, are my banner-proud castles?
Where my imperial town?

II.

Where are the ranks of my far-flashing lances;
Trumpets, courageous of sound;
Galloping squadrons and rocking armadas,
Guarding my kingdom around?
Where are the pillars that blazon my borders,
Threatening the alien ground?

III.

Vainly you ask, if you wear not the purple,
Sceptre and diadem own;
Ruling yourself over prosperous regions,
Seated supreme on your throne.
Subjects have nothing to give but allegiance—
Monarchs meet monarchs alone.

IV.

But, if a king, you shall stand on my ramparts,
Look on the lands that I sway,
Number the domes of magnificent cities,
Shining in valleys away—
Number the mountains whose foreheads are golden,
Lakes that are azure with day.

V.

Whence I inherited such a dominion?
What was my forefathers' line?
Homer and Sophocles, Pindar and Sappho,
First were anointed divine:
Theirs were the realms that a god might have governed,
Ah, and how little is mine!

VI.

Hafiz in Orient shared with Petrarca
Thrones of the East and the West;
Shakspeare succeeded to limitless empire,
Greatest of monarchs, and best:
Few of his children inherited kingdoms,
Provinces only, the rest.

VII.

Keats has his vineyards, and Shelley his islands,
Coleridge in Xanadu reigns;
Wordsworth is eyried aloft on the mountains,
Goethe has mountains and plains;
Yet, though the world has been parceled among them,
A world to be parceled remains.

VIII.

Blessing enough to be born in the purple,
Though but a monarch in name—
Though in the desert my palace is builded,
Far from the highways of Fame:
Up with my standards! salute me with trumpets!
Crown me with regal acclaim!

HEAD AND HEART.

"AM I to congratulate you, then, that you are at last fairly captured, Guernsey?"

"You will never have occasion for that, Marston."

"Indeed; must I suppose that your majesty is for once condescending to the amusements of other mortals, and actually flirting instead of being, *bona fide*, in love with Miss Lucy Forester?"

"That lady is my betrothed wife," was the very stiff reply; "and I have that high regard for her without which I should not make her such."

"Not a particle of love about the affair, of course, Sir Philosopher."

"Marston, I am not so foolish as to consider it necessary to rush headlong into extravagances at the sight of every pretty face. I intend to hold my affections and every other part of my nature under my own control, as a man should do."

"Well, if you won't quite annihilate me, let me ask what has induced you, universally considered as a confirmed old bachelor, to forsake musty books and sage philosophy, and commit the foolish steps of matrimony?"

"In the first place, being only thirty, I have never considered myself in the venerable aspect you mention. Secondly, I never intend to forsake study. And, thirdly, this is no such new step, but what I have always purposed when I should find a woman to please me. Will you proceed with your catechism?"

"Thank you, with pleasure. What are the qualities which won the heart—beg pardon—the high approbation of Ralph Guernsey? To be sure, Miss Forester is amiable and pretty; but when half a hundred beautiful and intellectual women are at your command, I must confess some surprise at your choice."

"I do not wish for intellect in a wife, and as for beauty, my ideal is too high for realization. Miss Forester is a high-bred, truthful, affectionate woman, with not so little mind as to disgust nor so much as to be a bore. She is not strong enough to try to govern, nor weak enough for all those petty arts and affectations which characterize the generality of her sex."

"Then it is for her negative virtues that you have chosen her?"

"Simply those — and now let us change the subject."

Externally, Ralph Guernsey was a noble specimen of a man, with a form from which a sculptor might have modeled an Apollo, and a head as noble as that of a Jove. But in the expression of the firm mouth, that must be a dull physiognomist who could not read pride, contempt, and almost hardness, which, when not effaced by the smiles none could command more readily, gave a fair index to his character. Yet no one could doubt that he had the gift to rule others. Not without warm natural feelings, he had educated himself by the aid of an intensely strong will into a stoical indifference. Of course, then, he did not seek to gain the affection of his race; yet his rare acquirements, his polished manners, his great wealth, and the strong, keen intellect, which was his glory and pride, gave him an almost unbounded influence. The reputation he had acquired as an author he affected to think lightly of; and, indeed, the whole course of the world was something of a bore to Ralph Guernsey, Esq., who nevertheless was not the least of a misanthrope, but found in his serene self a world quite sufficient to his joys. Love, therefore, he esteemed as foreign to his nature as other emotions of the ignoble herd. What, then, had induced him to add, or propose to add, to his complete existence the encumbrance of a wife? One day he had suddenly awaked to the consciousness that there was something fine and respectable in being the head of a family—in having a grand mansion and a well-bred wife to preside over it, and in bringing up children to inherit the paternal name and honors. The idea was such a forcible one that he would not own it as new, but persuaded himself into the belief that it was only the development of a long-lived intention. So he began to look about him, and soon honored Lucy Forester with his choice. Poor thing! it was a wonder that she was not utterly overwhelmed by it. When this great man stooped from his sphere and entered hers she shrank back at first in dismay. But he, attracted in spite of himself by her sweetness and grace, drew nearer and wooed in tender words; and all the depths of her true nature were stirred as they would have been, if really it had been the angel she thought who troubled them, and not one of the self-seeking sons of men. It was so strange that he could love her, and she looked to him as some far-distant planet might look in admiring gratitude to the sun.

"Do you love this man, Lucy?" asked her father, as he stroked the silken hair from her pure forehead, and looked almost sadly into her earnest eyes.

"How can I help it, father? Am I not honored in loving him? Could you have dreamed that your little girl would have been the choice of such a man?"

"Yes; I ought to be contented, but we have loved and cared for you so tenderly here that I am afraid you are hardly fitted for any other home. Perhaps this is not altogether the man I would have desired for your husband; but then I can't judge for you in this matter, and so I must even make up my mind to let my Lucy go;" and good old Judge Forester looked at his daughter till his eyes moistened and tears stood in Lucy's, though hers were very happy ones, and even those she was half-angry with herself for allowing.

Lucy Forester certainly had a great deference for her dignified suitor, and this appeared to him extremely becoming and natural. It did not occur to him to strive to diminish it, and his efforts to be lover-like were confined to stately compliments, which sometimes fell upon her ear strangely cold. "Yet," thought the gentle soul, "what ought I to expect from one so much older and wiser than myself—I, a mere child in comparison?" and she went on loving all the more, as if to make up for the lack she only dimly suspected in him.

One bright summer morning she entered the room where he was waiting her, looking very lady-like and lovely in her simple white dress, and a faint blush suffusing her pale features. Another than Ralph Guernsey might have criticised that delicate face as wanting in animation; but he called it classical and elegant, and desired no more. It was agreeable to him to watch her quiet movements, to note her exquisitely nice observance of all the proprieties of dress and speech, and even of thought. With how much complacency he flattered himself upon his taste in the selection of such a jewel for the adornment of his life! Now and then, perhaps, he felt a slight annoyance when, unconsciously to herself, her affection for him broke through her usual repose of manner and seemed to claim a return. It was very womanly and beautiful, to be sure, within a certain limit, but for him to act the lover, very absurd. Still, on rare occasions like this bright June morning we were telling of, Mr. Guernsey shone out of his clouds, and his fair betrothed lifted up her head like a blossom to meet his smiles. "Poor child!" thought this benevolent soul, "how happy a few tender words make her!" and a mixture of pity and contempt possessed him.

"I have good news to tell you," said she; "and you must promise to be very glad with me."

"I promise any thing you please."

"Then know that my sister, my dear only sister, of whom I have told you before, is coming to us soon—coming to live with us for a whole year at least."

"Tell me of her. I have forgotten all you ever said. What is her name, and why has she not lived with you before?"

"Her name in Evelyn. She is my half-sister, and her mother was a beautiful Southern lady, who died young—only two years after she married my father. Evelyn always lived with her grand-parents, who were sad and lonely after the loss of their only daughter, till they too died; and since she has been with her uncle, who is a

rich Southern planter and has no daughters. So I have never seen my sister. Is it not strange? Papa has long desired that she should come home, but she dreaded the cold Northern climate and the parting from her friends so greatly that he did not urge it. But now she has consented to come. You will like her very, very much, Mr. Guernsey."

"As your sister, I certainly shall."

"But for her own sake you will also. She is said to be a beauty, doubtless a grand Southern beauty, with rich black hair and those flashing eyes I admire so greatly. Then she has a fine intellect, that I know very well from her letters. Mine are so unworthy in comparison with hers that I hardly dare write her."

"Beauties I do not care for, especially brilliant, black-eyed ones; and intellectual women are my abhorrence. Do not, I beg of you, copy your sister in that respect, and don't consider it necessary that I should add myself to the number of her adorers."

"Oh, we shall see; time will show. Only do not wholly forget me when she comes; that I could not bear."

That same June morning a gay cavalcade rode along a grassy path amidst the rich luxuriance of Southern woods. The air rung with merry voices—the light breeze shook the white catalpa-blossoms from their slender stems till they fell like snow upon the heads of the riders. Last of all followed slowly a lady and her attendant, she gazing sometimes upward into the blue sky, and sometimes away into the green arches of the forest. The rich bloom on her cheek was heightened by exercise, and her whole face was almost radiant with her joy in the beauty around. Profuse chestnut curls drooped carelessly beneath her cap, and were tossed by the breeze. Altogether it was a fair picture, and no wonder that her companion, bluff, impetuous fellow as he was, turned from all other beauties to gaze upon her.

"It is the crowning day of summer—the gem of the year. Such a sky! such an atmosphere! worth living for!" and she spoke rapidly and with enthusiasm, as if unconscious of another's presence.

"You have not a word, not a look for me, Evelyn," said the young man, reproachfully, looking wistfully at the form beside him, in its stately grace.

She turned her face slowly toward him and said, bitterly,

"Are you jealous even of the bright, sunny weather, Cousin Harry? Can you not leave me free to enjoy my own thoughts?"

"Why may I not share your thoughts?" he answered, gently; "or have you cast me out of them altogether?"

"By no means; but I do not like to be forced to talk. You are unreasonable, Harry; indeed you are."

"Unreasonable, Evelyn! No wonder, for you drive me half mad."

"Indeed! And what now?"

"Cold as an iceberg to me—in raptures now with a book, and now with a picture, and now with a fair day; or, worse than all, giving your smiles to some new admirer. You know, Evelyn, how my whole soul is linked to you, and yet you grudge a word, a glance, to tell me what I have a right to demand from you. Yes, a right;" and the manly countenance of Harry Jewett grew almost fierce with emotion.

But his companion expressed only impatience. Laughing lightly, she said,

"If you are to use such language, then the sooner that right is canceled the better. Let us understand each other, if possible. I have told you many a time that I can not always command sweet words at your pleasure, but must follow my own moods. I am not a person of one emotion, and your excitement annoys me. Can't you be somewhat more self-possessed."

"Pardon me," said he, sadly, "I ought to trust you; I do. But the thought of how soon I am to be separated from you, from the light of your countenance for a whole year, is so hard."

"Well, let us be good friends, then, and don't be so impetuous again. By-the-way, is Captain Allen to dine with us? Put on your best face, and do not be jealous." And nodding maliciously, she hurried on to join the rest of the party, leaving her vexed companion to recover his composure in solitude.

A spoiled child, Evelyn Forester had grown up with an absorbing passion for admiration, which she had so much skill as to hide from ordinary observers, appearing rather indifferent to it than otherwise. In her character was a singular mixture of mean and noble qualities. Her vanity was not confined to a regard for her personal charms; it impelled her to a careful culture of her powers of mind, which were by no means inferior. She had a strong love for the good and beautiful in the abstract, and kindled into a lofty enthusiasm for heroic and self-denying deeds, that was somewhat inconsistent with the real selfishness and unscrupulousness of her nature. Poor Harry Jewett's intense admiration had won her favor, and so she became engaged to him with the mental reservation on her part, "to be broken whenever I please." He fluttered about her beauty, now attracted, then repelled, but always unable to overcome the inexplicable fascination which was the secret of her power. It was an unfortunate bondage in which she held him, and his really fine character was gradually becoming weakened and palsied in it, when to his distress, and equally to his benefit, she took a sudden freak to comply with her father's oft-repeated request, and spend a year at the North.

"How beautiful she is!" thought Lucy Forester, on the evening of the day that brought her half-sister to her loving welcome. "How like a picture—stately, but winning! Ah, I wonder what Ralph will think of her? He can not help being pleased with her." And a sharp pang crossed her mind, for which she reproached herself immediately, and fell on her knees beside

the white-draperied bed, praying that she might be kept from envy and all evil, and made only loving to all her fellow-creatures. So it was with pure pleasure that Lucy presented the lover of whom she was so proud to the sister of whom she was scarcely less so. They, on their part, regarded each other with a degree of mutual surprise. Miss Forester, who had measured her younger sister according to her own standard, had set her down as a weak, or at most an entirely ordinary character, and never entertained a suspicion that the lover of whom Lucy had timidly told her was more than a mere commonplace—and commonplace men were so disagreeable! But here he stood; and she could not deny that he was distinguished in person and manners, one to be remarked in a crowd; and Miss Forester's very cool salutation was accompanied by an unspoken remark—"I will become better acquainted with you by-and-by." On the other hand, Mr. Guernsey, who made it a matter of principle to consider every new acquaintance guilty of being disagreeable till they had proved to the contrary, was slightly impressed by Miss Forester's indifferent manner and nonchalant air. "Really, she was fine-looking; not a mere doll-face, nor a bold, black-eyed beauty. Above the usual type of woman, decidedly."

Evelyn seemed in no haste to fulfill her resolve, but bided her time, content, meanwhile, with bringing into play the whole battery of her fascinations, while she attacked Mr. Guernsey's self-esteem by her apparent indifference. She watched, with a curiosity almost inexplicable to herself, the result of her wiles. Not that her heart was interested; for were not she and he each pledged to another? Only Mr. Guernsey was a new study of human nature—a *rara avis*—whom Miss Forester would dissect and analyze for her amusement and instruction—nothing more—and the young lady looked demurely into her mirror, and gave a sort of virtuous frown at the large blue eyes, out of which some demon had seemed to suggest the thought aforesaid respecting *heart*.

Ralph Guernsey did one of his literary friends the honor to bring him to see his bride-elect. But the bride-elect, though as self-possessed as a marble statue, was almost as still. Utterly unused to the genus lion, she was somewhat in the attitude of a lamb, just about to be pounced upon by two of the fiercest of their kind. By-and-by Evelyn came to the rescue. Dressed though she was, richly and almost gayly, Lucy's fastidious tastes were almost disturbed; but Mr. Guernsey's eye failed to notice any imperfection, and his friend gazed upon her, something as if the goddess of love and beauty (to speak classically) had descended from heaven, or ascended from sea-foam, before his eyes. Evelyn held her peace at first, watching with inward amusement her sister's embarrassment and the heavy efforts at conversation. Soon came her time, and she very modestly hinted an opinion which had force enough to excite the attention of the stranger. Then she grew more confident, and measuring her ground well—brilliant, and finding an appreciating ear—enthusiastic. Mr. Guernsey's literary friend was somewhat amazed, and more delighted, and but that he had already a wife and children twain would have been almost ready to fall down and worship. As for Mr. Guernsey, he had at first some disposition to be offended, and took refuge in a side conversation with Lucy; then began to listen in spite of himself, and even condescend to become interested.

It was vexing to his pride, however, when his friend exhausted his vocabulary of praise upon Miss Forester, and ignored the existence of Mr. Guernsey's purest-rayed gem. Lucy was too quiet—he must confess to himself—not that he would have her so demonstrative as her sister—no lady should manifest so much feeling, especially on abstract subjects—unfeminine altogether; but his betrothed should not allow herself to be thrown quite in the shade, fair lily though she was.

So ran the reflections of Ralph Guernsey as he entered his comfortable bachelor-lodgings, and musingly poked out of the coals visions of delicate features shaded by heavy brown locks, and clear dark eyes, over which the lashes often brooded dreamily; this alternating with a face glowing with the warm flush of excitement, around which fell tresses of wavy chestnut hair; and again a band of rosy children in frolicsome attitudes, as if dancing to the sound of merry music. Indeed, Mr. Guernsey, are you caught dreaming? A strange state for a man of your stamp; and so you have just discovered, as you busy yourself in that strange-charactered volume that lies open on your table.

"Don't think of rising, Lucy dear," said Evelyn, with the utmost tenderness, as she bathed her sister's forehead and stroked back her disheveled hair; "this violent headache demands perfect rest. Can you not give up seeing Mr. Guernsey this evening?"

A flush passed over Lucy's colorless cheeks, and she said, "It will seem strange to him, and a headache is a slight thing. Even papa is apt to consider headaches as mere whims;" and she rose, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, but was compelled to sink back again by pain.

"You see; you can not sit up. Let me make your excuses to Mr. Guernsey, and I will send Nancy to sit by you while you try to sleep."

"Do, please, Evelyn. You are so kind—how did I live so long without my good sister?" and Lucy closed her eyes and tried to quiet herself to sleep, while the good sister, after shading the light and summoning the servant, departed to the parlor to do her duty there.

Mr. Guernsey accepted the excuse, with tenderest regrets, of course, but did not think it necessary to depart at once; and Evelyn pursued the path of duty still in seeking to console him. Under such merciful ministration his regret was soothed. Under the sunshine of her presence his iciness thawed so fast as perceptibly to affect the thermometer of Evelyn's feelings, which, however, rose rather than fell, as it should, to

make the metaphor complete. Was Mr. Guernsey fond of music? She could hardly doubt the fact, though Lucy had never spoken of it, perhaps because Lucy was very little of a performer herself.

Yes, intensely (*true*, as far as any of Mr. Guernsey's feelings could be intense); he doubted not Miss Forester made up for her sister's lack in that respect. Oh no, not at all; but she loved music, so much indeed as to make her dissatisfied with all her own attempts. Might he not have the pleasure of listening to her. If he asked it, certainly; she would trust him not to be critical. Evelyn played and sang with great simplicity and beauty, shrewdly guessing at Mr. Guernsey's tastes, and winning unbounded approbation. So that well-fortified gentleman was besieged by ear-gate as well as eye-gate; so successfully, too, that he at last roused himself to some efforts in self-defense. They told very well upon the besieger. It was not often that he thought it necessary to talk sense with a lady, but when the time came no one could talk better. He was really eloquent. His fine eyes flashed, and he was quite conscious that he was doing and looking very well. While his listener, half-surprised and wholly pleased, bent her graceful head slightly forward, and her eyes answered when her lips felt themselves incompetent—all entirely as became an excellent listener. It was very flattering, to be sure, that he should distinguish her by such a condescension, and so the self-loves of the two, like bubbles, floated up majestically together. Meanwhile Lucy kept vigils sleepless from pain; often, most likely, invoking blessings upon the model pair below, who thought little enough of her — that their own consciences knew, if indeed they owned such commonplace associates. Ah me! it is well for this world that there are meek, praying souls left in spite of all its gloss and false glitter. Of poor estate is he who has not one such—mother, or sister, or wife, or friend—to ask God's benediction upon him at morning and nightfall.

Ralph Guernsey went homeward in a whirl of emotion. Rapidly he strode down the street, in the cold autumn evening, angry with himself for the strange discomposure that had seized him, making him in one evening as a new man. Was this love? He scoffed at the thought. What was it, then, that made the blood flow so quickly in his veins and his pulse throb as he recalled the image of Evelyn Forester, looking up to him with that calm, Madonna-like expression? Why had he been in such haste to bind himself to Lucy, who was often so insipid? What a wife Evelyn would have made him! What a lustre she would have added to his future dignity as the head of a family! Alas! why had his ideal become possible only too late? But too late it was, and Mr. Guernsey set his teeth firmly, knit his brows, and tried to be stoical. Evelyn sat in the moonlight at her chamber window, looking down into the street, where almost all sounds had died away, and meditated. By-and-by she rose, and began to walk steadily backward and forward across the room, looking almost like a ghost as the pale light fell upon her white dress, over which her long loose hair streamed like a vail. She spoke aloud in tones clear and almost stern, as she often did, when thinking more earnestly than usual. I will marry this man, and no other upon the face of the earth. I should glory in him as my husband. I love him, and he will soon love me, if he does not already. It does Lucy no wrong—weak child—she does not know what love is. She is half afraid of him now. And even if she suffers for a while, it will be all the better for her in the end. She will transfer her devotion to some one more akin to herself. And poor Cousin Harry—he will be deeply wounded; but that was only a conditional engagement which I formed to please my uncle and aunt, and even if I had never seen Mr. Guernsey, it would have been all the same as far as he is concerned. It would be strange indeed if Lucy were to win such a prize, who does not even know how to appreciate it. A splendid person, talents, influence, wealth; and with this catalogue of Ralph Guernsey's attractions she laid her head upon the pillow for a sleep, over which, if angels watched, it must have been with tearful eyes. How different from this passion, that even in its earnestness could plan and calculate, was Lucy's pure affection! Daily had it grown into an intensity that deepened and enlarged her whole nature while it rose above it. To make some sacrifice for her beloved would have been her delight; to do or suffer some great thing to prove herself worthy of him. The bitterest grief that could have come upon her would have been to see him in his true light; but this she never wholly did. Something of the beauty and glory of that early love always shone around him to Lucy's eyes, even when the reality of it had faded altogether away. A shadow sometimes crossed her path. If Ralph were only not so cold, and would not seem so often quite forgetful of her in Evelyn's presence! She would not expect much of him, since she could not talk or sing like her sister, and was very little of a companion for him. But after all, why should she be dissatisfied? Did he not love her, and had he not chosen her among all women—and the sunshine came again. Yet day by day the cloud grew. Evelyn, becoming more assured of her power, engrossed Mr. Guernsey to a degree that seemed unreasonable even to her gentle sister; while he, led on in spite of himself, was lulled by the voice of the charmer, charming so wisely. It was somewhat late in the day when this cold, practical man opened his eyes and bestirred himself to shake from his limbs those fetters, so delicately silken, that bound him. Struggle vigorously, good giant—what has become of your strength? Nay, let it never be said that a man, especially one who does not believe in love more than in nonsense of any other kind, found a lady's chain too much for his theories to break. But so it was. Decidedly shaken in his stronghold, Ralph Guernsey surrendered without conditions, and the en-

emy entered triumphant, all her perfumed pennons waving in the breeze. Lucy stole quietly down to the parlor, whither her sister had preceded her, humming a merry air which a careless hand was playing upon the piano within. She paused an instant at the door to adjust a stray ribbon, and the music paused. She entered by a side-door, and as she opened it gently she saw in the mirror opposite a sight—very simple, to be sure—which made her heart leap suddenly with a great pang. Evelyn sat at the piano, her hand wandering idly over the keys, while her face was turned toward one which was bending over her, and all aglow with smiles and blushes. Ralph's face was turned away from Lucy, but there was something in his attitude of earnest attention that made all her past forebodings rush back upon her in a flood. It was only an instant before Evelyn discovered her entrance, and the half-audible "hush!" with which she interrupted something her companion was saying only confirmed the suspicion that now forced itself upon Lucy's mind for the first time, in the character of a plain truth. Mr. Guernsey moved toward her with evident embarrassment, and Evelyn strove to hide her confusion in a light laugh. But Lucy seemed to be endowed with an unnatural strength. She shut out for the time the new conviction that had flashed upon her, and through the long hour that followed was the most calm of the three.

When Evelyn left the room a strong resolution nearly formed itself in her mind. "Not to-night; no, I am not yet strong enough," she said to herself. "To-morrow will do. All shall be settled then. I can bear suspense no longer. Since it must be, let it be soon; but not to-night."

When Mr. Guernsey left her, and she fled to her chamber, all her fortitude forsook her; and falling beside her bed, she buried her face in the pillows, groaning and sobbing aloud.

There are times in life when a new nature arises within us; when the gay become thoughtful, youth changes into maturity, and weakness into strength. There are new birthdays of the soul, through which we gain the consciousness of higher heights and deeper depths of experience than we had dreamed before. It was through such a change that Lucy Forester was now passing. With resolutions, prayers, long visions of that which the future was to bring, she entered that night upon her new life. Sadder, but stronger; older, but more wise, the next morning found her after that baptism of sorrow.

"It is true, Lucy, I have yielded wrongly and strangely," said Ralph Guernsey, as Lucy spoke gently and firmly of the past. The proud man was humble before this young girl. "But, believe me, in future it shall be otherwise; you shall have no cause for complaint."

"I do not complain, Mr. Guernsey; and let it be otherwise in that you shall deal truthfully with my sister, who loves you, and whom you love."

"I will wrong you no more, Lucy, but care for you all my life as a husband should."

"God forbid!" she answered, solemnly; "let us not do each other and Evelyn such a wrong as that."

She argued with him long, and he, keen reasoner though he was, was surprised to see the matter in such a new light. So it was right, then, after all, to yield to his own wishes, and very foolish that he should be scrupulous as to the opinion of the world, when the world would very likely second his own feelings. Mr. Guernsey felt that he was too willing to be convinced, but convinced he was; and sweet Lucy, her heart very sore all the while, knew not whether most to grieve or rejoice that her task was performed so easily.

"Evelyn, dear," said she, as she sought her sister, "Mr. Guernsey wishes to see you. Do as your own feelings bid you, without thinking of me."

"Lucy, Lucy, what have you done!" exclaimed Evelyn. "You did not understand — you should have let me explain."

"He will explain all. Go to him; it is all right."

And the heroic girl drew herself from her sister's grasp, sending her to the impassioned words of her lover.

"And you have not loved her all this time, Ralph, but me—only me?"

"I mistook. I fancied I loved her sufficiently till I saw you. Then I knew quite otherwise."

"Oh! she did not know you as I know you, did not love you as I do, or she could not have given you up!"

"She is young—a mere child—and will easily forget."

And so the two dismissed the unwelcome thought of the evil they had done.

When he had gone, Evelyn came to her sister.

"How much I owe you, best of sisters! Oh! Lucy, you can not guess how I love Ralph Guernsey. If I have erred in loving him before this you will pardon me, for I may trust your goodness wholly."

"You may trust me, Evelyn. I desire, above all things, your happiness and his." And her voice almost failed her as his image rose before her. "Only let us not talk of it to-night. I am very tired—weary with the excitement."

"Dearest sister"—and Evelyn bent forward to kiss her forehead, but a kind of instinct, like a shrinking from the touch of evil, made her draw back and push her sister gently from her—"only one thing more, my darling. You can guess how much it troubles me. How will our father regard this? I dread his anger, Lucy. Think —I am almost like a stranger to him; not his child and pet, as you are."

"I will see him to-morrow, Evelyn, and make him understand it all. He will be indulgent, as he always is—dear, kind papa!"

And with this new self-denial Lucy crowned her great sacrifice, smoothing away difficulties, soothing her father's just anger, and making things appear reasonable, and right, and nat-

ural. Verily there is no logic like that of a strong, faithful, unselfish heart!

And what shall I say of the wedded life of Ralph Guernsey and Evelyn Forester? Who should be more happy? Did they not love one another? Had he not won a bride peerless in mind and person, presiding over his mansion as a queen might over a royal palace—a star in society? And had not she obtained the object of her ambition, and gained what her heart most craved? Were not their children brave and beautiful? Did not the wealthy and the learned, the wise and the great, compose the circle in which they moved? Who could ask more than this? Of the jarring of will with will, the conflict of hard natures, each strong in its idiosyncrasies; the jealousies, the growing lack of sympathies, let us not tell. Whether Ralph Guernsey did not sometimes think of the love he had thrown away, and have glimpses of a purer and better life to which it might have led him; whether his wife ever remembered with regret the warm, earnest passion of her Southern cousin, are matters into which the world considered it wrong to pry. Besides, what are such trifles, as weighed in the balance with those substantial goods mentioned above? Draw the curtain upon the lives on which God, and good angels, and true-hearted men and women look with pity and sadness.

For all losses there are gains. It is something not of man's ordaining that, sooner or later, sorrow and evil find a compensation. So when one soul chooses the lower good, and seeks it devotedly and only, another may be led by the very grief of that fall to "higher levels" of acting and being. So was it with Lucy Forester. Whatever bitterness there might at first have been in her disappointment, time, that heals all wounds, tempered and turned it into sweetness. In the gentle ministrations of home, the light of her parents' eyes, and the comforter of their failing years, she found no narrow sphere of influence. But this was not all. Rising from the discipline of sorrow to a fuller consciousness of the great meaning of life, she came to be a minister of love to many, through the means of an almost holy though thoroughly woman-like life. Whether she ever married—whether it was ever given her to fulfill what, we can not question, are the loveliest and noblest duties of woman, dwelling amidst the pure influences of childhood and the joy of a husband's affection—we will not say. For be that as God wills it, there is never a life fruitful in good works, and shedding the radiance of kindly feeling through all its sphere, great or small, to whom the full measure is not meted back. A genial author speaks with pity of the unloved ones. God be thanked, say we, rather, that there need be none such; that to the homeliest destinies may cling the tendrils of some fair and fruitful growth; that, to satisfy these strongest human needs, our Father has provided resources as manifold as those with which the bare rock amidst the stormy waters is covered with soil, and greenness, and bloom.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE arrival of a baby in a family is a not very unusual occurrence; and without any very elaborate antiquarian investigations, we may safely believe that such events date back to the remotest ages, and are likely to continue for ages to come. Yet the coming of the little stranger is always a great circumstance; and once in our lifetime, however quiet may be our temperament or small our ambition, we make a sensation, and are the observed of all observers. The baby, who is usually awaited with anxiety, is welcomed with open arms; and in spite of the present formidable aspect of the bread question, and the frequent reason for calculating the proportion between the size of the bread-basket and the number of mouths waiting to be fed, the new claimant contrives to find a home with a hospitality perhaps quite as cordial in lowly as in stately households. Immediately the new-comer begins to show that marked characteristic of every new age, the revolutionary spirit; and the first shrill cry that announces his advent heralds his assault upon all the settled habitudes of the family. Every thing must yield not so much to his whims as to his dependence, and the whole family, from the old grandfather—if such venerable head there be—down to the least pet of the nursery who has just graduated from babyhood, is enlisted by a resistless sympathy in the service of the little pensioner. The baby rules in the majesty of his weakness; and while other thrones are perhaps becoming a little shaky, this majesty keeps its seat and stands among the established institutions of our race.

We are writing perhaps somewhat pleasantly upon so grave a theme as childhood; but we trust that our cheery tone, like the laugh of childhood itself, will be found to win tenderness, as well as to express joy. We confess to being lovers of little children, not only in the abstract but in the concrete; and while well aware that the stern lessons of political economy may hint a certain limit of moderation in the philoprogenitive ambition, we know of no reasonable limit to the affection, and have no fears that good Jean Paul's creed will become too popular—that creed which all catechisms might admit, "I love God and little children." In fact, the affection that little children win from us interprets God's love to us. God loves us not because we can help Him, but because He helps us; and the best that He asks of us is that we should be willing to let Him help us by his providence and grace. He is glorified not by rising above Himself—for the All-mighty and All-perfect can not rise above Himself—but by his condescension; and the anthem "Glory to God in the highest," was heard on earth when the Eternal Being descended to our humanity and dwelt with the Holy Child at Bethlehem. As we in our poor way repeat that condescension, we have a nearer sense of God's love; and as we befriend those whose helplessness claims our care, we rise to new wisdom and new joy. We may not, indeed, entertain any such philosophy

of loving-kindness, yet may none the less have its fruits; and undoubtedly the new peace that comes into a family with the little child's coming is proof that the hearts that reach down in such tenderness to that little one are not only opened by parental affections, but also by filial faith, and the soul, like the seed-corn, as it presses its roots into the earth, opens its leaves toward heaven to drink in the rain and the sunshine of God. Whatever may be the reason God's blessing goes with babies, and we do not care to say what kind of a world this would be without their presence. The monk and nun share in the benediction, and, if nowhere else, they find something to pet even in the hour of their devotion, and there is to them something human as well as divine in the holy mother and child over the altar. The priest is no priest of God unless he leads little children to the Good Shepherd; and as to the celibates not under ghostly vows, and to whom we lately paid our respects, the bachelors and maids among us, we can promise them little true peace unless they continue—as they generally do—to care for some brother or sister's children in the absence of any of their own.

We are the more ready to say our word for children because, in spite of the manifest tenderness of our American people toward their offspring, there are symptoms of a national conspiracy against childhood, and Herod is out-Heroded—not by any wholesale slaughter of innocents, for such an assassin would be torn into inch pieces by our mothers before he put his hands upon the second victim, but by the prevalent impatience of the slow march of nature, and the rage for crowding the early bud forward into premature flower and fruit. If many people could have their way there would cease to be any more little children, and the babies in long clothes would stride forth in pantaloons or petticoats to astonish beholders with precocious feats, as marvelous as the duties of the learned fleas, and quite as honorable to our humanity. We, of course, protest, as we have done before, against this whole forcing process in every stage of its development, and most of all in the early stage, when the plant is so tender that fatal violence may be done to its delicate organism.

We say then, first of all, let us secure to our little children their proper naturalness, or their just place and development under that system of natural law to which in their physical constitution they belong. Their own mother's bosom should be the first guaranty of this natural right, and we are quite willing to be voted very stupid and old-fashioned in insisting that every mother should nurse her own child if she possibly can. We have no words to express our condemnation of the idea, becoming in quarters of somewhat equivocal fashion not uncommon, that the mother's natural office should be made over to some hireling, and that it is better to trust the hope of the family to some strange breast—perhaps to some half ogress with blood tainted with rum or what is worse—than break the mother's rest, or keep her from midnight routs, by care of her child. If a mother is stinted by nature in the fountains of aliment, she must submit to her privation and do the best in her power to supply her loss by other aid, but even then she ought not to think her care abated, but rather increased, by the transfer; and no wealth nor service can dismiss the mother's eye from its providential watch over her offspring. We believe in refinement, and are lovers of elegance; but we hold the refinement and elegance to be empty pretension that undertake to slight honest human instincts, and try to be wiser than God and nature. We are not, indeed, ambitious of playing the physiologist, and entering into the particulars of the nursery, diet, bathing, clothing, and exercise of children. It is clear that immense errors prevail in each of these respects; and the bills of mortality, that show so large a portion of our race to be cut off in infancy, prove that all the mistakes are not to be charged to the doctors, and that so costly and precious a product as human life is most lavishly and recklessly squandered. The old system of overdosing has been matched by the new system of overpetting or overtraining; and perhaps as many children have been destroyed by being daintily kept from the fresh air and free muscular activity as of old were destroyed by the laudanum bottle and its attendant abominations. We can not rejoice too much in the comparative emancipation of the nursery from the apothecary's shop, and are quite sure that the regular medical practice is not surrendering all the honors of this emancipation to the votaries of infinitesimals, but is disposed to give even less medicine to children than anxious parents often desire. Let this negative reform be carried out into a more positive policy, and all the blessed agencies of light, air, water, and motion will win new honors in the field so long occupied by drugs, and often make the grassy play-ground a better herbarium than gardens of balm and poppies, saffron and senna and rhubarb.

We are well aware that the idea of entire naturalness may be carried so far as to be run into the ground; and some of our own champions of nature so glorify instinct at the expense of discipline as to remind us of what Voltaire said of some of the extravagances of poor Rousseau—they made him feel like getting down and going on all fours. Yet it will be found that they are poor students of Nature who find any follies in her teachings; and the freest physical development will be helped instead of being harmed by due regard to the superior moral and intellectual laws. Thus the proper check upon indolence and the sensual passions is found in the just development of the higher muscular and nervous faculties, and the child who is physically well educated is by this very fact raised above the merely animal life by being made physically as well as morally a truly human creature. That we too often miss the due method of physical discipline appears not only from the frequent sickness of children, but from the stiffness and want of ease that seem to possess them as soon as they come under our training hand, and to present

them to the world as the only young creatures that are not free and graceful in their movements. We have made some improvements in the dress of boys and girls, that give nature fairer play; yet much remains to be done to complete the emancipation, by putting off all cramping encumbrances and allowing every limb and muscle full sweep. Instead of leaving the fashions of dress to a set of dashing *modistes*, we would submit them to a council of artists and physicians, and so strike a brave blow at once for beauty and health in the nursery, with the hope that the offspring of God's noblest creature might not always surrender the palm of grace and freedom to kittens and lambs.

The question of the intellectual discipline of children is closely connected with their physical training, and many are the victims of the book and the school-room. The old method was to consider the school as a kind of prison-house for the scions of our perverse humanity, where learning was to be forced down reluctant throats by terror, in the absence of any intrinsic charms in the medicinal draught. The staple of study was in the main the work of the memory, and improvement was measured, like bricklaying, by the foot, the quantity laid being final proof of the work done. Rules of grammar and arithmetic that had no sort of lodgment in the juvenile understanding were laboriously committed to memory, and verses of Scripture and poetry were learned without stint. This old-fashioned system is exploded, to the infinite relief of millions of otherwise cramped muscles and aching heads. It will be well if the new system does not fall into another kind of narrowness by dismissing the memory from its rightful office, and forcing little children to be philosophers before their time. Childhood loves variety, and the alternation of activities that is so essential to the comfort and energy of us all is imperiously necessary to the development and even to the sanity of children. They soon weary of one thing, and judicious training will seek to study the laws of mental alternation so as to secure unity in variety, and by the interchange of exercises lead out the faculties in due order and force. Nothing is clearer than that little children are soon tired of one attitude of body, and a careful observer will note the same weariness of one attitude of the mind. The little fellow who has been sitting an hour aches to stand or walk or run; and so, too, when he has been receiving impressions from his book or teacher, he aches to change his mental attitude, and give expression to his feelings or ideas by some positive act. If we scrutinize this necessity of change, we shall find a remarkable illustration of it in the senses most essential to education, which are created as if it were in couples, as if to relieve guard with each other. The nerves of sensibility exchange labors with the nerves of motion, so that when we receive a sensation we long to make some corresponding muscular movement, and our condition is intolerable when our nerves are constantly excited and our muscles are kept in rest. The ear and the eye, each in its way, illustrate this law by alternating with their natural allies the voice and the hand. When we have listened, we long to speak; and when we have seen, we long to touch. So, on the other hand, when we have spoken we are ready to listen, and when we have touched we are the more ready to see. The same interchange of functions may be traced throughout all the faculties of the mind, and it will be a new day in the education both of young and old when the vast significance of this law is discerned, and by a wisely-adjusted alternation of exercises variety and unity of culture may be secured, and monotony and fickleness may be alike set aside. It will be then found that the just discipline of children is not the dull, unwholesome thing which it is often supposed to be, and that the work of the school-room may gain not a little life and force from the sports of the play-ground. We do not, indeed, propose to do away with all hard work in school; for if there were no hard work there could be none of the happy feeling of relief when it is done, and play would lose its zest if all the hours were pastime. What we ask is that study should be in accordance with and not against the nature of the mind, and so the terrible habit be shunned that makes study so false and spectral, and shuts the world of books out of the free air and bright sunshine of nature and of God. The very tones which children, even bright children, often fall into the moment they open a book tell the whole story; and the transition from the free, ringing voice of the play-ground to that formal drawl or whine, proves that the mistake of separating words from things has begun thus early, and the blight of pedantry has fallen upon these fresh and opening buds of our hope and joy.

We suppose that the root of most mistakes in the education of little children comes from overlooking the important distinction between the lessons that are to be put into them and the mental life that is to be brought out of them; or, in other words, from forgetting that the mind is not a sheet of blank paper to be written upon, but a leaf whose vital organism is to be developed. Children are thus not only to be taught, but they are to be animated; and the proof of their proficiency is not so much in what they *know* as in what they *are*. Sometimes the contrast between the child's own mind and his learning is most striking; and if frequently the lesson is in advance of the little student's thought, the thought is not seldom in advance of the lesson—as in the case of those startling questions and marvelous fancies with which the pets of the nursery sometimes confound the wiseacres of the parlor and library. Probably these questions and fancies take the child quite as much by surprise as they do the parent, and they come not from any theory or purpose, but from some spontaneous impulse, which shows that, in childhood as in maturity, the mind within us, God's generous and mysterious gift, is greater and more fruitful than our own will or calculation. Whether we think of it or not, a large part of the archness of little

children which so delights us comes from this contrast between their mind and their acquirements. There is a charm in the lisp of their words, as in the stumbling of their steps, that presents to us in playful contrast their great aspirations and their small achievements. There is something in them very young, and something very old, and the jumble of bright intuitions and funny mistakes in their expressions reminds us of the odd figure which some urchin of the nursery cuts when he buries his head under his father's ponderous hat, or nestles in his grandfather's roomy arm-chair, with spectacles gravely mounted upon the miniature nose. The old element in children comes from the rational principle, which is not the creature of the schools but the gift of God; and it is the flashes from this true light that so often startle us with signs of intelligence in children quite as incongruous with their years as father's hat or grandfather's arm-chair.

It is important that this distinction should be carefully noted both in school education and at home; for ill fares the training that counts the mind as naught but a passive tablet, and the lesson as the only vital power. Even the faculty that holds the humblest place in the scale, and is usually thought to be the mere drudge or baggage-master of the intellect—the memory—is not a passive tablet, but a vital force, and holds no truth firmly without taking it as a truth to be assimilated with some measure of vital sense, instead of a dead tradition to be buried. A little child's memory is surely a living force, and any thoughtful observer who watches its spontaneous play, as it produces and reproduces its vivid impressions of scenes and characters in such marvelous round, will not wonder that the ancients called Mnemosyne the Mother of the Muses, since the fancies of the nursery, as well as the inventions of the drama and the epic, come from the mysterious power that receives all impressions of nature and life, and recombines or remembers them in such vivid and novel combinations. We who have children of our own know well that the degrading theory of the materialist as to the native powers of our children is far less reasonable than the poet's beautiful picture of the exuberances of these powers in their spontaneous play, and that the faculty of memory thus presented by Wordsworth deserves more respect, and claims more inspiration, than dull pedants believe:

"Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See where, 'mid work of his own hand, he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral!

"And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the persons down to palsied age
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

Happy will it be for us when such true and cheerful philosophy is carried out in our schools and households; and, while all wholesome instruction is given and firm discipline is applied, all care shall be used to quicken the intellectual faculties without cramming them with crude verbiage, and to bring out the active will without breaking its buoyant spring under arbitrary appliances. There is something in the free and healthful development of a child's mind that acts upon his whole future, and justifies us in applying to it one of the sacred words of religion, or in calling the child mentally regenerate who is thus newly and well born into the atmosphere of truth and resolution. Too many of us bear the marks of the cramping process from our childhood, as of an imperfect birth; and it is not only in crooked spines and round shoulders that we have reason to remember the twists and stoop that set their mark upon us in our tender years.

What we have said of physical and intellectual training applies with equal force to the heart, or to the whole range of our affections and desires. It is by the heart that little children mainly rule us, and by this that we should rule them. In fact it is impossible to separate their affections from their senses and thoughts, or to run through their mental processes any thing like the sharp line of demarcation which metaphysicians run between ideas and emotions. Even the bodily senses of a bright child are full of affection, and a red apple or a downy peach is grasped and devoured, not in gluttonous sensualism, but in rapturous enthusiasm, as if the palate were connected with the highest sensibilities, and a sweet taste, like a delicious fragrance, could waft the fancy into the land of the blessed. We profess to know children pretty well, and we have seen too much of the old Adam in their moods and freaks to allow us to call them angels; yet we do sacredly recognize in them a wealth of ready affection which it is treason against God and humanity to deny or to neglect. Their very weakness is ready to open into a precious grace if we will only guide it wisely, and the child's natural dependence soon rises into a filial faith. This trusting temper in them is a great comfort to us, by rewarding our protection, and when wisely guided it is a great blessing to them, by leading them to the true rock of reliance. There is something in the perfect trust in which a little child comes to our arms that opens all the springs of loving-kindness; and if the lion passions within us are ever near the golden age when they are to lie down with lamb-like gentleness, it is when a little child leads them. This ready confidence goes naturally with a spontaneous good-will, and nothing pleases the little one more than to be employed in some affectionate service, so that often the best cure for a freak of petulance is a

call to some small mission of love. A bright boy of one of our friends took on bitterly and would not be comforted when he heard that his father was going to Europe, but immediately dried his tears when told by his father that he was expected to look after the family, and especially to take care of mother's comfort. Although just out of his petticoats he was delighted with the idea of doing something, and so proved the wisdom of that philosophy which prescribes active kindness to others as the medicine for our own complaints. The young heart that so easily trusts and loves has quite as ready a spring of joy, and it is marvelous upon how small a capital unspoiled children can be happy. Too soon we allow them to unlearn this blessed alchemy, and, instead of turning all things into gold by the sunshine of their native glee, they are perversely led to wish to turn gold into all things by the dazzling glare and feverish heat of false fashions. Any one may see the two methods at a glance who will take an exact account of what a healthy child in the country needs to set him up in the full play of his joy, and compare it with the huge and never-ending inventory of novelties and dainties which are essential, we will not say to the happiness, but to the decent quiet of one of the pet specimens of our too artificial city manners. A half dollar will buy the marbles, top, and hoop that will insure the delight that is rarely won by the uncounted gold that is lavished on costly toys and trash confectionery. It is well to keep this native fountain of joy open and flowing, for whether wealth or limitation be the lot of our children, they can have from us no better heritage than the habit of enjoying simple pleasures, and thriving on "human nature's daily food"—the common gifts of good Providence. A child in the family with this spirit is a well-spring of comfort that refreshes the whole house with living water; and the care-worn father, as he comes home from his business and takes such a little piece of blessedness to his heart, needs no metaphysics of optimism to make him believe that God is good, nor any brandy or billiard table to give his spirits a reaction from the yoke of labor.

How to secure a child's heart in its proper trust, affection, and joy, is, of course, a great question, and we do not aim to have any new theory of moral and religious training. Of one thing, however, we are quite sure—the superiority of practical example over all speculative teaching. A child may have morality and religion, yet can not easily be a theoretical moralist or theologian, and must learn of God and humanity in the school of actual life and genuine experience. The true way to teach little children moral and spiritual realities is by presenting these as realities, and allowing the facts to precede and suggest the interpretation, just as, in the study of nature, the things go before the definitions, and the flowers and the stars are seen with the eye before botany and astronomy are read with the understanding. On this principle a true and genial home-life is better discipline for the child than any lectures on domestic economy, and a broad and earnest church-life is far better than bodies of divinity or libraries of ecclesiastical history. In this conviction thoughtful and practical persons of all religious creeds seem to be agreeing; and there is something quite emphatic and encouraging in the universality and warmth of the desire to open the fold of the Good Shepherd to the young lambs, and nurture children in the faith that the Christian Church is their true home, and they go from their own Providential mother in renouncing or slighting her watch and care. Nothing is more marked in the religious history of our own country than the disposition to secure to childhood its spiritual birthright, and to confirm a holy faith by the charms of early association, as well as by the light of timely instruction. If the strength of our national attachment to Christianity were to be put to the test, it would be found to have quite as strong a hold upon us by its little tendrils as its stout branches, and that many a strong will is fastened to the Rock of Ages by the loving faith of little children, those tendrils of the human vine.

We could write on to any length upon a topic so winning; but we must not indulge our own humor at the expense of the reader's patience, nor forget that little children are not in every home, and that time, that pushes them on toward maturity, as well as death, which so often cuts them down in their blossom, is calling them away. Yet they never do go away; and childhood, whether it ripens into manhood or is stricken by death, lives transfigured, not blighted, in every loving heart. This view of the subject should not be slighted; and it is important to have an eye upon the future influence of this spring time, when it becomes a cherished remembrance or may become a disheartening regret. We do not believe indeed in keeping such anxious watch for the future as to forget the present, nor in thinking so much of our way of living as to lose the zest of life itself. We can be happy, however, in our own or our children's early years without any premature care or precocious ingenuity. The method that best serves the present need best secures the future heritage, and the young life that opens most genially and healthfully under vernal skies and breezes has best hope of summer blooms and autumn fruits. It will be found that the most pleasing amusements, like spring buds, have a prospective utility, and the memory of a truly happy childhood is a treasure of manly strength and joy. It would be well if parents and kindred would bear in mind this charm of early association in their holiday gifts and festivities, and thus lay up for the little ones a store of enduring memorials and satisfactions, instead of wasting so much time and money upon flashy trifles that last but for a day or a month, and have no prospective worth or meaning. We need all such ministries to keep our own hearts fresh and young by the remembrance of our early days; that time, instead of being the sepulchre, may be the garden of our youth, where the seeds

of our young joys may spring up and bear blossom and fruit an hundred fold; making us thus younger in feeling as we are older in years, and bidding us, in the words of the blessed Master, "enter the kingdom of heaven like a little child."

It is not wise to forget, moreover, that, if children are taken away, there is comfort in other and nearer memorials than the marble and the grassy mound of the cemetery; and our home associations should be sacred with their memory, not only by our frequent regrets and constant love, but by all the hallowed festivals and keepsakes that keep the absent one from being lost to us, and so secure to the family all its treasures. We need not draw upon any art of rhetoric to tell the grief of a true parent over the coffin of a little child, for it seems like the drying up of the very fountain of life in which age renews its youth, and the charm and freshness of childhood return to us in our hardness and care. Yesterday a smile from that little face took fifty years from our shoulders, and we were merry as the little smiler, and ready to live over with glee the most youthful antics as if they were the play of our own spirits. Now that face is changed, and the burden of years falls back upon us with added weight. Who will wonder at parents' grief when it is remembered how wonderfully the little sleeper blended the powers of memory and hope, and at once revived the old days and cheered on the new. The torch thus extinguished leaves to darkness the field of remembrance and expectation, and no wonder that anguish at the bereavement sometimes verges upon despair. But good Providence brings the balm out of the ground watered with tears; and of all human sorrows none are so blessed and uplifting as that which draws parents upward toward the little ones whose angels do behold the face of our Father in heaven. Do the best that we can for them while they are with us, and whether they go or stay their blessing is still ours, and their trust, and affection, and joy are treasures evermore.

Play on, then, little friends, and be loving and true while you play. We work the more bravely at sight of your joy, and your work will be better if your play opens your hearts, and braces your limbs, and quickens your spirit for the trials and the joys to come. We were little boys ourselves once, and with all our grave lessons we mean to be old boys still.

LOST AND FOUND.

"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Lost, on the evening of January 5, in Broadway or Fifth Avenue, a large cape of Russia sable. The above reward will be paid to any one who will return it to the office of the *Journal of Commerce*."

This, to Miss Julia Lane, was the most interesting paragraph in the newspaper. She read it over and over again. Was she obliged to believe that it referred to the beautiful cape which her father had found in Clinton Place? Very likely the advertisement meant another. People were losing things continually. Then how strange to have it returned to the office of the *Journal of Commerce!* It looked very much as if some one was making capital of lost capes, presuming on the probability of at least one cape being lost in the length of Broadway and Fifth Avenue from the numerous parties in the open sleighs. The omission of the connecting "Clinton Place" confirmed this supposition. No; she was not at all sure that this was the one. She doubted more the more she thought about it.

Julia had been positively unhappy for weeks from the want of a fur cape. So many of the other girls, in fact almost every body, had them. She wondered how they could afford it; but they had them, and she hardly felt respectable without one. Her father had told her that he could not for a moment think of making such a purchase. He had not recovered from his heavy losses of last winter, and his profession gave him a bare support. Devoted to his professional pursuits, and enjoying, too, with keen relish, the society of the cultivated and literary circle in which he moved, he could not sympathize with his daughter's craving for fur capes. So the subject had been dismissed from their conversation, though not from the mind of the young lady. She, too, had higher tastes, but for the time they were obscured. She really felt ashamed to go out wearing her old, narrow, faded mink victorine. Why could not she dress as well as other people?

And now the way seemed to be opened. A fur cape, handsomer than her utmost ambition had aspired to, was brought to her door. It was asking too much for her to relinquish it to such an indefinite demand as that advertisement. Besides, reasoned our consistent young lady, people who wear such capes can or ought to afford to lose them. The loss to the owner was probably but a slight inconvenience, while the finding was to her the gratification of her strongest and otherwise unattainable desire.

Still lower down in the strata of her thoughts was this: Anna Willard has just returned from Europe a rich heiress. George Willard has been quite attentive to Julia this winter, and specially requested that she would call upon his sister, who was on a visit to her uncle. She did not like to go and call upon those stylish people in that old victorine. The cape was exactly the thing to make her feel comfortable and as good as any body. If she could only think it right to keep it!

She pondered the matter all day. She had no mother, poor girl, or perhaps a fur cape would not have seemed of so much importance. Several of her young friends came in during the day, almost all of them the happy possessors of capes, sable, mink, or squirrel; but not one of them, thought Julia, with self-congratulation, not one of them so handsome as—*mine*.

"We have been down to Gunther's," said Miss Bidwell. "His furs are so cheap that mamma said she could not resist the temptation, and bought one for Kitty. You have not got yours yet, have you, Julia?"

Julia had comforted herself by imagining that, in some possible contingency, she might have a cape in the course of the winter; and it had seemed one step toward realizing her hopes to confide them to her friend, Miss Bidwell. How delighted she felt to be able to reply,

"I think that I shall have one soon. I was talking with father about it this morning."

"To think of that school-girl, Kitty Bidwell, having a mink cape! That makes four fur capes in that family. I am sure that father could afford it as well as Mr. Bidwell. I wish that father felt a little more pride about my looks. If I had a mother to care for me!" And Julia burst into a passion of tears, which she imagined were tears of filial devotion and regret. Before she came out of it she felt almost as if Providence had taken her case in hand, and had gratified in a mysterious way the wish denied by her unsympathizing father.

"Any advertisement of that cape?" asked her father at the dinner-table.

"None that answers to this one. I sent for the other papers. The same advertisement is in them all, but it does not mention Clinton Place."

"Where are the papers? Let me see it."

They were up stairs, in Julia's room. She had almost persuaded herself, but she was somewhat fearful that her father would not be so easily satisfied. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and did not for a moment imagine that his daughter would not be as desirous as himself to restore the property to its owner. He did not know the power of a passion for fur capes.

"I think I will advertise it," he said.

"I should think that the owner would do that," replied Julia.

It was advertised (though, through a mistake, not till two days afterward), and not called for, except by a showily-dressed woman, who could not describe it aright, probably another victim to the fur cape mania.

They were going to a lecture a few evenings afterward.

"Suppose I wear that cape, father," said Julia.

"Put it on, dear, and let me see it."

Julia ran up stairs, and soon came down with the rich fur over her shoulders.

"Is it a handsome one?" asked the unsophisticated scholar.

"Oh, very."

"Is it not *too* handsome for you to wear? You know, Julia, that I am not rich. You do not know that I am in debt, and it therefore would not be proper for you to wear an expensive article."

"People will think that it is a present."

"Even that I should not like. We should dress according to our circumstances."

"A great many people, no richer than we are, wear fur capes."

"I know that there are many foolish people who are conscious of having no higher claim to respectability. I should be sorry to have my daughter fall back upon that ground. I am very sure, Julia, that no one whose good opinion is of any value would think better of you for dressing expensively. This striving to imitate others is not consistent with true dignity and self-respect."

"But what are we to do with it, if I do not wear it? It will save buying a cloak for several winters. See, father, does it not look well? It fits me exactly. Some good fairy sent it to me, I have no doubt."

"Yes, it is very pretty, but I am very sorry that we have not found the owner. You are sure that it is a suitable one for you to wear?"

Suitable! It suited her wishes exactly—her *highest* wishes. It was handsomer than any of the other girls'. Now she would not be ashamed to call on Anna Willard. But she did not say this.

"Oh yes, father, it is exactly what I want," she said.

If you could have seen her the next day! But you have seen hundreds with just that self-satisfied air, begging admiration of all the passers-by. "Look at me! I am dressed as well as any body!"

She could hardly walk far enough, so desirous was she to gratify every body with the sight of so much elegance. She scrutinized all the furs in the street with intense interest. She had the satisfaction of hearing one lady say to another, "*That's* a handsome cape!" She met Sophia Burley, and her cape, which last week was an object of envy, now looked so shabby! She saw two or three handsomer than her own, and began to murmur at Fortune for not sending her the best while she was about it.

She met Catherine Perry, who exclaimed, "What a splendid cape! That, to be sure, is worth waiting for. But where are your cuffs and muff? Nobody wears a cape alone."

Julia had thought of that, for her hands and arms felt the loss of their usual protectors, which were not esteemed worthy companions of the new magnificence.

On her way home she went into a shop, and it seemed to her that she was treated with more attention than usual. After making most of her purchases she passed to another part of the establishment and sat down, waiting, with an air of patient condescension, while a young woman behind the counter received and returned the cordial greeting of a plainly dressed lady in deep mourning. This haughty air was not natural to Julia. At another time it would have given her real pleasure to witness such a meeting. But to-day she was the slave of the cape, and here were two persons who did not acknowledge its pre-eminent claims. She rose disdainfully to leave the shop.

"Pardon me," said the shop-woman, "I will attend to you at once."

"No matter," said Julia, coldly. "I am in haste, and will not interrupt you."

This was said with an air of superiority which she thought eminently suited the wearer of a sable cape.

She returned home feeling a good deal exalted in the scale of being.

The next day she put on her handsomest dress and the beloved cape which kept both body and spirit so comfortable, and paid her visit to Miss Willard. She was shown into a parlor, whose costly elegance she painfully contrasted with her own simple and more tasteful home. "It is well that I have this cape!" she thought. "How I should have felt to come here in my old victorine!"

Presently a lady in black entered and approached her. To her great surprise she recognized in Miss Willard the lady whom she had met in the shop on the previous day. Miss Willard also remembered Julia.

"I owe you an apology," she said, "for so interfering with your shopping yesterday."

Julia begged her not to mention it.

"I had heard that my old friend, Miss Sawtelle, was there, and went to see her. We were both affected at seeing each other. It was hardly the place for our first meeting after this long separation, which had brought such changes to us both. It was not strange that she forgot her duties."

Julia replied that if she could have imagined any thing of the kind she would not have interrupted them for a moment.

"I know it. I am sure you would not willingly have given pain. She is a noble girl, and I admire her independence in taking a situation where she is constantly exposed to insult from the heartless among her old acquaintances. Her uncle wished to adopt her after her father's reverses; but she said it was better for herself to be independent, and she wished, if possible, to encourage others by her example. I always thought her one of the most cultivated and lovely girls that I know, but I did not give her credit for so much dignity of character."

"It is a great and rare pleasure," continued Miss Willard, "to find a person acting out her own convictions, and living according to her ideal. There is so little individuality among us Americans! We dress, and furnish our houses, and live, in a certain way, because our neighbors do, without consulting our own circumstances or even our own tastes. The English, with whom I have lived the last year, err perhaps on the other extreme; but, in so doing, they show at least a self-respect which Americans in general can not boast of."

"Yet," said Julia, "one does not like to be entirely different from other people. We all judge of others by those outward things."

"I confess," replied Miss Willard, "that my pride would take that direction. When I see all these vulgar people striving to be fashionable—looking as if they carried all their possessions on their backs—having no higher aim than to have their silks, and furs, and laces as expensive as their neighbors—I feel like dressing in serge and hair-cloth. My soul is sick of this mean ambition, this paltry vanity, this self-indulgence and self-assertion! How little they know of the true value of money—of the true meaning of life!"

Julia made a feeble assent, rather bewildered by this new view of things. She was entering into a sphere in which fur capes were not in the ascendant.

"I am afraid that you will think me very severe," continued Miss Willard, with a sweet smile; "but I feel very deeply on this subject. On coming home, and looking at things in the light of a great sorrow, I long to be a preacher of faith."

"Of faith!" echoed Julia.

"Yes; of faith in something nobler and more satisfying than self and this outward world; of faith in a Heavenly Father, who gives to each his peculiar lot and his peculiar duties! Why not take cheerfully what He gives us, without grasping for what He gives to others? Why not be satisfied with His choices for them and for ourselves? We are spoiling the beauty and variety of His plan by this rubbing down of our individual life, and shaping ourselves by others."

And this was the visit for which a sable cape was so necessary!

We will not say that Julia's feelings were not to be envied; for the first awaking of the soul to its own degradation, its own wants, to the consciousness of being so far off from what is most desirable—surely this is infinitely better than self-complacent blindness!

Here was a lady, young, and gifted with all the means of self-enjoyment and self-aggrandizement, one who could turn upon herself the admiring and envying eyes of all the throng of fashion, yet spurning fashion and luxury beneath her feet! Sorrow had added new weight to the injunctions of her dying father, that she should spend the wealth he left her not for herself but for others. Her pure and simple tastes were gratified at little expense. She shrank from every thing which attracted attention to herself. Her free and loving spirit gave itself forth to cheer, to comfort, and to help others. And when she met this young girl, in whom she knew that her brother felt a deep interest, and saw with pain that the spoiler had entered her soul and was eating up its treasures, her heart warmed with pity and sorrow. Her brother had spoken of Julia as modest and unpretending; unlike most New York girls in her simple naturalness. Little did Julia know the mischief that the cape, and the *desire* for the cape, had done. Little did she think that the first time she wore it, when she entered the lecture-room, Mr. Willard's companion whispered to him, as she passed, "If I had seen that cape yesterday, perhaps I should not have been so lenient to Mr. Lane when he came to beg a further extension of our firm. I am really sorry; I thought he had more principle, and that she had more sense."

After this George Willard avoided Julia; and for this even the fur cape was not sufficient consolation.

But the good work was begun. The cape had failed of its great object—the gaining the good

opinion of Miss Willard. Disappointed vanity had taught a hard but useful lesson. In the mortification, the self-dissatisfaction, the almost hopeless longing, Julia was entering the narrow gate of a nobler life. Miss Willard was quick to see it; and not by reproaches or contempt, but by opening new sources of enjoyment, new spheres of action—by leading her to feel what is true and noble in books and in life—she led her young friend, step by step, out of the bondage into the freedom of a life forgetting self, and aspiring to what is highest.

"But you are out to-day without your fur cape! Are you not imprudent, dear Julia?"

This question was asked by Miss Willard, one morning, when Julia called for her to visit a poor family, wearing the old mink victorine.

"Can you wait a few minutes, Anna?"

"Certainly. For what?"

"While I tell you about that cape." Julia gave its history, extenuating naught. "Now, Anna, do you wonder that I do not wish to wear it again?"

Miss Willard listened with the deepest interest. "I am glad to hear this, Julia—more glad than you can imagine," she said. "I thought the cape was not suitable for you."

"And to think that my strongest reason for desiring it was that I might gain your favor! What a rebuke your simple dress was to me!"

"I like to see people well-dressed," replied Miss Willard, smiling; "but I have resolved for myself that there shall be nothing in my appearance to remind any one of the poor stuff which sometimes separates friends. Oh! Julia, was not the way in which I acquired it enough to teach me how little it is worth? In inheriting it I inherited orphanage and sorrow! Death gave it to me—a death which showed me, more than any thing else has ever done, how worthless are the vanities of this life—how great and real are the things which lie beyond it!"

"I am ashamed to tell you of one feeling I had, but I will. I thought, '*She can afford* not to dress well.'"

"And so I can," said Miss Willard, smiling; "and so can any body who has any thing in herself which makes her indifferent to the opinions of others. For my part, I consider great thoughts and great objects, a great joy, a great hope, a great sorrow quite as ennobling as a great fortune."

"But, my dear Julia," she continued, "there is no harm in your wearing the cape since you have done worshiping it. Indeed, it is imprudent to leave it off; and it had best do good to somebody."

"No, I shall never wear it again. It has given me only pain and mortification since the first day I saw you. Discontent and pride and envy are written all over it. The poor have seemed to reproach me for wearing it, and the rich to ridicule me, and my own heart has condemned me. If I could only find the owner how thankfully I would restore it!"

Anna kissed her tenderly, and said, after a pause, "I have something to tell *you*, Julia. That was *my* cape."

"Yours!"

"Yes. I recognized it at once, when you came to see me, by its peculiar shape and fastenings."

"Oh! Anna, what an angel you have been!" And Julia hid her weeping face on her friend's shoulder. "But I am so glad to find the owner! And it will be well for me to see you wear it, to be reminded of my—"

"No, Julia, I shall never wear it again. I never liked to wear it. It was the gift of my uncle, and I wore it only for that reason."

"How could you let me come into your presence? How you must have despised me!"

"You might despise me, Julia, if you knew my heart. What can any of us do in this life but repent, and strive, and look upward to One who knows all, and yet does not cast us off?"

"I do repent—I do strive—I do look upward as my only hope," said Julia, solemnly.

"Do you not think," said Anna, "that we hate the sins of which we repent more than those which are comparative strangers to us? That low back-door of penitence leads us into the safest places."

"But to return to our cape," she continued. "I gave it to you long ago. You can wear it or not, as you please. Do what you like with it. It has caused you a great deal of pain; perhaps in some way it may give you pleasure. Its loss has been a great gain to me. I have received far more than its value in exchange. Now I shall not relax; I am firm."

"If you will insist upon making me a thief, I shall exchange the stolen property into something less liable to be detected."

"Very well; just as you please."

"And I shall wear this horrid old, shabby victorine for the rest of the winter, causing thereby great scandal."

"And your father?" asked Anna. "Will he consent? Does he know about it?"

"I told him all last night."

"What did he say?"

"Every thing that was kind. It seems as if you both loved me better than ever."

"I am sure we do," said Anna, kissing her.

The next morning Julia came down stairs with the cape done up in paper, and handed it to her father. Not if she had stood before him in queenly attire would he have felt such pride in her as now, on seeing this triumph over self and vanity.

"Now I feel like myself, dear father; like your own Julia."

He kissed her tenderly. "You have fully decided to give it up?"

"I desire never to see it again. I shall breathe more freely without it. It has been only a burden. Now, father, will you do the best you can with it, and let me have a little satisfaction out of it at last?"

We must not tell her secrets, but we have no doubt that others, too, received some comfort

from it, who did not know how much more blessed was the giver.

"Do you believe that Julia Lane is wearing that old victorine again! What do you suppose it means? I can not understand it," said Miss Bidwell.

"Nor I, either," said Miss Perry.

Probably not.

Perhaps George Willard understood it, for he spent that whole evening with her, and left her with a decided feeling that she, too, "could afford not to dress well."

THE SONG OF THE TRINITY BELLS.

I AM the D of Trinity chime,
Tol lol, tol de rol, lol;
Swinging, and singing forever in rhyme,
Tol de rol, tol de rol, tol de rol, lol;
Swinging and ringing in steeple high,
A hundred feet toward the sky;
I and my brothers, nine are we,
What is worth seeing be sure we see;
A hundred feet
Above the street
Swing we merrily, watching the crowd,
Watching—and telling our thoughts aloud.
Speak, brother E,
Nearest to me,
Tell us whate'er you hear or you see.

E

A hundred years I have watched the street,
The crowd that saunters idly by,
The marts where men of money meet,
The spots where golden treasures lie;
They stand beneath our steeple's shade
With grasping hands of every grade,
And as our chimes swell on the wind,
Their stolid hearts must grow more kind;
For bells, while ringing on the air,
Bring with themselves a thought of prayer;
What have you rung in music sweet
Along that stately throbbing street?

The bells for a newly-wedded pair,
As they swept the aisles in their flush of pride;
The diamonds glistened in the hair
Of the wondrous wealthy bride.

The bells for the early summoned dead,
As they carry her up to the altar side;
No diamonds glisten on the head,
No smiles to hail the coming bride.

The bells for the old year going out,
For the new year coming grandly in;
The bells for the bannered hosts that flout
The air with shout and martial din.

The bells for the tidings of great woes,
And the bells for the joyful strains of mirth,
For the tribute that a people owes
To great and glorious names of earth.

Where falls the sun in mid-day glare,
Beside this tower of stone,
The hearts of patriots moulder there
In silence, all alone.

The dust of good and gracious men
Was placed beside the portals when
The god of gain, with clutching hand,
Ran not so madly through the land.
Look, brothers, where yon knavish crew
Would cut their cursed pathway through,
Would toss the bones from yonder mould,
Of beauty young, and patriot old,
To gain a trifle more of GOLD.

Chime.

Sing merrily, swing merrily,
Here in the steeple high;
Whatever passes along the street
We will ring it out in the sky.

Listen, brothers, one and all,
To the song of the middle F bell;
Sing ye cheerily all your chimes
For the tale he has to tell.

Sing merrily, swing merrily,
Here in the steeple high;
Whatever passes along the street,
We will ring it out in the sky.

F

A blind man sits on the railing stone
From the morn to the setting sun,
I hear his pipes, with their hollow drone,
All day, as the blind man sits alone,
With a task that is never done.

I see a few of a thoughtful mien
Stand silently by, with a vacant stare;
A few, that are neither clad nor clean,
Stand still to gaze on the solemn scene,
By this stately house of prayer.

I see the thousands every day
Pass by in their pompous wealth;
But I saw a beggar, lame and gray,
Stop twice by his side, on his daily way,
To drop him a coin by stealth.

Shut out from the light of the morning sun,
Shut out from the glare of the day,
Unloving himself, and loved by none,
The blind man stays till his work is done
And the Lord shall call him away.

Chime.

Ring a peal of a glorious chime,
Ring while the crowd goes by;
Listen to sin, to shame, and crime,
And ring it out in the sky.

Ring! ring! ring! ring!
A peal of a wondrous change;
Sing! sing! brother G,
Whatever is new or strange.

G

It was more than a score of years ago
That a beautiful dark-haired bride
Came timidly home with a working man
To labor through life by his side.
At the window of yonder garret floor
I have watched her many a day,
Busily plying her needle and thread,
Stitching, and singing away.

Stitching and singing till nightfall came,
In all the wealth of her charms,

Hoarding her love for that working man,
And pouring it out in his arms.
Many and many a summer night,
Too late for the patter of feet,
I have heard the musical sound of their laugh
Ring happily over the street.

And so he lived, this sun-browned man,
Working away through life,
And never a sound there came to me
Of a single word of strife.
And so they lived for many a year,
And so they live till now;
And just as loud their laughter rings,
And just as smooth her brow.

She never has worn a silken gown,
This lady fair of mine;
But the dress she wears, of a snowy white,
Is rich with a silken shine.
She never has worn a jeweled ring,
But the simple golden band
Remains as bright as the day it clasped
Her trusting, girlish hand.

Chime.

Swing merrily, swing merrily,
Here in the steeple high;
The love and the truth in a woman's heart,
We will ring it out in the sky.

A

Well!
I am A, the elder bell,
Hear the story I shall tell.
Wall Street lies before my sight,
Wrapped in night—
Scheming brains no longer there.
Where?
In palaces gay with damask and gold,
In hovels and holes, both dirty and old;
Sipping the flavor of dainty wine,
Sleeping on linen, rich and fine;
Gnawing the crust of mouldy bread,
Sleeping on straw, for the want of a bed.
There,
Every day, in his carriage and pair,
Spotlessly gloved, with jeweled hand,
Comes a banker of talent rare,
One of the paragons of the land.
This banker of fame
Has a wonderful name.
Widow and child with confidence trust
This banker, who floats in a sea of gold,
Who spurns the metal as though it were dust,
And gains by his ventures a hundred-fold.
Why?
The fame of his gold is a terrible lie;
The hour will come, like the crash of a storm,
When the frantic crowd will cry
Like wolves for his heart-blood, rich and warm,
To have and to hold,
Instead of his gold.
Guilty, and followed by curses and jeers,
The wonderful banker retires,
With the gold he has coined from death and from tears,
And the world in secret admires.

Chime.

Ring! ring! swing! swing!
If we had but the banker swinging on high,
How welcome he should be;
Let it be tolled along the sky
We would keep his company.

B

Dead! beneath the morning sun,
With the work of life undone;
Dead! in woeful, desperate want,
Swollen lips, and features gaunt,
Clothed in filth, a woman lies,
Staring upward to the skies
From her open, filmy eyes;
Young she is, and fair has been,
As yon gazing crowd has seen,
When, in days now passed away,
She has flashed upon Broadway.

Chime.

Ring solemnly over the dead!
Why is this woman here
With never a hand to hold her head,
And never an eye a tear?

B

Not an eye shall shed a tear,
She is dead this many a year;
In her stay of guilty shame
She has even lost her name.
That infernal demon, DRINK,
Rots out every human link;
She has ceased for years to think;
All as pure as flying snow
Till she knew its fiend-like glow.
Stood her mother at this place
She would cease to know her face.

Chime.

Ring a dirge for a human soul,
A curse for the human lie
That holds the brain in its damned control
Till its victims wither and die.

C

'Tis the holy Sabbath-day,
Bells are chiming on the air,
Christian folks are on their way
To the many spots of prayer.
Christian people, rich in grace,
When you bend the willing knee,
Think you of some pleading face,
Looking, "Will you pray for me?"

Think of sin, of shame, and death,
Think of sorrow, ever nigh;
You but waste your Christian breath
When you pass them lightly by.
God, who hears the lowest moan
Which the outcast sighs or swears,
Dying, in the street alone,
Also hears your studied prayers.

Which His mercy pardons first
You or I will ever know;
Which shall be the most accursed,
Studied prayer or desperate woe.
Christian people, save a soul—
This shall be a double prayer—
When the Judgment books unroll
You will find it entered there.

Chime.

Sing merrily, swing merrily,
Here in the steeple high;
Find the love of a Christian heart,
And ring it out in the sky.

SALLY LEWIS AND HER LOVERS.

A GHOST STORY: FOUNDED ON FACT.*

VERY possibly the reader may suppose that he is to be carried back to the dark ages, or transported to some distant region, far as the Blocksberg, because he is about to meet a ghost. We hasten to undeceive him. He is merely requested to step into an old-fashioned coach—as coaches ran some thirty years since, and travel along the well-beaten post-road which, within the memory of living men, formed the great highway between the famous cities of Boston and New York. Having honestly paid his fare, changed horses at Harlem, and lunched at West Farms, he is supposed to arrive, some time before sunset, at the village of R——, a brisk little place on the Sound, duly provided with steamboat wharf, stores, taverns, and sloops. We might easily name the very locality, the precise spot on which occurred the startling circumstance which we are about to relate; but personal considerations, regard for Sally and her lovers, point out a different course, and a general idea of the ground must suffice. Measuring distances by steam, and not by old-fashioned mile-stones, Sally Lewis lived very near New York; a two hours' run in the little steamboat would carry her to town any day. True, the church spires were not in sight from her grandfather's door, but many a summer evening, while sitting in the little porch, Sally had watched the fire-rockets in their meteor-like ascent from the public gardens of the city, and many a winter's night she had stood at her window, shivering with cold and pity, as she watched the angry glare of the flames raging within the bosom of the town. True, the hum of mart and street did not reach the Lewis farm; but the worthy Deacon's radishes and onions found their way, twice a week, to Fulton Market, and the cockney loungers of Broadway came every summer, with the grasshoppers and katydids, to air themselves in the rural walks of R——. In short, the Lewis family were no rude, ignorant backwoodsmen; their position was a favorable one, surrounded by the full glare of enlightenment streaming from the windows of lantern-like academies and school-houses; they knew B from Bull's foot, they had seen the sights of Manhattan; they had beheld General Washington in uniform and wax at the Museum; and, quite as a matter of course, they read carefully one of the two newspapers published every Friday morning in the main street of R——.

The old couple, moreover, were very honest, worthy people, with consciences at least as quiet as those of their neighbors. They owned a few acres of land in the outskirts of the village, and here stood their dwelling, amidst red beans and yellow pumpkin blossoms. The house was small, wooden, and red; just like a thousand others about the country whose inmates have never seen a ghost. Nearly opposite was a pleasant country place belonging to a gentleman who passed his winters in New York, and on their right stood the district school-house, where the children of the community, and Sally among the rest, were supposed to have acquired a vast amount of learning, including all the arts and sciences. There was no church-yard or cemetery in sight, and the only wood at hand was a pretty grove on Mr. Van Wyck's lawn, while all about them lay cheerful gardens and open fields. The highway passed immediately before their door, and it was a road much traveled by coach, wagon, and cart. In short, to judge from appearances, one would never have believed the place likely to be favored by visits from a spectre. It must also be observed that, looking toward the village, one saw through an avenue of Lombardy poplars the wooden walls of the R—— Academy, the belfry of which, very striking in its architectural proportions, looked down upon the neighborhood in full scientific dignity; moreover a Lyceum, delivering learned lectures, met every Wednesday evening beneath the same roof. It would have been only natural to suppose that the bell of an Academy, swinging over a Lyceum, might have laid the ghost which appeared to Sally and her lovers; but such was not the case, and, as if still farther to refute common notions on such points, the moment chosen by the spectre for its first appearance was one little in accordance with the presumed partialities of a gloomy, restless, spirit; it was in the month of June, when all is life and loveliness, and beneath the soft light of a summer moon that the apparition was seen.

Sally Lewis herself, our little heroine, was a tailoress; not a very romantic occupation, you will say; but one that is very useful and respectable nevertheless. It has been observed, by-the-by, that this trade, with the feminine termination to its style and title, is a usurpation upon the sphere of the lords of the creation peculiar to American society. But we hear of men dressmakers at Naples—men-milliners at Paris, why not, therefore, of a tailoress on the shores of Long Island Sound? Let us be thankful that little Sally Lewis did not aim, like some of her ill-starred countrywomen, at being an oratoress, or a parsoness, or a coloneless, but contented herself, in a common sensible way, with needle and thimble. Sally was, moreover, a very clever, skillful little tailoress, managing goose and shears with great dexterity. She was very pretty too, and upon the whole, making certain allowances, rather a good girl—active, neat, good-tempered, and kind-hearted. Her grand-parents, at least, could see few faults in her. Their partiality had indeed spoiled Sally just a little, for to tell the whole truth she was somewhat giddy and vain—two foibles quite enough to bring about a world of mischief. Once in a while the old people seemed to see things in this light.

"But then the child is so young, Nathan! She'll grow more sober presently," said Grandmother Lewis, looking over her spectacles at Sally, who was loitering about the porch, broom in hand, with the amiable hope of distract-

* The principal fact in this narrative is literally true, and occurred within thirty miles of New York some five-and-twenty years since.

ing the attention of a certain young carpenter of her acquaintance, from the work he had just then in hand—repairing the paling of Mr. Van Wyck's grounds opposite the Deacon's cottage.

"I suppose she will, wife. I only wish the girl would take Ben Wright in the end, for he is one of the likeliest young men about here—as good a carpenter as there is fifty miles around," replied the Deacon.

"So he is, Nathan; and I shouldn't wonder if she did take him before a twelvemonth is over. She likes him, I reckon, about as well as any of the boys that come after her."

"Well, I can't say I like to see her treating Ben as she does sometimes. Why she almost teased the life out of him last week going to that 'ere frolic on the water with big Abe Johnson."

"So she did. But that's only her way. Girls is sometimes awful hard on the one they like best. Why I used to be awful hard on you, Nathan, just to see how you would take it," quietly observed grandmother Lewis, wiping her glasses, to take up a stitch in the stocking she was knitting for the Deacon.

A twinkle of sober fun just glimmered in Deacon Lewis's little gray eye as he rolled a bit of tobacco in his mouth, smoothed his thin white locks, and bethought him of sundry heartaches which his Hetty had given him half a century before.

"Why, there was Abe Johnson's grand'ther—wasn't I awful sweet to him sometimes, just for the sake of teasin' you, Nathan? And all the time I cared more for one kind look out of your eyes than I did for Abe Johnson—the grand'ther, I mean—and all his fields and cows and sheep in the bargain."

"You did—did you, Hetty?" said the Deacon, complacently. "Well, you said somethin' like that afore, old woman, fifty-six years last fall, I reckon it was. That's a good while ago; but it sounds kind o' good to hear you say the words now, Hetty."

"To be sure," said the old dame, nodding her head with the confidence of one who had played with the Deacon's heart-strings pretty well in her day.

"Well, I suppose the young folks know what they are about."

"They don't always know that, by a good sight, Nathan. But we musn't be over hard on 'em, for all that. We must give 'em time to come round."

But now Sally had just discovered that she was only wearing out the new broom for nothing, since the porch, with the little walk in front, were as clean as possible. Her sweeping, however, had not been entirely thrown away. Ben Wright had first looked up from his work, then said good-morning, and afterward wasted some five minutes of his time chatting with Sally, finally sawing off a piece of paling in the wrong place. All this was highly satisfactory. Sally had behaved badly during the last week, and she knew it perfectly well, having been guilty of sundry misdemeanors in the way of flirting, right and left, after giving Ben so much previous encouragement that he had fully made up his mind to offer himself at the first opportunity. Sally was, in fact, a little flirt in the grain; I am ashamed to confess it, not admiring flirts at all; but as she was, in most other respects, a pretty good little damsel, we must follow her grandmother's example and not be too severe on her.

The broom was hung up. Sally began to get things ready for dinner.

"It can't want much of noon," she said, tripping about very briskly.

"About five minutes," replied the grandmother, looking up at the wooden clock in the corner.

Sally glanced toward the door. "There's a heavy shower coming up," she observed.

"Yes, and rain is much wanted," replied the Deacon, as he went soberly into the garden to pick cucumbers for dinner.

Sally fidgeted about, now here, now there.

"Grandmother," she said, suddenly.

"Well, child?" answered the old dame.

"It's going to rain hard!"

"It's likely that it will," said grandmother, looking at the clouds.

Here Sally stepped into the buttery.

"The bell will ring soon for noon, I reckon," she added, coming into the kitchen again.

"To be sure it will."

"I was thinking—" Here Sally popped her little brown head into the open cupboard.

"Well, what was you thinking, child?" asked the old dame, with some curiosity.

"Suppose we was to ask Benjamin Wright to come in and eat his dinner here to-day, seeing he's working so nigh the house, and there's such a black gust coming up? If we don't, he'll have to walk the best part of a mile in the rain to his brother's. It's dropping now," said Sally, hurriedly, and turning a little red.

"Why, yes, child. It would be kind o' neighborly to ask him in."

"Only neighborly—just what I thought. And there's the currant-pie I made yesterday, in the cupboard."

"And you've got out a clean table-cloth, I see."

"Why, I thought I might just as well," said Sally, who generally managed the housekeeping her own way.

"Well, I'll tell your grandfather to ask Benjamin, when he brings in the cucumbers."

"Oh, I can ask him myself, grandmother!"

"Do as you like, child"—which Sally was very apt to do without any bidding whatever.

Things were soon ready. The cloth was spread on the cherry table; a broken dish was changed for a better one, to put the cold boiled pork on; a bit of cheese was cut; the cucumbers were sliced; the currant-pie was set on the table; and a bright knife and fork laid by the place destined for Ben.

The Deacon took last week's newspaper, and

sat down in his rocking-chair, waiting for Sally to put the stew on table.

"We're thinking of asking Benjamin Wright to step in and eat his dinner here to-day; it's going to rain hard, and he has a good way to go to his brother's," said Grandmother Lewis to the old man, with a look which added, "It's all Sally's doings, and you see how things are going."

It took the Deacon a full minute to understand the drift of the matter; but when he saw through it he left his chair well pleased, and was stepping into the porch to call out the invitation across the road. But this, it seems, did not suit Sally.

"I can ask him, grandfather," she said, tripping past the Deacon, a pink sun-bonnet on her head, a bright tin pail in her hand. "I must go over the way for fresh water."

So the Deacon went back to his rocking-chair, and Sally crossed the road to the pump. How the invitation was worded we can not say, but Grandmother Lewis, peeping through the scarlet-bean trained over the window near which she sat, reported to her goodman that "Ben looked mighty pleased, and that Sally seemed kind o' bashful for her."

The bell soon rang for noon, and with its first stroke Ben Wright stepped into Deacon Lewis's kitchen, looking hot and happy. He was hungry too. He did, perhaps, only too much justice to the savory stew, the cold pork, potatoes, currant-pie, cheese, and cucumbers; but as he had been hard at work since sunrise, his good appetite on such a sentimental occasion must be overlooked or forgiven. The old couple were well pleased. Sally looked pretty and tidy, and gave only one or two saucy little twists of the head, really in spite of herself as it seemed. She meant to behave remarkably well. Upon the whole, all parties appeared to feel that the stew might prove an important dish to those who shared it together; as for Ben, he came fully to the conclusion that, if he could help it, this should not be the last dinner that Sally was to cook for him. He was entirely mollified by the invitation, and determined to make, that very evening, an unconditional offer of himself, and every thing belonging to him, to his little hostess's acceptance. After half an hour's chat, when the shower had passed over, he went to his work again, and while his auger turned and turned in the piece of timber at his feet, Ben revolved in his mind all the beauties and good qualities of Sally Lewis. Drooping love and expiring hope had been surprisingly revived by the stew. That very morning, when Ben came to his work opposite the Deacon's door, he threw a look at the little sign over the window, "*S. Lewis, Tailoress*," and said to himself, "Sally Lewis is a pretty girl; but that's all that can be said for her. She's quite welcome to walk home from meeting every Sunday with Job Potter for all I care—that she is!" At noon Ben ate the stew. Sally became once more not only "the prettiest girl in R——, but as good as she was pretty." When he went home from his work in the evening his head was so full of her that he did not even see the stage-coach driving past, nor a face nodding to him from the window. Yet that arrival boded no good to Ben Wright, as we shall presently see.

After the young carpenter had eaten his supper he determined not to go back to his task that evening; he was working by the job, and could well afford to give up an hour or two to courting. He would ask Sally Lewis to take a walk, and—perhaps he might ask her something else too.

"What have you put on your Sunday coat for, Ben? is any thing going on to-night?" asked his brother, as the young man stepped up to the looking-glass in the kitchen, to give the last touch to hair and collar.

"Now you're after Sally Lewis again, in spite of all you said yesterday!" interposed his sharp-sighted sister-in-law—no friend of Sally's.

As Ben could not deny the accusation, and as he heartily repented having called Sally a wild thing the night before, he made no reply to either remark.

"I thought Sally and Abe Johnson were going to make a match," said the brother.

"Sally Lewis don't care a copper for *you*, Ben; take my word for it!" said the sister-in-law.

"I'm not so sure of that," thought Ben to himself, dwelling on the delicious stew, as he took his way toward the Deacon's, heart and head full of the little tailoress. It wanted still an hour of sunset, and the youth indulged in delightful anticipations as to the result of that hour. "What walk would Sally choose? What would she say? How would she look!"

Ben moved briskly, full of pleasant fancies, and soon reached the Deacon's door. He knocked; the old couple were in the kitchen, and welcomed him. He saw at a glance that the window of the little parlor adjoining was open, and Sally appeared at the door to invite him in. She was dressed in all her finery, and looked brighter and prettier than usual. Could she have foreseen that Ben was coming? His heart beat and his eye brightened at the thought! He followed her into the little parlor with high expectations of felicity; alas! as he crossed the door-sill he beheld—not a ghost, something infinitely worse—a rival; the most dangerous of two or three rivals!

"How's your health, Mr. Wright?" drawled out a curly-headed, pink-cheeked youth, one whom Ben knew only too well, a young dandy tailor, the son of a neighbor. It was the same face which had nodded to the young carpenter from the stage-coach. Orville Snip was a youth who a year earlier had been a plain, hard-working lad. Within the last six months he had, unhappily for himself, inherited a little money, which now seemed very likely to ruin him. His ambition had been fired by the thousand dollars left him by an uncle. He turned his back on his native village, went to New York, entered a grand tailoring establishment, launched out into

small follies innumerable, and had now returned to R—— with the laudable object of amazing his old neighbors in general, and of captivating the heart of Sally Lewis in particular. The previous winter he had kept up a great flirtation with her, and caused Ben, who had loved the child for a year or two, many an uneasy hour. We shall not attempt to describe the sudden and complete damp thrown over poor Ben's spirits by finding Orville Snip with Sally on this evening of all others. The walk must be given up; the words he came to say must remain untold; and he must try, moreover, to look with decent civility upon Orville's very handsome coat and very curly locks, diamond breast-pin, signet ring, and gold chain to boot.

"I thought you did not recognize me when I passed in the stage, Mr. Wright, though I knew you at once; you looked quite natural with your utensils on your arm."

"My tools you mean. I did not see you. But I'm not sure I should have known you if I had. You are somewhat changed."

"Do you think so?" drawled out the simpering youth. "Well, I suppose I am altered, for even Miss Lewis did not recognize me at first."

"Oh! you are wonderful changed," said Sally. "You are so dressy, and you have got so much hair about your face, I shouldn't have known you in an hour if you hadn't told your name."

"Ha, ha, ha! But many gentlemen in the city dress as much, I assure you, Miss Lewis; and as for mustaches, it is hardly possible to do the thing genteelly without them," replied Orville, with a sentimental smirk, for which Ben could have cheerfully knocked him down.

"I'd no notion they were so common," said Sally.

"Would you advise me to shave? Gentlemen from the city are often stared at in the country, I am told. Would you advise me to have the operation performed, Miss Lewis?"

"Oh no! I think mustaches are very becoming to you."

"Why the ladies seem to approve of them. Mr. Wright, you'll have to follow the fashion, too," continued Orville, with a simper.

"I don't pretend to follow the fashions on my face; and I should think you might find it rather a troublesome trade."

"Me? Not at all, I assure you. The cultivation of refinement comes natural to gentlemen from the city."

"Is it pleasant living in New York?" inquired Sally, with interest. "I was there for a short spell last year, but I never staid long at a time."

"It's the only place in the world fit to live in, Miss Lewis! When a gentleman has once got accustomed to fashionable life in the city, he feels quite out of his equipment any where else."

"It's a beautiful, grand place," said Sally. "So many elegant houses! And then the stores! And the ladies all so tasty!"

"You are quite right. *Apropos*, do you remember the store of *Fitter and Shaper*, Merchant Tailors, in the Bowery? It must have struck you, I think. I've just gone into their establishment. Fitter is a *protajay* of mine, and offered me a situation. It's the finest show window in our line from one end of the street to the other."

"It's lucky there are different trades to choose from!" exclaimed Ben. "Now I could never make up my mind to live within doors, among bales of cloth and such like. It would choke me!" he added, much as if that process were already going on.

"Ha, ha!" simpered Orville, running a finger through his curly locks. "You are not inclined to the tailoring business, Mr. Wright. To speak freely, I should judge so from appearances. But you are very impolite to Miss Lewis in saying so much against her profession."

Sure enough, here was poor Ben getting himself into trouble by abusing Sally's trade; while, on the other hand, he was drawing the chains of sympathy closer between his sweet-heart and his rival, who both dealt in broadcloth.

"I didn't mean that," blundered Ben.

"You didn't mean to be impolite to Miss Lewis because she's a tailoring lady, I dare say; but to my mind the ladies show their taste by taking up the business."

"You are quite free to say what you like about my trade, Mr. Wright," said Sally, with a terrible toss of her head. "Moreover, you're at liberty to think what you please about it, I'm sure."

Worse and worse. Poor Ben was in a fever. And thus matters continued throughout the evening. Orville was radiant with elegance. He could not say enough about the magnificence of New York, the charms of town life, and, above all, the splendors of the establishment of Fitter, Shaper, and Co. Sally listened with lively interest. Orville seemed rising in her estimation every moment. Such elegance, such knowledge of the world, such fashionable words and opinions, such whiskers, such mustaches, and such a diamond pin had never yet appeared under the Deacon's roof. Possibly Sally's tailoring capabilities also enabled her to appreciate more fully the fineness of Orville's broadcloth and the pattern of his waistcoat. Ben grew more and more silent, Orville more and more talkative. At length a bell was heard. It was that of the Academy; being a Wednesday evening, the Lyceum was about to meet.

"That bell sounds natural—it is the Academy, I presume," observed Orville.

"Yes, it is Lyceum night," replied Sally.

"Indeed! Did you propose attending the exercises, Miss Lewis?"

"Well, I hadn't calculated to go."

"Pray change your intention, and allow me to escort you."

"Well, I don't care if I do," replied Sally, rising with alacrity. "I don't think much of lectures; but it's pleasant to go any where of an evening."

No sooner said than done. In a trice Sally had put on her best shawl and hat, and certainly both were very becoming. Orville was at her side in a minute. Not a word did Ben say. Sally gave a half look toward him.

"You are going with us, I suppose, Mr. Wright?" she asked, in a cold tone.

"I'm much obliged; but I wasn't thinking of going to the lecture when I came out to-night." And Ben took leave very abruptly.

Whether Sally felt any qualms of conscience we can not say; but if she did they were not lasting. She soon took her seat in the lecture-room of the Academy by the side of the dandy Orville, now receiving his tender insinuations with a bright color, now looking busily among the audience, spying out acquaintances here and there, and hoping they were all wondering at the elegance of her companion. Sally was completely dazzled by Orville Snip. As for the lecture on "Athenian Eloquence," delivered by Alcibiades Bunker, Esq., she did not hear one word of it; but then, to do her justice, she did not pretend to care for it. With many other faults Sally had one great merit: she was entirely free from pretensions of all sorts, literary, scientific, or social.

Ben had walked rapidly away from the Deacon's door without exactly knowing what direction he had taken; but at the end of five minutes he found he was going home, and kept on his way there full of bursting thoughts, in which Sally and Orville had each a share. Not caring to show his face before his sister-in-law that evening, he slipped into the little room where he slept while she was out of the way, locked his door, and throwing himself on the bed lay there tossing about all night.

The next morning, sorely against his will, Ben was obliged to return to his job upon Mr. Van Wyck's fences, opposite the Deacon's door and Sally's sign. He walked resolutely along, and would not cast even one side glance toward the dwelling of the Lewises, but set about his work hammering and sawing with even more diligence than usual. Noon came; but no invitation with it, no stew to cheer his spirits to-day. Instead of any consolation he was obliged to hear from his sister-in-law that folks said Orville Snip, who was a sort of cousin of hers, "had come, and had been at the Lyceum the night before with Sally Lewis! It must be a mistake about Sally, for I know you were courting Sally at the Deacon's last night. It's some other girl, I suppose, that looks like her."

Ben made no answer. But when his brother and sister-in-law began talking over Orville Snip's good luck in general, his legacy in particular, and expressed the opinion that he had come back to R—— for a wife, they drove Ben from table, and out of the house ten minutes sooner than he needed to have gone.

On his way back to work again, not caring to run the risk of meeting Orville airing himself in the main street, Ben took a by-way through the fields. He had nearly reached Mr. Van Wyck's, and was passing through a meadow adjoining the lawn he was fencing, when an object lying in the grass near the path struck his eye. It was a man's hat; a gray beaver, and, strange to say, no cast-off rubbish, but in perfectly good condition. Ben looked about for the owner. Two cows grazing quietly at a distance were the only occupants of the field. The young man turned aside to take a nearer view. As he stepped from the path it suddenly struck him the hat looked wonderfully like one worn the preceding evening by Orville Snip! It was the extreme of the lastest fashion in shape and color. As the idea occurred to him Ben gave the beaver an involuntary kick, which turned it over and showed a name written in the crown—"Orville Snip, Esquire; No — Bowery, New York City."

"The very hat!" exclaimed Ben, snapping his fingers. But why should Mr. Snip's new beaver be lying in Mr. Van Wyck's meadow, instead of crowning its owner's curly, oily locks? This was a point Ben was already burning with curiosity to solve. It was very probable that Orville, in returning from the Deacon's the night before, might have taken this path, which led, by a short cut, toward his mother's; but why should he have left his hat on the way? With all the dislike of a rival Ben could not accuse young Snip of drinking, unless he had fallen into bad habits very lately; neither could Orville have become intoxicated either at the Deacon's or at the Lyceum. The neighborhood was a good one, quiet and orderly, and a highway robbery had never been committed at R——. Besides, the hat showed no traces of violence to the owner, but was perfect in every way, excepting that it looked precisely as if it had passed the night in the wet grass. To discover the history of the hat that very day was Ben's determination on the spot. In the mean time he tied up the beaver in his handkerchief, and hurried to his work again, concealing his prize in a basket of shavings.

Enlivened by curiosity, and chuckling at the idea of having Orville's handsome beaver buried in shavings, Ben was now once more in tolerably good spirits. Even his indignation against Sally showed symptoms of subsiding a little. He cast several looks over the way; things appeared there just as usual. He saw grandmother Lewis knitting in her rocking-chair, and the Deacon at work in the garden; he had also several glimpses of Sally herself, passing to and fro, once with a bright pink frock on her arm, and again clapping and starching some piece of muslin finery, as though preparing for company. Ben took another look at the hat, to make sure he had read the name aright, and was well pleased to see again in full letters the style and title of Mr. Snip. At length, who should come stepping along but Orville himself, dressed precisely as he was the evening before, with the exception of his hat—he now wore a straw instead of yesterday's beaver. Nodding condescendingly to Ben, from the opposite side of the road, he entered the Deacon's door.

Now Ben had resolved the night before, as he

saw Sally Lewis tripping off to the Academy by the side of Orville Snip, that he would never again cross the Deacon's threshold, or certainly not until Sally had begged him to do so, on her bended knees. But, as we have already observed, the consciousness of having Orville's beaver in his basket had a highly soothing effect; it was a very agreeable thought that he could make his rival look foolish whenever it pleased him to do so. He therefore chose to remember, what he had previously resolved to forget, that during his yesterday's dinner, while partaking of the stew, the Deacon had said something about a little job on his garden gate. Accordingly Ben now walked boldly across the street, and went to the door, hammer and nails in hand. Sally asked him in. Orville was already there. At the first glance Ben thought, or fancied, that his spirits were somewhat lower than the day before; and there was occasionally a sort of uneasy, absent look about his mustached countenance which was not lost upon the young carpenter.

"Won't you take a seat, Mr. Wright," said Sally, blushing a little as she offered him a chair.

"Thank ye—I can't stay but a minute," said Ben, taking the chair however. "How did you like the lecture?" he asked, turning to Orville, impatient to hear him speak.

"The lecture! Oh, it was very fine, Squire Bunker is an elegant speaker."

"Did it last long? Was it late before you got home?" continued Ben, quite unable to repress his curiosity.

Orville changed color—there could be no doubt of the fact.

"I don't believe it lasted more than an hour," said Sally, very naturally. "Don't you think we were back again before ten, Mr. Snip?"

"I guess so," said Orville, with a bewildered look that surprised Sally.

"Why, I am sure it was not later," added Sally, who thought Orville much less fascinating and complimentary than the evening before.

"I suppose you have seen a good many old friends already," observed Ben, by way of carrying on the conversation, and thus giving himself an excuse for cross-questioning Orville.

"I've seen all I care to see," replied the youth; an answer which Sally took entirely as a compliment to herself, although, as Orville spoke, a strange expression passed over his face.

"You saw a good many old friends last night, Mr. Snip, at the lecture," added Ben.

Orville faintly muttered some indistinct reply.

Ben scrutinized the youth as closely as he dared, and was convinced, from his whole expression, that something untoward had taken place. What could it have been? No attack from thieves, certainly; for the false diamond breast-pin, the magnificent signet ring, and glittering watch-chain, still adorned Orville's person as on the previous evening. Ben determined to draw still nearer to the particular point which so strongly excited his curiosity.

"What have you done with your beaver?" asked the young carpenter, with pretended carelessness, as he took up the straw hat near him. "I was thinking of getting one like it myself, if such a thing could be had in the village."

Orville pretended not to hear, but he turned deadly pale.

"Were you looking for your instruments, Miss Lewis?" he said, picking up Sally's shears; but his voice faltered as he spoke, and his hand actually trembled as he held them toward her.

"I was saying, Mr. Snip, that this here hat is not as tasty looking as the beaver you had on yesterday, for I noticed that article as being uncommon handsome," repeated Ben, gaining in complacency as Orville became confused.

"Why, I suppose straw is cooler for warm weather," interposed Sally, finding that Orville did not answer immediately.

"I suppose so—yes, it's cooler," repeated Orville; and then, making a desperate effort, he rallied his spirits, and soon began to talk nearly as glibly as the evening before. Ben could learn nothing more; so after a while he went off and patched up the Deacon's gate, determined to return again in the evening, in order to solve the mystery of the hat, if possible.

Carrying Orville's beaver in the basket of shavings under his arm, he walked home again across the meadow; but although he peered sharply about, in every direction, all looked just as usual in the field, even at the precise spot where the hat had been picked up, which was at the foot of a bank, just beneath the ha-ha wall of Mr. Van Wyck's lawn.

In the evening, having left the beaver in his own room, Ben set out again for the Deacon's. Orville was already there, and seemed to have recovered entirely from the morning's embarrassment. He tried to make himself very agreeable to Sally, and talked again largely about New York and what fashionable gentlemen said and did there. He even bore one allusion to his hat quite firmly, giving Ben a quick, suspicious glance as he spoke.

It was still early in the evening, and the old Deacon and his wife were in the room.

"When do you expect to get through with your work at Mr. Van Wyck's?" inquired the Deacon of Ben.

"I have nearly done, Sir; the piece of paling opposite your house is the last of the job."

"Mr. Van Wyck has been doing a good deal at his place this year, one way and another—setting out trees, putting up fences, and getting things in order," observed the Deacon.

"It's a handsome place, and well worth the pains Mr. Van Wyck takes with it," added Ben.

"Yes, it's the handsomest place about here, to my mind. It's a fine farm, and well worked. I suppose you have heard of the strange mess they lighted on in the garden the other day—them dead bones."

"Yes, Sir; I happened to be there when they plowed them up."

"Be there many of them?" asked Grandmother Lewis, with much interest.

"Why, yes, marm; Dr. Gallipot came over to look at them, and he concluded there must have been as many as twenty men buried there."

"I suppose some battle was fought hereabouts in the Revolution," said Sally.

"No, child; there was no such battle fought here. There was a fight upon Griffin's farm, nigh the wood."

"Some folks say that ghosts have been seen in that wood," observed Sally.

"Well, I don't know how that may be, child, but there was a smart fight up there between some of our farmers and the royal troops. But as for these bones in Mr. Van Wyck's garden, it's more likely they're the old Indian natives. There used to be a swell in the land just there, and by digging and plowing they've come to the graves, I suppose."

"Well, whosoever's the bones may be, if they're human beings they ought to have Christian burial. It's cruel like to leave 'em uncovered," added the old grandmother.

"They'll be buried again to-morrow, Hetty; I heard them talking about it."

"Yes, marm; Mr. Van Wyck ordered a box to put them in, which I am making now," added Ben.

"That's right. I do suppose if ever there was any thing that could bring a man's spirit back again to walk on the earth, it would be having his bones uncovered and his grave dug up. Especially Indians; for it's well known they're wonderful particular about their dead," said the Deacon.

"Do you really think, grandfather, that ghosts come back to this world?" inquired Sally, a little sobered by the turn the conversation had taken.

"There's a good deal to be said on that p'int, child. There's nothing quite against it that I know of; and some good people think they've seen them. I shouldn't like to say for sure that they do come back, or that they don't."

"I, for one, don't much believe in them," said Ben; "for it's what no man would believe in unless he had seen one; and I never saw a ghost yet."

"To be sure, it must be very uncommon, if it does ever happen," added Mr. Lewis.

"Did you ever know a man, Sir, whose word was good for any thing, who declared he had seen a ghost?"

"No—I never did."

But here Grandmother Lewis interposed. She had never seen a ghost herself; but she could name several people who knew others who had seen ghosts. And moreover, a certain gossip of hers, the widow Timms, had actually seen two ghosts: the first, a man who had been hanged for murder in the neighborhood, whose ghost she saw the week afterward, standing under the gallows; and the second was her own husband, whose ghost she had seen digging potatoes one night, a week after his death.

During these remarks Orville had been listening in breathless silence, looking so strangely withal, that at last he attracted the Deacon's attention.

"Why, Mr. Snip, you look as if you were staring at a ghost this minute!"

Orville faltered a few words but made no distinct reply.

"Perhaps he has seen one," observed the grandmother, with a tone half compassionate, half respectful.

Poor Orville stammered and blundered and said nothing clear.

"Is it so?" asked the Deacon. "If you have seen a ghost in the course of your life, Orville, why, don't be above saying so," added the old man, with lively interest.

Sally dropped her scissors; Ben forgot to pick them up, so great was his curiosity excited by young Snip's manner. Still he seemed unwilling to speak.

"You look considerable exercised, Orville, and I think you had better say what's on your mind," continued the Deacon.

"It's a great comfort to tell any thing strange to other folks, as I know from experience," added the old lady.

Thus urged, Orville at length spoke.

"If I was only sure you wouldn't make fun of me—Ben Wright here, and Sally—" continued the youth, in a more plain and natural voice than he had spoken in since the appearance of his mustache.

"If you have really seen a ghost, I should be the last man to laugh at you," replied Ben, in his usual good-natured way, though he was firmly convinced that Orville had been frightened by a shadow.

"Well, as you're all friends here, I may as well tell what happened," began Orville. "After the lecture I came home with her," looking at Sally, "and she asked me in—and I staid late."

Ben make a nervous movement on his chair.

"She sat in this very room maybe a couple of hours. At last I went off, not thinking of any trouble at all. It was late, and to make the walk shorter, I turned in at Mr. Van Dyck's, as I have often done since my brother's been overseer there. It's considerable shorter than going by the road."

His listeners assented, and motioned to him to go on.

"Well, I walked along as spry as can be round by the garden, meaning to go out by the gate on the other road. I soon came to the place where they had been plowing. Now, I never was afraid of a ghost in all my life; I never thought of such a thing. But when I came to the place I saw the bones all lying about in the moonlight. I knew what they was, for my brother had told me about them, and said how the doctors declared they was human beings. Well, seeing them all lying about in the moonlight made me feel kind o' solemn."

"That was only nat'ral, and to your credit, Orville," said Grandmother Lewis.

"Feeling solemn, as I said, I walked on quicker—" catching Sally's eye full on him, Orville was put out.

Ben bit his lip, and tried his best to look grave, still feeling very incredulous.

"Well," said the old Deacon, impatiently, "you was feeling kind o' solemn, and walking quick—"

"Just then I stumbled over a bone—I tripped so as to fall half over."

"Oh! that was dreadful bad luck—to stumble over dead bones!" groaned the old lady, holding up her hands and shaking her head.

"Go on, go on!" cried the Deacon.

"When I righted myself—"

Here Orville paused with a look of horror that could never be counterfeit.

"What happened then?" cried Ben, burning with curiosity.

"I saw a ghost, as sure as my name is Orville Snip!"

"What?" "How?" "Where?" cried the listeners, eagerly.

"It was standing just before me, in the edge of the wood," said Orville, in a hollow voice, the perspiration starting from his forehead at the recollection.

"What was it like?" asked Ben.

"Like a ghost!" said Orville, solemnly.

"How large was it?"

"Taller than a man, by a good deal."

"White or black?"

"All white — like — wrapped in a winding-sheet."

Sally clasped her hands with an exclamation of horror.

"Did it speak?"

"At first it only looked straight at me."

"Did it move?"

"It stood still at first, only stretching out its arms."

"Oh, deary me! that was to warn you not to walk on the bones," said the old lady.

"What else did it do? Perhaps you only concluded you saw it," added Ben.

"No I didn't, Ben Wright; I saw it as plain as I see you now," replied the other, bluntly. "The moon was shining, though it was not very bright, to be sure, but I could see all about me —the house—the trees—the bones."

"Did it speak at all?"

"Only in a kind of fluttering, whispering way."

"What did it say?"

"I—I'm not sure I heard quite plain."

"How long did it stay?"

"I don't know for certain; I stopped just a minute to make sure I really did see it, and then—"

"And what then?"

"It began to move toward me, and—and I turned round and jumped down the ha-ha—and —and—walked home through the meadow."

"You felt solemn and walked quick, I suppose," said Ben.

"I can tell you what, Ben Wright, if you had a ghost at your heels you would walk quick too."

"Maybe I should; but it followed at your heels, did it? did you turn round to look?"

"Yes, Sir, I did; and I saw it moving about among the bushes."

"Did it feel solemn, and move quick?" again asked Ben, who felt convinced in his own mind that Orville had seen nothing but the bones and the moonlight.

"I only wish you could see it too!" cried Orville.

"I wish I could. Will you go with me to-night—now—and show me the place?"

"Yes, I will go;" cried Orville, mustering all his courage at this challenge.

"There's no use in going now, boys," said Grandmother Lewis. "Ghosts was never yet known to come so early. It's after the lights are put out in the houses, and Christian people are all asleep, that they prowl about."

"What o'clock was it when you saw it last night?" asked Ben.

"About midnight."

"Well, we can wait till then, unless you're afraid to take another look."

"No more afraid than you, Ben Wright!"

"I don't see, boys, why I shouldn't go too," observed the Deacon.

Orville was well pleased to secure another recruit, and Ben had no objection; but Grandmother Lewis would not listen to the plan. To be left alone with Sally while ghosts were abroad in the neighborhood was not to be thought of for a moment. But Sally, who had some spirit and more curiosity, settled the matter by proposing that the whole party should go together. It required full half an hour's persuasion to bring Grandmother Lewis over to this plan; but Sally was accustomed to have her way on all occasions, and at last succeeded. The old lady admitted that if nothing was seen no harm was done, while, on the other hand, should they actually meet the ghost, it would be something to boast of for the rest of her days. So it was settled—they were all to go. The interval between this decision and the eventful hour of midnight was passed very appropriately in relating all the startling horrors and wonders known to either of the party; at last even Ben caught himself gravely telling a regular ghost story, which, however, he professed not to believe at all. When midnight drew near, they all set out.

The night was warm and close. There was a young moon in the heavens, but passing clouds partially obscured her light, while fitful flashes of lightning in the distance seemed to threaten a shower.

"I am afraid the ghost won't show himself before so many folks, and one of them a Deacon too," said Ben, as they left the house.

"Hush, Benjamin; don't talk so bold like!" exclaimed the old lady.

"You won't be after making fun when you see it!" cried Orville, who felt very uncomfortable as they drew near Mr. Van Wyck's gate, though, under the eyes of his sweet-heart and his rival, he did not dare to retreat.

Ben walked first, and quietly opened the gate. The party entered, and a winding road, which

swept in a wide semicircle toward the principal entrance of the house, lay before them. On one side was a grassplot bordered with flowers, on the other a lawn sprinkled with clumps of shrubbery and scattered trees. The house was shut up, being unoccupied at the time, and all was calm and silent about them. The young moon shed a pale light around, which was now darkened by passing clouds, now broken by flashes of dull, lurid lightning.

"You turned off here, I suppose, if you were going out of the other gates," said Ben, who headed the line.

A brief assent was Orville's only reply, from the rear, where he had taken up his position, while the Deacon's family, in the middle rank, were all more or less excited by the singular object of their midnight walk, and even Ben was growing more and more eager as they approached the spot.

"Here is the pile of bones, and there all about is where they were plowed up; you can just see the white bones though the moon is under a cloud now."

"I see them; and I smell the fresh earth," said the Deacon.

"These are really human bones!" cried Sally.

"Human bones, child; and no man can tell when they were buried," replied the Deacon, while Grandmother Lewis looked down in solemn silence, heaving dreadful sighs and clutching tight at Sally's arm.

Just then the cloud which had vailed the moon passed slowly away; the moonlight fell upon the lawn, then reached the sweeping road, then the curious excited group, and whitened the pile of bones lying at their feet.

A hollow whisper startled the party.

It was from Orville; tightly grasping the arm of the young carpenter, he pointed to the grove on their right.

"There!" he muttered in a smothered voice.

His companions turned. A tall, spectral-looking figure stood just within the edge of the wood, with an earnest gaze fastened upon the group.

In a single second conviction had flashed upon all—it was no shadow, no play of the moonlight, no deception of the fancy, but an unearthly, wonderful, spectral form, bearing an aspect unlike any object they had ever yet beheld.

The old grandame groaned and shook, and, covering her eyes with her apron, would have dropped to the ground had she not been supported. Sally trembled like an aspen-leaf, and drew closer to the Deacon, though her eye seemed riveted, as by a spell, on the apparition. Orville retreated behind Sally; the Deacon was amazed, bewildered, appalled. Ben felt very strangely indeed.

"Ghost or devil, I'll see what it is!" cried Ben, rallying after the first instant of amazement.

"Oh, Benjamin, don't go!" whispered Sally, imploringly.

Ben paused, and looked back at Sally. When he turned again the spectre had vanished. The moonlight faded, clouds returned, and all was dark again.

"Let us go home," said Sally, faintly, and trembling all over.

"It's an awful sight!" murmured the Deacon.

The old woman groaned.

Just at that moment the dim outline appeared again for a second, quivering as with agitation, and apparently in motion.

"It's coming this way!" cried Orville, in terror.

"I'll meet it, then!" exclaimed Ben, advancing toward the wood.

In vain Sally implored him to come back. He walked firmly on, although he could not move quickly, for it was now quite dark again. Presently another flash of lightning glared over the lawn. The apparition seemed to have changed its position, though still within the edge of the grove. A thousand strange thoughts chased each other through the young man's mind with the rapidity of the lightning flickering over his head. He had played ghost himself in his boyish days, but never had he seen or even imagined any thing like the shadowy figure which now vanished, now reappeared before his strained eyeballs, seeming by its vague indistinctness to mock both thought and vision.

"It's like what one dreams of!"

"It may be the ghost of an Indian chief. Some of their braves have that grand look; I've seen them."

"It moves—slowly—now quick again! It raises its arm!"

A faint, whispering, fluttering sound was now heard; but so vague and indistinct as to mock the bewildered senses of the young man. At that instant, in making a sudden, eager movement, Ben stumbled over the root of a tree, and fell on one knee upon the grass. He rose and was on his feet again in a second; but the apparition was gone. He hesitated, paused, listened, and then advanced more cautiously in the darkness. Some large object stopped his advance. It was the branch of a tree. Measuring its girth with his arms, Ben knew it to be the large elm beneath which the apparition had first shown itself.

"Here I'll stand and know the end of it, if I have to stay till daylight!" cried the youth, boldly.

But a chill went to his very heart when, stretching out his arm at the same instant, he felt a cold, damp touch upon his hand. He started involuntarily. He looked up. That imposing, shadowy figure, with its earnest, unearthly gaze fastened upon himself, stood immediately before him, apparently within reach, and seeming to grow more and more distinct, and yet more ghostly, every second. Ben gazed in wonder, absolutely speechless. A fluttering murmur was heard. Was it from the leaves of the tree above, or some spirit-tongue addressing him?

He gazed, he listened more intently.

His resolution was rewarded. The object of the apparition was revealed.

A sharp, vivid flash of lightning, followed by a rattling peal of thunder, were succeeded by darkness yet deeper; and as the spectre once more vanished, young Wright turned away, slowly and thoughtfully retracing his steps toward the pile of bones where he had left his friends.

But the Deacon's family were gone. They had moved toward the gate, where they stood anxiously awaiting Ben's return. He was received by them as Hercules returning from the kingdom of Pluto.

Sally went forward to meet him.

"Is it you, Benjamin? Is the ghost gone?"

"It has vanished."

"Did it speak?"

"It spoke."

"Oh! what did it say?"

"It gave me a message—to you!" whispered Ben, solemnly, taking the hand Sally had unconsciously extended toward him as she spoke; and then a loud, ringing, uncontrollable peal of laughter burst from his lips, sounding strangely, indeed, amidst the solemn midnight hush of those quiet grounds.

The Deacon and Grandmother Lewis were seized with horror at this untimely merriment. Sally believed he had lost his senses.

"The ghost is stone!" he cried. "It's white marble—one of the figures they call statues. I never saw one in my life, but I've read about them. Mr. Van Wyck was expecting some from Italy. I did not know they had come!"

"What? A stun ghost!" cried Dame Lewis.

"Stone? Well, I've heard of such things, though I never seed one," said the Deacon.

"A stun ghost! That's what I never heerd of!" said Dame Lewis, again.

"Only a stone figure, mam," interposed Ben.

"A stun figure, Nathan! That's as bad as a ghost! It's like the graven images of the idolaters!"

"They're common enough in the old countries, though we haven't any hereabouts. But I sha'n't soon forget this one! Where's Orville?" And again Ben laughed heartily.

Mr. Snip had vanished as effectually as the apparition, and indeed he disappeared entirely from R—— the next day. As the clouds were now very threatening, the whole party returned to the little red house—the Deacon comforting his companions with the remark that they had at least seen something he had never beheld before. Ere he went home that night Ben contrived to persuade Sally to hear the message of the ghost: "Better take for a husband an honest, hard-working fellow, who loves you heartily, than a monkey-faced, spendthrift dandy, who is in love with himself, and, moreover, afraid of a ghost!"

Such we have heard was the amount of the message. Sally wisely determined to follow the advice, coming as it did from a ghost. The next day Ben and herself went by daylight to look at the "stun ghost," as Grandmother Lewis persisted in calling it. As for Ben, he was far more struck with the noble statue of Demosthenes, from the Naples Gallery, when seen by daylight, than he had been in its ghostly character at midnight. The young man was strangely impressed with it. He returned to the feet of the statue again and again, at all hours, gazing, wondering, admiring, until at length, one day, the young carpenter, like the Italian boy, felt that he was an artist too! He went home and chiseled an imaginary head of Ethan Allen, in wood. His success was very good. Mr. Van Wyck saw it, urged him forward, like a kind and wise friend, furnishing counsel, encouragement, advice, engravings, casts, means, as these were needed. We all know the result. Mr. Wright not only received a wife from the hands of the ghost, but fame and fortune reached him through the same channel. His celebrated statue for the Central Park at New York has been seen and admired by—how many! That sweet bust of his wife—little Sally Lewis that was—is it not one of the loveliest things in the public gallery of the city of Albany?

A COSMOPOLITE BILL OF FARE.

THOUGH man is all but omnivorous, nothing is more difficult than to induce any given man, civilized or barbarous, to taste and like a new dish. He was certainly a bold man who first ate an oyster. When Captain Cook first visited the Sandwich Islands, he invited the King of Owyhee to dine with him, and his Majesty was induced to inaugurate the repast with a mouthful of bread, a viand entirely novel to him. No sooner had he got a taste than he spat it out with every symptom of disgust; and declining farther prandial ventures, returned ashore to his customary roast dog and decayed fish. The Japanese refuse beef and milk, but eat rats. The New Hollanders surfeit themselves with stale shark, rancid whale blubber, and earth worm, but regard with horror the white man's simple breakfast of bread and butter. The negroes of the West Indies revel in the luxuries of baked snakes and finger-long palm worms, fried in their own fat; but their delicate stomachs revolt at the thought of a rabbit stew. A recent traveler heard a Barbadian negro thus vent his indignation upon an unlucky market-woman who had offered him a rabbit: "I should jest like to know war you take me for, ma'am? You tink me go buy rabbit? No, ma'am. Me no cum to dat yet; for me always did say, and me always will say, dat dem who eats rabbit eats pussy, and dem who eats pussy eats rabbit." A delicate stomach indeed! A Frenchman would doubtless agree with the Barbadian in theory, reversing the practice, however, by eating both cat and rabbit. The Russian eats tallow-candles, the Greenlander drinks train oil, Dr. Livingstone's favorites, the Barotse, affect crocodile steaks; and one of his African friends, so the Doctor states,

made a contented supper one evening from a blue mole and two mice. These dainties the Frenchman righteously turns up his nose at, preferring a lively frog, a few snails, and—when he can afford it—a tart of the diseased livers of geese, which favorite esculents John Bull in turn dislikes; preferring solid beef and mutton, wherein at least Brother Jonathan agrees with him; though it is to be hoped that he enjoys these and their attendant luxuries with greater moderation than does the "Britisher," if Sydney Smith's account is to be believed. That worthy clergyman, having ascertained the weight of food he could live upon and preserve health and strength, acknowledged to Lord Murray that, between the ages of ten and seventy, he had consumed forty-four one-horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have sustained him, the value of which mass of nourishment was about thirty-five thousand dollars.

Sir John Ross states that an Esquimaux will eat twenty pounds of meat and oil per day. A Tongouse allowance is forty pounds of rein-deer meat; and a Russian Admiral saw three Yakutes eat a rein-deer at a sitting. A visitor to New Zealand relates that two natives of that cannibal isle went out to the shore, after a hearty supper, and finished the half-putrid carcass of a shark at one moonlight sitting; and Captain Sturt, the Australian explorer, saw a New Hollander eat over one hundred jerboas (a vaulting rat) at a sitting. He placed a number for a few seconds under the ashes, then, with the hair only partially burned off, took them by the tail, and bit off the bodies, one after another. When he had eaten a dozen bodies, he stuffed the dozen tails into his mouth, to chew up leisurely.

It is a notable fact that the most civilized nations are the most liberal in their gastronomic taste. Next to the Chinese, whose ultra civilization has betrayed them into the toleration of half-hatched eggs, shark's fins, and bird's-nest soups, comes the Frenchman; and to him follows the American. Seriously, is it not an evidence of genuine civilization, this tolerance which refuses not any thing which is clean and wholesome? What unwarrantable prejudices have not modern travelers exploded? Dr. Shaw enjoyed lion, which he found to taste like veal; Dr. Darwin had a passion for puma, the South American lion; Dr. Brooke found melted bear's grease not only palatable but delicious; Hippocrates, Captain Cook, and the writer of this, vouch for the excellence of dog, though the Philosopher of Cos recommends it *boiled*, when every body who has tried knows the superiority of roast dog. Mr. Buckland tasted boa constrictor, and found the flesh exceedingly white and firm, and much like veal in taste; Sir Robert Schomburgk found monkey very palatable, though, before dissection, it looked disagreeably like roast child; and Gordon Cumming is loud in the praise of baked elephant's trunk and feet. To cook these a pit is dug, stones are heated in it, and when all is ready, two men shoulder a foot and dump it in. When the hole is full (the four feet, and a few slices of the trunk, fill a good-sized pit), heated stones are put on the mess, leaves over the stones, earth over the leaves, and the hungry hunter impatiently awaits the unearthing of his savory mess.

Of course a line must be drawn somewhere. The baked missionary of the New Zealand cuisine, the under-done human thigh of the Feejee Islander, and the broiled fingers, which are thought "a dainty dish to set before the King" of Sumatra, are not to be recommended. Nor would a man be thought illiberal who should fail to appreciate a stew of red ants in Birmah (though ants are said to have an agreeable acidity when properly prepared), parrot pie in Rio de Janeiro, roast bat in Malabar, or a cuttle-fish fry in the Mauritius. But the eminent and lamented Soyer used to assert that civilization and cookery advanced hand in hand; and we may rely on it that, as the reasoning powers of man are developed, so will his stomach become less squeamish. "A nice man," said Dean Swift, prophetically, "is a man with nasty ideas;" and though, as Montesquieu asserts, there may be valid reasons for not eating pork, surely there may be reasons quite as unimpeachable for eating giraffe, alpaca, bustard, anaconda, horse? Let man, at any rate, aim at consistency. The French of the Antilles delight in the guana—a hideous lizard—but they refuse the delicate and pork-like meat of the young alligator. We laugh at the South Sea Islander's use of buckskin breeches, who stuffed a pair with sea-weed and boiled them for dinner; but at the time of the great London Exhibition, in 1851, it is known that so extensively were buffalo hides and sheep and calf-skins boiled down into jellies that the price of those staple articles rose considerably in all the English ports. Eels are a favorite dish with epicures; but rattlesnake would not go down even under the euphonious name of "Musical Jack." During the famine the Irish, even when reduced to the most desperate pitch of hunger, refused corn meal. All civilized nations reject dog and cat as culinary articles, though those animals are clean feeders, but make a staple of swine, the most foul feeding of beasts. Chickens and pigeons are table luxuries; but nobody "hankers after" crow, which is a cleaner bird than either. John Bull will not taste squirrel, though every American mouth waters at the mention of savory squirrel stew. Such alimentary inconsistencies are endless, and often most seriously interfere with the comfort of prejudiced travelers.

It is curious to notice the different parts of animals that are eaten. Sheep's head, pig's head, calf's head and brains, ox head, in England the heads of ducks and geese, ox tongue, rein-deer tongue, walrus tongue, crane's tongue, and in America sheep and pigs' tongues. In China the tongues of fowls and ducks are a high-priced dainty. John Chinaman relishes also the maw and fins of the shark; while in Siam the dried sinews of various animals are a prime luxury. Feet are generally liked, from the web-feet of ducks and geese in Europe, the trotters of

sheep and pettitoes of pig, which are a popular edible in London, and the bear's paws, loved of North American hunters, down to the elephant's feet, much desiderated by the Caffre and Bushmen. Ox tail, sheep's tail, pig's tail are in common use. The Australian rejoices in Kangaroo tail; the North American trapper in beaver tail; the South African Boer in the fat tails of his sheep, which, during life, are dragged about in a hand-cart, and after death are melted into butter, or make a delicious stew. In Honduras the tail of the manatee, or sea-cow, is a staple dish for the table, though new settlers do not stomach any part of the animal on account of its vivid resemblance to man. The female has hands, and holds its young up to its breast precisely as a human mother would. In Juan Fernandez many thousand lobsters are annually taken, whose tails are dried and served on the dinner tables of Valparaiso. The tongue of the sea-lion has been found palatable by travelers. It is rather an extensive affair. A visitor to the Falkland Islands reports: "For a trial we cut off the tip of the tongue hanging out of the mouth of a sea-lion just killed. About sixteen or eighteen of us ate each a pretty large piece, and we all thought it so good that we regretted we could not eat more of it." Shark fins are in such demand for soups in China that from ten to fifteen thousand hundred-weight are annually imported from various parts of India. Forty thousand sharks are taken annually off Kurrachee, near Bombay, for their back fins, which are the only ones used. They are caught there chiefly in nets; but, according to Dr. Ruschenberger, the natives of the Bonin Islands have trained their dogs to catch fish, and he saw two of these animals rush into the water, seize each the side fin of a shark, and bring it ashore in spite of resistance.

In the Arctic regions eating is carried on under various serious difficulties; and to drink even water is an unusual luxury, presupposing a fire. The cheerful glass is often frozen to the lip, and the too ardent reveler may splinter a tooth in attempting to gnaw through a lump of soup. You eat your daily allowance of ship's rum, and ask your intimate friend for a chew of brandy and water. The Greenlander finds it necessary not only to "first catch his fish," but also to thaw it, before he can prepare it. How grateful, then, to the Esquimaux palate must be the yielding tallow candle, which, having eaten, he carefully draws the wick between his teeth to save the remaining morsels of fat! The greatest luxury of the Greenlander is half-putrid whale's tail; and next to this comes the gum of the right whale, which the Tuski call their sugar, and which a British officer reports to be delicious, tasting as much as possible like cream cheese. Dr. Kane was enthusiastic about the liver of walrus, declaring that Charles Lamb's roast pig could not compare with this uncooked awuktanuk. But the Doctor also wondered why people at home did not eat raw beef; and this throws some doubt over his recommendation of the Esquimaux dainty. Whale meat is dark-red and coarse. It is very commonly eaten by old whalemen, but has a rank flavor, which makes it unpleasant to a nice palate, as the writer of this can testify. On board American whalemen it is usually made into force-meat-balls, when pepper and other spices disguise somewhat the unpleasant flavor. Porpoise used to be a favorite dainty of the old English nobility. It was eaten with a sauce composed of sugar, vinegar, and crumbs of fine bread. Porpoise liver is, even now, very toothsome to the sea appetite, being dry and much like pig's liver.

To return to more temperate regions: the dog is a favorite dish not only among the Sandwich Islanders, but with the Chinese, who regularly fatten it for the table; the Africans of Zanzibar, to whom a stew of puppies is a dainty meal; the Australian natives, who assiduously hunt the wild and never-barking dingo; and the Canadian voyageurs. In Canton, the hind-quarters of a dog are hung up in butchers' shops next to the hind-quarters of lamb, but bear a higher price. A traveler in the Sandwich Islands says, "Near every place at table was a fine young dog, the flesh of which, to my palate, was what I can imagine would result from mingling the flavor of pig and lamb." They are fed chiefly on taro, a fine species of potato, and are thought fit for market at the age of two years. The mode of cooking dogs and pigs in these islands doubtless contributes to make them a gastronomic success. A hole is dug in the ground sufficiently large to contain the animal, which is carefully cleaned. A fire is built in the hole and stones thrown in, which are made red-hot. When all is ready, the sides and bottom are lined with the red-hot stones, fragrant leaves are thrown in, and the dog (or pig) laid on these on its back. The body is then covered with more leaves, with stones, and finally with earth, which makes the oven tight. After a proper time, the savory mess is taken out, cooked to a turn, and in a style which not even the great Soyer could excel. The interior is full of the finest juices of the animal, which makes a delicious gravy. Epicures, who have tasted sucking pig roasted in this manner, declare that it is inimitable. How Lamb would have delighted in this succulent dish!

As for rats, the Chinese, the negroes of the West Indies and Brazil, the New Hollanders, the Esquimaux, and many other people, esteem them most fit food. In Canton rat soup is thought equal to ox-tail soup; and a dozen fat rats are worth two dollars. A Yankee speculator is about —according to recent Calcutta papers—to make a good thing of salted rats! The British Indian province of Scinde has been for several years so infested with grain-eating rats that the price of grain has risen twenty-five per cent. Government has proclaimed a head-money on all rats and mice killed in the province, of six cents per dozen; the slayer having the privilege of keeping the body, and presenting only the tail. Putting this fact together with the high price got for rats in the Chinese markets, the speculator has

made his arrangements for a monopoly of what he considers a very lucrative business; and declares his intention to export to China, as a first venture, 120,000 rats. "I have to pay one pice [about half a cent] a dozen [in Scinde], and the gutting, salting, pressing, and packing in casks, raises the price to six pice per dozen. If I succeed in obtaining any thing like the price that rules in Whampoa and Canton for *corn-grown* rats my fortune is made—or, rather, I will be on the fair road to it, and will open a fine field of enterprise to Scinde."

The nest of the *Hirundo esculenta*, which is thought so delicious a morsel by the Chinese and Cambojans that the finest white nests are worth, in Canton, nearly twice their own weight in silver, is found chiefly in caves on the shores of Java and the neighboring isles. It resembles, externally, ill-concocted, fibrous isinglass, and should be white in color, with a red tinge. It is nearly the size of a goose egg, about the thickness of a silver table-spoon, and weighs from a quarter to half an ounce. Those that are dry, white, and clean are the most valuable. They are packed in bundles, with split rattans run through them to preserve the shape. They are procured from the caves, at much peril to the takers, twice every year; and the opening of the caves on these occasions is performed with many singular superstitious ceremonies. The best are sent to Pekin, for the use of the Celestial Court, and bring in Canton no less than four thousand dollars per picul of 133⅓ pounds; about 250,000 pounds are brought to Canton every year. To prepare them for the table is a most tedious and laborious performance. Every feather, stick, and other impurity, is first carefully removed; and then, after undergoing countless washings, the nest is made into a jelly, which serves to thicken soups.

From birds'-nests we turn to eggs, which form an important article of food among all known races. The English, who are great egg eaters, receive from France annually 130,000,000 of eggs, and from Ireland 150,000,000; a fact which recently caused serious alarm to Mr. *Punch*, who called upon his countrymen to "turn their barns into hen-houses, and throw off the *yolk* of the foreigners." The great object of egg buyers is to get them fresh, and many modes are resorted to to determine this point; some dealers placing the eggs in water, when, it is said, if they are good they will lie on their sides—if bad, stand on their ends. In Fulton and Washington markets, New York, the egg-dealer places a lighted candle under his counter, and, taking up the eggs, three in each hand, passes them rapidly before the light. If the egg is fresh the light will shine through it with a reddish glow, while a stale egg is opaque. So quickly can this process be conducted, that eggs are inspected thoroughly by our dealers at the rate of from one to two hundred per minute. In China duck eggs are a great article of consumption. They are preserved in a mixture of salt and a red ochrous earth. But the Chinaman and the Dyak of Borneo trouble themselves very little on the point of freshness. The Celestial hen's nest is robbed indiscriminately, and half-hatched eggs are thought a very palatable dish.

The most convenient of eggs should be that of the ostrich. Its contents are equal to those of twenty-four common hen's eggs; and the nest, a mere hole in the sand, contains, generally, twenty-four eggs—quite a prize to an African sportsman, who generally takes off his shirt on coming to such a *find*, ties up the sleeves and neck, and places the contents of the nest in this impromptu bag, with which he totters back to the camp. The best way to cook an ostrich egg is to place it on end in the hot ashes, break a hole in the upper end, and with a small stick stir the contents till your omelette is done.

San Francisco has an inexhaustible supply of eggs in the immediate vicinity of its bay. The islets known as the Farallones de las Grayles, lying about twenty miles from the Golden Gate, are visited, at regular periods, by men who procure there immense quantities of the eggs of a kind of gull which frequents the islands. From a part of the Great Farallone, called the Rookery, there were taken, in less than two months (part of July and August), more than five hundred thousand eggs. Several such bird islets were formerly to be found on the Californian coast. On one, off the harbor of San Pedro, which the writer of this has visited, the number of the birds was prodigious, and the noise, the filth, and the wings of the parent birds made the collection of eggs an undertaking of no little labor. On Ichaboe, and other rocks where penguins, gulls, cormorants, and albatrosses resort to breed their young, the birds are found so closely wedged together that it is almost impossible to find foot-room between; and these otherwise untamable creatures grow as tame as barn-yard fowl. Sailors are accustomed to lift them off their nests to get at the eggs, and where the ruthless spirit of destruction prevails thousands of harmless and useless animals are needlessly slain. From a little islet, a mile and a half long by a mile broad, near Cape Town, twenty-four thousand eggs are taken every fortnight to supply the Cape Town market. The penguins stand in pairs by their nests, and defend them very stoutly against robbers; so that seamen find it necessary to wear high, stout boots to prevent the bites of the birds.

In some of the Pacific Islands the eggs of lizards are highly esteemed; and in the West Indies the eggs of the guana, which is after all but a lizard, are thought a delicacy. The eggs of the alligator are eaten in the Antilles; and Mr. Joseph states, in his "History of Trinidad," that he found them to taste very much like hen's eggs, which they also resemble in shape. Turtle's eggs are in great esteem wherever they are found, as well by Europeans as others. They are about the size of a pigeon's egg, and have a soft shell. The mother turtle deposits them by night, one hundred at a laying, in the dry sand, and leaves the sun to hatch them. She lays thrice a year,

at intervals of two or three weeks. It requires an experienced hand to detect the eggs, which are always ingeniously covered up; but where they are hunted but few escape. The Indians of the Orinoco obtain from these eggs a kind of clear and sweet oil, which they use instead of butter. In February, when the high waters of the river recede, millions of turtles come on shore to deposit their eggs. So sure is this harvest, and so abundant, that it is estimated by the acre — this space often yielding one hundred jars. The total yearly gathering of the region about the mouth of the Orinoco is about five thousand jars of oil; and it takes five thousand eggs to make a jar.

The turtle, that beast so intimately connected with the welfare of city governments, is a delicacy of quite modern repute. At the beginning of the last century it was only eaten by the poor in Jamaica. At present calipash, calipee, and green fat are luxuries known only to the stomach of Dives and his compeers. Both the turtle and the guana are hunted with considerable cunning. The first named is watched, when it comes on shore at night, and tumbled over on its back, where it lies helpless until its captors have time to carry it off. The guana, luckless lizard! is hunted with dogs; and when taken alive, has its mouth sewed up to prevent it biting. It lives for a month or six weeks without food. A soft-shelled turtle abounds in the bayous of Louisiana, and is much prized as a table delicacy. It is particularly hard to catch; but when lying on a log at the water-side, sunning itself, is often a fair shot for the rifle. When shot, however, it is unluckily prone to tumble into the water and make its escape, even in death. To prevent this, it is related that an ingenious epicure devised the following satisfactory plan: He cut a piece of wood one inch long, and so rounded as easily to fit into his rifle. To this "toggle" he secured a piece of stout twine, seven or eight inches long, the other end of which was run through a rifle-ball. The ball was then inserted in its place, the string and toggle followed, and he was ready for his turtle. Getting a fair shot, the ball pierced the turtle and entered the log on which it was lying, where it stuck. But the string and toggle held the astonished beast firmly until his enemy could come in a canoe to make good his capture.

The Isle of Ascension, in the South Atlantic, is an extensive breeding-place for turtle. Dr. W. M. Wood, in his just published work, "Fankwei: a Cruise in the United States Steamer *San Jacinto*," says that the turtle of Ascension are a government monopoly, and that large basins have been erected for the accommodation of the breeding turtle and their newly-hatched young. A singular fact is, that from the time the young turtle become of the size of a dollar they disappear, and are seen no more until they return four or five hundred pounds in weight. Where they spend the interval has not been discovered.

Lobster is a favorite dainty with Americans and Englishmen, but no one thinks of eating locusts. Yet these last form a welcome meal to many tribes and nations, and all travelers who have tasted them bear witness that they make a toothsome dish. We do not propose to advocate their introduction to American tables; but it is worth while to remark that the chief difference between lobster and locust, considered as an article of diet, is that the first is the foulest feeder known, while the locust, though not dainty, lives chiefly on fresh vegetable substances. Let us not reproach the locust-eaters.

Ants are eaten in many countries. In Brazil the largest species are prepared with a sauce of resin. In Africa they stew them with butter. In the East Indies they are caught in pits, carefully roasted, like coffee, and eaten by mouthfuls afterward, as our children eat candies or raisins. Mr. Smeathman says: "I have eaten them several times, dressed in this way, and think them delicate, nourishing, and wholesome. They are something sweeter, though not so fat and clogging as the caterpillar or maggot of the palm-tree snout-beetle, which is served up at all the luxurious tables of the West Indian epicures, particularly the French, as the greatest dainty of the Western world." A curry of ants' eggs is a very costly luxury in Siam; and in Mexico the people have, from time immemorial, eaten the eggs of a water insect which prevails in the lagunes of that city.

The Ceylonese, ungrateful wretches, eat the bees after robbing them of their honey. The African Bushmen eat all the caterpillars they find. A Bushman would be a valuable acquisition for a New York market gardener's cabbage field. The Australians are notorious as maggot eaters; and the Chinese, who waste nothing, eat the chrysalis of the silk-worm after they have wound the silk from its cocoon. It is said that the North American Indians used to eat the seventeen-year locusts. The Diggers of California fatten themselves on grasshoppers; hogs are also fond of them; and it is related that, in New Jersey, an ingenious soap-boiler made excellent soap, of which a swarm of seventeen-year locusts formed a prominent ingredient.

The African Bushmen and the savages of New Caledonia are very fond of spiders roasted. This singular taste is not unknown even in Europe. Reaumur tells of a young lady who, when walking in her garden, used to eat all the spiders she could catch; and the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman ate them like nuts, which, she averred, they much resembled in taste. Lallande, the French astronomer, was equally fond of them; and a German, immortalized by Rosel, used to spread them on his bread instead of butter.

Among oyster-eating people the Americans take the lead; and New York is the greatest oyster market in the world. There are in the city nearly two hundred wholesale dealers, who have invested in the business over half a million of dollars. The trade in New York amounts to nearly seven million dollars per annum, and about fifty thousand people are engaged in it,

directly and indirectly. Virginia furnishes from her bays about two-thirds of the oysters consumed in the Union. Fifteen hundred and twenty boats are engaged in their collection and transportation. Baltimore, on account of its vicinity to the Chesapeake Bay oyster beds, is the chief seat of the oyster transporting business. From here they are sent all over the Western and Southern States. One firm opens, in the season, 2500 bushels of oysters per day, and has paid the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for freight no less than $35,000 in one year. Governor Wise estimates that Virginia possesses 1,680,000 acres of oyster beds, containing about 784,000,000 bushels of oysters. The lover of this bivalve who fears that the immense consumption will bring on a scarcity, may take comfort in the knowledge that the female oyster spawns per year a family of 8,000,000 young ones.

Snails are a prime luxury in Europe. The French are large consumers, but the Viennese are the principal snail-eaters of the world. At the town of Ulm, on the Danube, great quantities of snails are fed for the Vienna market, those which have been fattened upon strawberries bringing the highest price. Sixty thousand pounds of snails are annually exported from the Isle of Crete. At Cape Coast Castle the great African snail, which attains a length of eight inches, is made into soup. In England snail-soup is prescribed for consumptives.

But enough of outlandish dishes. So long as we stick to our homes and our good American beef, pork, and mutton—of which, by-the-way, according to recent statistics, every New-Yorker is supposed to consume half a pound per diem—we need not offend our stomachs with snail soups, ant stews, or alligator steaks. We close our bill of fare with an anecdote which will furnish a useful hint to that respectable and popular class of men, the keepers of eating-houses. The scene is a city court-room; and the judge has taken it upon himself to cross-examine the chief witness in a case before him.

"You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, Sir."

"State to the court, if you please, what causes this feeling of confidence."

"Why you see, Sir, there's allers reports 'bout eatin'-house men, and I used to kinder think—"

"Never mind what you thought—tell us what you know."

"Well, Sir, one day I goes down to Cooken's shop, an' sez to the waiter, 'Waiter,' sez I, 'give us a weal pie.'"

"Well, Sir, proceed."

"Well, Sir, just then Mr. Cooken comes up, and sez he, 'How du, Smith—what you goin' to hev?'

"'Weal pie!' sez I.

"'Good,' sez he, 'I'll take one tu;' so he sets down and eats one of his own weal pies, right afore me."

"Did that cause your confidence in him?"

"Yes, it did, Sir; when an eatin'-house keeper sits down afore his customers an' deliberately eats one of his own weal pies, no man can refuse to feel confidence—it shows him to be an honest man."

A word to the wise is sufficient.

THE PAUPER'S HOME.

ONE house each mortal hath,
Built without beam or lath;
Toward it winds one path—
One path.

No rent the tenant pays,
There are no quarter-days;
Yet the landlord comes always—
Always.

Oft stands it desolate,
Long closed its outer gate—
Its outer gate so strait—
So strait.

Yet liv'ried servants there
One feast and bowl prepare;
One perfume fills the air—
The air.

The tenant findeth room,
Findeth a quiet home,
Where guests or duns ne'er come—
Ne'er come.

One dress all tenants wear,
Pauper, and prince, and heir;
Alone each enters there—
Enters there.

No more a vile outcast,
Pauper! thy house thou hast,
Proprietor at last—
At last.

BORED TO DEATH.

I AM what is vulgarly, if not profanely, denominated a "poor-devil author."

The clock had just struck nine as my pen gave the last stroke to Chapter One Hundred and Twelve of the "Hobgoblin Husband," a thrilling tale which I contribute hebdomadally to the *Bunkum Weekly*. By my side lay the unfinished manuscript of that scathing treatise on the Political Tendencies of the Gulf Stream, which subsequently attracted such general attention in the *Arctic Review*.

Withdrawing my mind momentarily from its preoccupation, I observed that my grate wanted coals—an observation whose correctness was confirmed by a shivering sensation in my limbs.

Rousing myself to the effort which the emergency demanded, I arose from my seat and, my room being unprovided with a bell, went to the door, opened it, stepped out into the hall, leaned over the baluster, and was just inflating my lungs to shout "Bridget!"

I should, however, remark parenthetically that my room was Number Five of the attic of Mrs.

M'Screwby's boarding-house, on Bleecker Street, near Avenue A. The other occupants had, two hours before, gone out singly and in groups to the theatre or cheaper places of amusement. Unwonted, almost fearful, silence reigned—a silence that was rendered the more impressive by the fact that the fifth story, immediately below, was equally quiet.

I was, as I before intimated, about to break this silence by shouting "Bridget!" when the intended action of my vocal organs was prevented by a sound which just then saluted my ears. That sound was a violent and obstreperous cachinnation. It was not precisely a horse-laugh; I am unable zoologically to classify it. It broke abruptly upon the stillness with no apparent cause or sequence, and seemed to leave a strange quiver in the succeeding silence.

I had just convinced myself that it was but the product of my own brain, over-excited by the thrilling conceptions just embodied in Chapter One Hundred and Twelve aforesaid, when I again heard it more distinctly than before. Although decidedly masculine in tone, it yet forcibly reminded me of the refrain heard by Jane Eyre in the desolate chambers of Thornfield; and I stared in uneasy apprehension of seeing Grace Poole with her pot of porter, or the livid Mrs. Rochester herself, stalk forth from some attic room in Mrs. M'Screwby's boarding-house.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

This time it was deep, resonant, and hollow, as though forced from the depths of an empty stomach. I fancied that the Demon of Starvation might be exulting over the carcass of some of my unfortunate fellow-attics—perhaps Brown, the unpublished poet in Number Three, or Smithio, the gaunt artist in Number Nine.

"Ha! ha! ha—a—a!"

Sonorous and prolonged, like the jubilant howl of a wolf that has just concluded a repast on some unusually toothsome traveler.

I confess that I was frightened. I felt the capillary covering of my head rise and stand in serried array around its bald apex. A chill crept through the marrow of my bones—if, indeed, the bones of a poor devil author can, even figuratively, be said to contain marrow.

I at length perceived that the strange sounds originated in Number Eight—Jones's room.

I knew nothing whatever of Jones, except that his inky fingers and untidy aspect had convinced me that he belonged to the literary profession. The settled gloom of his countenance and compression of his bloodless lips, together with a strange twinkle in his eye, had given me the impression that he was harboring some dreadful purpose. I had always instinctively shrunk from Jones.

Now, however, fully determined to learn the source and nature of these mysterious explosions, I proceeded to Number Eight. The door stood open, and I timidly looked in. There sat Jones in his solitary chair before the empty grate, habited only in a ragged dressing-gown. He held a newspaper before his eyes, and would alternately read something therein and give utterance to a yell of laughter.

Thinking him intoxicated, I was about to retire, when, seeing me, he rushed forward to greet me.

"Ah! come in, Mr. Podhammer! Delighted to see you! Come to congratulate me, I suppose? Happiest moment of my life! He's done for—yes, he's done for at last! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Who's done for?" I asked, bewildered.

"Ah! true, you don't know. Read that. Ha! ha! ha!"

Thrusting into my hand an evening paper, he pointed to an obituary notice:

"Death of an Editor. — We regret to have to announce the demise of Archibald Pippin, Esq., the late well-known and accomplished editor of *Bullion's Monthly*. He has been for some time declining, and expired last evening."

Here followed a eulogium on the talents and virtues of the deceased.

"Been some time declining! Ha! ha! ha! Sit down, dear fellow, and I'll tell you the whole, confidentially."

I would gladly have retreated, but Jones had button-holed me, and placed himself between me and the door. So, with the best grace possible, I sat down on the bed. He rubbed his hands together, and laughed again; but then, with an effort, became quiet, sat down in the chair, drew it in front of me, leaned forward until his glaring eyes almost touched mine, and began:

"Sir, I was born a genius. I manifested that genius, when not yet out of my cradle, by crying only in poetic feet. I made verses before I could talk distinctly, and was an acknowledged poet at six years of age.

"When I reached manhood my productions were the delight of my native State—I am a native of an Eastern State, Sir. They were eagerly sought for and lauded by the editors of the *Oriental Palladium*, the *Massachusetts Bay Miscellany*, and the *Ladies' Literary Monthly*. Poetry gushed spontaneously from my inkstand. No subject was too lofty or too profound for my prose. I dwelt in a heaven of inspiration, Sir, from which I looked down with placid contempt on the puny efforts of those whom the world calls great.

"It is ever a necessity of genius to love and be loved. It was my fate to adore Arabella Muggins—an angelic creature, with languishing blue eyes and glossy black ringlets—the daughter of a merchant in my native town. Arabella adored me in return. We plighted our mutual faith, and sought the paternal benediction.

"The sordid Muggins, insensible to the charms of poetry and the dignity of genius, called me a beggar, and forbade me, with threats of personal violence, ever again to visit his daughter.

"That night I formed a resolution. I managed to have an interview with Arabella, and communicated my resolution to her.

"'Arabella,' I said, 'your father accuses me, with truth, of being poor. There is here no adequate pecuniary reward for literary genius. To-

morrow I will go to New York, where wealth is the recompense of merit. I will write for the magazines, and receive the munificent sums which the publishers delight to lavish on contributors. I will produce books whose multiplied editions shall pour gold into my now empty pockets. I will purchase a villa on the Hudson, whose banks are dotted with the country seats of literary men. Then I will return, exhibit to your father the evidences of my opulence, and again sue for your hand. Think you he will then refuse me?'

"Arabella approved of my resolution.

"With one passionate embrace, the memory of which will ever haunt me, we bade each other —as we thought—a temporary adieu. Oh! what bliss then loomed up before me! It was all blasted by— But he's done for! Ha! ha! ha!

"I came to New York—it was just a year ago —took rooms, and devoted myself to intense literary labor. Even genius needs money. To supply my immediate necessities I prepared articles for the magazines. Having first devoted several hours to the study of my subject, I penned a trenchant satire on City Life. I also produced several poems, and a scathing review of Contemporaneous Literature. I took these to the office of *Bullion's Monthly*, inquired for the editor, and was ushered into the presence of Pippin.

"I conversed freely with Pippin, communicated to him something of my history, plans, and aspirations, and added some valuable suggestions with regard to the management of his magazine.

"Pippin said that, as a matter of form, it would be necessary to examine my manuscripts before paying for them, but promised to send me the money as soon as they should have been approved.

"I returned to my room and waited for the remittance, of which I stood in need, my landlady and laundress having suggested the payment of their bills.

"Three weeks passed, and the money came not.

"In the mean time my landlady and laundress had become urgent.

"Thinking the remittance might have miscarried, I decided to call upon Pippin. As I entered the office he quietly opened a drawer— to get my money, as I supposed. You may imagine my astonishment and indignation when he produced and handed to me my manuscript, on which was indorsed the word 'Declined!'

"My first impulse was to throttle Pippin. My second emotion was compassion for a man so lamentably destitute of literary appreciation. Bestowing upon him a glance of withering contempt, I left the office and carried the manuscripts to *Pressman's Monthly*. There they met the same fate.

"In the mean time my landlady and laundress had become clamorous.

"My articles were afterward successively rejected by *Boggs's Monthly* and *Fizzle's Monthly*.

"In the mean time my landlady and laundress had become belligerent, and I had been driven to change my quarters.

"During the months which had now elapsed I had not been idle. I had completed a book— a poem in forty cantos—a poem whose success I confidently expected would cause Milton and Shakspeare and Byron to rise from their graves out of sheer envy.

"With triumphant emotions I bore it to the publishing-house of Sheep and Calf, and left it for the inspection of their manuscript-reader.

"At the appointed time I called to complete the arrangements for its publication. Messrs. Sheep and Calf informed me that their manuscript-reader had reported unfavorably to my book.

"Under this unexpected blow I only found breath to demand, 'Who is your manuscript-reader?'

"'Archibald Pippin,' replied Sheep.

"'Pippin of *Bullion's Monthly?*'

"'The same,' said Calf.

"The whole mystery stood revealed.

"I rushed out into the darkness of gathering evening, and strode homeward. Torrents of rain deluged my head and streamed down my back, but could not cool the fever of indignation within. The object of that indignation was Pippin. Pippin, moved by base envy of superior genius, had first rejected my articles. Pippin had, doubtless, instigated other editors to do the same. Pippin had now committed his crowning outrage by condemning my book.

"I passed periodical dépôts where next month's magazines were for sale, filled with commonplace trash. That my brilliant productions were excluded was the work of Pippin. From booksellers' windows gleamed, in crimson and gilt, the inferior works of weak authors. That my great poem had no publisher was due to Pippin. Other literary men were dwelling in the midst of luxury and breathing the incense of adulation while I, Adolphus Jones, was plodding umbrellaless through the storm, to encounter the yet more formidable tempests of my unpaid and indignant landlady. For this I had to thank Pippin.

"I reached my cheerless room. On my table lay a letter from a correspondent in my native town. It informed me that Arabella, having waited six months for me to fulfill my promises to her, had at length yielded to her father's solicitations and become the wife of another.

"My cup of bitterness was full, my ambition crushed, my hopes blasted, my love blighted. Henceforth I could have but one object in life— revenge on Pippin. I tossed restlessly all that night, revolving plans for the attainment of my object, none of which were sufficiently certain and comprehensive. Toward morning—it may have been a dream—I thought a demon perched on my bedside, and whispered to me a suggestion. That suggestion I adopted, and arose at daybreak with a fully matured resolution—a resolution to the accomplishment of which I have since

devoted every energy of my being. That resolution was—let me whisper it to you—*to bore him to death!*

"My *modus operandi* was to visit him frequently, provided with a liberal supply of manuscript. This I would read to him by the hour, under the pretext of asking his criticism or submitting it for his acceptance. I generally paid my visits to him about noon, the hour when the energies are beginning to flag after the labors of the morning, and prolonged them until I saw that he was reduced to an extreme point of irritability and exhaustion.

"Fortunately for my success, Pippin was a man of slender physical frame and highly sensitive nervous organization. I, on the other hand, was endowed by nature not only with iron nerves, but also with that peculiar pertinacity of purpose and fertility of resources so essential to the organism of a great and highly successful bore. You need not wonder, then, that I soon gained as complete ascendancy over Pippin as does the mesmerizer or psychologist over his subject, or the serpent over the bird which he is charming.

"Within a very few months I began to observe unequivocal tokens of my success in Pippin's increasingly haggard countenance and the look of ill-concealed terror with which he would greet my approach.

"Pippin did not yield to his fate without some struggles; but against a determination such as mine his struggles were impotent. When, driven to desperation, he gave orders that I should not be admitted, I gained access to him by means of ingenious disguises. When he changed his quarters I was sure to trace him unerringly and penetrate to his retreat. Not remorse or a bailiff ever dogged a victim more indefatigably than did I mine.

"Never did doting parent watch more eagerly the returning bloom on the countenance of an invalid child than did I the encroaching ravages of terror and anguish on the visage of Pippin. Oh! it was glorious to note the deepening and lengthening of the wrinkles, the sinking of his eye, the increasing concavity of his cheek. Never was trill at the Academy of Music such dulcet music to my ear as was the feeble, sepulchral tone with which he complained of loss of appetite, qualms, chills, vertigo, and sleepless nights.

"At length he took to his bed.

"Yesterday I called at his house. Lest I should not be admitted I hastened to his room without announcing my name. Assuring the anxious friends who surrounded his bed that I had come to amuse and divert him, I seated myself beside him and read forty pages of manuscript which I had prepared for the occasion. I then entered upon a detailed narration of my early history.

"When I had thus entertained him for several hours, I observed that his countenance became agitated with violent convulsive twitches. He asked in a scarcely audible voice, but with that mild intonation which always characterized him, if I would not defer the remainder of my interesting recital until another occasion. Assuring him that I was quite at leisure I continued my narrative.

"His countenance became yet more violently agitated, and his eye flashed with the lurid light of a just-expiring taper. He sprang from his bed and, with a sudden spasmodic movement of his hand, followed by several equally sudden movements of his foot, impelled me out of the room and down the stairs. He then bolted the door after me.

"I knew that exertion would be fatal to him.

"The next morning I met the undertaker coming from his house with a happy countenance. We grasped hands and rejoiced together.

"I carried the tidings to the evening paper and waited impatiently for its issue. I seized the first copy printed and bore it in triumph up Broadway. I read it aloud and shouted in my ecstasy. People stared at me and doubtless thought me mad. They little dreamed—"

At this moment the terror and disgust excited in me by Jones's recital reached its climax. The malicious gleam which his eye shot into mine filled me with a shuddering apprehension that he was about to repeat upon me the horrid experiment whose success had filled him with such fiendish exultation. The bare idea caused my flesh to creep and my bones to quiver.

Suddenly thrusting him away with a violent effort I made a rush for the door. Winged by fear I fled through the hall, overthrowing several of the boarders who were just returning to their rooms. I reached my apartment in safety and bolted the door behind me. I dreamed fearful dreams all night, from which I would awake with the terrible expectation of seeing Jones seated beside me, intent on boring me to death.

When I arose in the morning I found that three hairs in my left whisker had turned from their original red to snowy whiteness.

I immediately removed to the attic of another boarding-house.

MY FIRST OF APRIL.

THIS was the day—a year ago—
That first I saw her, sauntering slow
Over the meadow, and down the lane,
Where the privet was shining with recent rain.

The world had flung its torpor away,
And breathed the pure air of the April day;
The sap was pulsing through maple-trees,
And the rivers were rushing to meet the seas.

All the secret thrills that through Nature run,
Silent and swift as the threads of the sun,
Shook with their tremors each growing thing,
And worked with the mystic charms of spring.

Like ghosts at the Resurrection Day,
The snow-drops arose from the torpid clay;
And the violets opened their purple eyes,
And smiled in the face of the tender skies.

The larch-trees were covered with crimson buds
Till their branches seemed streaming with sanguine floods;
And the ivy looked faded and old and sere
'Mid the greenness that sprouted every where.

But though the landscape was passing bright,
Her coming lent it a rarer light;
A tenderer verdure was on the grass,
And flowers grew brighter to see her pass.

Her form and face, as she moved along,
Seemed like a sweet incarnate song—
A living hymn that the Earth, in glee,
Sent up to Heaven, the sun, and me.

So seemed she to me a year ago,
When first I saw her, sauntering slow
Over the meadow, and down the lane,
Where the privet shone with the April rain.

The year is past—entombed—forgot.
I stand to-day on the self-same spot.
Still do the pallid snow-drops rise,
And the violets open their purple eyes.

And a coming greenness is in the lane,
And the privet glistens with recent rain;
The larches sprout, and the blue-birds sing,
And the earth resounds with the joy of spring!

But the joy of the world is gone from me;
I see no beauty in field or tree;
The flower that bloomed in my path is crushed;
The music that solaced my life is hushed.

I see her tombstone from where I stand—
Stark and stiff, like a ghastly hand
Pointing to heaven, as if to say,
There we will meet on some April day!

EARS.

THOSE appendages to the head, whose elongation is so asinine and out-turning indicative of attention in brutes, are singularly unimpressive in the ordinary estimate of humanity; often concealed by the *coiffure* in one sex, and rarely beautiful in the other, they are comparatively ignored by artists and physiognomists; yet have they a remarkable significance, being symbolic of coarseness and refinement. That principle of beauty which, in vegetable life, adorns the stem with side leaves or blossoms, in architecture the column with volutes, and in shells with rosy convolutions, hath its human manifestation in the ear. How daintily are moulded these portals of the auditory nerve, and how aptly the well-poised head on fair shoulders is, as it were, made emphatic by the softly-indented ovals, on which rests the line of the smooth hair-band or which supports the tress! Of the sculptor's handiwork few points better mark the finish of the chisel and the individuality of the least mobile of features. Napoleon had a trick of pinching ladies ears—it was the caress of a patronizing ambition; and among Victor Hugo's most bitter sarcasms, launched at the imperial and foresworn nephew, is the prophetic image he conjures up of the Muse of History leading him to posterity by the ear. As a part of natural language, consider the diverse expression of the ear, whether it is large or dainty, big at the lower end or delicate, close to the head or at a wide angle, small and round, or thick and pendant.

The effect of a little brilliant attached to the lobe is marvelous in some faces, partly because it draws the eye and gives relief to the curve of the cheek below; yet larger ornaments disfigure and savor of barbarism. But it is the office associated with the form, the function allied to the beauty, which makes the ear suggestive to the mind's eye. It is Nature's dearest confessional. Ancient criminal law mutilated this organ as a mark of infamy; and even a brand on the forehead does not so instantly convey the idea of a discovered rogue as a cropped ear. Poetry draws innumerable figures of speech from this unobtrusive feature. "Lend me your ears!" pleads Brutus to the populace. How is the illusory in life typified by that description of Macbeth, when he complains that the witches "keep the word of promise to the *ear* and break it to the *hope*;" and Desdemona's incipient love foreshadowed in the "greedy ear" with which she devoured the Moor's adventures; morning described by the "pearl in every cowslip's ear;" and love's blindness figured in the kiss bestowed on Bottom's "fair long ears!" Shakspeare personifies herein—he speaks of the "ear of grief;" "the dull ear of death;" the warlike, dreaming bridegroom's, married, sad-attending, public, royal ear; "a lover's ear will hear the lowest breath;" and stars of midnight are likened to a "rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." Fine-Ear is no common fairy; and "rattle in the welkin's ear" is a complete hint of a tempest, as well as the image "lark to shepherd's ear" of dawn. In animals the prominence and flexibility of the ear give it remarkable expression — as the diversity of look in Landseer's dogs, from the nervous, erect ear of the terrier and greyhound to the broad lappets of the setter, and the flexile and silky ones of the spaniel so emphatically illustrate. In hares and rabbits, in horses and sheep, the whole character of the head is modified by the shape and action of the ear; and there is a more wide range among animals than in man of the degrees of sensibility in the auditory nerves, extending from the obtuse ear of the adder to the acute hearing of the hound.

That is a sublime idea of Addison's in his Hymn—that the earth *listens* to the moon; but the process of hearing, in itself, is an infinite marvel. It is by a most refined species of touch that sound is communicated; aerial pulses convey it with so regular a gradation that Newton calculated the speed of transmission with mathematical exactitude. The action is mechanical; and the effect of sound upon the atmosphere, in its relation to the ear, has been aptly compared to that of a pebble cast into a lake—successive undulations extend from the centre to the shore. Thus on invisible ripples float the waves of sound, to die away on the auditory nerve as the wave upon the beach; vibration ever attends it—in the rattle of thunder which shakes a castle's massive foundations to the tremor of the piano when a note is struck. That the propagation of sound is not instantaneous, like that of light, we know by the familiar fact that the flash precedes, by several seconds, the report in artillery both celestial and human. The phenomena of wind and stringed instruments, grave and acute sounds, the different capacity of wood, stone, glass, and metal for transmitting them, the wonders of natural echoes and of ventriloquism, are among the countless scientific phases of acoustics. There is no sense wherein the diversities of taste are so extreme as that of hearing. We have, indeed, recent curious discoveries in regard to what is called "color-blindness," and national antagonisms in food and odors are patent; but what a complete *terra incognita* is the experience of an individual endowed with musical sensibility and knowledge, to one who, in Elia's quaint phrase, "has no ear!" What is infinitely suggestive to one is only a barren concussion or shrill caprice to the other; and yet affectation is in no sphere more common; and you will find the coxcomb or *parvenu*, who can not distinguish Old Hundred from Yankee Doodle, nor Mozart from Bellini, pretend to agonize over a false note, and talk more glibly of the technicalities of music than a prima donna or composer.

Harriet Martineau, some years ago, published a "Letter to the Deaf," in which she gave those afflicted with this infirmity much good counsel based upon her own experience. It would, however, have been quite as appropriate to advise those with acute hearing how to treat such as are not thus favored. The latter are rarely im-

patient under their privation, and learn to depend upon their own resources, as in the case of Miss Martineau herself; but the brutal impatience manifested by those who, vexed at the necessity of repeating an observation, or, in their selfish hardihood, unmindful of the baseness of insulting misfortune, exhibit in their intercourse with the deaf anger and incredulity by a scornful smile or a burst of passion, offer excellent subjects for the lay-preacher. In this country, especially, where the rapid and extreme alternations of temperature so inflame the mucous lining of the eustachean tube as to frequently cause temporary and casual deafness, more or less continuous or spasmodic, a little knowledge of the ear and its liabilities might induce sympathy and forbearance. No persons have better opportunities to estimate the comparative delicacy and consideration which comes from gentle blood or kindly self-forgetfulness, and the coarse rudeness of vulgar and unsympathetic minds, than the deaf. The helplessness of the blind and decrepit instantly appeals to decent observance if not to the humanity of all; but irritable people are incommoded by the deaf, and so vent their displeasure in needless shouts or ungracious reproaches, while the ready adaptation and thoughtful kindness of the more disinterested makes a deeper impression by contrast; for love not only lends a "precious seeming to the eye," but a sweet adaptation to the voice, and a humane consideration, which is at once the "heart of courtesy" and an element of the spirit of Christianity. Of all sorrowful mysteries the greatest is what we strive to imagine is the consciousness of genius deprived of one of the senses; how through memory imagination combines sounds and colors; and what must be the inward experience of men whose external impressions have furnished select intelligence, and ministered to profound and subtle sympathies, when cut off from these means of intercourse with life and nature! The blindness of Milton and Handel, and the deafness of Beethoven, are of more than pathetic significance in the psychological history of art.

If another Locke were to write on the association of ideas, modern science would furnish him quite a new stock of illustrations. Sound, like sleep, "has its own world," ranging, in each individual consciousness, from the mechanical routine hinted by the morning drum or the locomotive's whistle to the mysterious sphere on which the spiritually-minded enter with the key-note of a grand symphony. Some of the more purely suggestive of master compositions have been caught from the voices of nature, whose scale of harmony, extending from the roar of winds and waves to the rustle of grain and the hum of insects, breathes to attentive ears the whole eternal process of the universe. But of sounds derived from human invention and economy there is none which, in the variety and the permanence of the associations it awakens, compares with that of bells. The individual quality of their tone, the scenes amidst which we first hear them, the sacred or local memories intertwined with their vibration, appeal to the memory with a distinctness seldom otherwise realized. Hence the most aspiring of German poets availed himself of this fact to compose an immortal "Song of the Bell." The most reckless and weird of our native bards found in the graduated intonation and emphatic occasion of bells scope for the remarkable verbal and rhythmic ingenuity which conserves his effusions.* On the same principle Gray touched at once the pensive strain of his elegy by allusion to the curfew.

The language of bells is cosmopolitan. It requires no polyglot to understand the meaning of those sounds which, for fourteen hundred years, have announced from church towers worship, festivity, and death. We may be wandering thousands of miles from home, amidst a crowd whose garb and tongue are alien, or in a lonely and distant region, where the very herbage beneath and branches above proclaim a foreign soil, and yet the instant a bell's chime falls on the ear we take up the broken link of our electric human chain and feel at home once more. Bells, said the pious Latimer, inform Heaven of the necessities of earth; and so also do they announce the identity of human wants, instincts, and destiny, and thereby indissolubly blend their cadence with the sentiment of life. The modern novelists have well availed themselves of this fact, as in Victor Hugo's "Nôtre Dame," Jerrold's "St. Giles and St. James," and in Dickens's "Little Dorrit." And this universality is recognized by the poets. In that tender episode of Dante where he speaks of the voyager recalling at sunset the friends left behind, it is the "*squilla di lontano*" which seems to "*piange il giorno che si muore.*" "The bell invites me," soliloquizes Macbeth on the eve of crime; and Hamlet can find no more significant image to betoken Ophelia's madness than "sweet bells jangled out of tune." How Moore sang of those "Evening Bells," and Lamb felt the dying year's chime!

"Of all sounds of all bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal color: nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary when he exclaimed,

---

* "Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
* * * * * * *
Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
* * * * * * *
Hear the loud alarum-bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
* * * * * * *
Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!"

'I saw the skirts of the departing year.'

It is no more than what, in sober sadness, every one of us seems to be conscious of in that awful leave-taking. I am none of those who

'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.'"

A fire and a festa, a gratulation and a requiem, welcome to peace and call to arms, find voices in bells. It was a beautiful reverence for their office that led the architects of old to lavish their highest skill on the towers wherein those vocal ministers of humanity were to vibrate. The Florence Campanile is a memorable instance; its variegated marbles, its harmonized proportions, its lofty grace—so effective beside the vast dome and massive spread of the Cathedral—associate the bells which call out the "Misericordia," and sound matins and vespers over the beautiful valley of the Arno, with one of the fairest trophies of the builder's skill. No wonder that primitive faith consecrated bells with prayer and song; and that science combines, moulds, and tempers the metal with vigilant care, in order to develop the rarest charms of sound.

"Fastened deep in firmest earth,
Stands the mould of well-burned clay.
Now we'll give the bell its birth;
Quick, my friends—no more delay!
* * * * *
With splinters of the driest pine
Now feed the fire below;
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the brass within,
Quickly add the tin,
That the thick metallic mass
Rightly to the mould may pass.
See, the boiling surface whitening
Shows the whole is mixing well;
Add the salts, the metal brightening,
Ere flows out the liquid bell.
Clear from foam and scum
Must the mixture come,
That with a rich metallic note
The sound aloft in air may float.
See how brown the liquid turns!
Now this rod I thrust within;
If it's glazed before it burns,
Then the casting may begin.
* * * * *
And it shall last to days remote,
Shall thrill the year of many a race;
Shall sound with sorrow's mournful note,
And call to pure devotion's grace.
Whatever to the sons of earth
Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep, solemn clang gives birth,
And rings from out this metal crown."*

There is something remarkably endearing in the sound of bells. Whoever has caught their distant peal while coasting along the Mediterranean shores, or felt the summer stillness of an Alpine valley broken by the chimes from a venerable belfry, can imagine, as the mellowed intonations blend with the scenery and make the soft air melodious, how precious to native associations must be the familiar echoes. At the Zürich Insane Asylum, some years ago, there was an inmate whose occupation had been that of a bell-ringer. So keenly did he feel the deprivation of his accustomed office that, making his escape, he hastened to the nearest magistrate and implored to have his occupation restored or be immediately beheaded. What a chapter in history are the Vespers of Palermo! One of the most affecting legends of which so many charming ballads have been constructed by the Germans, is the "Blind Steed" of Langbein:*

"What bell-house, yonder, towers in sight
Above the market square?
The wind sweeps through it day and night,
Nor gate or door is there.
Speaks joy or terror in the tone
When neighbors hear the bell?
And that tall steed of sculptured stone,
What doth the statue tell?"

The answer to this inquiry is, that the fathers of the town created what they called the "Doom-bell of Ingratitude," that whoever felt that serpent's sting might therewith summon the ministers of the land and have instant punishment awarded the offender. A prosperous citizen of the place owned a horse not less remarkable for beauty and fleetness than for sagacity; his services were long and memorable, but in his old age his master turned him adrift to starve; he roamed about, gnawing at every chance twig, and at last—

"Once, thus urged on by hunger's power,
All skin and bone—oh, shame!
The skeleton, at midnight hour,
Up to the bell-house came.
He stumbled in and chanced to grope
Near where the hemp-rope hangs;
His gnawing hunger jerks the rope,
And hark! the bell-doom clangs."*

The judges meet, and are astonished to "see such a plaintiff there;" but consider "'twas God that spoke," and oblige the ungrateful master to take home and provide for his steed.

There is the bell which summons to the diurnal repast, and one whose clang wakes the weaver and machinist; the bell at the stern, which sounds the monotonous flight of hours at sea, and those whose merry click, on arm and ankle, times the Egyptian dancing-girl's gyration; there is the diving-bell, and the "all-ashore" bell of the parting steam-packet; there are the tinkling alarums on the necks of browsing kine, the gay jingle of sleigh-bells over the white, fleecy plain, and those which cheer the patient mule's steps amidst the mountains of Spain. The falcon wore his little bell; "bell, book, and candle" were the old instruments of exorcisms; and a "cap and bells" the badge of court fools. The bells of the household, which startle with expectancy the domestic circle as heralds of the favored guest or the stranger's coming; the silver bells of the greyhound's collar; the brazen bell of the crier; and so on through all the economies of life wherein bells enact a utilitarian part as far removed from the ancient and the poetic service associated with the cathedral and the rites of humanity as are her aspirations from her drudgery. There have been memorable superstitions connected with these little messengers of sound; mysterious voluntaries, inexplicable monotones, identified with some catastrophe, or prophetic thereof, as warnings or summons made their echoes portentous.

* Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

* German Lyrics, translated by C. T. Brooks.

Ere the wreck of a steamer, plunged forever in the trough of the sea, a few years ago, in Long Island Sound, her brave company all gone, some beneath the waves, and others frozen or suffocated, above the surging and desolate waters, with the fitful rush of the gale, still clanged the bell, swung by the tempest like a dirge over its victims. "Silence that dreadful bell!" exclaims Othello, when the isle was "roused from its propriety." And how often, on sensitive brain and quivering nerves, do the ill-timed jar of these intrusive messengers wake the same impatient protest of invalid and mourner! A popular novelist, alluding to those of London, as heard in a house of sorrow on Sunday, well calls them "exasperating." On this side of the water the church-bells often, and especially in villages, lack the tone so mellow across the sea; they are often hung too near the earth, and rung by inexperienced hands; their accents are business-like and commonplace, even in their call to prayer; herein, as in other interests, art and sensibility to the beautiful lack votaries. Yet are there notable exceptions. Whoever has found himself in Wall Street on a Sabbath morning, and heard those deserted precincts of financial excitement resound with old Trinity's harmonious chimes, must have felt, with all the zest of contrast, the solemn poetry of bells. In front of Lafayette's portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is a bell which, even mute, appeals to every American heart by this inscription: "The ringing of this bell first announced to the citizens who were anxiously waiting the result of the deliberations of Congress (which were at that time held with closed doors) that the Declaration of Independence had been decided upon; and then it was that the bell proclaimed liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof!" In that city, also, is the oldest chime of bells in the land; they hang in Christ Church. One in Boston, long endeared, once drew crowds to the North End to listen. "Within the sound of Bow-bells," was long the cockney way of claiming nativity in London. The note of a bell is, of all sounds, that which comes nearest home to the local spell of a habitation. In cities, where rural sights and sounds are wanting, imagination insensibly clings to these aerial and familiar tones: perchance they breathe over the ashes of the loved, or have mingled with the labor and the pastime of years; above the hum of trade and the voices of the thoroughfare their clear, deep, prolonged refrain is perchance the only sound that whispers to the brooding heart of higher interests than the work and the pleasure of the hour. There is to the forlorn a greeting, to the reminiscent a charm, and to the meditative an inspiration in their music; it pulsates through the air at dawn, noontide, or midnight; "above the world while in it;" the pen or pencil is self-arrested as if at a friendly voice; the book is closed; the head turns on the pillow; and thoughts of responsibilities maturing with the hours, of hopes blasted in the past, or that "wander through eternity," come as the last vibration slowly expires. Even the ambitious and absorbed Napoleon would pause in his rapid promenade, and grow pensive and thoughtful at the sound of bells, and often was seen arrested and touched by the sound of those at Malmaison, so fraught with memories of love and remorse.

It is marvelous how the ear discriminates congenial sounds. "Ceux," says Balzac, "qui passant habituellement les nuits, et qui ont observé les differents effets de l'acoustique par un profond silence, savent que souvent un léger retentissement est facile à percevoir dans les mêmes lieux où des murmures égaux et continus n'avaient rien de distinctible."

Nature's daintiest products are the model of bells. How many flowers wear their shape, and might be imagined to have hinted their creation to Adam! Horace Smith, in his exquisite hymn to these evanescent and graceful forms, speaks of the "floral bell that swingeth;" and the delicate song in the Tempest says, "In the cowslip's bell I lie." Bells signalize to consciousness the most hallowed associations of travel. We seem to hear a voice from the far-past in the reverberation of cathedral bells in Europe. Near one of the wonderful old churches on the Danube, in Germany, Spain, Italy, and English cathedral towns, what a panorama of history, what memorable personages and pensive retrospection, the sound of ancient bells awaken in the mind of the imaginative stranger! At Oxford and Rome, at Rouen and Nuremberg, what martyrs, reformers, saints, bards, kings, and artists, whose names blend with the local memories of the place, reappear to the fancy, as the bells, which announced their advent or rang their knell, fill the air with echoes from the long dim "corridors of time," and connect them with the wants, aspirations, and fragilities of this "shoal of time" on which we stand and listen with awe and love! All over the Continent are famous bells—that of Erfurt, for instance: some for antiquity, others for size; this because of its exquisite tone, and that on account of a saintly tradition; and many as intimately associated with the fortunes and the fame of the church or town wherein they have so long rang out the chimes of human vicissitude and faith.

"Our ears," says Theophrastus, "are the most dangerous instruments about us for receiving violent impressions to alter and disturb us." And one obvious reason why this should be the case in hearing rather than seeing, is because of the comparative interval and succession of sound; whereas the process of sight is usually continuous and unbroken. There are sounds which rouse, soothe, or inspire the fancy and the memory more vividly than any object of vision. In certain moods or circumstances, the patter of rain, the tick of a clock, the dash of sleet against the pane, the chirp of a cricket, the shrill note of a locust, the sough of trees, the moan of waves, the notes of certain birds, the creaking of a ship's bulwarks, the bleat or low of kine, the dull echo of a falling clod—any characteristic and perfectly intelligible sound—is like the monotone of destiny, the key-

note of our past or the herald of our actual life; having a mysterious influence upon consciousness through the imagination and the auditory nerves. "Melody and harmony," observes Isaac Taylor, "have a *fixed affinity* with the several emotions of our moral constitution; and they awaken, with unvarying certainty and precision, this or that sentiment or passion;" and Davies declares—

"This is the slowest yet the daintiest sense;
For ev'n the ears of such as have no skill
Perceive a discord and conceive offense;
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill."

The relation of the sense of hearing to the mind is, when minutely pondered, as fraught with psychological wonders as vision when expounded by such a speculative inquirer as Berkeley. The reason, we are told, why those born deaf are also dumb, is that we must speak to ourselves inwardly—have the idea of speech before utterance. It is easy to imagine a train of metaphysical inference from this one fact in the philosophy of the senses. There are rare mysteries in acoustics. The reflective traveler can scarcely fail to lose himself in a labyrinth of conjectures as to the possible application of its laws after his experience in the ear of Dionysius at old Syracuse or the whispering gallery of St. Paul's. There was a church in Naples where a jealous nobleman discovered that, by standing on a particular slab of the vast floor, he could hear distinctly the low voices of a distant confessional, and thus regularly acquired a knowledge of his wife's peccadilloes. The ignorance of acoustic principles is annually demonstrated in the expensive practical errors made by architects in constructing buildings for oratory and vocalism.

Montaigne's father caused him to be awakened in childhood by music, and to this he attributes, in a measure, the constitutional serenity of his nature. Disraeli the elder has a chapter in his "Curiosities of Literature" on Medical Music, containing some remarkable facts and inferences, the effects of harmony in curing delirium and melancholy—as in the case of Saul, so beautifully dramatized by Alfieri—in preventing the fatal consequences of a tarantula bite, etc., are well authenticated; and a French writer says, in explanation, that melodious sounds "assist the circulation of the blood, dissipate vapors, and open the vessels so that the action of perspiration is freer." The fable of Orpheus, the practice of uncivilized nations, and the anecdotes of the effect of their national air upon the Swiss—indicate how nearly allied are sound and the passions; Collins has lyrically suggested the idea, and Milton speaks of "putting the soul in tune"—with him a literal process, for there is no little analogy between the blind poet's Organ and the rhythm of Paradise Lost. The "impressions which the waves of sound make upon the labyrinth of the ear" have, indeed, an intellectual and moral significance, which science and psychology must unite to apprehend. It is enough to remember that music is a life to her legitimate votaries, and that art hints at infinite possibilities in the mere act of listening. Even among our own artists—this theme has proved the occasion of signal triumphs—the very foot of the Scribe, in Allston's Jeremiah, listens; Crawford's Orpheus and Power's Fisher Boy (the one lulling Cerberus with his harp as he steals into Hades, and the other holding a shell to his ear, with an expression of innocent wonder) are favorite statues.

Both the philosophy and the poetry of sound—the possible ministry of the ear to the soul—have been best illustrated by the poets; their very rhythm reveals the exquisite relation between auditory impressions and reason, memory and imagination; and an appeal to this sense often gives the whole impression of an actual scene or an inward experience. Thus Campbell pictures a sea-fight in a stanza:

"'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun."

And Wordsworth nowhere more sweetly indicates his favorite idea of the subtle influence of nature upon humanity than in the verse—

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and *she shall lean her ear*
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

While Milton, in a single and bold image, suggests all the rapture of musical delight—the highest pleasure derivable through the ear:

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness, till it smiled!"

HALF AN HOUR WITH MR. HUME THE SPIRITUALIST.

IN the spring of 1858 I was in Naples while Mr. Hume, the famous spiritualist, was there. He is so much talked of—his doings, movements, and position so freely canvassed—and he seems, in a word, so much more of public property than private, that I do not feel I am transgressing the proprieties of social life in giving a short account of the little I saw, and the great deal I heard, of him.

Our minister, Mr. Owen, knew the celebrated spiritualist intimately, and at his house I heard much of him, although it was not there I saw him, as the only *séances* he held at Mr. Owen's were strictly private, being for the King's brother, Prince Luigi, and no one was present but the immediate family of Mr. Owen. The reports of these *séances* made us all very curious, and desirous of seeing the spiritual lion; but he was like the man in the parable, "he was mar-

rying a wife," and could not be seen by common folk—one had to be a Prince and a Bourbon, it seemed, to command that privilege. He told my friend, Mrs. Rochester, however, who knew him intimately, that he would come with her some morning to see me *sans cérémonie*, and without announcement; but his intended bride's family, with whom he was traveling—wealthy Russians — were planning daily excursions to Amalfi and Pæstum, Sorrento and Capri, Pozzuolo and Baia, and all the numberless points of enchanting interest that surround Naples. For that reason this promised gratification never reached me.

One morning Mrs. Rochester came in and told me that he was very desirous of being presented to Mr. Bryant, who was also at that time in Naples, and that he was to call on the poet that afternoon. Having authority, she invited me to be present at the interview. Accordingly at three o'clock I went to the Hotel de l'Europe, where I was received courteously by the distinguished poet's family, and we laughed and talked merrily about the expected visitor. The manner with which Spiritualism is treated shows how little actual faith we have in it, although an inherent love of the marvelous, a yearning to know something of that great silent Beyond, makes some of us fancy we have. Of course I am not speaking of the avowed professors of and believers in it, but of the great party of outsiders who listen to and repeat greedily its wondrous tales and "*developments.*" The most marvelous stories are told and laughed over, which, if one believed, would make one feel solemn and silent. One story, I remember, we talked of that day with certainly amused if not merry wonder, which was calculated to have caused us very serious feelings if we had given to it even an atom's weight of faith.

During one of the *séances* with Prince Luigi, little babies' hands had appeared under the table covering—spirits of children Mr. Owen had lost twenty years before—their little doubled-up fists had played in the silk flounces of the mother's dress, their little unseen forms had nestled down at her feet, snatched up kerchiefs with invisible hands, and tied knots with little unseen fingers. Then an accordeon was held beneath the table, and the little invisible beings played on it a broken but sweet melody, a few strains; then the accordeon trembled as if held by little hands too weak for its weight; then fell to the ground. Now we believed that those who had told us this were honest and sincere in their belief, but we had no faith in spirits having caused the marvel.

While we were talking of this Mr. Hume and Mr. Owen were announced. Mr. Hume was presented to Mr. Bryant; and I noticed that he took a rapid survey of the poet, who has as distinguished a presence as name, while he was being introduced, as if he were weighing and measuring him mentally.

"You are clever and cunning, young Aureolus Bombastus," I thought, "but you can not do that."

Only a few moments passed during the introduction, and I do not know if the rest noticed the sharp weight-and-measured look that flashed out of the bright blue eye of the young spiritualist, as he scanned the patriarchal-looking poet, who stood receiving his boyish guest with simplicity, politeness, and a loyalty of manner, as if he respected himself, his surroundings, and was willing to extend the same feeling to all who approached him; but short as the moments were, they impressed me strongly; and there rose to my lips, as I noted the young man's expression, the words which Browning puts into the mouth of Paracelsus when he first sees Aprile the poet:

> "Art thou the sage I only seem to be,
> Myself of after time, my very self,
> With sight a little clearer, strength more firm,
> Who robs me of my prize, who takes my place
> For just a fault, a weakness, a neglect?
> I scarcely trusted God with the surmise
> That such might come."

The principal presentation of the visit being over, we ladies were introduced, willing adjuncts of the poet. As I was a nobody I had a good chance of observing and noting—one advantage of the many that *nobodies* possess. My first examination was of the *physique* of the young man. He seemed about five or six and twenty, had light-brown hair and blonde complexion, a frank, boyish countenance, and a quick, bright, blue eye, clear as the waters that wash the base of a granite mountain; his voice was ringing, and had a cordial tone in it, and the throaty laugh of youth, as if no care or sorrow had sent the laugh lower down for springs to feed it. A genial, merry manner, an egotistical freedom in talking of himself, a hearty, innocent candor, were the first things that struck me; and but for that sharp weight-and-measure expression of his face which I had noticed as I entered the doorway of the salon, I might not have examined the young man's features, or noted his manners any more than to have thought him an imaginative person, who possessed a great deal of that mysterious magnetic power of which so little is known, and who used it with the unconsciousness of a real childlike nature. But the recollection of that look remained; and after the first survey of his person I returned to the examination of his face, to find out where lay the sharpness and cleverness. At last I discovered them in those glancing blue eyes and frank, laughing mouth. Around the eye and mouth setting were numberless little foxy lines, which gave a curious, cunning, knowing expression to the face, strangely at variance with its surface character.

How curious is the history that every human face tells! No matter how hidden the labor, how strong the will, how stern the self-control, the murder will out in some little leaf of the countenance. I looked from the spiritualist to the poet, from the poet to our minister, and contrasted, as strongly as my weak woman powers would enable me, the three faces. Mr. Owen's is dreamy, speculative, and almost poetical; but there are certain hard lines about the mouth, and

square wrinkles on the brow, which tell of the struggle that may have gone on in his nature between wild, utopian visions, and sober common sense, and turned the vague dreamer, who would have lived and tried to make others live out impossible schemes, into the acting, practical man, fit to be what Madame de Staël said his great preceptor, M. Fellenberg, desired his educational system to produce: "A liberal bond between the inferior and superior classes; a bond which should not be founded only on the pecuniary interests of the rich and the poor."*

Mr. Bryant's face and head are as satisfactory as any admirer of the poet's works can wish. A fine high brow; a head as classic in its outline as an antique; a calm reflective eye, so serious that but for its serenity it would be stern, inquiring in its expression at times, not so much of outward things, but as if communing with something high and beyond; a mouth expressing sensitiveness and purity. Add to this the gray hair that clusters around his fine head, and the patriarchal beard which is as oddly at variance with the fire of the eye as Richelieu's eye and voice were with his tottering gait; then his calm manner, simple and plain, but the simplicity and plainness of high culture, and an inherent self-respect, which, though unobtrusive, is none the less felt. I had heard him described as cold, stern, and exclusive—to me he seemed serene, self-poised, and just. From his quiet face, expressive of that perfect wisdom which results from a constant communion with good, true thoughts, I shifted my eyes to the young Scotchman, whose spiritualistic success has made him famous enough to be mentioned hereafter in the history of this unknown magnetic, human atmosphere, when future discoveries have made it as "*natural*" and "*easy to believe*" as steam and electricity.

The young man's tongue was running with voluble facility, while his eyes were scanning quickly his audience; the graceful form of the poet's invalid wife, who lay upon the sofa, her delicate, lady-like features and exquisite little hand and foot, which peeped out from the folds of the soft silken dressing-robe—all these I felt certain were noted, as that sharp blue eye swept over her, and then on each member of the circle. I noticed also that he remembered among the other ladies present which one was the poet's daughter. He had a word for each and all, in proportion to our ranks; but intellect sate on that American throne—a Bryant, not a Bourbon.

He talked of a living *double* he had, with frank fun, as if he heartily enjoyed it; some charlatan who was pretending to be Mr. Hume, and who had played numberless pranks which were even rascally and dishonest—such as introducing himself into families, getting invitations to stay all night, and decamping before daybreak with all the silver. This person had visited Florence, Marseilles, and a variety of places.

"And so droll," said the young man, with a burst of *naïve* surprise, as if all the world should be familiar with his personal appearance; "so odd, the descriptions given of this person show him to be totally unlike me—for they all say he is a middle-aged, large, dark-haired man."

Then he talked of his engagement with delicious *naïveté;* said, with a merry laugh, that he had only known the lady six weeks.

"Although," he added, with a little dash of his chin up and toss of his head, "we had known of each other by reputation long before." It was inimitable.

There was none of the accepted notion of a magician about him. Indeed it seemed strange, while looking at this eager, boyish, apparently enthusiastic youth, to think of him as the man who had been consulted seriously by the long-headed Louis Napoleon, and had been invited by persons of the highest rank in Europe as a guest to visit them, who had treated him and his spiritualism with respect. He did not say one word about spiritualism, but spoke of himself as well known, not with offensive conceit or presumptuous vanity, but with the *naïve* frankness of a youth. Notwithstanding all this, he seemed sharper and more cunning than this air implied. There was certainly "method in his *manner.*" He made the conversation as general as possible, even while speaking of himself; kept up a brisk talk, a perfect chatter, left no room for suggestions, or the natural remarks or questions that might have arisen from such a personal style of talking. He said he was born in Scotland, had gone to the United States when very young, then returned while still a youth to Scotland.

After talking half an hour or so, Mr. Owen reminded him of the time, and he arose with the quick, alert movement that characterized him, and took his leave of Mr. Bryant and the ladies, with the fresh, eager manner of a very young man who had not been long enough in the artificial world to grow conscious or affected, but who was entirely free from *gêne* or shyness. Of course we discussed him after we left; and we ladies expressed our surprise that no raps had been heard around him, nor any wonderful deviltry displayed. I could not help thinking what marvelous cleverness he had shown in not attempting any feats in the presence of the wise, serene, plain-seeing man beside him.

Before I took my leave we talked of a clever, pretty story we had heard of him in connection with the Brownings. One evening, while he was sitting in their salon at Florence, he played with some green leaves lying on the table, and which Mr. or Mrs. Browning had gathered during an afternoon walk. While talking he formed them into a wreath which, after he had completed it, he threw carelessly on the table and turned aside to play with something else, for this thoughtless, unconscious handling of cards or little table ornaments while he is talking is said to be one of his peculiarities. A low exclamation from the one

> "who mutely sits
> Musing by the fire-light, that great brow
> And the spirit small hand propping it,"

* Madame de Staël's "L'Allemagne."

attracted the attention of every one to the little leafy wreath. It was rising in the air, without the help of any visible hands; it rose gently, and swayed an instant to and fro, as if a soft breeze half lifted, half impelled it; it moved slowly on, every one watching it earnestly, until it arrived near Mrs. Browning, then it fell, eddying down like the leaf her husband writes of in "By the Fireside," and rested on that "great brow," mingling its rich glossy leaves with the hair of which Browning says in the same poem,

——"So dark and dear, how worth
That a man should strive and agonize
And taste a very hell on earth
For the hope of such a prize!"

We all united in the opinion that Mr. Hume's powers had never been better employed than in making his "unseen spirits of the air" crown

"My perfect wife, my Leonor."

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LXIV.

IN WHICH HARRY LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.

THE trusty Gumbo could not console himself for the departure of his beloved master: at least, to judge from his tears and howls on first hearing the news of Mr. Harry's enlistment, you would have thought the negro's heart must break at the separation. No wonder he went for sympathy to the maid-servants at Mr. Lambert's lodgings. Wherever that dusky youth was, he sought comfort in the society of females. Their fair and tender bosoms knew how to feel pity for the poor African, and the darkness of Gumbo's complexion was no more repulsive to them than Othello's to Desdemona. I believe Europe has never been so squeamish in regard to Africa as a certain other respected Quarter. Nay, some Africans—witness the Chevalier de St. Georges, for instance—have been notorious favorites with the fair sex.

So, in his humbler walk, was Mr. Gumbo. The Lambert servants wept freely in his company: the maids kindly considered him not only as Mr. Harry's man, but their brother. Hetty could not help laughing when she found Gumbo roaring because his master had gone a volumteer, as he called it, and had not taken him. He was ready to save Master Harry's life any day, and would have done it, and had himself cut in twenty tousand hundred pieces for Master Harry, that he would! Meanwhile Nature must be supported, and he condescended to fortify her by large supplies of beer and cold meat in the kitchen. That he was greedy, idle, and told lies is certain; but yet Hetty gave him half-a-crown, and was especially kind to him. Her tongue, that was wont to wag so pertly, was so gentle now that you might fancy it had never made a joke. She moved about the house mum and meek. She was humble to Mamma, thankful to John and Betty when they waited at dinner; patient to Polly when the latter pulled her hair in combing it; long-suffering when Charley from school trod on her toes, or deranged her work-box; silent in Papa's company — oh! such a transmogrified little Hetty! If Papa had ordered her to roast the leg of mutton, or walk to church arm in arm with Gumbo, she would have made a courtesy, and said, "Yes, if you please, dear Papa!" Leg of mutton! What sort of meal were some poor volunteers having, with the cannon-balls flying about their heads? Church? When it comes to the prayer in time of war, oh! how her knees smite together as she kneels, and hides her head in the pew! She holds down her head when the parson reads out "Thou shalt do no murder" from the communion-rail, and fancies he must be looking at her. How she thinks of all travelers by land or by water! How she sickens as she runs to the paper to read if there is news of the Expedition! How she watches Papa when he comes home from his Ordnance Office, and looks in his face to see if there is good news or bad! Is he well? Is he made a General yet? Is he wounded and made a prisoner? ah me! or, perhaps, are both his legs taken off by one shot, like that pensioner they saw in Chelsea Garden t'other day? She would go on wooden legs all her life, if his can but bring him safe home; at least, she ought never to get up off her knees until he is returned. "Haven't you heard of people, Theo," says she, "whose hair has grown gray in a single night? I shouldn't wonder if mine did — shouldn't wonder in the least." And she looks in the glass to ascertain that phenomenon.

"Hetty, dear, you used not to be so nervous when Papa was away in Minorca," remarks Theo.

"Ah! Theo, one may very well see that George is not with the army, but safe at home," rejoins Hetty; whereat the elder sister blushes, and looks very pensive. *Au fait*, if Mr. George



HETTY'S MISGIVINGS.

had been in the army, that, you see, would have been another pair of boots. Meanwhile, we don't want to harrow any body's kind feelings any longer, but may as well state that Harry is, for the present, as safe as any officer of the Life Guards at Regent's Park Barracks.

The first expedition in which our gallant volunteer was engaged may be called successful, but certainly was not glorious. The British Lion, or any other lion, can not always have a worthy enemy to combat, or a battle royal to deliver. Suppose he goes forth in quest of a tiger who won't come, and lays his paws on a goose, and gobbles him up? Lions, we know, must live like any other animals. But suppose, advancing into the forest in search of the tiger aforesaid, and bellowing his challenge of war, he espies not one but six tigers coming toward him?

This, manifestly, is not his game at all. He puts his tail between his royal legs, and retreats into his own snug den as quickly as he may. Were he to attempt to go and fight six tigers, you might write that Lion down an Ass.

Now, Harry Warrington's first feat of war was in this wise. He and about 13,000 other fighting men embarked in various ships and transports on the 1st of June, from the Isle of Wight, and at daybreak on the 5th the fleet stood in to the Bay of Cancale, in Brittany. For a while he and the gentlemen volunteers had the pleasure of examining the French coast from their ships, while the Commander-in-Chief and the Commodore reconnoitered the bay in a cutter. Cattle were seen, and some dragoons, who trotted off into the distance; and a little fort with a couple of guns had the audacity to fire at his Grace of Marlborough and the Commodore in the cutter. By two o'clock the whole British fleet was at anchor, and signal was made for all the grenadier companies of eleven regiments to embark on board flat-bottomed boats and assemble round the Commodore's ship, the *Essex*. Meanwhile Mr. Howe, hoisting his broad pennant on board the *Success* frigate, went in as near as possible to shore, followed by the other frigates, to protect the landing of the troops; and now, with Lord George Sackville and General Dury in command, the gentlemen volunteers, the grenadier companies, and three battalions of guards pulled to shore.

The gentlemen volunteers could not do any heroic deed upon this occasion, because the French, who should have staid to fight them, ran away; and the frigates having silenced the fire of the little fort which had disturbed the reconnoissance of the Commander-in-Chief, the army presently assaulted it, taking the whole garrison prisoner, and shooting him in the leg. Indeed he was but one old gentleman, who gallantly had fired his two guns, and who told his conquerors, "If every Frenchman had acted like me, you would not have landed at Cancale at all."

The advanced detachment of invaders took possession of the village of Cancale, where they lay upon their arms all night; and our volunteer was joked by his comrades about his eagerness to go out upon the war-path and bring in two or three scalps of Frenchmen. None such, however, fell under his tomahawk; the only person slain on the whole day being a French gentleman, who was riding with his servant, and was surprised by volunteer Lord Downe, marching in the front with a company of Kingsley's. My Lord Downe offered the gentleman quarter, which he foolishly refused, whereupon he, his servant, and the two horses, were straightway shot.

Next day the whole force was landed, and advanced from Cancale to St. Malo. All the villages were emptied through which the troops passed, and the roads were so narrow in many places that the men had to march single file, and might have been shot down from behind the tall leafy hedges had there been any enemy to disturb them.

At nightfall the army arrived before St. Malo, and were saluted by a fire of artillery from that town, which did little damage in the darkness. Under cover of this the British set fire to the ships, wooden buildings, pitch and tar magazines in the harbor, and made a prodigious conflagration that lasted the whole night.

This feat was achieved without any attempt on the part of the French to molest the British force; but, as it was confidently asserted that there was a considerable French force in the town of St. Malo, though they wouldn't come out, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough and my Lord George Sackville determined not to disturb the garrison, marched back to Cancale again, and—and so got on board their ships.

If this were not a veracious history, don't you see that it would have been easy to send our Virginian on a more glorious campaign? Exactly four weeks after his departure from England Mr. Warrington found himself at Portsmouth again, and addressed a letter to his brother George, with which the latter ran off to Dean Street so soon as ever he received it.

"Glorious news, ladies!" cries he, finding the Lambert family all at breakfast. "Our champion has come back. He has undergone all sorts of dangers, but has survived them all. He has seen dragons—upon my word he says so."

"Dragons! What do you mean, Mr. Warrington?"

"But not killed any—he says so, as you shall hear. He writes:

"'Dearest Brother,—I think you will be glad to hear that I am returned, without any commission as yet; without any wounds or glory; but, at any rate, *alive and harty*. On board our ship we were almost as crowded as poor Mr. Holwell and his friends in their Black Hole at Calicutta. We had rough weather, and some of the gentlemen volunteers, who prefer smooth water, grumbled not a little. My gentlemen's stomachs are dainty; and after Braund's cookery and White's kick-shaws, they don't like plain sailor's *rum and bisket*. But I, who have been at sea before, took my rations and can of flip very contentedly; being determined to put a good face on every thing before our fine English *macaronis*, and show that a Virginia gentleman is as good as the best of 'em. I wish, for the honor of old Virginia, that I had more to brag about. But all I can say in truth is, that we have been to France and come back again. Why, I don't think even *your tragick pen* could make any thing of such a campaign as ours has been. We landed on the 6 at Cancalle Bay, we saw a few dragons on a hill—'

"There! Did I not tell you there were dragons?" asks George, laughing.

"Mercy! What can he mean by dragons?" cries Hetty.

"Immense long-tailed monsters, with steel scales on their backs, who vomit fire, and gobble up a virgin a day. Haven't you read about them in The Seven Champions?" says Papa.

"Seeing St. George's flag, I suppose they slunk off."

"I have read of 'em," says the little boy from Chartreux, solemnly. "They like to eat women. One was going to eat Andromeda, you know, Papa; and Jason killed another, who was guarding the apple-tree."

"'. . . A few dragons on a hill,'" George resumes, "'who rode away from us without engaging. We slept under canvass. We marched to St. Malo, and burned ever so many privateers there. And we went on board shipp again, without ever crossing swords with an enemy or meeting any except a few poor devils whom the troops plundered. Better luck next time! This hasn't been very much nor *particular glorious:* but I have liked it for my part. I have *smelt powder*, besides a deal of rosn and pitch we burned. I've seen the enemy; have sleppt under canvass, and been dredful crowdid and sick at sea. I like it. My best compliments to dear Aunt Lambert, and tell Miss Hetty I wasn't *very much fritened* when I saw the French horse.

"'Your most affectionate brother,

"'H. E. WARRINGTON.'"

We hope Miss Hetty's qualms of conscience were allayed by Harry's announcement that his expedition was over, and that he had so far taken no hurt. Far otherwise. Mr. Lambert, in the course of his official duties, had occasion to visit the troops at Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, and George Warrington bore him company. They found Harry vastly improved in spirits and health from the excitement produced by the little campaign, quite eager and pleased to learn his new military duties, active, cheerful, and healthy, and altogether a different person from the listless moping lad who had dawdled in London coffee-houses and Mrs. Lambert's drawing-room. The troops were under canvas; the weather was glorious, and George found his brother a ready pupil in a fine brisk open-air school of war. Not a little amused, the elder brother, arm in arm with the young volunteer, paced the streets of the warlike city, recalled his own brief military experiences of two years back, and saw here a much greater army than that ill-fated one of which he had shared the disasters. The expedition, such as we have seen it, was certainly not glorious, and yet the troops and the nation were in high spirits with it. We were said to have humiliated the proud Gaul. We should have vanquished as well as humbled him had he dared to appear. What valor, after all, is like British valor? I dare say some such expressions have been heard in later times. Not that I would hint that our people brag much more than any other, or more now than formerly. Have not these eyes beheld the battle-grounds of Leipzig, Jena, Dresden, Waterloo, Blenheim, Bunker's Hill, New Orleans? What heroic nation has not fought, has not conquered, has not run away, has not bragged in its turn? Well, the British nation was much excited by the glorious victory of St. Malo. Captured treasures were sent home and exhibited in London. The people were so excited that more laurels and more victories were demanded, and the enthusiastic army went forth to seek some.

With this new expedition went a volunteer so distinguished that we must give him precedence of all other amateur soldiers or sailors. This was our sailor Prince, H. R. H. Prince Edward, who was conveyed on board the *Essex* in the ship's twelve-oared barge, the standard of England flying in the bow of the boat, the admiral with his flag and boat following the Prince's, and all the captains following in seniority.

Away sails the fleet, Harry, in high health and spirits, waving his hat to his friends as they cheer from the shore. He must and will have his commission before long. There can be no difficulty about that, George thinks. There is plenty of money in his little store to buy his brother's ensigncy; but if he can win it without purchase by gallantry and good conduct, that were best. The colonel of the regiment reports highly of his recruit; men and officers like him. It is easy to see that he is a young fellow of good promise and spirit.

Hip, hip, huzzay! What famous news are these which arrive ten days after the expedition has sailed? On the 7th and 8th of August his Majesty's troops have effected a landing in the Bay des Marais, two leagues westward of Cherbourg, in the face of a large body of the enemy. Awed by the appearance of British valor that large body of the enemy has disappeared. Cherbourg has surrendered at discretion; and the English colors are hoisted on the three outlying forts. Seven-and-twenty ships have been burned in the harbors, and a prodigious number of fine brass cannon taken. As for your common iron guns, we have destroyed 'em, likewise the basin (about which the Mounseers bragged so), and the two piers at the entrance to the harbor.

There is no end of jubilation in London; just as Mr. Howe's guns arrive from Cherbourg come Mr. Wolfe's colors captured at Louisbourg. The colors are taken from Kensington to St. Paul's, escorted by fourscore life-guards and fourscore horse-grenadiers with officers in proportion, their standards, kettle-drums, and trumpets. At St. Paul's they are received by the Dean and Chapter at the West Gate, and at that minute—bang, bong, bung—the Tower and Park guns salute them! Next day is the turn of the Cherbourg cannon and mortars. These are the guns *we* took. Look at them with their carving and flaunting emblems—their lilies, and crowns, and mottoes! Here they are, the Téméraire, the Malfaisant, the Vainqueur (the Vainqueur, indeed! a pretty *vainqueur* of Britons!), and ever so many more. How the people shout as the pieces are trailed through the streets in procession! As for Hetty and Mrs. Lambert, I believe they are of opinion that Harry took every one of the guns himself, dragging them out of the batteries, and destroying the artillerymen. He has immensely risen in the general estimation in the last few days. Madame de Bernstein

has asked about him. Lady Maria has begged her dear Cousin George to see her, and, if possible, give her news of his brother. George, who was quite the head of the family a couple of months since, finds himself deposed, and of scarce any account, in Miss Hetty's eyes at least. Your wit, and your learning, and your tragedies, may be all very well; but what are these in comparison to victories and brass cannon? George takes his deposition very meekly. They are fifteen thousand Britons. Why should they not march and take Paris itself? Nothing more probable, think some of the ladies. They embrace; they congratulate each other; they are in a high state of excitement. For once they long that Sir Miles and Lady Warrington were in town, so that they might pay her ladyship a visit, and ask, "What do you say to your nephew now, pray? Has he not taken twenty-one finest brass cannon; flung a hundred and twenty iron guns into the water, seized twenty-seven ships in the harbor, and destroyed the basin and the two piers at the entrance?" As the whole town rejoices and illuminates, so these worthy folks display brilliant red hangings in their cheeks, and light up candles of joy in their eyes, in honor of their champion and conqueror.

But now, I grieve to say, comes a cloudy day after the fair weather. The appetite of our commanders, growing by what it fed on, led them to think they had not feasted enough on the plunder of St. Malo; and thither, after staying a brief time at Portsmouth and the Wight, the conquerors of Cherbourg returned. They were landed in the Bay of St. Lunar, at the distance of a few miles from the place, and marched toward it, intending to destroy it this time. Meanwhile the harbor of St. Lunar was found insecure, and the fleet moved up to St. Cas, keeping up its communication with the invading army.

Now the British Lion found that the town of St. Malo—which he had proposed to swallow at a single mouthful—was guarded by an army of French, which the governor of Brittany had brought to the succor of his good town, and the meditated *coup de main* being thus impossible, our leaders marched for their ships again, which lay duly awaiting our warriors in the Bay of St. Cas.

Hide, blushing glory, hide St. Cas's day! As our troops were marching down to their ships they became aware of an army following them, which the French governor of the province had sent from Brest. Two-thirds of the troops, and all the artillery, were already embarked, when the Frenchmen came down upon the remainder. Four companies of the First Regiment of guards and the grenadier companies of the army faced about on the beach to await the enemy, while the remaining troops were carried off in the boats. As the French descended from the heights round the bay these guards and grenadiers marched out to attack them, leaving an excellent position which they had occupied—a great dike raised on the shore, and behind which they might have resisted to advantage. And now, eleven hundred men were engaged with six—nay, ten times their number; and, after a while, broke and made for the boats with a *sauve qui peut!* Seven hundred out of the eleven were killed, drowned, or taken prisoners—the general himself was killed—and, ah! where were the volunteers?

A man of peace myself, and little intelligent of the practice or the details of war, I own I think less of the engaged troops than of the people they leave behind. Jack the Guardsman and La Tulipe of the Royal Bretagne are face to face, and striving to knock each other's brains out. Bon! It is their nature to—like the bears and lions—and we will not say Heaven, but some Power or other has made them so to do. But the girl of Tower Hill, who hung on Jack's neck before he departed; and the lass at Quimper, who gave the Frenchman his *brûle-gueule* and tobacco-box before he departed on the *noir trajet?* What have you done, poor little tender hearts, that you should grieve so? My business is not with the army, but with the people left behind. What a fine state Miss Hetty Lambert must be in when she hears of the disaster to the troops and the slaughter of the grenadier companies! What grief and doubt are in George Warrington's breast; what commiseration in Martin Lambert's, as he looks into his little girl's face and reads her piteous story there! Howe, the brave commodore, rowing in his barge under the enemy's fire, has rescued with his boat scores and scores of our flying people. More are drowned; hundreds are prisoners, or shot on the beach. Among these, where is our Virginian?



CHAPTER LXV.

SOLDIER'S RETURN.

GREAT Powers! will the vain-glory of men, especially of Frenchmen, never cease! Will it

be believed that after the action of St. Cas—a mere affair of cutting off a rear-guard, as you are aware—they were so unfeeling as to fire away I don't know how much powder at the Invalides at Paris, and brag and bluster over our misfortune? Is there any magnanimity in hallooing and huzzaying because five or six hundred brave fellows have been caught by ten thousand on a sea-shore, and that fate has overtaken them which is said to befall the hindmost? I had a mind to design an authentic picture of the rejoicings at London upon our glorious success at St. Malo. I fancied the polished guns dragged in procession by our gallant tars; the stout horse-grenadiers prancing by; the mob waving hats, roaring cheers, picking pockets, and our friends in a balcony in Fleet Street looking on and blessing this scene of British triumph. But now that the French Invalides have been so vulgar as to imitate the Tower, and set up their St. Cas against our St. Malo, I scorn to allude to the stale subject. I say Nolo, not Malo: content, for my part, if Harry has returned from one expedition and t'other with a whole skin. And have I ever said he was so much as bruised? Have I not, for fear of exciting my fair young reader, said that he was as well as ever he had been in his life? The sea-air had browned his cheek, and the ball whistling by his side-curl had spared it. The ocean had wet his gaiters and other garments, without swallowing up his body. He had, it is true, shown the lapels of his coat to the enemy; but for as short a time as possible, withdrawing out of their sight as quick as might be. And what, pray, are lapels but reverses? Coats have them, as well as men; and our duty is to wear them with courage and good-humor.

"I can tell you," said Harry, "we all had to run for it; and when our line broke, it was he who could get to the boats who was most lucky. The French horse and foot pursued us down to the sea, and were mingled among us, cutting our men down, and bayoneting them on the ground. Poor Armytage was shot in advance of me, and fell; and I took him up and staggered through the surf to a boat. It was lucky that the sailors in our boat weren't afraid; for the shot were whistling about their ears, breaking the blades of their oars, and riddling their flag with shot; but the officer in command was as cool as if he had been drinking a bowl of punch at Portsmouth, which we had one on landing, I can promise you. Poor Sir John was less lucky than me. He never lived to reach the ship, and the service has lost a fine soldier, and Miss Howe a true gentleman to her husband. There must be these casualties, you see; and his brother gets the promotion—the baronetcy."

"It is of the poor lady I am thinking," says Miss Hetty (to whom haply our volunteer is telling his story), "and the King. Why did the King encourage Sir John Armytage to go? A gentleman could not refuse a command from such a quarter. And now the poor gentleman is dead! Oh what a state his Majesty must be in!"

"I have no doubt his Majesty will be in a deep state of grief," says Papa, wagging his head.

"Now you are laughing! Do you mean, Sir, that when a gentleman dies in his service, almost at his feet, the King of England won't feel for him?" Hetty asks. "If I thought that, I vow I would be for the Pretender!"

"The sauce-box would make a pretty little head for Temple Bar," says the General, who could see Miss Hetty's meaning behind her words, and was aware in what a tumult of remorse, of consternation, of gratitude that the danger was over, the little heart was beating. "No," says he, "my dear. Were kings to weep for every soldier what a life you would make for them! I think better of his Majesty than to suppose him so weak; and if Miss Hester Lambert got her Pretender, I doubt whether she would be any the happier. That family was never famous for too much feeling."

"But if the King sent Harry—I mean Sir John Armytage—actually to the war in which he lost his life, oughtn't his Majesty to repent very much?" asks the young lady.

"If Harry had fallen, no doubt the Court would have gone into mourning: as it is, gentlemen and ladies were in colored clothes yesterday," remarks the General.

"Why should we not make bonfires for a defeat, and put on sackcloth and ashes after a victory?" asks George. "I protest I don't want to thank Heaven for helping us to burn the ships at Cherbourg."

"Yes you do, George! Not that I have a right to speak, and you ain't ever so much cleverer. But when your country wins you're glad —I know *I* am. When I run away before Frenchmen I'm ashamed—I can't help it, though I *done* it," says Harry. "It don't seem to me right somehow that Englishmen should have to do it," he added, gravely. And George smiled; but did not choose to ask his brother what, on the other hand, was the Frenchman's opinion.

"'Tis a bad business," continued Harry, gravely; "but 'tis lucky 'twas no worse. The story about the French is, that their governor, the Duke of Aiguillon, was rather what you call a *moistened chicken*. Our whole retreat might have been cut off—only, to be sure, we ourselves were in a mighty hurry to move. The French local militia behaved famous, I am happy to say; and there was ever so many gentlemen volunteers with 'em, who showed, as they ought to do, in the front. They say the Chevalier of Tour d'Auvergne engaged in spite of the Duke of Aiguillon's orders. Officers told us, who came off with a list of our prisoners and wounded to General Bligh and Lord Howe. He is a lord now, since the news came of his brother's death to home, George. He is a brave fellow, whether lord or commoner."

"And his sister, who was to have married poor Sir John Armytage, think what *her* state must be!" sighs Miss Hetty, who has grown of late so sentimental.

"And his mother!" cries Mrs. Lambert.



A RUN FOR THE BOATS.

"Have you seen her ladyship's address in the papers to the electors of Nottingham? 'Lord Howe being now absent upon the publick service, and Lieutenant-Colonel Howe with his regiment at Louisbourg, it rests upon me to beg the favor of your votes and interests that Lieutenant-Colonel Howe may supply the place of his late brother as your representative in Parliament.' Isn't this a gallant woman?"

"A Laconic woman," says George.

"How can sons help being brave who have been nursed by such a mother as that?" asks the General.

Our two young men looked at each other.

"If one of us were to fall in defense of his country we have a mother in Sparta who would think and write so too," says George.

"If Sparta is any where Virginia way, I reckon we have," remarks Mr. Harry. "And to think that we should both of us have met the enemy, and both of us been whipped by him, brother!" he adds, pensively.

Hetty looks at him, and thinks of him only as he was the other day, tottering through the water toward the boats, his comrade bleeding on his shoulder, the enemy in pursuit, the shot flying round. And it was she who drove him into the danger! Her words provoked him. He never rebukes her now he is returned. Except when asked, he scarcely speaks about his adventures at all. He is very grave and courteous with Hetty; with the rest of the family especially frank and tender. But those taunts of hers wounded him. "Little hand!" his looks and demeanor seem to say, "*thou* shouldst not have been lifted against me! It is ill to scorn any one, much more one who has been so devoted to you and all yours. I may not be over-quick of wit, but in as far as the heart goes I am the equal of the best, and the best of my heart your family has had."

Harry's wrong, and his magnanimous endurance of it, served him to regain in Miss Hetty's esteem that place which he had lost during the previous months' inglorious idleness. The respect which the fair pay to the brave she gave him. She was no longer pert in her answers, or sarcastic in her observations regarding his conduct. In a word, she was a humiliated, an altered, an improved Miss Hetty.

And all the world seemed to change toward Harry, as he toward the world. He was no longer sulky and indolent: he no more desponded about himself, or defied his neighbors. The colonel of his regiment reported his behavior as exemplary, and recommended him for one of the commissions vacated by the casualties during the expedition. Unlucky as its termination was, it at least was fortunate to him. His brother volunteers, when they came back to St. James's Street, reported highly of his behavior. These volunteers and their actions were the theme of every body's praise. Had he been a general commanding, and slain in the moment of victory, Sir John Armytage could scarce have had more sympathy than that which the nation showed him. The papers teemed with letters about him, and men of wit and sensibility vied with each other in composing epitaphs in his honor. The fate of his affianced bride was bewailed. She was, as we have said, the sister of the brave commodore who had just returned from this unfortunate expedition, and succeeded to the title of his elder brother, an officer as gallant as himself, who had just fallen in America.

My Lord Howe was heard to speak in special praise of Mr. Warrington, and so he had a handsome share of the fashion and favor which the town now bestowed on the volunteers. Doubtless there were thousands of men employed who were as good as they: but the English ever love their gentlemen, and love that they should distinguish themselves; and these volunteers were voted Paladins and heroes by common accord. As our young noblemen will, they accepted their popularity very affably. White's and Almack's illuminated when they returned, and St. James's embraced its young knights. Harry was restored to full favor among them. Their hands were held out eagerly to him again. Even his relations congratulated him; and there came a letter from Castlewood, whither Aunt Bernstein had by this time betaken herself, containing praises of his valor, and a pretty little bank-bill, as a token of his affectionate aunt's approbation. This was under my Lord Castlewood's frank, who sent his regards to both his kinsmen, and an offer of the hospitality of his country house, if they were minded to come to him. And besides this, there came to him a private letter through the post—not very well spelled, but in a handwriting which Harry smiled to see again, in which his affectionate cousin, Maria Esmond, told him she always loved to hear his praises (which were in every body's mouth now), and sympathized in his good or evil fortune; and that, whatever occurred to him, she begged to keep a little place in his heart. Parson Sampson, she wrote, had preached a beautiful sermon about the horrors of war, and the noble actions of men who volunteered to face battle and danger in the service of their country. Indeed the Chaplain wrote himself, presently, a letter full of enthusiasm, in which he saluted Mr. Harry as his friend, his benefactor, his glorious hero. Even Sir Miles Warrington dispatched a basket of game from Norfolk: and one bird (shot sitting), with love to my cousin, had a string and paper round the leg, and was sent as the first victim of young Miles's fowling-piece.

And presently, with joy beaming in his countenance, Mr. Lambert came to visit his young friends at their lodgings in Southampton Row, and announced to them that Mr. Henry Warrington was forthwith to be gazetted as Ensign in the Second Battalion of Kingsley's, the 20th Regiment, which had been engaged in the campaign, and which now at this time was formed into a separate regiment, the 67th. Its colonel was not with his regiment during its expedition to Brittany. He was away at Cape Breton, and was engaged in capturing those guns at Louisbourg, of which the arrival in England had caused such exultation.



CHAPTER LXVI.

IN WHICH WE GO A-COURTING.

Some of my amiable readers no doubt are in the custom of visiting that famous garden in the Regent's Park, in which so many of our finned, feathered, four-footed fellow-creatures, are accommodated with board and lodging, in return for which they exhibit themselves for our instruction and amusement: and there, as a man's business and private thoughts follow him every where, and mix themselves with all life and nature round about him, I found myself, while looking at some fish in the aquarium, still actually thinking of our friends the Virginians. One of the most beautiful motion-masters I ever beheld, sweeping through his green bath in harmonious curves, now turning his black glistening back to me, now exhibiting his fair white chest, in every movement active and graceful, turned out to be our old homely friend the floun-

der, whom we have all gobbled up out of his bath of water souchy at Greenwich, without having the slightest idea that he was a beauty.

As is the race of man, so is the race of flounders. If you can but see the latter in his right element, you may view him agile, healthy, and comely: put him out of his place, and behold his beauty is gone, his motions are disgraceful: he flaps the unfeeling ground ridiculously with his tail, and will presently gasp his feeble life out. Take him up tenderly, ere it be too late, and cast him into his native Thames again—— But stop: I believe there is a certain proverb about fish out of water, and that other profound naturalists have remarked on them before me. Now Harry Warrington had been floundering for ever so long a time past, and out of his proper element. As soon as he found it, health, strength, spirits, energy, returned to him, and with the tap of the epaulet on his shoulder he sprang up an altered being. He delighted in his new profession; he engaged in all its details, and mastered them with eager quickness. Had I the skill of my friend Lorrequer, I would follow the other Harry into camp, and see him on the march, at the mess, on the parade-ground; I would have many a carouse with him and his companions; I would cheerfully live with him under the tents; I would knowingly explain all the manœuvres of war, and all the details of the life military. As it is, the reader must please, out of his experience and imagination, to fill in the colors of the picture of which I can give but meagre hints and outlines, and, above all, fancy Mr. Harry Warrington in his new red coat and yellow facings, very happy to bear the King's colors, and pleased to learn and perform all the duties of his new profession.

As each young man delighted in the excellence of the other, and cordially recognized his brother's superior qualities, George, we may be sure, was proud of Harry's success, and rejoiced in his returning good fortune. He wrote an affectionate letter to his mother in Virginia, recounting all the praises which he had heard of Harry, and which his brother's modesty, George knew, would never allow him to repeat. He described how Harry had won his own first step in the army, and how he, George, would ask his mother leave to share with her the expense of purchasing a higher rank for him.

Nothing, said George, would give him a greater delight than to be able to help his brother, and the more so as, by his sudden return into life as it were, he had deprived Harry of an inheritance which he had legitimately considered as his own. Laboring under that misconception, Harry had indulged in greater expenses than he ever would have thought of incurring as a younger brother; and George thought it was but fair, and, as it were, as a thank-offering for his own deliverance, that he should contribute liberally to any scheme for his brother's advantage.

And now, having concluded his statement respecting Harry's affairs, George took occasion to speak of his own, and addressed his honored mother on a point which very deeply concerned himself. She was aware that the best friends he and his brother had found in England were the good Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, the latter Madam Esmond's school-fellow of earlier years. Where their own blood relations had been worldly and unfeeling, these true friends had ever been generous and kind. The General was respected by the whole army, and beloved by all who knew him. No mother's affection could have been more touching than Mrs. Lambert's for both Madam Esmond's children; and now, wrote Mr. George, he himself had formed an attachment for the elder Miss Lambert, on which he thought the happiness of his life depended, and which he besought his honored mother to approve. He had made no precise offers to the young lady or her parents; but he was bound to say that he had made little disguise of his sentiments, and that the young lady, as well as her parents, seemed favorable to him. She had been so admirable and exemplary a daughter to her own mother, that he felt sure she would do her duty by his. In a word, Mr. Warrington described the young lady as a model of perfection, and expressed his firm belief that the happiness or misery of his own future life depended upon possessing or losing her. Why do you not produce this letter? haply asks some sentimental reader of the present Editor, who has said how he has the whole Warrington correspondence in his hands. Why not? Because 'tis cruel to babble the secrets of a young man's love; to overhear his incoherent vows and wild raptures, and to note, in cold blood, the secrets—it may be, the follies—of his passion. Shall we play eavesdropper at twilight embrasures, count sighs and hand-shakes, bottle hot tears: lay our stethoscope on delicate young breasts, and feel their heart-throbs? I protest, for one, love is sacred. Wherever I see it (as one sometimes may in this world) shooting suddenly out of two pair of eyes; or glancing sadly even from one pair; or looking down from the mother to the baby in her lap; or from papa at his girl's happiness as she is whirling round the room with the captain; or from John Anderson as his old wife comes into the room—*the bonne vieille*, the ever-peerless among women; wherever we see that signal, I say, let us salute it. It is not only wrong to kiss and tell, but to tell about kisses. Every body who has been admitted to the mystery—hush about it. Down with him *qui Deæ sacrum vulgarit arcanæ*. Beware how you dine with him, he will print your private talk: as sure as you sail with him, he will throw you over.

While Harry's love of battle has led him to smell powder—to rush upon *reluctantes dracones*, and to carry wounded comrades out of fire, George has been pursuing an amusement much more peaceful and delightful to him, penning sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, mayhap; pacing in the darkness under her window, and watching the little lamp which shone upon her in her chamber; finding all sorts of pretexts for

sending little notes which don't seem to require little answers, but get them; culling bits out of his favorite poets, and flowers out of Covent Garden for somebody's special adornment and pleasure; walking to St. James's Church, singing very likely out of the same Prayer-book, and never hearing one word of the sermon, so much do other thoughts engross him; being prodigiously affectionate to all Miss Hetty's relations—to her little brother and sister at school; to the elder at college; to Miss Hetty, with whom he engages in gay passages of wit; and to Mamma, who is half in love with him herself, Martin Lambert says; for if fathers are sometimes sulky at the appearance of the destined son-in-law, is it not a fact that mothers become sentimental, and, as it were, love their own loves over again?

Gumbo and Sady are forever on the trot between Southampton Row and Dean Street. In the summer months all sorts of junketings and pleasure-parties are devised; and there are countless proposals to go to Ranelagh, to Hampstead, to Vauxhall, to Marylebone Gardens, and what not. George wants the famous tragedy copied out fair for the stage, and who can write such a beautiful Italian hand as Miss Theo? As the sheets pass to and fro they are accompanied by little notes of thanks, of interrogation, of admiration, always. See, here is the packet, marked in Warrington's neat hand, "T's letters, 1758–9." Shall we open them and reveal their tender secrets to the public gaze? Those virgin words were whispered for one ear alone. Years after they were written, the husband read, no doubt with sweet pangs of remembrance, the fond lines addressed to the lover. It were a sacrilege to show the pair to public eyes: only let kind readers be pleased to take our word that the young lady's letters are modest and pure, the gentleman's most respectful and tender. In fine, you see, we have said very little about it; but, in these few last months, Mr. George Warrington has made up his mind that he has found the woman of women. She mayn't be the most beautiful. Why, there is Cousin Flora, there is Cœlia, and Ardelia, and a hundred more, who are ever so much more handsome: but her sweet face pleases *him* better than any other in the world. She mayn't be the most clever, but her voice is the dearest and pleasantest to hear; and in her company he is so clever himself; he has such fine thoughts; he uses such eloquent words; he is so generous, noble, witty, that no wonder he delights in it. And, in regard to the young lady—as thank Heaven I never thought so ill of women as to suppose them to be just—we may be sure that there is no amount of wit, of wisdom, of beauty, of valor, of virtue with which she does not endow her young hero.

When George's letter reached home we may fancy that it created no small excitement in the little circle round Madam Esmond's fireside. So he was in love, and wished to marry! It was but natural, and would keep him out of harm's way. If he proposed to unite himself with a well-bred Christian young woman, Madam saw no harm.

"I knew they would be setting their caps at him," says Mountain. "They fancy that his wealth is as great as his estate. He does not say whether the young lady has money. I fear otherwise."

"People would set their caps at him here, I dare say," says Madam Esmond, grimly looking at her dependent, "and try and catch Mr. Esmond Warrington for their own daughters, who are no richer than Miss Lambert may be."

"I suppose your ladyship means me!" says Mountain. "My Fanny is poor, as you say; and 'tis kind of you to remind me of her poverty!"

"I said people would set their caps at him. If the cap fits you, *tant pis!* as my papa used to say."

"You think, Madam, I am scheming to keep George for my daughter? I thank you, on my word! A good opinion you seem to have of us after the years we have lived together!"

"My dear Mountain, I know you much better than to suppose you could ever fancy your daughter would be a suitable match for a gentleman of Mr. Esmond's rank and station," says Madam, with much dignity.

"Fanny Parker was as good as Molly Benson at school, and Mr. Mountain's daughter is as good as Mr. Lambert's!" Mrs. Mountain cries out.

"Then you *did* think of marrying her to my son? I shall write to Mr. Esmond Warrington, and say how sorry I am that you should be disappointed!" says the mistress of Castlewood. And we, for our parts, may suppose that Mrs. Mountain was disappointed, and had some ambitious views respecting her daughter—else, why should she have been so angry at the notion of Mr. Warrington's marriage?

In reply to her son, Madam Esmond wrote back that she was pleased with the fraternal love George exhibited; and it was indeed but right in some measure to compensate Harry, whose expectations had led him to adopt a more costly mode of life than he would have entered on had he known he was only a younger son. And with respect to purchasing his promotion, she would gladly halve the expense with Harry's elder brother, being thankful to think his own gallantry had won him his first step. This bestowal of George's money, Madam Esmond added, was at least much more satisfactory than some other extravagances to which she would not advert.

The other extravagance to which Madam alluded was the payment of the ransom to the French captain's family, to which tax George's mother never would choose to submit. She had a determined spirit of her own, which her son inherited. *His* persistence she called pride and obstinacy. What she thought of her own pertinacity, her biographer who lives so far from her time does not pretend to say. Only I dare

say people a hundred years ago pretty much resembled their grandchildren of the present date, and loved to have their own way, and to make others follow it.

Now, after paying his own ransom, his brother's debts, and half the price for his promotion, George calculated that no inconsiderable portion of his private patrimony would be swallowed up: nevertheless he made the sacrifice with a perfect good heart. His good mother always enjoined him in her letters to remember who his grandfather was, and to support the dignity of his family accordingly. She gave him various commissions to purchase goods in England, and though she as yet had sent him very trifling remittances, she alluded so constantly to the exalted rank of the Esmonds, to her desire that he should do nothing unworthy of that illustrious family; she advised him so peremptorily and frequently to appear in the first society of the country, to frequent the Court where his ancestors had been accustomed to move, and to appear always in the world in a manner worthy of his name, that George made no doubt his mother's money would be forthcoming when his own ran short, and generously obeyed her injunctions as to his style of life. I find in the Esmond papers of this period bills for genteel entertainments, tailors' bills for Court suits supplied, and liveries for his honor's negro servants and chairmen, horse-dealers' receipts, and so forth; and am thus led to believe that the elder of our Virginians was also after a while living at a considerable expense.

He was not wild or extravagant like his brother. There was no talk of gambling or race-horses against Mr. George; his table was liberal, his equipages handsome, his purse always full, the estate to which he was heir was known to be immense. I mention these circumstances because they may, probably, have influenced the conduct both of George and his friends in that very matter concerning which, as I have said, he and his mother had been just corresponding. The young heir of Virginia was traveling for his pleasure and improvement in foreign kingdoms. The Queen, his mother, was in daily correspondence with his Highness, and constantly enjoined him to act as became his lofty station. There could be no doubt, from her letters, that she desired he should live liberally and magnificently. He was perpetually making purchases at his parent's order. She had not settled as yet; on the contrary, she had wrote out by the last mail for twelve new sets of wagon-harness, and an organ that should play fourteen specified psalm-tunes: which articles George dutifully ordered. She had not paid, as yet, and might not to-day or to-morrow, but eventually, of course, she would; and Mr. Warrington never thought of troubling his friends about these calculations, or discussing with them his mother's domestic affairs. They, on their side, took for granted that he was in a state of competence and ease, and, without being mercenary folks, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert were, no doubt, pleased to see an attachment growing up between their daughter and a young gentleman of such good principles, talents, family, and expectations. There was honesty in all Mr. Esmond Warrington's words and actions, and in his behavior to the world a certain grandeur and simplicity which showed him to be a true gentleman. Somewhat cold and haughty in his demeanor to strangers, especially toward the great, he was not in the least supercilious; he was perfectly courteous toward women, and with those people whom he loved, especially kind, amiable, lively, and tender.

No wonder that one young woman we know of got to think him the best man in all the world —alas! not even excepting Papa. A great love felt by a man toward a woman makes him better, as regards her, than all other men. We have said that George used to wonder himself when he found how witty, how eloquent, how wise he was, when he talked with the fair young creature whose heart had become all his. . . . . I say we will not again listen to their love whispers. Those soft words do not bear being written down. If you please—good Sir, or Madam, who are sentimentally inclined—lay down the book and think over certain things for yourself. You may be ever so old now, but you remember. It may be all dead and buried; but in a moment up it springs out of its grave, and looks, and smiles, and whispers as of yore when it clung to your arm, and dropped fresh tears on your heart. It is here, and alive, did I say? O far, far away! O lonely hearth and cold ashes! Here is the vase, but the roses are gone; here is the shore and yonder the ship was moored; but the anchors are up, and it has sailed away forever.

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. This, however, is mere sentimentality; and as regards George and Theo, is neither here nor there. What I mean to say is, that the young lady's family were perfectly satisfied with the state of affairs between her and Mr. Warrington; and though he had not as yet asked the decisive question, every body else knew what the answer would be when it came.

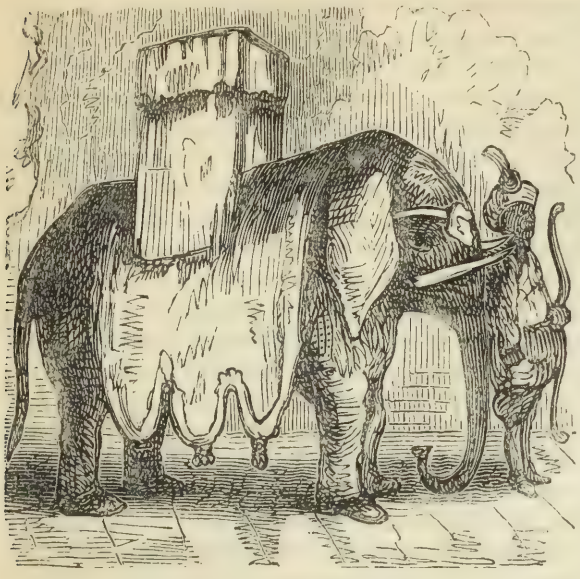
Mamma perhaps thought the question was a long time coming.

"Pshaw! my dear," says the General. "There is time enough in all conscience. Theo is not much more than seventeen; George, if I mistake not, is under forty; and, besides, he must have time to write to Virginia and ask Mamma."

"But suppose she refuses?"

"That will be a bad day for old and young," says the General. "Let us rather say, suppose she consents, my love?—I can't fancy any body in the world refusing Theo any thing she has set her heart on," adds the father; "and I am sure 'tis bent upon this match."

So they all waited with the utmost anxiety until an answer from Madam Esmond should arrive; and trembled lest the French privateers should take the packet-ship by which the precious letter was conveyed.



CHAPTER LXVII.

IN WHICH A TRAGEDY IS ACTED, AND TWO MORE ARE BEGUN.

James Wolfe, Harry's new Colonel, came back from America a few weeks after our Virginian had joined his regiment. Wolfe had previously been Lieutenant-Colonel of Kingsley's, and a second battalion of the regiment had been formed and given to him in reward for his distinguished gallantry and services at Cape Breton. Harry went with quite unfeigned respect and cordiality to pay his duty to his new Commander, on whom the eyes of the world began to be turned now—the common opinion being that he was likely to become a great General. In the late affairs in France several officers of great previous repute had been tried and found lamentably wanting. The Duke of Marlborough had shown himself no worthy descendant of his great ancestor. About my Lord George Sackville's military genius there were doubts, even before his unhappy behavior at Minden prevented a great victory. The nation was longing for military glory, and the minister was anxious to find a general who might gratify the eager desire of the people. Mr. Wolfe's and Mr. Lambert's business keeping them both in London, the friendly intercourse between those officers was renewed, no one being more delighted than Lambert at his younger friend's good fortune.

Harry, when he was away from his duty, was never tired of hearing Mr. Wolfe's details of the military operations of the last year, about which Wolfe talked very freely and openly. Whatever thought was in his mind, he appears to have spoken it out generously. He had that heroic simplicity which distinguished Nelson afterward: he talked frankly of his actions. Some of the fine gentlemen at St. James's might wonder and sneer at him; but among our little circle of friends we may be sure he found admiring listeners. The young General had the romance of a boy on many matters. He delighted in music and poetry. On the last day of his life he said he would rather have written Gray's Elegy than have won a battle. We may be sure that with a gentleman of such literary tastes our friend George would become familiar; and as they were both in love, and both accepted lovers, and both eager for happiness, no doubt they must have had many sentimental conversations together which would be very interesting to report could we only have accurate accounts of them. In one of his later letters, Warrington writes:

"I had the honor of knowing the famous General Wolfe, and seeing much of him during his last stay in London. We had a subject of conversation then which was of unfailing interest to both of us, and I could not but admire Mr. Wolfe's simplicity, his frankness, and a sort of glorious bravery which characterized him. He was much in love, and he wanted heaps and heaps of laurels to take to his mistress. 'If it be a sin to covet honor,' he use to say with Harry the Fifth (he was passionately fond of plays and poetry), 'I am the most offending soul alive.' Surely on his last day he had a feast which was enough to satisfy the greediest appetite for glory. He hungered after it. He seemed to me not merely like a soldier going resolutely to do his duty, but rather like a knight in quest of dragons and giants. My own country has furnished of late a chief of a very different order, and quite an opposite genius. I scarce know which to admire most. The Briton's chivalrous ardor, or the more than Roman constancy of our great Virginian."

As Mr. Lambert's official duties detained him in London, his family remained contentedly with him, and I suppose Mr. Warrington was so satisfied with the rural quiet of Southampton Row and the beautiful flowers and trees of Bedford Gardens, that he did not care to quit London for any long period. He made his pilgrimage to Castlewood, and passed a few days there, occupying the chamber of which he had often heard his grandfather talk, and which Colonel Esmond had occupied as a boy: and he was received kindly enough by such members of the family as happened to be at home. But no doubt he loved better to be in London by the side of a young person in whose society he found greater pleasure than any which my Lord Castlewood's circle could afford him, though all the ladies were civil, and Lady Maria especially gracious, and enchanted with the tragedy which George and Parson Sampson read out to the ladies. The Chaplain was enthusiastic in its praises, and indeed it was through his interest, and not through Mr. Johnson's after all, that Mr. Warrington's piece ever came on the stage. Mr. Johnson, it is true, pressed the play on his friend Mr. Garrick for Drury Lane, but Garrick had just made an arrangement with the famous Mr. Home for a tragedy from the pen of the author of Douglas. Accordingly, Carpezan was carried to Mr. Rich at Covent Garden, and accepted by that manager.

On the night of the production of the piece Mr. Warrington gave an elegant entertainment to his friends at the Bedford Head, in Covent Garden, whence thy adjourned in a body to the

theatre, leaving only one or two with our young author, who remained at the Coffee House, where friends from time to time came to him with an account of the performance. The part of Carpezan was filled by Barry, Shuter was the old nobleman, Reddish, I need scarcely say, made an excellent Ulric, and the King of Bohemia was by a young actor from Dublin, Mr. Geoghegan, or Hagan as he was called on the stage, and who looked and performed the part to admiration. Mrs. Woffington looked too old in the first act as the heroine, but her murder in the fourth act, about which great doubts were expressed, went off to the terror and delight of the audience. Miss Wayn sang the ballad which is supposed to be sung by the king's page just at the moment of the unhappy wife's execution, and all agreed that Barry was very terrible and pathetic as Carpezan, especially in the execution scene. The grace and elegance of the young actor, Gahagan, won general applause. The piece was put very elegantly on the stage by Mr. Rich, though there was some doubt whether, in the march of Janizaries in the last, the manager was correct in introducing a favorite elephant, which had figured in various pantomimes, and by which one of Mr. Warrington's black servants marched in a Turkish habit. The other sate in the footman's gallery, and uproariously wept and applauded at the proper intervals.

The execution of Sybilla was the turning point of the piece. Her head off, George's friends breathed freely, and one messenger after another came to him at the Coffee House, to announce the complete success of the tragedy. Mr. Barry, amidst general applause, announced the play for repetition, and that it was the work of a young gentleman of Virginia; his first attempt in the dramatic style.

We should like to have been in the box where all our friends were seated during the performance, to have watched Hetty's flutter and anxiety while the success of the play seemed dubious, and have beheld the blushes and the sparkles in her eyes when the victory was assured. Harry, during the little trouble in the fourth act, was deadly pale—whiter, Mrs. Lambert said, than Barry, with all his chalk. But if Briareus could have clapped hands, he could scarcely have made more noise than Harry at the end of the piece. Mr. Wolfe and General Lambert huzzayed enthusiastically. Mrs. Lambert, of course, cried: and though Hetty said "Why do you cry, Mamma? You don't want any of them alive again; you know it serves them all right," the girl was really as much delighted as any person present, including little Charley from the Chartreux, who had leave from Dr. Crusius for that evening, and Miss Lucy, who had been brought from boarding-school on purpose to be present on the great occasion. My Lord Castlewood and his sister, Lady Maria, were present; and his lordship went from his box and complimented Mr. Barry and the other actors on the stage; and Parson Sampson was invaluable in the pit, where he led the applause, having, I believe, given previous instructions to Gumbo to keep an eye upon him from the gallery, and do as he did.

Be sure there was a very jolly supper of Mr. Warrington's friends that night — much more jolly than Mr. Garrick's, for example, who made but a very poor success with his Agis and its dreary choruses, and who must have again felt that he had missed a good chance in preferring Mr. Home's tragedy to our young author's. A jolly supper, did we say?—Many jolly suppers. Mr. Gumbo gave an entertainment to several gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, who had concurred in supporting his master's master-piece: Mr. Henry Warrington gave a supper at the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall, to ten officers of his new regiment, who had come up for the express purpose of backing Carpezan: and, finally, Mr. Warrington received the three principal actors of the tragedy, our family party from the side box, Mr. Johnson and his ingenious friend, Mr. Reynolds the painter, my Lord Castlewood and his sister, and one or two more. My Lady Maria happened to sit next to the young actor who had performed the part of the king. Mr. Warrington somehow had Miss Theo for a neighbor, and no doubt passed a pleasant evening beside her. The greatest animation and cordiality prevailed, and when toasts were called, Lady Maria gayly gave "The King of Hungary" for hers. That gentleman, who had plenty of eloquence and fire, and excellent manners, on as well as off the stage, protested that he had already suffered death in the course of the evening, hoped that he should die a hundred times more on the same field; but, dead or living, vowed he knew whose humble servant he ever should be. Ah! if he had but a real crown, in place of his diadem of pasteboard and tinsel, with what joy would he lay it at her ladyship's feet! Neither my lord nor Mr. Esmond were over well pleased with the gentleman's exceeding gallantry — a part of which they attributed, no doubt justly, to the wine and punch, of which he had been partaking very freely. Theo and her sister, who were quite new to the world, were a little frightened by the exceeding energy of Mr. Hagan's manner—but Lady Maria, much more experienced, took it in perfectly good part. At a late hour coaches were called, to which the gentlemen attended the ladies, after whose departure some of them returned to the supper-room, and the end was that Carpezan had to be carried away in a chair, and that the King of Hungary had a severe headache; and that the Poet, though he remembered making a great number of speeches, was quite astounded when half a dozen of his guests appeared at his house the next day, whom he had invited over night to come and sup with him once more.

As he put Mrs. Lambert and her daughters into their coach on the night previous all the ladies were flurried, delighted, excited; and you may be sure our gentleman was with them the next day, to talk of the play and the audience, and the actors, and the beauties of the piece, over and over again. Mrs. Lambert had heard

that the ladies of the theatre were dangerous company for young men. She hoped George would have a care, and not frequent the green-room too much.

George smiled, and said he had a preventive against all green-room temptations, of which he was not in the least afraid; and as he spoke he looked in Theo's face, as if in those eyes lay the amulet which was to preserve him from all danger.

"Why should he be afraid, Mamma?" asks the maiden, simply. She had no idea of danger or of guile.

"No, my darling, I don't think he need be afraid," says the mother, kissing her.

"You don't suppose Mr. George would fall in love with that painted old creature who performed the chief part?" asks Miss Hetty, with a toss of her head. "She must be old enough to be his mother."

"Pray, do you suppose that at our age nobody can care for us, or that we have no hearts left?" asks Mamma, very tartly. "I believe, or I may say, I hope and trust, your father thinks otherwise. *He* is, I imagine, perfectly satisfied, miss. *He* does not sneer at age, whatever little girls out of the school-room may do. And they had much better be back there, and they had much better remember what the fifth commandment is—that they had, Hetty!"

"I didn't think I was breaking it by saying that an actress was as old as George's mother," pleaded Hetty.

"George's mother is as old as I am, miss!—at least she was when we were *at school.* And Fanny Parker—Mrs. Mountain who now is—was seven months older, and we were in the French class together; and I have no idea that our age is to be made the subject of remarks and ridicule by our children, and I will thank you to spare it, if you please! Do you consider your mother too old, George?"

"I am glad my mother is of your age, Aunt Lambert," says George, in the most sentimental manner.

Strange infatuation of passion—singular perversity of reason! At some period before his marriage, it not unfrequently happens that a man actually is fond of his mother-in-law! At this time our good General vowed, and with some reason, that he was jealous. Mrs. Lambert made much more of George than of any other person in the family. She dressed up Theo to the utmost advantage in order to meet him; she was forever caressing her, and appealing to her when he spoke. It was, "Don't you think he looks well?"—"Don't you think he looks pale, Theo, to-day?"—"Don't you think he has been sitting up over his books too much at night?" and so forth. If he had a cold, she would have liked to make gruel for him and see his feet in hot water. She sent him recipes of her own for his health. When he was away, she never ceased talking about him to her daughter. I dare say Miss Theo liked the subject well enough. When he came, she was sure to be wanted in some other part of the house, and would bid Theo take care of him till she returned. Why, before she returned to the room, could you hear her talking outside the door to her youngest innocent children, to her servants in the upper regions, and so forth? When she reappeared, was not Mr. George always standing or sitting at a considerable distance from Miss Theo—except, to be sure, on that one day when she had just happened to drop her scissors, and he had naturally stooped down to pick them up? Why was she blushing? Were not youthful cheeks made to blush, and roses to bloom in the spring? Not that Mamma ever noted the blushes, but began quite an artless conversation about this or that, as she sate down brimful of happiness to her work-table.

And at last there came a letter from Virginia in Madam Esmond's neat, well-known hand, and over which George trembled and blushed before he broke the seal. It was in answer to the letter which he had sent home, respecting his brother's commission and his own attachment to Miss Lambert. Of his intentions respecting Harry Madam Esmond fully approved. As for his marriage, she was not against early marriages. She would take his picture of Miss Lambert with the allowance that was to be made for lovers' portraits, and hope, for his sake, that the young lady was all he described her to be. With money, as Madam Esmond gathered from her son's letter, she did not appear to be provided at all, which was a pity, as, though wealthy in land, their family had but little ready-money. However, by Heaven's blessing, there was plenty at home for children and children's children, and the wives of her sons should share all she had. When she heard more at length from Mr. and Mrs. Lambert she would reply for her part more fully. She did not pretend to say that she had not greater hopes for her son, as a gentleman of his name and prospects might pretend to the hand of the first lady of the land; but as Heaven had willed that her son's choice should fall upon her old friend's daughter, she acquiesced, and would welcome George's wife as her own child. This letter was brought by Mr. Van den Bosch, of Albany, who had lately bought a very large estate in Virginia, and who was bound for England to put his grand-daughter to a boarding-school. She, Madam Esmond, was not mercenary, nor was it because this young lady was heiress of a very great fortune that she desired her sons to pay Mr. Van d. B. every attention. Their properties lay close together, and could Harry find in the young lady those qualities of person and mind *suitable for a companion for life*, at least she would have the satisfaction of seeing both her children near her in her declining years. Madam Esmond concluded by sending her affectionate compliments to Mrs. Lambert, from whom she begged to hear further, and her blessing to the young lady who was to be her daughter-in-law.

The letter was not cordial, and the writer evidently but half satisfied; but, such as it was,

her consent was here formally announced. How eagerly George ran away to Soho with the long-desired news in his pocket! I suppose our worthy friends there must have read his news in his countenance — else why should Mrs. Lambert take her daughter's hand and kiss her with such uncommon warmth when George announced that he had received letters from home? Then, with a break in his voice, a pallid face, and a considerable tremor, turning to Mr. Lambert, he said; "Madam Esmond's letter, Sir, is in reply to one of mine, in which I acquainted her that I had formed an attachment in England, for which I asked my mother's approval. She gives her consent, I am grateful to say, and I have to pray my dear friends to be equally kind to me."

"God bless thee, my dear boy!" says the good General, laying a hand on the young man's head. "I am glad to have thee for a son, George. There, there, don't go down on your knees, young folks! George may, to be sure, and thank God for giving him the best little wife in all England. Yes, my dear, except when you were ill, you never caused me a heartache—and happy is the man, I say, who wins thee!"

I have no doubt the young people knelt before their parents, as was the fashion in those days; and am perfectly certain that Mrs. Lambert kissed both of them, and likewise bedewed her pocket-handkerchief in the most plentiful manner. Hetty was not present at this sentimental scene, and when she heard of it, spoke with considerable asperity, and a laugh that was by no means pleasant, saying, "Is this all the news you have to give me? Why, I have known it these months past. Do you think I have no eyes to see, and no ears to hear, indeed?" But in private she was much more gentle. She flung herself on her sister's neck, embracing her passionately, and vowing that never, never would Theo find any one to love her like her sister. With Theo she became entirely mild and humble. She could not abstain from her jokes and satire with George, but he was too happy to heed her much, and too generous not to see the cause of her jealousy.

When all parties concerned came to read Madam Esmond's letter, that document, it is true, appeared rather vague. It contained only a promise that she would receive the young people at her house, and no sort of proposal for a settlement. The General shook his head over the letter—he did not think of examining it until some days after the engagement had been made between George and his daughter; but now he read Madam Esmond's words they gave him but small encouragement.

"Bah!" says George. "I shall have three hundred pounds for my tragedy. I can easily write a play a year, and if the worst comes to the worst, we can live on that.

"On that and your patrimony," says Theo's father.

George now had to explain, with some hesitation, that what with paying bills for his mother, and Harry's commission and debts, and his own ransom — George's patrimony proper was well-nigh spent.

Mr. Lambert's countenance looked graver still at this announcement, but he saw his girl's eyes turned toward him with an alarm so tender, that he took her in his arms and vowed that, let the worst come to the worst, his darling should not be balked of her wish.

About the going back to Virginia, George frankly owned that he little liked the notion of returning to be entirely dependent on his mother. He gave General Lambert an idea of his life at home, and explained how little to his taste that slavery was. No. Why should he not stay in England, write more tragedies, study for the bar, get a place, perhaps? Why, indeed? He straightway began to form a plan for another tragedy. He brought portions of his work, from time to time, to Miss Theo and her sister: Hetty yawned over the work, but Theo pronounced it to be still more beautiful and admirable than the last, which was perfect.

The engagement of our young friends was made known to the members of their respective families, and announced to Sir Miles Warrington, in a ceremonious letter from his nephew. For a while Sir Miles saw no particular objection to the marriage; though, to be sure, considering his name and prospects, Mr. Warrington might have looked higher. The truth was, that Sir Miles imagined that Madam Esmond had made some considerable settlement on her son, and that his circumstances were more than easy. But when he heard that George was entirely dependent on his mother, and that his own small patrimony was dissipated, as Harry's had been before, Sir Miles's indignation at his nephew's imprudence knew no bounds; he could not find words to express his horror and anger at the want of principle exhibited by both these unhappy young men: he thought it his duty to speak his mind about them, and wrote his opinion to his sister Esmond in Virginia. As for General and Mrs. Lambert, who passed for respectable persons, was it to be borne that such people should inveigle a penniless young man into a marriage with their penniless daughter? Regarding them, and George's behavior, Sir Miles fully explained his views to Madam Esmond, gave half a finger to George whenever his nephew called on him in town, and did not even invite him to partake of the famous family small-beer. Toward Harry his uncle somewhat unbent; Harry had done his duty in the campaign, and was mentioned with praise in high quarters. He had sown his wild oats—he at least was endeavoring to amend; but George was a young prodigal, fast careering to ruin, and his name was only mentioned in the family with a groan. Are there any poor fellows nowadays, I wonder, whose polite families fall on them and persecute them; groan over them and stone them, and hand stones to their neighbors that they may do likewise? All the patrimony spent! Gracious Heavens! Sir Miles turned pale when he saw his nephew coming. Lady Warrington prayed for him as a dan-

gerous reprobate; and, in the mean time, George was walking the town, quite unconscious that he was occasioning so much wrath and so much devotion. He took little Miley to the play and brought him back again. He sent tickets to his aunt and cousins, which they could not refuse, you know; it would look too marked were they to break altogether. So they not only took the tickets, but whenever country constituents came to town they asked for more, taking care to give the very worst motives to George's intimacy with the theatre, and to suppose that he and the actresses were on terms of the most disgraceful intimacy. An august personage having been to the theatre, and expressed his approbation of Mr. Warrington's drama to Sir Miles, when he attended his R-y-l H-ghn-ss's levee at Saville House, Sir Miles, to be sure, modified his opinion regarding the piece, and spoke henceforth more respectfully of it. Meanwhile, as we have said, George was passing his life entirely careless of the opinion of all the uncles, aunts, and cousins in the world.

Most of the Esmond cousins were at least more polite and cordial than George's kinsfolk of the Warrington side. In spite of his behavior over the cards, Lord Castlewood, George always maintained, had a liking for our Virginians, and George was pleased enough to be in his company. He was a far abler man than many who succeeded in life. He had a good name, and somehow only stained it; a considerable wit, and nobody trusted it; and a very shrewd experience and knowledge of mankind, which made him mistrust them, and himself most of all, and which perhaps was the bar to his own advancement. My Lady Castlewood, a woman of the world, wore always a bland mask, and received Mr. George with perfect civility, and welcomed him to lose as many guineas as he liked at her ladyship's card-tables. Between Mr. William and the Virginian brothers there never was any love lost; but, as for Lady Maria, though her love affair was over, she had no rancor; she professed for her cousins a very great regard and affection, a part of which the young gentlemen very gratefully returned. She was charmed to hear of Harry's valor in the campaign; she was delighted with George's success at the theatre; she was forever going to the play, and had all the favorite passages of Carpezan by heart. One day, as Mr. George and Miss Theo were taking a sentimental walk in Kensington Gardens, whom should they light upon but their Cousin Maria in company with a gentleman in a smart suit and handsome laced hat, and who should the gentleman be but his Majesty King Louis of Hungary, Mr. Hagan? He saluted the party, and left them presently. Lady Maria had only just happened to meet him. Mr. Hagan came sometimes, he said, for quiet, to study his parts in Kensington Gardens, and George and the two ladies walked together to Lord Castlewood's door in Kensington Square, Lady Maria uttering a thousand compliments to Theo upon her good looks, upon her virtue, upon her future happiness, upon her Papa and Mamma, upon her destined husband, upon her paduasoy cloak and dear little feet and shoe-buckles.

Harry happened to come to London that evening, and slept at his accustomed quarters. When George appeared at breakfast the Captain was already in the room (the custom of that day was to call all army gentlemen Captains) and looking at the letters on the breakfast-table.

"Why, George," he cries, "there is a letter from Maria!"

"Little boy bring it from Common Garden last night—Master George asleep," says Gumbo.

"What can it be about?" asks Harry, as George peruses his letter with a queer expression of face.

"About my play, to be sure," George answers, tearing up the paper, and still wearing his queer look.

"What, she is not writing love-letters to *you*, is she, Georgy?"

"No, certainly not to me," replies the other. But he spoke no word more about the letter; and when at dinner in Dean Street, Mrs. Lambert said, "So you met somebody walking with the King of Hungary yesterday in Kensington Gardens?"

"What little tell-tale told you?"

"A mere casual rencontre—the King goes there to study his parts, and Lady Maria happened to be crossing the garden to visit some of the *other* King's servants at Kensington Palace." And so there was an end to that matter for the time being.

Other events were at hand fraught with interest to our Virginians. One evening after Christmas the two gentlemen, with a few more friends, were met round General Lambert's supper-table, and among the company was Harry's new Colonel of the 67th, Major-General Wolfe. The young General was more than ordinarily grave. The conversation all related to the war. Events of great importance were pending. The great minister now in power was determined to carry on the war on a much more extended scale than had been attempted hitherto: an army was ordered to Germany to help Prince Ferdinand, another great expedition was preparing for America, and here, says Mr. Lambert, "I will give you the health of the Commander—a glorious campaign, and a happy return to him!"

"Why do you not drink the toast, General James?" asked the hostess of her guest.

"He must not drink his own toast," says General Lambert; "it is we must do that!"

What? was James appointed?—All the ladies must drink such a toast as that, and they mingled their kind voices with the applause of the rest of the company.

Why did he look so melancholy? the ladies asked of one another when they withdrew. In after days they remembered his pale face.

"Perhaps he has been parting from his sweetheart," suggests tender-hearted Mrs. Lambert. And at this sentimental notion no doubt all the ladies looked sad.

The gentlemen, meanwhile, continued their talk about the war and its chances. Mr. Wolfe did not contradict the speakers when they said that the expedition was to be directed against Canada.

"Ah, Sir," says Harry, "I wish your regiment was going with you, and that I might pay another visit to my old friends at Quebec!"

What, had Harry been there? Yes. He described his visit to the place five years before, and knew the city and the neighborhood well. He lays a number of bits of biscuit on the table before him, and makes a couple of rivulets of punch on each side. "This fork is the Isle d'Orleans," says he, "with the north and south branches of St. Lawrence on each side. Here's the Low town, with a battery—how many guns was mounted there in our time, brother?—but at long shots from the St. Joseph shore you might play the same game. Here's what they call the little river, the St. Charles, and a bridge of boats with a tête du pont over to the place of arms. Here's the citadel, and here's convents—ever so many convents—and the cathedral; and here, outside the lines to the west and south, is what they call the Plains of Abraham—where a certain little affair took place, do you remember, brother? He and a young officer of the Rousillon regiment *ça ça*'d at each other for twenty minutes, and George pinked him, and then they *juré*'d each other an *amitié eternelle*. Well it was for George: for his second saved his life on that awful day of Braddock's defeat. He was a fine little fellow, and I give his toast: "*Je bois à la santé du Chevalier de Florac!*"

"What, can you speak French too, Harry?" asks Mr. Wolfe. The young man looked at the General with eager eyes.

"Yes," says he, "I can speak, but not so well as George."

"But he remembers the city, and can place the batteries, you see, and knows the ground a thousand times better than I do!" cries the elder brother.

The two elder officers exchanged looks with one another; Mr. Lambert smiled and nodded, as if in reply to the mute queries of his comrade: on which the other spoke. "Mr. Harry," he said, "if you have had enough of fine folks, and White's, and horse-racing—"

"Oh, Sir!" says the young man, turning very red.

"And if you have a mind to a sea-voyage at a short notice, come and see me at my lodgings to-morrow."

What was that sudden uproar of cheers which the ladies heard in their drawing-room? It was the hurrah which Harry Warrington gave when he leaped up at hearing the General's invitation.

The women saw no more of the gentlemen that night. General Lambert had to be away upon his business early next morning, before seeing any of his family; nor had he mentioned a word of Harry's outbreak on the previous evening. But when he rejoined his folks at dinner, a look at Miss Hetty's face informed the worthy gentleman that she knew what had passed on the night previous, and what was about to happen to the young Virginian. After dinner Mrs. Lambert sat demurely at her work, Miss Theo took her book of Italian Poetry. Neither of the General's customary guests happened to be present that evening.

He took little Hetty's hand in his, and began to talk with her. He did not allude to the subject which he knew was uppermost in her mind, except that by a more than ordinary gentleness and kindness he perhaps caused her to understand that her thoughts were known to him.

"I have breakfasted," says he, "with James Wolfe this morning, and our friend Harry was of the party. When he and the other guests were gone I remained and talked with James about the great expedition on which he is going to sail. Would that his brave father had lived a few months longer to see him come back covered with honors from Louisbourg, and knowing that all England was looking to him to achieve still greater glory! James is dreadfully ill in body—so ill that I am frightened for him—and not a little depressed in mind at having to part from the young lady whom he has loved so long. A little rest, he thinks, might have set his shattered frame up; and to call her his has been the object of his life. But, great as his love is (and he is as romantic as one of you young folks of seventeen), honor and duty are greater, and he leaves home, and wife, and ease, and health at their bidding. Every man of honor would do the like; every woman who loves him truly would buckle on his armor for him. James goes to take leave of his mother to-night; and though she loves him devotedly, and is one of the tenderest women in the world, I am sure she will show no sign of weakness at his going away."

"When does he sail, Papa?" the girl asked.

"He will be on board in five days." And Hetty knew quite well who sailed with him.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE thirty-fifth Congress closed on the 4th of March. The customary votes of thanks to the presiding officers were passed: in the Senate without opposition, and in the House by a vote of 120 to 32. With the exception of the passage of the principal Appropriation Bills, and the admission of Oregon, all the important business brought before Congress at this session remains unadjusted. The Senate Bill for the construction of a railroad to the Pacific, cut down to a simple advertisement for proposals from contractors, never reached the House.—The Soldiers' Pension Bill, which passed the House by a large majority, was in the Senate referred to the

Pension Committee, who reported against it, as "inexpedient and unwise, whether considered in relation to those who must bear its burdens in taxation, or may enjoy its bounties in pensions."—A French Spoliation Bill, providing, in effect, for the payment of $5,000,000 in satisfaction for claims of American citizens who had suffered spoliations by the French prior to 1801, passed the Senate. A similar bill originated in the House, where it was apparently received favorably; but it was decided, upon a point of order, that as it virtually made an appropriation of money it must be considered in the Committee of the Whole. Thus disposed of, so many bills had precedence of it that it could not be acted upon. This Bill and that of the Senate were therefore tabled. The French Spoliation Bill has a singular history. In one shape and another it has been before Congress for half a century. Sometimes it has been passed by one House and rejected by the other; twice it has been passed by both Houses, and vetoed by the President; and now its final disposition seems as remote as ever.—The Senate refused, by a vote of 29 to 26, to take up Mr. Grow's Homestead Bill, which had passed the House.—A bill giving large quantities of public land to the several States and Territories, for the purpose of establishing Agricultural Colleges, passed both Houses by decided majorities, but was vetoed by the President.—Mr. Slidell's "Thirty Million Bill," with various amendments and substitutes, occupied a large share of the attention of the Senate until February 25. On that day Mr. Brown moved, as a test vote, to lay the Bill on the table, announcing that he should vote against his own motion. This was lost, by a vote of 30 to 18, Mr. Broderick being the only Democratic Senator who voted to table the Bill. The sentiments of the Senate being thus clearly ascertained, and the session being so near its close that it would be impossible for the House to act upon the Bill, it was withdrawn by Mr. Slidell, with the intimation that it would be brought forward again at the commencement of the next session.

The deficiency in the revenue was early brought before the House, and it seemed to be the opinion of the majority that an augmentation of the tariff was indispensable; and that no bill for a loan should be passed unaccompanied by an increase in duties. The Committee of Ways and Means could not agree upon any Tariff Bill to be presented, and up to the last day of the session it seemed probable that Congress would dissolve without making any provision for the means necessary to meet the deficiency. On that day a Message was presented from the President, appealing to Congress to preserve the public credit. "This," he said, "is the last day of Congress, and there is no appropriation yet to pay the outstanding Treasury Notes. From the information submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury it is manifest that the present receipts will scarcely meet the ordinary expenses of the Government. By the end of the fiscal year nearly eighteen millions will be due, with a considerable amount paid for duties at the various ports, and no means to meet them. Thus the American people will be dishonored before the world. It is impossible to avoid this catastrophe unless provision be made against it within the few remaining hours of the present Congress. If this was the first instead of the last session of Congress, it might be called together again. But if it reassembled tomorrow thirteen States will not be represented, and it will be impossible to reassemble all before the Treasury must stop payment." At length, just before the close of the session, the House, by a vote of 94 to 83, agreed to an amendment made in the Senate to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, by which the issue of Treasury Notes to the amount of $20,000,000 is authorized.—The peril of general bankruptcy of Government was thus avoided; but owing to a misunderstanding between the two Houses no appropriations were made to meet the expenses of the Post-office Department. The Senate passed a Bill appropriating about $20,000,000 to defray the expenses of this Department and meet the existing deficiency. This was sent to the House, which slightly amended it, and returned it to the Senate. That body meanwhile had passed a Post-route Bill, upon which were engrafted provisions restricting the franking privilege and raising the rates of postage; these provisions were now appended to the Appropriation Bill; the House, thereupon, on motion of Mr. Grow, voted (117 to 76) that this was a virtual infringement of the Constitutional provision which directs that all Bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, and refused to entertain the proposition. The Senate affirmed that it was capable of judging of its own action. A joint Committee of Conference was then appointed, who recommended the passage of a new Bill, to be originated by the House, similar to the first passed by the Senate. This Bill passed the House; but upon being sent to the Senate for concurrence, the course of the Committee was objected to, as involving a surrender of the Constitutional rights of the Senate. While the matter was under discussion the hour for adjournment arrived, and no action could be taken. It is apprehended that this failure to provide for the wants of the Post-office Department may render it necessary to call an extra session of Congress. The appropriations for the year, as estimated by the Departments, amounted to about $70,000,000; these were reduced by the Committee of Ways and Means to $64,000,000, the principal diminutions being $2,924,000 for the Post-office Department, $1,111,000 for the Navy, $722,000 for the Army, $968,000 for Civil Expenses, and $655,000 for Fortifications. The total amount of appropriations made, including the $20,000,000 Treasury Notes, amounts to about $60,000,000. Adding to this the $20,000,000 required for the Post-office Department, the total revenue required during the present fiscal year, supposing no unexpected sums are needed, will be about $80,000,000.

On the 18th of February the President sent a special Message to Congress, recommending the passage of an Act authorizing him to employ the land and naval forces of the United States to prevent the obstruction of the Panama and Tehuantepec Isthmus routes. He also says that in the civil wars that have raged in the Southern republics outrages have been committed by all parties upon the persons and property of American citizens. The President has no power to enforce redress for these acts, for, without the authority of Congress, he can not direct any force to enter the territories of Nicaragua, New Granada, or Mexico; nor can he, without transcending his Constitutional power, direct a gun to be fired into a port, or land a seaman or marine to protect the lives and property of American citizens. "Recent experience," says the President, "has shown that the American Executive should be authorized to render this protection. Such a grant of authority, limited in its extent, could in no just sense be regarded as a transfer of the war-making power to the Executive, but only as an appropriate exercise of

that power by the body to whom it exclusively belongs. The knowledge that such a law exists would of itself go far to prevent the outrages which it is intended to redress, and render the employment of force unnecessary. Without this, the President of the United States may be placed in a painful position before the meeting of the next Congress. In the present disturbed condition of Mexico and one or more of the republics south of us, no person can foresee what occurrences may take place before that period. In case of emergency our citizens, seeing that they do not enjoy the same protection with the subjects of European governments, will have just cause to complain. On the other hand, should the Executive interpose, and especially should the result prove disastrous and valuable lives be lost, he might subject himself to severe censure for having assumed a power not confided to him by the Constitution."

Hon. Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster-General, died at Washington on the 8th of March, aged 64 years. He was born in 1795, at Brunswick, Virginia; and graduated in 1814 at the University of North Carolina. Having removed to Tennessee, he commenced the practice of the law in 1817, and soon became a partner with the late President Polk. He was a member at different times of each branch of the State Legislature. In 1839 he was elected to Congress, of which he remained a member until 1845, when he was elected Governor of Tennessee; but having been nominated for re-election in 1847 he was defeated. He was a member of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore which nominated Mr. Pierce for the Presidency; and was chairman of the committee for constructing the "Baltimore Platform." He was a member of the Nashville Southern Convention, and the author of the "Tennessee Platform," which opposes the idea of disunion, but advocates retaliation for what the South considers her wrongs. His theory was that the South could inflict more injury than the North, and that finally the principle of self-interest would force both sections to agree. Mr. Brown was appointed Postmaster-General at the commencement of the present Administration. The most prominent feature of his official course is his recommendation to augment the rates of postage, in order to make the Department self-sustaining.——Philip Barton Key, District Attorney for the District of Columbia, was killed at Washington on Sunday, the 27th of February, by Daniel E. Sickles, a member of Congress from New York. Mr. Sickles had learned that an adulterous intrigue had been for some time carried on between Mr. Key and his wife, who had on the previous evening confessed her guilt. In the afternoon of Sunday Mr. Key was seen passing the house of Mr. Sickles, apparently making signals to some one within. Sickles rushed out, overtook Key, charged him with dishonoring him, and said he must die, at the same time shooting him with a pistol, inflicting a severe wound. A brief struggle ensued, when Sickles fired again, Key begging him not to shoot. The ball passed completely through the body. Key fell mortally wounded, when Sickles shot a third time, and then put the muzzle of another pistol to the head of the dying man; but the cap exploded without discharging the weapon. Sickles then proceeded to the residence of the Attorney-General, surrendered himself, and waiving any examination was committed to jail to await his trial.

Hon. Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, late Commissioner of Patents, has been appointed to the post of Postmaster-General, vacated by the death of Mr. Brown.——Robert McLane, of Maryland, has been appointed Minister to Mexico, with full discretionary powers.——Lord Lyons, the newly appointed Minister from Great Britain has arrived in this country.——Count Sartiges, the French Minister, is removed, and the Viscount de Serre is appointed in his place.——The election in New Hampshire has resulted in the complete success of the Republican party, who elected the Governor, three members of Congress, and a large majority in both branches of the Legislature.——The accounts from the gold regions of Pike's Peak are encouraging, and a large emigration is expected to set out for that region during the present season.——The Legislature of California have passed resolutions disapproving of the course of Mr. Broderick as United States Senator, and requesting him to resign.——In New Mexico Indian outrages still prevail. A band of Apaches having stolen a number of horses and mules near San Elizaro, were pursued by a detachment of mounted rifles from Fort Bliss, under Lieutenant Lazelle. The Indians were overtaken after a pursuit of 160 miles, when an engagement took place between the Apaches, who numbered two hundred, and the rifles, who were only twenty-two. Our men were obliged to retreat with a loss of three killed and six wounded, among the latter being the commander, who was shot through the lungs. The Indians lost about a dozen.——The Legislature of Kansas has passed an Act of Amnesty, which was approved by the Governor. It provides that "No criminal offense heretofore committed in the counties of Lykins, Linn, Bourbon, M'Gee, Allen, and Anderson, growing out of any political differences of opinion, or rising in any way from such political differences of opinion, shall be subject to any prosecution on any complaint or indictment in any court whatsoever in the Territory; and that all criminal actions now commenced growing out of political differences of opinion shall be dismissed."——The officers and crew of the yacht *Wanderer*, which recently brought a cargo of negroes from Africa and landed them on our coast, have been indicted by the Grand Jury, and the vessel itself has been condemned as a slaver and sold.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* it is announced that President Miramon, while on his way to attack Vera Cruz, encountered a body of the "Liberal" forces and suffered a severe check, losing one hundred men, three hundred muskets, and a large quantity of ammunition. The Liberals also were concentrating for the purpose of making their long-threatened attack upon the capital while Miramon was absent attempting to capture Vera Cruz. At Tampico the garrison made an abortive attempt to pronounce in favor of Miramon. All the forces of the Liberals on the seacoast have been concentrated at Vera Cruz; and the contest between the two parties appears to be approaching a crisis. Meanwhile our new Minister to Mexico, Mr. McLane, has instructions to recognize and treat with any Government which he may find in the actual possession of the supreme authority, with any prospect of retaining it.

In *Hayti* the new Government of Geffrard appears to be going on prosperously. The property left behind by Soulouque has been confiscated; but the ex-Emperor had previously to his fall remitted large sums to Europe.

In *Jamaica* the proprietors of several estates have applied to the authorities for a large number of immigrants. They say that the cultivation of cotton could be profitably carried on if labor could be secured at the requisite moment; and they know of

no means of accomplishing this, except by establishing on the estates a sufficient number of emigrants. ——Coolies and African emigrants continue to be received in the French West Indies. One vessel brought to Martinique 466 Coolies, and another 278 "free natives" from Africa. These men were immediately distributed among the different plantations.

In *Peru* the projected hostile movements against Ecuador make little progress. The Government finds it difficult to procure the means of carrying on a war against a country which offers little hope of plunder in case of success.

Chili, which has for some years been the most prosperous of the South American republics, is now the scene of revolutionary struggles. The Administration is opposed by two parties—the ultra-Liberals and the ultra-Conservatives—who have no bond of union except hostility to President Montt. The whole country was declared in a state of siege, and an extra session of Congress was called in January to consider a law proposed by the Government granting extraordinary dictatorial powers to the President, authorizing him to arrest or banish suspected persons, to augment the army to any extent he should deem proper, to employ the public funds without limiting himself to the appropriations, and to remove at discretion all public functionaries. The law was promptly voted down. At the latest dates, which reach to the 1st of February, the insurrection was mainly confined to the city of Copaipo, which was held by the insurgents under the command of Gallo, and Talca which was in similar hands under the command of Artego. Communications, presumed to be unfavorable, had been received by the Government from the latter place, and considerable bodies of troops had been dispatched thither.

EUROPE.

There is little change in the aspect of the war question. At the opening of the French Legislative Body on the 7th of February the Emperor adverted pointedly to the disagreements with Austria, yet in such a manner as to convey the impression that he believed they would be amicably adjusted. England and Prussia are using every endeavor to avert hostilities, Lord Cowley having been dispatched on a special mission to Vienna. In the British Parliament Lord Palmerston called attention to the state of Europe, saying that there was a general apprehension that the coming spring would be marked by a great contest between the great military powers. It was well known that military stores were preparing, cannon were casting, horses purchased, troops moved from point to point, fortifications erected, ships of war and transports provided, as though the Governments making these preparations expected soon to be called upon to make some great military effort. He then proceeded to review the state of Europe, and came to the conclusion that Central Italy was the point of danger; that its real cause was the revival of the old jealousy between France and Austria, now aggravated by the joint occupation of the Papal States by the troops of these Powers. He thought that any arrangement calculated permanently to secure the peace of Europe must be founded, first, upon the retirement of foreign troops from Central Italy; next, upon an engagement that in no case should these troops be sent back; and, thirdly, friendly advice should be given to the Italian States to induce them to improve their domestic administration. He concluded by asking the Government if it was in possession of any information which could properly be communicated, which rendered it probable that peace would be maintained.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that it certainly was not the interest of any of the great Powers to unsettle the treaty of 1815, and that he agreed with Lord Palmerston in looking upon the occupation of Central Italy by French and Austrian troops as the main cause of danger. He was, therefore, happy to inform the House that the Government had received communications which gave reason to believe that ere long the Roman States would be evacuated by the French and Austrian troops, and that with the concurrence of the Papal Government. He was not at liberty to state the precise character of the mission of Lord Cowley to Vienna, but it was one of conciliation. Under these circumstances, while an incautious word uttered in debate might produce great evil, he appealed to the House to postpone all further discussion of the subject, and trust to the assurance of Government that every effort would be made to maintain the general peace.—It will be observed that the view taken in Parliament wholly ignores the hostile feeling growing up between Sardinia and Austria, and the presumed purpose of the Emperor of France to support the former in case of war. Austria is concentrating immense forces in Italy under the command of the ablest commanders; at Venice three new forts were ordered to be constructed, to be completed in six weeks, for which purpose five thousand laborers were collected from all parts of Italy. Sardinia is also making considerable warlike preparations. A loan of $10,000,000 was granted by the Chambers, by a majority of 116 to 35, on the ground that the distribution and concentration of the Austrian troops had assumed the aggressive character of a corps of operations against a neighboring Power. In the course of the debate Count Cavour, the Sardinian Minister, said that "Austria had lately assumed a menacing attitude against us. It has increased its military forces at Piacenza. It has collected very large forces on our frontiers. Therefore the necessity arises for us to look for the means of defense of the State. The English alliance has always been the constant care of our whole political life. We have always considered England as the impregnable asylum of liberty. The cries of suffering coming from Bologna and Naples arrive still to the borders of the Thames; but the tears and groans of Milan are intercepted by the Alps and the Austrians; but the cause of liberty, of justice, and of civilization triumphs always. As regards England, Lord Derby will not tarnish his glory in making himself an accomplice of those who wish to condemn the Italians to perpetual servitude. Our policy is not defiant; we will not excite to war, neither will we lower our voice when Austria arms herself and threatens us."

Literary Notices.

A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, by S. Austin Allibone. Vol. I. (Published by Childs and Peterson.) Among the important manuals of bibliography which form such an indispensable guide to the student of general literature, this copious dictionary of authors and their productions is destined to occupy a distinguished place. Founded on a plan that is no less difficult of execution than novel in conception, it requires all the enthusiasm and persistency which the editor evidently possesses in singular combination to bring it to a successful issue. Nothing but a rare degree of literary zeal could have inspired the undertaking; but no less a degree of adamantine diligence was necessary even to its present stage of completion. Considered as the production of an individual who has thus far pursued the vast labor involved in its preparation almost if not entirely single-handed, it can find few parallels in literary history. It almost makes the bones ache to think of the ponderous folios that must have been handled, the musty documents that must have been turned over, the puzzling catalogues that must have been sifted, the mighty mass of crude materials that must have been laboriously threshed, in order to arrange and set forth such a treasure of information as is embodied in the pages of this copious volume. In the first place, it contains the names of the principal authors, living and dead, who have written in the English language from the earliest recorded history to the middle of the nineteenth century. We then have a list, more or less complete, of their various productions, brief biographical notices, and, what is claimed by the editor as the most valuable feature of the work, a selection from the leading criticisms of the day on their different works at the time of their appearance. The facility of reference is insured by a carefully prepared index of subjects, in addition to the alphabetical arrangement of the names. The number of authors whose works are noticed is about 30,000—a far greater number than has ever before been brought together in any, or, indeed, in all previous publications of a similar character. Compared with other standard works on the subject, the superior comprehensiveness of the present is displayed in a strong light. Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, for instance, contains in all less than 9000 names, of which about 2500 are those of British authors. Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica has some 22,000 British names, and from 100 to 200 early American authors. Rose's Biographical Dictionary contains about 3700 names of British and American authors. Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature has less than 1000 names. Nor has Mr. Allibone confined himself to a dry and meagre catalogue of literary productions. In many cases the articles are of ample length, comprising interesting personal details as well as instructive criticisms, and forming a fund of readable matter which is not often looked for in a bibliographical dictionary. The general character of the work, however, as well as its intention, is that of a manual of reference for the scholar, without directly aiming at popular interest. It is obvious from the vast and complicated nature of the plan that immaculate correctness in such a work is out of the question; different readers will discover discrepancies and inaccuracies in the specialties with which they are the most familiar; and an approximate completeness must be the fruit of repeated revisions by the author as well as of suggestions from his students; but no intelligent person can fail to recognize the laborious research and patient industry of which every page of the volume bears the impress.

Trübner's Bibliographical Guide to American Literature, compiled and edited by Nicolas Trubner. (Published by Trübner and Co., London.) The editor of this volume has acquired a knowledge of the productions of the American press which is rarely exhibited on the other side of the Atlantic, and which must command the admiration of the best informed students of the subject in this country. His former work on American bibliography, though making no pretensions to completeness, was a valuable index to various branches of learning that had been successfully cultivated by our scholars; but neither in comprehensiveness of plan nor thoroughness of execution can it be compared to the elaborate and minute record of American literature contained in this volume. The duty of the editor required extensive research, vigilant discrimination, and untiring diligence; and in the performance of his task we are no less struck with the accuracy of detail than with the extent of his information. The period to which the volume is devoted comprises only the last forty years; but within that time the literature of the country has received its most efficient impulses, and been widely unfolded in the various departments of intellectual activity. In an introductory essay entitled "Bibliographical Prolegomena," we have an interesting account of catalogues of books relating to America; this is followed by a rapid but comprehensive sketch of the history of American literature, by Mr. B. Moran, of the United States Legation in London; and an exhaustive account of the public libraries in this country, by Mr. Edward Edwards. These essays, though subordinate to the leading purpose of the work, are valuable monographs in themselves, full of curious information, and presenting many points of interest to the general reader. The main body of the volume is occupied with a list of American books, arranged in thirty-one divisions, in the alphabetical order of their authors' names, and with brief, though usually sufficient bibliographical indications. An important feature of the plan is an analytical table of the contents of the Memoirs, Transactions, and Proceedings of learned Societies in the United States. Under the heads of Natural History, Comparative Philology, and American Archæology, Indians, and Languages, the information is especially complete, and of a character that is not readily accessible in other quarters. The General Index at the end of the volume has evidently been prepared with great care, and furnishes a convenient key by which the contents of the work are made known almost at a glance. If we were permitted to speak in behalf of American scholars, we should not fail to congratulate Mr. Trübner on the eminent success with which he has accomplished his plan, and the ample and impartial justice with which he has registered the productions of our native authorship. After a careful examination of his volume, we are bound to express our high appreciation of the intelligence, fairness, and industry which are conspicuous in its pages; for exactness and precision it is no less remarkable than for extent of research; few if any important publications are omitted on its catalogue; and although, as is inevitable in a work of this nature, an erroneous letter has sometimes crept into a name, or an erroneous figure into a date, no one can consult it habitually

without learning to rely on its trustworthiness as well as its completeness.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men, by FRANCOIS ARAGO, translated by Admiral W. H. SMYTH, the Rev. BADEN POWELL, and ROBERT GRANT. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The distinguished translators of this work have not only performed their duty in rendering it into idiomatic and vigorous English, but have corrected several of the errors of the original. With all his eminence as a man of science, Arago had his full share of the national vanity, and not unfrequently yields to the suggestions of self-love both in his autobiographical confessions and his portraitures of his contemporaries. His statements accordingly often need modification, which his English translators have endeavored to furnish. Their statements are marked alike by intelligence and impartiality. The subjects of the memoirs, besides Arago himself, are the celebrated astronomers Bailly, Herschel, Laplace, the chemist Joseph Fourier, and several other well-known French and English physicists. In addition to a lucid account of their scientific discoveries, the writer has presented a variety of personal anecdotes and reminiscences which can not fail to be read with interest.

The Methodist, by MIRIAM FLETCHER. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) The scenes of which these volumes give a lively description are founded on incidents and characters in the Baltimore Conference. Class-meeting, love-feast, watch-night, and camp-meeting are successively brought before the reader in graphic and natural sketches, of which the reality is unmistakable. The Rev. Dr. Strickland, who has furnished the work with a well-written Introduction, remarks that "he has perused these pages with an absorbing interest, and that no work of fiction he ever read possesses half the charm which this does, and, what is vastly better, it can not fail to awaken the purest emotions and improve the heart."

The Empire of Austria, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. (Published by Mason Brothers.) The establishment of the House of Hapsburg on the throne of Austria, and its subsequent connection with European history, have furnished Mr. Abbott a congenial subject for his facile pen. Without venturing into the depths of antiquarian research, or aiming at minute critical exactness, he has given, in clear and rapid outline, the succession of events in the progress of the Austrian empire. The topics are of stirring interest, comprising the bloody conflicts with the Turks as the waves of Moslem invasion rolled up the Danube, the fierce struggles of the Reformation, the intrigues of secular and religious sovereigns, and the tragic political plots which characterized the age. The general reader will nowhere find a more compact or a livelier narrative of those eventful scenes, and if not of standard value as authority, it represents the current traditions in an agreeable and popular manner.

Opportunities for Industry and the Safe Investment of Capital, by a RETIRED MERCHANT. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.) The title of this work might lead to the suspicion that it was one of the catchpenny productions which promise a violation of the laws of nature by the guarantee of a fortune without the exercise of sagacity, economy, and diligence. This, however, is not the case. The author lays no claim to the possession of any Aladdin's lamp. He discloses an abundant store of commercial and industrial information, accompanied with practical suggestions, which appear to be the fruit of a wide business experience, and are well adapted to guide the reader to the way of wealth.

The American Home Garden, by ALEXANDER WATSON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The most recent modes of cultivating the different varieties of vegetables and fruits are described with great distinctness in this practical manual. It contains a popular explanation of the physiology of plants, and enters sufficiently into the rationale of the methods which it recommends to redeem the business of the gardener from a mere mechanical routine. The volume is liberally illustrated with engravings of agricultural tools and the productions of the soil. It will prove of value to the amateur cultivator, especially by its copiousness of detail and the simplicity and clearness of its directions.

A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, by ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON. (Published by James Challen and Son.) The personal researches and observations of the author of this work in Mexico have led him to the conclusion that the usual accounts of the Spanish conquest are, to a great extent, founded on untrustworthy evidence, uncertain in their details, and indeed, as a general rule, fabulous in their character. He stoutly calls in question the accuracy of Robertson and Prescott, endeavoring to show that the former was guilty of rash and unfounded assertions, with little solicitude to ascertain the truth, and that the latter was the dupe of his imagination in relying on documents that had no claim to historical authority. The letters or dispatches of Cortéz, and the narrative of Bernal Diaz, are subjected to an unsparing criticism, with a view to proving that no confidence can be placed in their statements. In the opinion of Mr. Wilson, Cortéz was in the habit of presenting the grossest exaggerations in his reports to the Spanish Government, and the memoirs of Bernal Diaz are destitute both of authenticity and accuracy. After summarily setting aside the prevailing conclusions of historical research, the author undertakes to trace the ancient civilization of Central America to the Phœnicians, by whom he believes that colonies were planted on the American continent at a period of which history has not preserved the record. The volume will be read with interest on account of the boldness of its aim and the evident sincerity of its intention; although it is by no means certain that it will immediately supersede the labors of Robertson and Prescott.

Adam Bede, by GEORGE ELIOT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The scene of this excellent story is laid in a rural district of England about the commencement of the present century. Without indulging in extravagance of plot or sentiment, the author throws a vital human interest about his narrative, and produces a deep impression by fidelity to nature and force of illustration.

Symbols of the Capital; or, Civilization in New York, by A. D. MAYO. (Published by Thatcher and Hutchinson.) The institutions of the city of Albany are here made the basis of an earnest discussion of several important social and political subjects. In fact, the volume is devoted to the consideration of the privileges and obligations of American citizenship, and aims to aid the younger portion of the community in the formation of a character that shall justify our professions of republicanism, and the establishment of a national civilization which shall illustrate every principle of pure Christianity.

Three Visits to Madagascar, by the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The valuable "Polynesian Researches" by the author of this volume has made his name familiar both to the student of geography and the friend of missionary operations. Each of these classes of readers will be glad to renew their acquaintance with such an intelligent observer and so spirited and lucid a writer. Mr. Ellis was sent by the London Missionary Society, in 1853, on a friendly visit to Madagascar, in order to ascertain the condition of the people and the views of the Government. He arrived at the island in the month of July, but, on account of the political relations then existing with England, he was unable to protract his visit. On two subsequent occasions, however, he was received with great kindness, and treated with so much confidence by the authorities as to give him ample opportunity for extensive and accurate observation. His statements in regard to the sufferings of the Christian converts in Madagascar are full of interest. Not a little fresh and important information concerning the geography, natural history, and social condition of the island is presented in a very agreeable form. The volume will at once take rank with those travels which derive their value from the narrative of substantial facts, and not from the high-colored pictures of the imagination.

History of New England, by JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, Vol. I. (Published by Little, Brown, and Co.) The author of this work is one of the ripest and most accomplished scholars of Massachusetts. Combining the habit of exact research with profound and independent thought, he has won an eminent reputation in various branches of rare and difficult learning. His experience in the exercise of many responsible functions, both political and literary, the native aptitude of his mind for antiquarian and historical pursuits, his ample stores of general learning, tempered by a judgment equally remarkable for soundness and sagacity, and a taste which instinctively repels every thing extravagant and meretricious, give him high and peculiar qualifications for the important task which he has assumed. The first volume of the series of which the work is to consist gives a satisfactory foretaste of its character. It embraces the period from the first settlement at Plymouth, in 1620, to the confederation of the colonies, in 1643. The author has brought to the elucidation of the subject the lights of contemporary documents, many of which have never received such a thorough examination before; the results of personal inquiry and observation in England; and a diligent comparison of the statements of preceding writers. His view of the political designs and anticipations of the founders of the Massachusetts colony is of a more decided character than has usually been ventured by other historians. If not fully confirmed by the facts and reasonings which he brings to bear upon the case, it is at least presented in a strong light, and argued with signal force and ability. Although free from the influence of sectarian partialities, Dr. Palfrey does full justice to the character of the Pilgrims, and presents a vigorous defense of some of the more exceptionable features in their history.

Mr. J. W. Audubon proposes to publish, through Roe Lockwood and Sons, a new edition of AUDUBON'S *Birds of North America*. The plates will be printed from lithographic transfers from the original copper-plates, and are to be colored after the original drawings, which still remain in the family of the author. Audubon's great work was justly characterized by Cuvier as "the most magnificent monument which Art has ever reared to Ornithology." He commenced making drawings of birds solely for pleasure, without any design of publication. An accidental meeting, in 1810, with Wilson, the Ornithologist, convinced him of the value of his labors, and he set to work to complete the series. For this purpose he traversed almost every portion of the country from the everglades of Florida to the prairies of the West, and the borders of the great Northern lakes. His unerring rifle furnished him with specimens, which his pencil transferred to paper before the plumage had lost its brilliancy or the muscles their natural expression. A thousand drawings, the result of the labor of years, were destroyed by a pair of rats who had made their nest in the box in which they were deposited. Undismayed by this accident, rather comforted, indeed, by the thought that he could now make better drawings, he set himself to work, and in three years had replaced his collection. In 1826 he took his drawings to England, for the purpose of publication. One hundred and seventy-five subscribers, nearly half of whom were Americans, at one thousand dollars each, were soon obtained, and the author himself was warmly received by the most distinguished men of Enrope. As a painter of birds Audubon manifested the highest attributes of art. He individualized each as faithfully, and represented their passions and feelings as truly, as Landseer has done those of dogs, or Herring those of horses. His verbal descriptions are worthy of his pictures. He describes his objects in a graphic style, introducing innumerable passages of romantic and exciting personal adventure. He had spent half a lifetime among the tall grass of the Western prairies or the forests of the North, upon the bosoms of our vast bays and lonely inland lakes, enduring dangers, encountering disappointments, and surmounting difficulties which would have appalled one less earnest and enthusiastic than himself. His great work, the main labor of his life, has long been out of market, and only to be procured by the breaking up of the libraries of some of its original possessors. His son now proposes to re-issue it in 44 monthly parts, each containing ten plates; the volumes of the text to be delivered at intervals as the work advances. The numbers will be furnished to subscribers at Ten Dollars each, making the cost of the work less than half that of the original edition. The first number has been prepared as a specimen of the general character of the whole. It contains a magnificent portrait of the Wild Turkey, of the full size of life; a spirited group of a Hawk pouncing upon a covey of Partridges; a couple of Blackbirds regaling themselves upon a stalk of maize; a pair of beautifully colored Ducks couched among tall reeds; a gay Finch feeding upon a gorgeous cactus; with sundry Warblers, characteristically grouped upon their favorite plants. In brilliancy and accuracy of coloring these pictures surpass the corresponding ones of the original edition, and give abundant promise of the faithfulness with which the entire work will be executed. The work deserves, and we trust will receive, a success which will amply remunerate the publishers for the outlay which it must involve, notwithstanding the cost of the engravings has not now to be met.

Editor's Table.

MARRIED LIFE.—Marriage is the most significant fact in all those manifold relations that we sustain to one another. Our nature, in the offices of marriage, has a meaning little short of divineness. If, in some aspects, it bears a resemblance to other ties, it soon presents a distinctness of feature, a grouping of lineaments, that lift it entirely out of the circle of other human connections. Not only does it stand at the head of earthly relationships, but it occupies a ground of its own—a ground shared with nothing else. The two great facts of human history, as stated by Moses in the first chapter of Genesis, are, first, that man was created in "*the image of God;*" and, secondly, that "*male and female created He them.*" If these facts were worthy then to be associated, they are still, at least ideally, to be contemplated together. Man has fallen, and with his fall every thing earthly has sympathized. But nevertheless the two grand interests of his being and life are, first, the image of God; and, secondly, the relation of marriage. In many points they suggest a parallelism of thought. For if religion unites the soul to God, and by means of this spiritual alliance makes it a participant of the divine nature, it is equally true that marriage blends two human beings together, and, so far as they are mutually concerned, creates a personality that never before existed. Henceforth they are one—"one flesh"—not one in any sense that destroys their true individuality, but one in such a manner as renders each life the complement of the other, and combines them in full, beautiful completeness.

Marriage is not a Christian Sacrament; nor, on the other hand, is it a conventional thing that rests its authority and obligations on the usages of public opinion or the provisions of civil law. If it has not the peculiar sanctity, the direct exclusiveness shutting out the scope of human relationships, the near attitude to God, the simple but all-occupying idea of spiritual interests, that are embodied in a sacrament, it is as strikingly distinct from those arrangements which human wisdom, prompted by expediency or other motives, has been led to devise for the good of society. It is God's institution, ordained as one of His great means for the execution of the divine plan of existence. It is man's institution only in the sense of recognition, guardianship, and support. It is God's in origin, purpose, end; it is man's in possession, use, convenience, and accommodation. The authority of God over it, dating back to the time of its original introduction into the economy of creation—reaffirmed most impressively by Jesus Christ—enforced and illustrated by the teachings of inspired Apostles—is still maintained. Government has no moral right to legislate in its behalf except in subordination to the divine idea which God has set forth so prominently in its nature and design. Government can neither create nor abrogate the institution. All that it can do is limited to the faithful execution of the infinite purpose which it embodies. Fulfilling this office, it may take cognizance of its social aspects, so as to protect it against injustice and secure its rights. But in this, as in other things, government is mainly negative, guarding against abuses, and leaving it to itself to accomplish the moral ends for which it was ordained.

The significance of marriage is not found, therefore, in its civil or economic aspects. That, indeed, were a low view of its nature and aims which considered it only as the foundation of States. Man and woman are united not merely to preserve the order and virtue of society, but to fulfill the highest purposes of their being—each imparting and receiving strength, each aiding the other in that best nurture and truest discipline which are essential to the growth and maturity of character. Seen in this light, marriage most aptly represents the spiritual facts of redemption; and hence its frequent use as a symbol in the New Testament. Figurative language, as drawn from external and material objects, attains its utmost expressiveness in the Hebrew Scriptures. Those ancient books, written, as it were, in the vast picture-gallery of visible nature, leave no form of beauty or grandeur unappropriated. Tears and smiles, grief and joy, defeat and exultation, all find utterance in those varied scenes that make up the mystery and wonder of the natural universe. The eye of David, quickened to perceptions beyond the narrow range of earthly vision, saw the inward glory of landscape and firmament—saw the heart of Infinite Love, where others beheld the hand only—and, by virtue of the inspired insight, became the poet-laureate of the Church for all ages. We have no poet, therefore, in the New Testament. Such a poet is not needed. It were a work of supererogation to have one while David keeps for us the vigils of the night, and, from his watch-tower amidst the lonely hills of Judea, catches the passing lustre of every star for the themes of his hallowed muse. The elder religion made nature musical to the spirit of piety, and left the inner world, with its profounder symbols, to the presence of Christianity. Inspired mind, in the New Testament, turns to the heart and its outgoings of affection for the types of its supreme loveliness. Accordingly, we see marriage often introduced as the symbol of the union between Christ and the Church; and it is interesting to observe that Paul and John, in their intellectual constitution so different—in habits of thought and expression so diverse—both employ this image to represent the same fact. With Paul it is the conclusion of logic that believers are "married to another, even to Him who is raised from the dead;" but to his mind it is "a great mystery." John presents the more poetic side of the analogy, for he sees the "new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband;" and again, "Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife."

Marriage, then, is much more than a providential institution, designed to secure earthly convenience and comfort. It is something else besides a safeguard against polygamy and licentiousness. "Mother of States," it has well been called, but beyond this it has a deep meaning. Marriage is a great moral auxiliary to Christianity. It is a powerful incentive to virtue and piety, a divinely-appointed means to awaken and cultivate those sensibilities that religion needs for its service. If marriage merely contemplated the external existence of the household, if it looked no farther than the perpetuity of the race and the care of childhood, if it had no profounder import than political economy assigns to it, these objects could be easily attained without that early and vigorous awakening of the imagination, that intense glow of thought and feeling, that impassioned power, so unlike all other forms of strength and so prophetic of future activity, with which nature indicates the awaiting sphere of human life. The growing mind, as consciousness takes substance

and shape, scarcely knows, at first, the meaning of those mysterious movements that agitate its depths. It sees not the direction it is taking. It can not articulate its emotions. Dumb signs beckon it forward. A strange impulse drives it onward to a vailed destiny; but time soon explains the mystery. The one great epoch of humanity appears in the distance standing out in bold and broad relief, but not so brightly as to shut out the subdued and sober coloring that gives the back-ground to all earthly contemplations. A fancy and a fact, a thought, a hope, a swelling joy, how the soul pulsates under the sense of a new and mighty addition to itself, that quick enlargement of its vitality so suddenly establishing a new possessorship in itself and widening its proprietary reach over the world without! Nature always gives sign of an approaching necessity for the greatest and best of our qualities in action when she takes, as it were, the vast forces of our inward being, and stores up their energies beforehand against the season of action. We know what she means when we see her, with this careful providence, studying the forthcoming needs of man. Indeed, there is no surer rule to apply to her management of the creature man, than this constant effort to indicate what thoughts and feelings, what tastes and habits he will hereafter want, by gathering their elements with a royal liberality long ere they are required. Assuredly, if this test be applied, one can readily see where nature places the emphasis on human experience. Nothing possible to man, nothing within all the range of life and activity, nothing in contingency or certainty, not even death itself is so significantly brought into view, so prophetically shadowed forth in an early direction to the imagination and affections as the fact of marriage. Nor does religion leave this instinct to the simple workings of nature. Nay, religion intensifies its action. Where its serene and holy presence is felt, the high ideal of marriage that nature strives to set before the mind but never accomplishes fully, is always perfected. No soul can truly know its fellow until it knows God. Is it not in Him that instinct finds its interpretation? Is it not in Him that the mystic tracery, spreading its strange symbols over the tablets of the hidden nature, has its explanation? Forever stands this law —in His light we must see light; and never is its majesty more signally vindicated than in those affections which yearn for companionship such as love alone can give. How instructive the fact that Christ began both his ministry and miracles at a marriage-feast? The first institution that he honored with his presence and blessing, we are taught by that act his divine estimate of its purity and beauty.

Alas! we see dimly. The value of truth is often lost for the want of a little more clearness and breadth of view. It is not enough to see; we must see openly, fully, thoroughly. On such a subject as marriage we should certainly endeavor to have those exalted conceptions, and, what is of more worth, that spirit of right thinking, on which the nurture and growth of intellect and heart depend. Is it then true that, tried by a just standard of thought, there is a low state of opinion as respects marriage? We speak not of false opinions; of those cardinal errors into which so many fall who make marriage either a hypocritical mockery or a blasphemous lie. Of all sacrilege this is the most infamous, for it is a triple robbery—a robbery of God, who looks to marriage as a living type of His own nearness and preciousness to the spirit—a robbery of the soul, that deliberately cheats itself of its highest earthly blessedness—a robbery of the heart sought only in name, and left to perish in its sublimer aspirations. Setting aside all such as falsify the reliable instincts of humanity in this matter; dismissing, too, that class of persons who make marriage an affair of romance or recklessness; we take those who really regard it as a Divine institution, and sincerely desire to experience the measure of its completed bliss. Among them, few have those elevated views of marriage, that fervent and absorbing sympathy with its objects, that noble ideal of its offices, which are absolutely necessary to put the mind in a position to enjoy its full and perfect blessedness. The earthly idea predominates within them. Marriage, as a mode of life convenient and comfortable, is well enough understood. Mutual confidence and affection are not wanting. Forbearance and patience, kindliness and sympathy, even touching tenderness, are never absent in daily intercourse. The presence of religion, too, may hallow the household. Husband and wife may be priest and priestess before God, ministering at the same altar, offering the same thanksgivings, happy in the same hope of heaven. Yet, despite of all this, marriage may fall far short of its Divine aims.

It is difficult to state the precise point at which the higher and more truthful view of marriage, as a Divine institution, begins. But it was certainly designed to be a discipline of soul no less than of intellect; of spiritual affections, as well as of transitory attachments; of faith and love toward God. And to these great ends all its present uses are subordinate. Human love is not its final purpose. The most enchanting spectacle of devotion—a devotion cordially and intensely reciprocated between husband and wife—can not complete the picture. No; there must be something deeper and holier than a mere relationship, for marriage is intended to cultivate feelings, hopes, sentiments that lie in profounder depths than any love for human objects; but which depend on these objects for their earliest awakening and final perfection. In short, it calls forth our nature, with its keen sensibilities and energetic passions, as nothing else can develop them; in order that the soul, aroused to its utmost capacity of earthly feeling, alive in every part with the abounding fullness of love, may thereby be the stronger, the fitter, the better furnished for a reverential and earnest offering of itself to God. How beautifully is marriage adapted to this work! By giving us one dearer than self, it suppresses the selfishness that stands in the way of all genuine and generous growth, at the same time strengthening and expanding our personality by superadding the richness, the unutterable tenderness of another life to our own. The Creator has wisely ordered that this passion should be the master-passion of the heart. It opens a new existence; for no man, no woman, under its potent sway, is the same person as before. It is the true metempsychosis by which we are translated into another mode of being—sense, intellect, spirit, all responding to a fresher and fuller vitality. But all its offices are insignificant in comparison with the service which it renders to those great instincts that answer to no summons except its call. No other invocation will they obey save its sovereign voice. Love teaches man to confide in his instincts. It throws a revealing light far within; gives him to himself, so that he may know and cherish his own being; assures his consciousness of an inheritance already present, and certifies him of an immortality now in its morning dawn. These are the prompt-

ings of Nature toward something beyond herself. She is feeling after the Infinite. She is wrestling for her heavenly birth-right. It is in this way that marriage, if its full blessedness is attained, impels the soul beyond its immediate ends. Beautiful as an earthly union, it is more beautiful in those yearnings for the spiritual and the eternal, in that reaching forth of the affections toward God which it was designed to awaken.

Marriage should be viewed, therefore, as one of the highest means of spiritual culture. By spiritual culture we do not mean that mystical piety which retreats from the actual world, and dreads as contagious whatever has the least touch of human nature. Such virtue, if virtue it may be called, is a mere reverie of the conscience, for it rejects the sound, substantial facts of the soul, and serves God at the expense of common humanity. The spiritual culture of which we speak is not morbid, but healthy; not one-sided, but universal; not artificial, but real; not antagonistic to the true intent and purpose of human nature, but in deep harmony with its laws and ends. It is a solid, hearty thing that is competent to make good its claims on the ground of sturdy common sense. Never seeking to hide its weakness under cover of imposing abstractions—never indulging in that mock-heroism which contemns the present life in fancied homage to a future existence—it takes the world as God's world, believing it to be, as Christ said, the footstool of an Infinite Throne; happy in its senses as well as in its faith, only careful and eager to keep the earthly in its appointed vocation; standing on its own feet, mindful the while that a stronger than itself must hold their goings, lest they slide into evil. True culture respects all the material ties that bind us to the universe. If dust was not unworthy to be fashioned into a human form under God's hand, and if grace could stoop to redeem it, this is ample foundation for it to be honored and prized. Hence, all genuine culture consults the totality of manhood. It rejoices that we are men, and, expelling only the evil, perfecting the good as implanted from above, it would keep us men forever. Marriage prescribes the highest form of this culture. Earth's best estate, it aims to present manhood in conformity with its original type, vested with headship over all inferior and outward things. Marriage binds us closely to the world, but not too closely. If its ideal be obeyed, we shall have a firm, fast hold of the world, but not be worldly, carnal, sensual. Through what pure channels will the world make its way into our hearts, leaving behind its slime and sin! One of the greatest offices of marriage is to purify our relations to the external universe. It hallows the senses. A man's home does more to endear the material world to him than all other influences put together. We believe that the Creator intended this home feeling, subjected to religious control, to determine all our connections with the physical universe. The sentiments springing from home are healthy and refining in all their bearings on material interests. They tend to lift the mind above the avarice of the miser, the gold-worship of Mammon, the sensualism of trade and commerce. Any man, indeed, may make money his god; but it is a very rare thing for a man of family to be the slave of cupidity. No; you must take the unmarried if you are looking for misers. And the same law applies to all inordinate passions. Marriage is designed to restrain them. Nor is this its only benefit; for while it checks, it also purifies and exalts them. Certain it is, then, that home defines a man's status toward all outward objects. Here is the origin of his power over them. Here is the source of enjoyment no less than of strength. Home develops the true sense of relation to external things, and through no other means can Christianity cultivate in man that large, generous, hospitable nature which qualifies him to glorify the bounty and beauty of the Creator in his works as well as to dwell in his presence forever.

There is this, then, to be said of marriage, that it contemplates the best things without and the best things within. Short of the best, both outward and inward, its tastes and demands can not stop. False marriages, imperfect marriages, marriages that are living divorces, marriages like the whited sepulchres Christ spake of—these are not uncommon, but we speak of the institution itself, not of its abuses. Considered in its divine light, marriage looks to the best possible aspects of the world, and to the freest, fullest, richest development of our nature. It claims the very flower of life for itself. The original ideal God impressed on it, although marred and defaced, is still an ideal. Measured within those narrow limits, that dwarf and hedge in all other human relations, it sternly refuses to be—never yielding to the low expediency, the gross earthliness, the heartless fashion that would sink it into a badge of conventionalism, and always turning vengefully on such as would thus desecrate its sanctity. No other relation between human beings is an outlet toward infinity. Friendship, philanthropy, patriotism, these have had their heroes. They have written themselves in wonders; but marriage stands aloof from their arena. Its import is not expressed in the life, but herein is its glory—that while all other relationships make man an actor before the face of the world, driving him into contact with the pride of public opinion, and incorporating his acts directly and at once into the organic mass of society, it erects a grandeur in his heart as a heart shut out from all foreign companionship. Act as bravely, as successfully, as may be in the open world, what ungracious intermeddlings with one's individuality—what necessary abatement of light and joyous freedom—what tyrannical exactions on taste and temper—what martyrdom even of the better self to serve our race and time! True it is that a man often pays dearly for benevolence and good deeds. What is given to humanity is abstracted from himself. The force and fullness of his own nature are often impaired in service to others. Whether this is necessary or accidental we stop not to inquire; but all of us can recall instances in which men have injured their own culture in devotion to others. But marriage is exempt from these conditions of moral activity in the outward world. It educates the heart, not by impelling it into external life, but by drawing that life into itself; not by assimilating us to society, but by assimilating society to us; and thereby it puts a man in the loftiest earthly attitude toward what is without, and trains his capacity for nobleness, magnanimity, rectitude of being.

Look now at modern society. Look at American society. Look at the vast and cumbrous machinery of outward life. There is much to charm the fancy, much to gratify a true and loving heart. Every thing is brimful of power. Our senses are taken by storm. Intellect, that once lived like a monarch in the retirement of his palace, away from the public gaze, content to come forth on set occasions, has changed its residence. It tenants eye and ear. To be sure, some keep the old-fashioned brain as a sort

of country home, that they can occasionally visit, but most people carry their minds in their senses, ready on the outside, convenient to tongue and fingers. The world deluges us with its enormous mass of facts and fictions. A day originates more than one of the old centuries. Wonders are commonplace affairs. If we do not have them with our morning coffee, we have a sense of loss as if some evil genius had defrauded us of our rights. The firm earth stands, but ocean heaves, air heaves, living crowds surge hither and thither, night asks rest of the day, and when Sabbath comes it has a strange hush that startles us. Never were men so ruled by outwardness. Never did they tax land and water, atmosphere and sky, day and night, so heavily. Wants have multiplied a thousand-fold. The wealth of antiquity would hardly form the banking-capital of a single great city, and yet our resources are enumerated as a schedule of poverty itself, and if millions are not added to our exchequer in a year business is bankrupt and nations beggared. There is magnificence in these results. But let us not overlook the evils connected with them. Especially should we be mindful of the fact, that most men are now at the mercy of circumstances. Independent manhood is, in our time, the rarest of virtues. Few tread firmly. Few can calculate on to-morrow. And even where men are prudent and thoughtful, resisting the ultra excitements of the day and studious to nurture in themselves the private heart of strength, there is a prodigious degree of active influence always stealing into them from without, and shaping them, more or less, into the fashion of the times. A large share of this outward agency must be admitted into one's nature, and, unlike as men are in temperament, susceptibility, and intellectual habits, it would be impossible to lay down any precise rule to control this action of the world on us. But the general principle is indubitable, that whenever this extrinsic influence moulds one's tastes and habits, sets aside the determinative force of the will, and drifts him with the current of society, it is then a positive evil, and not the less frightful because its magnitude is rarely seen. Now this is just the present danger. We are formed and fashioned by the world. If any honest man, bent on knowing his own heart, would abstract from the sum of his opinions and tastes all that the world had deposited within him, he would find a small residue to be claimed as his own. Every man in certain things needs external control. Half his nature demands it. Law is not more necessary to him as a citizen than are public opinion, established usages, conventional rules, and even artificial forms of life, requisite to him in the daily direction and ordering of his manhood. Aside, however, from all this, it is obvious that in our day the prevailing modes of business, intercourse, society, have much too potent an ascendency over character and conduct.

There is but one true, effectual counteractive. That is found in the organization of home, and particularly in the relation of marriage. The best education of a man is derived from his wife. Woman as mother unseals the fount of thought and feeling; woman as mother first leads him to God and crowns all her other services as his earthly mediator at the mercy-seat; woman as mother ordains the law of his childhood and youth, and communicates those impulses which awake into action the slumbering man. But woman as wife acts more powerfully on mature manhood. Woman as wife is in intellectual and moral companionship with him. Insensibly to himself, his thoughts, sentiments, judgments, purposes, and aspirations are often recast in the more delicate mould of her mind and returned to him for acceptance and assimilation. Much of the beauty of life reaches him through her. She conveys a hundred-fold more to him than he ever receives at first-hand from the world. Providence has ordained her to be his chief educator. Moreover, she educates him in that most essential but most neglected part of his nature, viz., the instincts. A true, intelligent, devoted wife is invaluable to a man's intellect, but she is much more serviceable to his spiritual instincts. Good women seldom fail here. Full of instinct themselves; alive in thought, will, aspiration with its subtle and celestializing presence; what a work, what a ministry of sacredness they fulfill for man by calling out and intensifying these great intuitions, otherwise dead! That is a false standard which tests her intellectual value by such contributions to our stores of knowledge as we can critically measure. Women as novelists, historians, dramatists, poets, what are they compared with women as awakeners of man's deepest, truest, holiest instincts, as inspirers that breathe newness and freshness of soul through the cold, hard, flinty intellect, with its outward set faculties! Manly mind is essentially aggressive. It is a warlike, conquering power. Material objects must constitute its main sphere. It is God's agent to recover the physical world and restore it to its primal state as the habitation of his glory. Not so with womanly mind. It is the corrective that silently but mightily acts on the manly intellect and checks its excesses in material pursuits. And we shall be pardoned, we trust, if we express our belief that it is a far greater and nobler power in relation to man than it is in itself and in its own insulated action. The word "*helpmeet*" came from God, and it is not probable that we shall ever have a better term to characterize the offices of womanly nature, both as respects mind and character.

Man's best culture, as we have seen, comes from woman as wife. Living and working, as he must, for the most part, among material things—destined to subdue matter and convert the earth into a habitable place for a redeemed and spiritualized humanity—man needs her to develop those instincts on which the purity and perfectness of his nature depend. No other agency can perform this work for him. Schools, colleges, literature, society, are all impotent here. Nor can man do it for himself. Providence has solemnly, authoritatively, permanently, assigned it to woman. It is an irrevocable decree; and, whether it suit some of the modes of modern thinking or not, we have simply to submit to it as a great law in the economy of creation. Resting on this stand-point, and looking out on the progress of civilized society, we can scarcely fail to see that a new age of Womanhood is dawning. No movement could be more opportune — none more strikingly indicative of the superintending care of Providence—none so prophetic of that path of advancement on which Christian humanity is to tread. Woman has now a prominence, a position, an influence, not more profoundly felt than distinctly recognized. Although her status in the ongoings of civilization may not be as palpably defined as the office of statesmanship and diplomacy, nor located as ostensibly as the province of the agriculturist, manufacturer, or merchant, yet every man abreast with the age sees and feels that she is a potent, pervasive element in the present structure of society. Admit the excessive tendencies to materialism in our civilization; but how can Mammon

reign where woman has intellectual, social, spiritual influence? Now the point to be observed is this; viz., that as man proceeds in the work of subduing matter—as he marches with strong and stately steps to resume his lost sovereignty over the natural world—he is exposed to the hardening, brutalizing effects of these material pursuits; and therefore a kind Providence has ordained that womanly activity, springing vigorously and warmly out of the very heart of society itself, and simultaneously accompanying the wonderful achievements of manly enterprise, should interpose its mighty restraints on a material age, and arouse those instincts which preserve us from the curse of a gross and degrading earthliness. Destroy this divine guardianship, and we know not what could assume its place and perform its task. But with it there is no ground for fear. Man, with woman at his side, may safely walk the way of conquest. If she has a real, genuine, spiritual womanliness, she will more than balance the dangers of materialism; and hence, in our estimate of her influence, let it be observed that we do not rely on her intellectual accomplishments and social charms. No; far from it. Woman, as a conventional creature, as a fashionable belle, as a mere drawing-room attraction—sprightly, gay, and too often heartless—woman, like a tropical bird, sporting among luxuriant vegetation and gaudy flowers—woman in this character can not check the tendencies of a material age. Religion is a necessary part of her social nature. Destitute of it, she is powerless in the highest and noblest realm of life. Fortunately for us, the religious spirit of womanhood was never more earnest and operative than now. The proportion of good women was probably never so great as at the present period. And, without doubt, their active influence has been much less hitherto than it is at this day. A century ago, philanthropy could not have found such women as Mrs. Fry, Miss Dix, and Florence Nightingale. A century ago, the world was not ready for women like Hannah More, Mary Lyon, and Jenny Lind. A century ago, a woman could not have written the "Drama of Exile" and "Aurora Leigh." A century ago, woman's work, if she were liberated for a brief season from household cares, was to visit the sick, clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She was a mere messenger of kindness, a dispenser of charity. To-day she builds hospitals, founds observatories, establishes institutions of learning, writes books by scores, edits magazines, expatriates herself from home as a missionary in foreign lands. We often boast that "the schoolmaster is abroad;" but that is not so striking a fact as that the spirit of womanhood is abroad. Nor are all the schoolmasters of the land doing half as much for society as woman. They are educating the intellect; she is educating the heart of the world. They are enlarging the domains of Science and Art; but she, enthroned in a sublimer sphere, is cultivating the soul of the age and inspiring its loftiest endeavors.

If these are truths not to be disputed, what must follow? Surely in their light we can partially forecast the coming time. One conclusion, at least, seems to be warranted, viz.: *Our future manhood will receive a much larger accession of strength and beauty from womanhood than it has had hitherto.* The germs of this peculiar culture already appear, and, indeed, the present era of manly mind, signalized by many and striking features, is characterized by a decided tendency toward that spirituality which it is the special province of woman to create. Our recent literature illustrates this fact. Placed beside the literature of Queen Anne's age, it is far less objective and pictorial, but it has gained immensely in its intuitional aspects. Nor is it only in such writers as Wordsworth, De Quincey, Wilson, Tennyson, Coleridge, that this spirit appears. It is seen in Arnold of Rugby, the Brothers Hare, Channing. M'Cosh in his great work on the Divine Government, Niebuhr in History, Bunsen in Politics, Ruskin in Art, Hugh Miller in Geology, Guyot in Physical Geography, Owen in Science, all show the presence of that element of mind which lies beyond mere intellectuality. But we have beheld only the initial steps in this wonderful change. Manly mind, whether acting in Science, Art, Literature, is destined to be much more instinctive and spiritual. For it can no longer pursue its inquiries and construct theories on the ground of intellect alone, closing its avenues against the approach of just and truthful sentiment, scorning the aid of insight and leaving impulse to dreamers, romanticists, and knight-errants. No, it can not be so again. Women are now acting with momentous power on the intellect of the day, and through their agency a spirit has been breathed into it of most healthful and salutary vitality. Beautiful, in the vision of Dante, is that serene and sainted companionship which unfolds the meanings that lay hidden in the mysteries of Paradise, and, by quick intuition, opened his soul to grasp their wisdom. Nor is a measure of that beauty wanting here. Unconscious we may be of its subtle, penetrative, spiritual presence, unrecognized by our logical perceptions because of its exceeding fineness and ethereal delicacy; but, nevertheless, it is a mighty influence working in men far more deeply than the wisest apprehend. For this reason the future is a great hope to us. If we may be allowed to venture an opinion as to the operative scheme of Providence in its bearings on the progress of society, it would seem that manly mind is more intimately connected with the material interests of the universe and womanly mind with its spiritualities. We speak of them simply as agents in the work of Providence—of what they are to do, not of what they are to be. Left to itself, without the compensations of the other, each would be inadequate to its task. It would be extravagant, perhaps, to say that if manly mind were to lose the infusion of womanly mind, it would rush toward Atheism or Pantheism; but there would certainly be danger of materialism in some corrupting, chilling form. The future history of manly mind is, therefore, hopeful in a high degree. For the first time in its career, woman is in partnership with its growth and activity. For the first time in the lapse of the ages, it is beginning to be permeated with the instinctive and spiritual influences of Christian womanhood. It has required centuries to start the process, but thanks to the redeeming spirit of Christianity, it is started; the auspicious era is inaugurated, and hereafter man and woman walk side by side in the fulfillment of great and glorious purposes.

And now let Tennyson sing for us:

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this:
Not like to thee, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow:
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews, that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
More as the double-natured Poet each,
Till at the last she set herself to man,

Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reigns the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind."

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF April fools were only known upon the first of April what a wise world it would be! But the game goes on despite the day and the month; and if your eyes are only sharp enough, you may see men with rags pinned on behind, and huge chalk marks upon their backs, any day in the year.

And the worst is that we make fools of ourselves. With great pains and pertinacity we adjust the most ridiculous rags in the most conspicuous parts of our persons, and forth we sally into the street; but as only men and women can see them, and children are blind to this kind of fooling, nothing is said, because politeness requires silence.

There is a man, for example, upon whom the eyes of his neighbors rest, who works hard in his business, and wishes he were very rich; thinks if he were only rich the world would be the loveliest of conceivable spheres; and so, tugging and toiling day and night, summer and winter, sacrificing his family enjoyment, his mental cultivation, his physical development, he digs away at the mine from which he hopes and prays to carry off a fortune.

His soul gradually contracts to the sphere in which he resolutely confines it. The elasticity of his nature yields to the grinding process. He becomes suspicious, sardonic, and mean. But money accumulates; houses and lands call him owner. He is sought by societies of every kind for his countenance and subscription, and he sits in the softest pew in the most respectable church. His children grow up around him, but not with him. He is their father, but not their friend. Coming home at evening their voice disturbs him, while they are young; and when they grow older they keep silence in the house by going out of it. They fall into those easy habits of spending the money which they have not earned, and doing nothing. The wife quietly fades away with a broken heart, or flaunts, and flares, and dries up in the hot breath of a purely artificial life. Money accumulates, white hairs glisten among the dark locks of the millionaire. Nobody's equipage so splendid, nobody's career more conspicuous; and yet a fly in amber as happy as he! Still drudging and delving and piling, Death taps him on the shoulder. His heirs are glad with a decorous sorrow. The ostriches whose plumes nod over his coffin are as sad at heart as they. Let the most ingenious sculptor chisel his mausoleum: hollow—vanity of vanities—and dust! Let the most skilled engraver carve, in gilt letters, under the figure of a Zany, "He made a fool of himself all his life."

How simple and sane, in comparison with this life and this man, would be an honest citizen who pinned a red rag to his coat-skirt, and went gravely walking in the street!

There are more All-Fools'-Days than the first of April, and no fools so foolish as those who fool themselves.

We all have our fling at rich men, and often enough, surely, they deserve it; because we all know how effective a little judicious knavery may sometimes be, and how free from it we are ourselves—as witness our poverty! People have a way of revenging themselves upon the superior condition of others by suspecting or implying some skillful rascality.

Not every body does so, dear Sir, of course; and there are rich men as far beyond this kind of secret innuendo as the sun is beyond fear of freezing.

And, indeed, in a country full of intelligent industry and general ability, to become a wealthy man is a kind of *prima facie* evidence of deserving to be so. Certainly a good use of money is an unerring indication of that desert; and a State has no nobler citizen than the rich man who, having industriously won, benevolently spends his money.

There are plenty of instances in New York familiar to us all, and honored; and we observe that Walter Harper, of Detroit, has recently given nearly a hundred thousand dollars to found a hospital for the relief of the sick and aged poor in Detroit. And, as means accumulate, there is to be a school for instruction in the mechanic arts.

We know nothing of Mr. Harper. We only find his act recorded in the newspapers; but we think how he must enjoy it! After all, he is a wise man who knows that money in a hoard pleases nobody but a miser; and that, in this country, even if a man has a score of children, it is really better for them not to be left superfluously rich. Our young men are not educated to be rich. Few know how to behave under a dispensation of money.

A boy comes to New York from the Green Mountains, when he is twelve years old, and falls to business. Frugal, thrifty, and shrewd, he is not very much educated, but he grows constantly richer. He has no great estate to maintain; no vast hereditary expenses to meet; no particular social position to fill; he has only to make fifty thousand dollars a year and spend twenty. His boys, of course, are *not* Green Mountain boys. They roll in luxury; and the system of our society offering them no career simply as rich men, they either vegetate in good-humored indolence or burn up their patrimony with the fire of youthful passion. Fortunes among us are generally dissipated by the third generation, and then the process of money-making begins again.

Whoever, therefore, has a large fortune does wisely in devoting it to some substantial, philanthropic purpose; and he does more wisely in securing its foundation before he is gone. How carefully Girard detailed his purposes in his will—and behold the Girard College! Mr. Peter Cooper is not an old man, but he sees the spacious edifice he has erected already devoted to great public uses. Mr. Astor carefully confided his wishes to the most competent of advisers, so that the work had in effect his personal supervision. And New York may freely forgive him for having been the richest man in the city, in view of the noble institution he founded.

The practical difficulty in endowing great public institutions is the management of them. They may be put under the charge of ex-officio trustees, but they are all men of various sectarian characters, and the majority inevitably give the management the color of their preferences. Thus, often enough, a man's intention is entirely thwarted, and his institution subserves the very purpose he deprecated.

In Mr. Harper's case the management is to be kept always in the hands of Protestants, and the Superintendent of the Hospital is to be a member

of some Allopathic Academy. These are not very stringent conditions, and if there be not too much complication in the detail, it will probably not be difficult to make the machine work smoothly. It is time that some of the great fortunes which have been accumulated in the West should begin to build themselves monuments of this noblest kind. The same broad, lavish generosity, which marks the hospitality and social spirit of that country, will appear in the munificent and magnificent scope of the Western institutions of charity, literature, science, and art.

What Western man will do for some Chicago or St. Louis what no Eastern man has done for any Eastern city—found a great gallery of casts from all the famous sculptures in the world? The marbles we can never have, but the most perfect copies possible in any art we may have in casts.

Whoever studies the publishers' advertisements, or watches the course and changes of the press, must have noticed the singular fact that the reputation of employing the best acknowledged talent is now considered the best capital. The point does not seem to be the probability that the readers will especially enjoy such performances, but that they choose to enjoy the consciousness of being served by the most popular and the best. Thus it may fairly be a question whether the diocese of Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* would not be more pleased upon the whole by Mrs. Southworth's novel than by Mr. Everett's Mount Vernon Papers. But there can be no doubt that the proprietor of the *Ledger* did shrewdly in engaging Mr. Everett to write.

But there has been, and is still, according to this old Easy Chair, a profound mistake in supposing that Mr. Everett, or any body, *condescends* when he agrees to write for a journal of any kind, which is of a right moral tone. For what had Mr. Everett been doing for the last two or three years? He had been appealing to his fellow-citizens to come forward and rescue Washington's tomb from Time and carelessness. That appeal had been to all classes, and thousands had been drawn by his reputation to hear him. When he writes for a journal he makes the same appeal by his pen instead of his tongue, and thousands would buy the paper to read him. What is it to the purpose that authors of less reputation wrote in the journal? So orators of less reputation appear upon the platforms where he stands. His works and his words stand by themselves. Take the dullest view of any paper or magazine, and you will grant that its reputation is made by its contributors. And it would be rather a poor argument against a man's writing for it who might increase its reputation, that other men of less talent had hitherto been engaged.

Besides, in this day, the periodical is the easiest and best method of occasional communication with the public. The day of pamphlets has gone; in fact it hardly ever came in this country; and if a man has a word to say, if he wants to make sure that it shall be heard, he will naturally say it in a paper or magazine.

Then consider what an advance has been made upon the yellow-covered literature of fifteen and twenty years ago. Compare most of the weekly papers, with their fullness of illustration and text, with the novels that not long ago formed the stock in trade of the dealers in "cheap literature," and which were thrust into your face on every railway train. It is true that in the papers there is plenty of romance, but it is of a different tone, and it is in company with an immense variety of clever reading.

Of course it is easy to take another view, and to compare the great achievements and the highest tone of literature with that of which we speak. But that is quite unnecessary. The true point of comparison is with what it has superseded. People in this country will read, and they will not read Shakespeare. It is therefore pleasant to see that they prefer what is harmless to what is prurient. It would be charming if we all preferred to read Shakespeare and Milton. But while the higher literature laughs at the *Ledger*, does it reflect that it is rather better to have the *Ledger* popular than such an author as Paul de Kock? And the two are the reading of corresponding classes.

In all estimates of the character of popular literature we are not to forget how very recently it is that every body has had either the time or the ability to read; and instead of planting himself upon some abstract dignity of position, every literary man is to reflect that the true dignity of his calling is in the degree of the positive good influence he can wield. If a preacher should insist that he would never preach except from a mahogany pulpit, he would find his audience wonderfully limited. The men like Wesley, and Whitefield, and Fox, who take to the fields when no building is at hand, and for whom a spreading oak is sounding-board, are the men who carry the popular heart and work religious revolutions.

It is a shrewd man who can eat his cake and have it—but that seems to be the game we are trying to play with Mount Vernon. It is considered a burning shame that the bones of Washington should be exposed to neglect and desecration—the whole country would protest with one voice against such a horror. But, somehow, there is a terrible tardiness in the work. There are many of the most thoughtful and intelligent men in the country—men who profoundly revere the memory of our great man—who are more than indifferent to the movement; who openly declare that they will have nothing to do with it.

Nobody can suspect their patriotism and generosity of feeling and action. There are among them men whose sympathy and aid we would all gladly enlist in any cause; and it is impossible not to wonder at their position and to ask what it means.

They say that the estate of Mount Vernon is actually worth only thirty or forty thousand dollars, and that the owner is compelling the country to pay him five or six times its value, under a threat, if it does not come to his terms, of allowing the remains of Washington to be scattered and dishonored by neglect, and so bringing disgrace upon the country and upon all sensitive American citizens.

But if this be so, what then? It may expose the character of the proprietor in an extraordinary light, but how can it affect the action of the citizens? Look at the affair, if you choose, as a ransom—shall we not pay it? Look at the proprietor as a bandit who has our friend in his power, and who demands an immense sum for his release—shall we not try to raise it? Shall we not be willing, at any price, to rescue our friend from the clutches of such a man?

And what can be called the fair value of Mount Vernon? Such an estate can not be regarded as a farm merely. It has the charm that always makes the highest value—that of august human associa-

tion. A piece of paper, with a name written upon it, is (if it be not a check) of little intrinsic value. Its worth can hardly be represented in money—it is so small. But let it be the name of Shakespeare, written with his own hand, and possibly a hundred dollars might not buy it. Mount Vernon is not marked to the eye by any sign-manual of Washington, but it is as full of him as Stratford is of Shakespeare; and as the birth-house of the poet could not be computed in value by the worth of the lumber, neither can that of the estate by any agricultural estimate of the land.

And when that principle is once established, at what sum shall we stop? Viewed as a farm, Mount Vernon may be worth forty thousand dollars; but as the cherished home of Washington, shall we call five times forty thousand dollars too much? Especially when it is to come from several millions of people who profess an idolatry of the man who owned it, and who is buried there?

But a man ought not to speculate in such a matter, it is urged; the proprietor disgraces himself when he trades in what ought to be his holiest pride and possession.

Yes, but if he *does* speculate—if he does *not* do what we think he ought to do—shall we punish him by conniving at the disgrace of all of us? for the desecration of the tomb would be nothing less. And, in fact, are we not speculating when we refuse his price, on the ground that he is extortionate? If it were a million that he demanded, we might justly say, No: we can not collect so much. But the difference of price makes all the difference of possibility in payment. The bandit might demand more money than we could possibly raise, and then our friend must die. But while his demand is possible to meet — however bald, extortionate, and wrong it may be—let us have our friend at any cost.

But, it is still urged, the proprietor may devote the proceeds of the sale to purposes that we do not approve.

So may your lawyer, your shoemaker, your doctor, your bookselier—so may every man and every body of men to whom you pay money. But your moral responsibility can not reach out into the lives of other men in this manner. Let us suppose that your wife lies ill, and you have good reason to believe that the doctor, who can save her, will gamble with the money you will pay him for his services. Unquestionably you will run the risk. You will say, "I prefer that my wife should live than that the physician should not gamble." So, in the case of Mount Vernon, let every man honestly decide for himself whether or not he will say, "I prefer to avoid the national disgrace, even at the cost of the risk of the proprietor's misuse of the money."

All the objections based upon value or the schemes of the proprietor seem to be futile. But the whole matter, as it stands, is a burning shame. There really seems to be danger that the incessant strain of the enterprise upon public attention will result in a popular disgust that will make the accomplishment impossible. A project that every body must approve, whose failure would be a public disaster, proceeds with such a total want of public enthusiasm—with such grinding and creaking machinery—that we are left in doubt whether the confessed failure or the reluctant achievement will be the greater disgrace. We paid more money in a year to hear Jenny Lind sing than we have been willing to give—in how many months?—to rescue the tomb of Washington!

And now let every body take a side. Let us all either say that the matter ought to stop at once—or that the whole amount shall be raised or subscribed before the autumn.

THE long and pleasant intercourse that subsisted between the historian Prescott and the publishers of this Magazine gives a peculiar propriety to the regretful mention of his name and illustrious career in this Easy Chair of reflection and remembrance. The death of no celebrated man among us has ever called out a stronger expression of personal regard than Prescott's, a uniform tenderness of recollection which is his most valuable monument.

The societies and learned bodies of which he was a member, the scholars and orators who were his personal friends, have wept melodious tears above his honored grave; but no tribute was so peculiar and significant as the detail of his daily habits of life and study furnished to the *Tribune* by Robert Carter, the former secretary of the historian.

There are not many men whose lives would bear to be seen in every detail from the moment they arose until they went to bed, and still leave untouched the affectionate respect with which they were regarded. Doubtless the natural sweetness and serenity of the historian's temperament made it easier for him to pass unruffled from day to day; but there was an equally remarkable heroism which sustained him through his unusual misfortune, and finally crowned his days with love, honor, and troops of friends.

The moral of his life is two-fold. For he was a rich man unspoiled by riches; and he was, practically, a blind man who was a rare scholar. The qualities implied in these facts show themselves every where in his works. Calm, sweet, and lucid, his simple narrative flows on with a quiet geniality, a sincere justice, which fascinates the taste of the reader while it persuades his judgment of the historian's accuracy and research. There is a transparent honesty in all his books. His fellow-historian and personal friend Bancroft, in his exquisite eulogy before the Historical Society, felicitously described "the beautiful disdain, like that of the Apollo," which characterized the expression of Prescott's countenance. But it was not peculiar to his face. It pervaded his character. His works every where are full of the same beautiful disdain of whatever is mean or unmanly, and were he known only by what he has written, he would be known as a simple, honest man.

The remarks of Mr. Ticknor in the Massachusetts Historical Society were also full of affectionate feeling and touching eloquence. He mentioned that the historian had expressed but one wish in relation to his remains, and it was that they should be laid for a little while, after death, in his library, in that sweet and silent society in which the choicest hours of his life had been passed. And so when the hour came the wish had become a sacred command, and the form that had been the life and light of that room was stretched among the books in solemn repose. Yet his works already shared the immortality of those that made the place precious to him, and it was only the beautiful presence, not the beautiful soul, that was borne away from the chamber.

Still later, Mr. Everett, who was Prescott's contemporary, and who had the closest scholarly sympathy with the historian, spoke of his reputation abroad, and of his future fame.

Nothing was wanting to Prescott—the gifts of eloquence, of friendship, of love; the wine, the cypress, the incense, they were all lavished upon his grave. His work was unfinished; but the work of every true-hearted man must always be unfinished, for such a man is always working—he despises sleep, and never feels that he has earned the right of idleness. And such lives are the points of light in national history, as they are the cheering illustrations of human character.

How lovely and enviable was the death of this scholar! The sweet light faded suddenly from his eyes as he sat at work. Where his life loved most to linger death found him; and when earth was given again to earth a city followed it with respectful regret, and the whole world of educated men, as it learns his death, deplores its own bereavement.

Nor should the Burns centennial festival be suffered by the Easy Chair to drop into the Past without a word of record.

In a letter to his friend Gavin Hamilton, after he has tasted the sweets of fame and popularity in Edinburgh, Burns writes, that he has grown to be such a great man that his birthday will doubtless be remembered and celebrated thereafter with the anniversary of Bannockburn. And here are a hundred years gone by, and it would have puzzled many of the eloquent orators and poets who said and sung some of the best things that have ever been spoken of Burns, to name the exact date of the famous battle.

And what a natural and beautiful homage it was! How the whole world loves a sweet singer who has spoken for the heart of every man and woman! We are all poets once, because we all love once; and we cherish forever the man who can put the song that our hearts then sing into immortal music.

That was what Burns did. He was the great singer, and the world repays him by loving him as it loves no other. No man had ever before such honor as he had, on the anniversary of his hundredth birthday. The wisest and best united to remember with speech and verse, not the wisest and best man that ever lived, but the generous, genial, loving heart that held the whole world—that yearned even toward Auld Nickie-ben—the man who was not indeed lovely because he sinned, but in whom faults did not obscure that sweet, affectionate, aspiring humanity which is the dearest bond among men.

The Easy Chair has long enough tried the patience of its friends who have written to it from month to month, and it will now relieve them and itself.

First, here is a line from beyond the sea which really seems hard upon our old wood. Surely it has always shown itself friendly to women—not in a fierce, polemical way, but in the manner in which it likes to discuss all questions. Surely it has not failed to say how much the sphere of work might be enlarged for women, and how many a task that is now confided to men might be more fitly given to women, and would be all the better done if it were. Surely the Easy Chair knows, and has often enough denounced, the laziness and Oriental self-indulgence of those who call themselves the Lords of creation; and has hailed with the warmest sympathy the efforts that have been made to establish libraries for women, and to enlighten public sentiment in regard to the question.

Indeed, as the Easy Chair has tried in its way to show its sympathy for the wrongs of men, wherever it has treated of them, it would be a miserable article of furniture if it had not taken the same position in regard to those of women. *Esther D.* writes with force and feeling; but she states the case, after all, rather strongly, when she asks if the Easy Chair "ever knew a woman who tormented a man for any other reason than that she had naught else to do?"

However, here is the letter:

"Paris.

"Dear hard-hearted Easy Chair,—The impudent-humble writer of this letter has often marveled in her own poor way why you, always ready to deal so wisely and so ably with the social errors and monstrosities of the present day, have never lent your strong arm to the aid of the woman's cause—have never spoken one word in favor of better educating and employing her mental powers, on the one hand, and in removing from her the helps, temptations, and necessities to prostitution on the other. It is well enough for common men—the world's carpet-dusters—to indulge their pleasing and feeble wits in silly proverbs and absurd inanities to the effect that, of the mysterious inhabitants of this planet, with all their wild and wonderful economy of brain, and heat, and body, one half of them were created solely for the purpose of darning stockings and making soup. Ought not the end to be worthy of the means? Would it not have been a foolish expense, for such a poor aim and object, to create the miracle of a single *eye*, or teach a single heart how to beat?

"Dear Easy Chair! *would* you build a Grecian temple to feed cows in? Honest Easy Chair! did you ever know a man who had never been tormented by a woman; and did you ever know a woman who tormented a man for any other reason than that she had naught else to do? That degrading and vitiating idleness to which the present system of social lies condemns the woman, takes inevitably its revenge on men. Death, Milton tells us, was born of Sin; so also are men's miseries born of women's wrongs. Most grave Easy Chair! will you not tell your brothers that there *are* some stones in heaven but what serve for the thunder? Yours, grievingly, Esther D."

And now *Zillah* wishes to know about the personality of the contributors to the Magazine; and says, in reference to the Easy Chair's remark that the feast should be eaten without inquiring the name of the cook:

"I suppose the literary Soyer very different from the sensual one (who, by-the-way, poor fellow! after preparing so many nice dishes for other people, is in a fair way to be eaten himself). In a luxurious apartment, for instance, with delightful flowers diffusing their fragrance around; a carpet, the treading on which is like walking on crushed roses; a bottle of delicious wine and a delectable cigar at hand to aid Fancy's flight; and now I do not wish to be invidious, but don't you think Miss Fancy often uses such pinions for her flight? I do."

Zillah is right. Such are the circumstances under which the delightful articles which charm her are composed. Every contributor also wears a full blue velvet suit, with collars and cuffs of Brussels lace, and pure gold buttons. His working hours are restricted to two, and if he surpasses that number he is liable to an instantaneous basket of Champagne from the publishers—always under protest from the head of the house. Here, for instance, is the bill-of-fare for lunch this morning. It is printed in blue and gold, upon parchment prepared from the skins of the sheep of Colchis—the Jason breed:

LUNCH.

FROM BREAKFAST TO DINNER.

AUTHORS' BRAINS *AUX CRITIQUES;*
PUBLISHERS' PURSES, AT DISCRETION;
PUNCH OF POETS' HEARTS'-BLOOD.

A simple but beautiful spread, as the immortal

Shakespeare says, and a light refection for the happy contributors! Does not *Zillah* see that to print their names would be merely to inflame needless jealousies? The Easy Chair fears already for the front-doors of his publishers, and prays they be not battered down by candidates.

N.B. PLACES ALL TAKEN (happy thought!).

F. G.'s verses are tender; but "the Gleaner" is poetic rather than poetry.

"THE object in addressing you is to ascertain if your list of contributors is already filled. Or would a few short sketches find a place in your Magazine should they gain your approval?"

Lebanon, Warner County, Ohio, makes this inquiry. It is a very frequent one, and the reply will be always the same; namely, that the list of contributors to no magazine is ever full so long as there is any body else who can contribute a desirable article. When Charles Lamb began to write in the *London Magazine* that periodical's list of contributors was not full. The only thing for every body who wishes to write for a paper or magazine to remember is this—that, if they wish their articles published, they must be sent for examination, and they will be accepted solely upon their merits. If they are very good and desirable, the author, by force of his talent and acceptability to the public, has become "a contributor."

DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I see you have given, in your gentle undulations for January (I take it for granted that you are upon *rockers*, from the manifest cloud of somnolency that sometimes shadows your venerable form), versions of Horace's celebrated Carmen IX., Liber 3, from two Cabinet Ministers of England; and you call upon some one of our statesmen to play up to these poetical renderings. Now General Cass is too busy with the Monroe doctrine to attend to Horace and Lydia; Sam Houston is thinking of another Texas in a slice out of Mexico—you could not expect him to find such a theme, "*beatior rege Texarum.*" So, if you choose, in default of these, to take the version of an old Virginia book-worm, who found it in his Horace this morning—made "long time ago"—you are welcome to judge whether, if not as *poetical*, it is not as close to the original as either of the versions in your January lucubrations. To this end I give you the Latin with the English.

CARMEN IX. AD LYDIAM.

DIALOGUS HORATII ET LYDIÆ.

HORATIUS.

Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYDIA.

Donec non alia magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

HORATIUS.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HORATIUS.

Quid? si prisca redit Venus,
Deductosque jugo cogit aëneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA.

Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Hadria;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

BOOK III. ODE 9.

TO LYDIA.—DIALOGUE BETWEEN H. AND L.

HORACE.

While my love was accepted by thee,
While clasped in no other one's arms
That ivory neck; then for me
The Persian's crown had no charms.

LYDIA.

While your love for your Lydia was true
Cretan Chloe to Lydia gave place;
And I gave up all lovers for you,
Nor envied even Ilia her grace.

HORACE.

Ah, for Chloe alone do I breathe!
How she tunes her sweet lyre to love!
This world would I cheerfully leave
Could I dwell with my charmer above.

LYDIA.

The Thurian Calais and I
Both love with a mutual joy;
Were it possible—*twice* would I die
Could the fates spare my beautiful boy.

HORACE.

But suppose my old love should return,
And compel me to bow to your yoke?
Now, if Chloe's bright ringlet I burn,
Will you open your doors to my knock?

LYDIA.

What! forgive such a wretch as you are,
Unstable, and testy, and vain?
Well! my Thurian boy *is a star*—
But—I think I will try you again.

S. L. H., in Louisville, writes the Easy Chair a generous letter, of which the affectionate sympathy is not less felt because the letter is not printed. Indeed it is too private for any other eye than the one to which it is addressed.

And equally so is the one from *Dal Elf.* The Easy Chair is glad to hear from every part of the country of the warm welcome which constantly greets the monthly coming of the Magazine. A periodical which for so long a series of years has retained the regard of such a vast body of readers must have in it qualities of which any work should be proud. There are many stars in the sky, and one star differeth from another in glory. And when the Easy Chair remembers that from Nova Scotia to California there are those who, every four weeks, gladly hail the coming of the society of writers among which its legs are visible, if it is inclined to be weary it finds the thought as oil to its rollers, as fresh padding to its back, as new lining upon its arms—it feels invigorated, refreshed, and renewed.

WILL *Draper*, of Fort Justice, Virginia, read the foregoing as addressed to himself?

DURING the last summer, at the time of the stories about Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, *L. M. L.* sent from Pittsburgh to the Easy Chair an indignant accusation against the novelist, which the Easy Chair did

not publish. For what right has *L. M. L.*, or any body else who knows no more of the matter than may be found in the newspapers, to form or express an opinion upon such a grave question? Let *L. M. L.* suppose that he were a famous man, and that he and his wife were separated, and the newspapers had printed every rumor that any body chose to repeat. How much respect would he or his friends or any other sensible person have for a furious judgment formed upon such materials? "But the greatest of these is charity." It is not necessary to suppose Mr. Dickens to be a saint, in order to believe that he is no more a man than most others. And husbands and wives do not often separate after more than twenty years' union without some reason which is, at least, satisfactory to themselves, and therefore ought to be to other people. The whole affair is so purely private and personal that the Easy Chair has tried to avoid any unnecessary public discussion of it. To mention it was unavoidable when every body was talking of it, but we should be very sorry to have gossiped about it on the one hand, or to express violent indignation upon the other.

W. M. K. wants to know what gutta percha is, and all about it. It is an East Indian gum, found in the islands, and put to the same general uses as India rubber, but it is more brittle. Any work like Abbott's books on Common Things will give him all the information he wants.

In our February number there was an elegy upon George Steers, composed by the author of the following lines. His name was not printed at the foot of it, but another was substituted. The poet now sends us this poetic remonstrance:

In looking over your Feby. Number, What did I behold and See
The Poem on the Memory of Geo. Steers Composed by Me.
And as I looked over it I found under the same
What astonished me mutch a fictitious name

The Poem being written with a sad and smitten heart
It seems quite wrong for the sentiments and name to part
So . in whatever part of the world the same appears—
Let my name venerate the Genius of Beloved Steers.

The name of Homer sounds—truly verry good
But to say he Composed it would be telling a falshood,
If you wish to change my name to Homer please understand
Just give due notice in the—Land

And I will endeavor to give a description of Modern Troy
And what I saw . there when quite a boy,
And if you wish . hereafter any more description from me .
I will Try . and gratify you with a Modern Odyssey

So . My dear Friend good Mr. Easy Chair
Please Insert this and it will remedy the other affair
And drop . fictitious Wedgewood B. Homer without any Sputter
And place my name as . it was . Bloodgood H. Cutter

Our Foreign Bureau.

WE have watched from our windows the escort and the banners of a great bridal. Is it a happy one? Is this festal powder-burning any proof of joy? Who can see under the clouds of incense, and through the meshes of wedding garlands, and the heavy perfume of orange blossoms, what weariness or what lightness of heart is in the bride?

Every year and every day marriage is a mystery. Cleanthus is wedded to Cleantha in the palaces; Mr. Logwood is married to Miss Fustic in the justice's court; and there are delicate lace vails, and white tokens of purity, and songs of hope, and prayers of blessing, and greeting kisses: who knows what secret bitterness? It was a pretty feature of old heathen sacrifice to deck the victim with flowers; but all the suffering ended at the altar.

Did this young Princess Clotilde marry willingly and hopefully the gone-by Prince Napoleon? Was it not heathen sacrifice again—the suffering and the ignominy and the loss only beginning where the heathen sacrifice ended?

Of course we shall never know this by literal confession; for if there be sacrifice in this princely marriage, its worst portion must be concealment. To endure with royal heart-stiflings; to put proud, imperial resolve upon the utterance of all struggling regrets—this is her task. Not worse for her, perhaps, than for many another bride, except that princely rank must scorn the sympathy which humility craves and feeds upon.

Does sixteen ever marry itself lovingly to a stranger of near half a hundred? And is it not easy to believe true what some of the gossiping people whisper in our hearing, that this proud young girl of Piedmont (whose teachers are scarce banished yet) lamented and pleaded long against the sacrifice, with that ambitious father, King Emanuel, in whose regard (if we may credit popular belief) womanly virtue is only the plaything of an hour?

Poor young heart! if this be true. The long lineage, wherein we count the blazon of Stuart and Hapsburg and Savoy and Bourbon, leading only to harsh life-jointure with this *blasé* palace-idler of a new and uncertain dynasty. Poor young heart! Never opportunity for honest, open out-beat; never time or silence for secret, God-fearing question of its proclivities or capacities, but hustled away with diplomatic strategy into the diamond-decked clutch of a princely *roué*.

Fine feathers and silks and jewels, with infinite rejoicings; a processional entrée to the new home, that was brilliant with all manner of courtly display; dinner fêtes, and night fêtes that are not ended yet—all these the young Clotilde has had to cheat her into acquiescence. And for these things there be those who envy her—girls who would bargain their humanity against the jewels and the silks. Jewels and feathers and a crown, how we all love them!

It is not long since that the Paris world talked slyly and very persistently of certain doubtful intimacy subsisting between this princely bridegroom and a late tragic actress; the sleek Napoleon was a constant visitor at her rooms; his *bravuras* were the most impassioned at her rendering of Camille; and report said that the dashing equipage in which she appeared on the drives of the Bois de Boulogne was a royal gift. Report farther said that the reigning cousin interposed; he feared sacrifice of the family dignity; he counseled (as despots counsel) a period of travel. All that is over, and the Melpomene is now Savoy.

Will war come of it? Not indeed of the wedding, so much as of the alliance which has led to the wedding. Can you not interpret the Emperor's speech as well as we, and does not all hang upon the Imperial will? England does not want war, whether

we read her spirit in the objurgations of Mr. Bright, in the coldness of London bankers (for continental loans), in the declarations of Derby or Palmerston. Prussia does not want war, nor Austria, nor the Pope, nor the tyrant of Naples, nor the traders, our *bourgeois* of France.

On the other hand, the King of Piedmont does want it, and two-thirds of suffering Italy, and the whole army of France, and more or less of the great band of republican zealots scattered over Europe want it; and the Emperor himself wants it—provided a necessity shall seem to cover his longing.

And that necessity for war may come, as all such necessity does come, from some trifling outbreak of human passion.

As you go from Turin to Milan, upon a level and well-kept road, you come to high river banks, where is a station of the Piedmontese customs men and a little company of Sardinian soldiers. Traversing a bridge, you enter upon the opposite bank through an iron gate-way into the Lombard territory of the Emperor Francis. Here, too, are guard-houses, and a gaunt, inhospitable wayside inn, and the customs men and soldiers and police of Austria. There is no good-will between the men who live upon the two banks. Poor Italian women, passing from Piedmont into Lombardy, are rigorously searched, and often insulted; and Lombards passing into Sardinia are taunted with their slavish condition. A little more or a little less of taunt or insult upon either end of the bridge may change the face of Europe. Thus, the poor wife of a Piedmontese villager goes over the river to dispose of a few fowls or of a basket of eggs. She is insulted, and resents the insult; an altercation ensues, a friend or two rush over to her assistance, the guard turns out, the Piedmontese soldiers rally and hurry to the scene, and so war opens. Heated letters pass back and forth between the rival commandants. Diplomacy, already touched with rancor, can not chill the hot blood that is rising. The emissaries of Piedmont and of Mazzini are busy. Some Italian city, in fever of exultation, throws off the yoke of Austria and declares for Emanuel, King of Italy. The Piedmontese army pours over upon the rice plains. The eastern camp of France shifts its quarters for a friendly visit to the new allies of Turin. Thus all the garrisons are set free. A French fleet moves up the Adriatic, and hovers between Ragusa and Venice, watchful "for the interests of civilization every where." A swift ship or two from Toulon double the garrison of Rome "in view of possible eventualities." No French gun as yet, but the reversionary interest of Clotilde must be kept good, "for the peace of Europe."

Hard and bloody fighting all through the cockpit of Lombardy. Ill-armed, revolutionary Italians shot down by hundreds and thousands. Immense correspondence passing between all the courts of Europe. Perhaps a little bristling excitation of bayonets in Hungary, which makes diversion of the Austrian forces. Duke Constantine, with his Villafranca squadron, tacking about in the Maltese seas within day's sailing of Naples or Palermo.

Is all this impossible? Is it quite impossible that we may see a northern kingdom of Italy, embracing the Lombard and Venetian territory, and governed by a Count Cavour in the person of the good, easy, fun-loving, and *blasé* sportsman called King Emanuel—in which kingdom something like a political career should be opened, at length, to the ambitious young bloods of the old houses of Verona, of Padua, of Vicenza, and of Mantua?

Is it quite impossible that the old Pope (with that kind but weak face of his, whereby to read his destiny) should consent to abandonment of temporal rule, his Church authority and the august hierarchy of which he is the representative being secured *en permanence* by grand rent-roll, by splendid palaces, and by joint guard of Italian and French soldiery?

Next, we may conjecture that the states of Romagna are erected into a principality under the rule of some elective prince of Rome, and so old tribune, democratic pride quenched deftly under the name and the ermine cloak of a Rospigliosi or a Borghese. As for Naples, if we can only bring Russia to the compact, whose fleet hangs threateningly in the Maltese seas, we will re-establish a Murat, with a hereditary house of Calabrian nobles, and a popular house of such legislators as shall hold place by election. Sicily, woe-begone, suppose we give over to Ferdinand, and so narrow his dangerous tyranny to an island.

We put down this ideal presentment as giving, in paragraph shape, the current talk of the hour. But whatever may occur, we must confess that we see only a bloody path whereby Italy is to march toward any goal that its aspiring thinkers covet.

But we must not give all our month's budget to Italy. What, now, if we drag our news-net over England?

Any findings?

The old ceremonial pomp of a Queen's progress from Buckingham Palace, and a Queen's Speech, crimson, and jewels, and gold; the peers, and the usher, and the Commons; the wigs, and the mantles, and the crown; and every year more and more of Bright Quaker men to ask—why?

An elegant mummery of Queen's Speech, which is not Queen's speech; and yet if a certain amount of mummery and of decorative falsity prove to certain people the rallying centres of loyalism, and the symbols of national faith, must not we, who see differently, admit their value? *We* adore a written Constitution, which we break and abuse. Is this better than a showy royalism, which is sworn by and respected?

To our mind it is better to cherish a bauble honestly than to boast the grandest Declaration of Rights, which we abjure in practice.

But we must not slip into political talk. Who would forgive our wantonness?

When Burns toasted Washington, in those days when Liberty wore a red cap in France, the commissioners of his Majesty's realm put him down. Such matters did not concern an Excise officer; he must stick to his gauging.

But in our year of 1859—a hundred after the day the poet was born—in a palace of glass and iron, whose magnitude and riches would have startled all the Georges as much as they would have startled Tiberius or Nero, a poetess, in the hearing of ten thousand applauding people, sings thus of him:

"The God-made king
Of every living thing."

(Rather extravagant this; but the reason gives poetic sanction.)

"For his great heart in love could hold them all."

And then afterward:

"But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight;

And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapp'd him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,
That henceforth round him flew."

—"Must leave the feast, and lead the fight" is good; but did he?

And yet there is sweet, redolent wail in this half-heroic ode of Miss Isa Craig. You have seen it, of course; but shall we not put down a stanza or two more, were it only to give our tribute to the Scotch poet?

"Though he may yield,
Hard-pressed, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a king for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armor proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good—so those the world calls wise,
With vain, presumptuous hearts
Triumphant moralize.

"Of martyr woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslav'd—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

"It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver cords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument;
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

"Regretful love
His country fain would prove
By grateful honors lavished on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who, unrewarded, gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame!"

Who is Isa Craig?

It is not often that fame is achieved at a sitting; and yet the news-writers tell us that the poetess made up her memorial ode out of an evening's labor. To speak plainly, we do not believe it. The poem, though good, has none of that impulsive, illicit outburst which betrays the inspiration of the moment. It is both too good and too bad for an impromptu. It has the heroic look of armor that has been polished, and none of the homeliness of those deep but death-strokes which are made with homely weapons.

Yet Isa Craig, with those who knew her, had reputation before. She had written and published already a volume of poems—*ecce signum:*

SEBASTOPOL.

I.

She sat upon the shore,
And looked defiance from her hundred guns—
When France and England's warrior sons
Came the blue waters o'er.
'Twas harvest in the land—
Mid peaceful farms and piled sheaves,
And clustering grapes and autumn leaves,
They leaped upon the strand.
To meet the foe they rushed;
On Alma's slopes they trod the vine;
Each drank the fiercely mingled wine
From death's red vintage crushed.

II.

Before her granite walls
They came, and back her proud defiance hurled;
And their proud boast rang through the world—
"Oppression's strong-hold falls!"
The storied times of old
With battle and with siege are rife;
But this prolonged, gigantic strife
Mocks all that hath been told.
Immortal fields of fight
Those fiercely leaguered fields surround;
Each spot a bloody battle-ground—
River, and vale, and height.

There is more; but this is enough to show what the Burns poetess had written before.

There was popular rumor that Professor Aytoun would be a competitor, and that he would win the honor. His friends deny the impeachment. You know what his Scotch "Lays" are, and therefore you know his ability. But what you do not know, perhaps, are his latter tender and delicate renderings into English of some of Goethe's lesser poems and ballads. And for specimen, in advance of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's pretty reprints in gold and blue, we give you this homely and touching specimen of

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Another wreath I plaited,
As well rememberest thou,
That day when we were mated,
And took the happy vow;
The world was all before us,
To make or choose our way;
And years have stolen o'er us
Since that most blessed day.

Ah, yes, I do not wonder
Your eye should rest e'en now
Upon the hillock yonder,
Where dark the fir-trees grow.
There lie our babes together,
Beneath the daisied sod;
But they have seen our Father,
And pray for us to God.

Much to Goethe crushed hearts owe for this; but much, again, to Aytoun.

All which puts us in melancholy, retrospective mood, so that we come naturally into mention of the death of Hallam, the historian. An honest, true man; not lively, or imaginative; calling up no pictures of national development that haunt us by reason of his picturesque power; nay, not so much as pouring the warmth of his true heart upon the affecting passages of history; but with the earnest integrity of a Judge, deciding, like Solomon, between the mothers of the dead and the living babe, with never a tear for either. The histories of Hallam will always be read for their marvelous justice, and their constant allegiance to the best authorities; but never for the splendor of their episodes, never for the engrossing interest of artistic treatment. He wrote in those times when historians ignored the individual, and gave us the development (if we may use the term) of a certain organic humanity. There is not an individuated soul or an individuated influence in all of Hallam's histories; but so far as he did work in tracing the progress of national organism he was consistent, he was just, he was true. What authorities he consulted he measured; what authorities he adopted he defended; what authorities he did not consult he *said* he did not consult.

So there is in Hallam, with all his dullness (if you call it dullness), with all his homeliness (if you call it homeliness), the rare heroism of—honesty.

But we must not count Hallam a man of no heart, though his heart is not thrust forward in his histories. He lived quietly to a serene old age; but he had great griefs to conquer.

His wife died suddenly. A daughter died suddenly. A son—Arthur Hallam—whom all the world knows through that magnificent epithalamium of Tennyson's, *In Memoriam*, died suddenly. The father was traveling with him in Germany. The son was fatigued, and lay down upon the sofa; he seemed sleeping quietly. The father went softly out. He came in after half an hour; still he seemed sleeping quietly. He felt his brow; it was cold. Sleeping quietly, to be sure; but it was a death sleep! He was buried beside his mother, in the Clevedon church-yard, which lies upon the borders of Bristol Channel, in Somersetshire; and there he buried, not long since, another son, Henry Fitz-Maurice, dying suddenly ("From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!"), and there the old man, broken-hearted, has gone to sleep now in the same church-yard of Clevedon, with the waters of Bristol Channel fretting at the foot of the graves—

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

And now, is there any London gossip to tell? Gossip enough, such as it is, in that new book of Lady Morgan's (which we dare say will find some trash-loving American republisher); but yet, a most idle, vain, profitless book. As if the world cared, or ought to care, how my Lady Morgan has been received by nice people, and what dinner-table jokes she has made, and how she met Dr. Milman, and what Dr. Milman said to the excellent Lady Morgan, and how the Prince of Wales (that was) treated her so civilly, and how she received *billet-doux* from the vain old General Lafayette, and how Mr. Colburn offered her large sums of ready money for her books!

Then see our Lady Morgan's observing glimpse of Paris about the year 1818. We quote: "Dress is much dearer here than in London. A little dress of colored muslin, for which I paid ten shillings in London, I was here asked forty for; but, *en revanche*, I got four pairs of beautiful satin shoes for fifteen shillings. There is a *tricoté* silk scarf which they wear here round the head, *en turbane*, which is really very elegant.

"I have promised to sit for two pictures for Denon—one for engraving (seated, by-the-way, in one of his magnificent Egyptian chairs, with a curious lion's head on each side), and the other picture of the *Exposition du Louvre*, 1821."

There may be those whom this will interest. Another book is that of Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), Byron's friend, about Italy, embracing the more considerable part of the Childe Harold notes, and much other matter, which, from cursory overlook, has hardly improved by keeping; else it must have been very poor.

Professor Masson, of the University College, London, and occasional writer for the *North British* and *Frazer*, has latterly published an installment of his Life of Milton; it promises to be ponderous and somewhat tedious, though painstaking and scholarly in execution.

Of course you remember all about the Circumlocution Office and Mr. Clennam; how papers of inquiry left at one office were referred to a second, and from this over to a third, and then referred back to another; a very confirmation of it all we find just now, curiously enough, in certain official remarks of Sir Bulwer Lytton. A committee waited upon him to inquire regarding the fate of certain petitions which had been sent to the Colonial Office, in reference to means for further prevention of the slave-trade. The honorable Baronet regretted that he had had no time for careful consideration of the petitions, excusing himself by saying that papers of importance passed through several departments, and required time for inspection; first, they might be sent to the Immigration Board; thence to another office, and thence to the Secretary of State, who might possibly refer it to *some other* department. Tite Barnacle could not have said it more honestly.

Another confirmation of one of Mr. Dickens's most startling fancies (we refer to the spontaneous combustion of the old man in "Bleak House") we find in a little incident recorded in the *Siècle* of a late date: "A widow, aged forty-six, named Henriette L——, who worked as a washer-woman, was well known for her propensity to the use of spirituous liquors. As she had not for some days made her appearance as usual, her sister, accompanied by the landlord of the house in which she lived, went to her room; but the moment they entered they started back in alarm, perceiving on the ground a human head half burned, and at a little distance two feet, and a slight train of animal charcoal, showing where the body had been. There also stood near a chair upset and half consumed, and a cup in which some spirit remained. It did not appear that any fire had been lighted in the chimney, and there is every reason to suppose that the spirit with which her system was impregnated caught fire on her lighting a candle with a match." It will be remembered that, on occasion of the publication of "Bleak House," my Lord Somebody, who undertook the defense of the great Court of Chancery against the assault of Mr. Dickens, thought proper, also, to characterize the combustion of the old soaker as a thing absurd and impossible.

Dealing as we are with literary matters this month, why should we fail to mention that Cardinal Wiseman has appeared as dramatist? It is not long since "The Hidden Gem," a work of the Cardinal's, was produced upon a Liverpool stage. A local paper says: "It is founded upon an incident in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, during the pontificate of Innocent I., when there lived on the Aventine a wealthy patrician named Euphemianus, who had an only son, Alexius, whom he educated in the principles of piety and charity. Ere Alexius had attained to manhood he was, by divine command, induced to lead the life of a pilgrim, and repaired to Edepa, where he dwelt for several years, his sorrowing father being unable to discover him. At length he was summarily ordered to return home, and was received as a beggar and a stranger into the house of his father. He remained there as many years as he had lived abroad, amidst the scorn and ill-treatment of his own domestics, until his death, when a voice, heard through all the churches, proclaimed his holiness, and a paper, written by himself and found upon

his person, revealed his history. A variety of accessory incidents complete the plot, which is well worked out. One of the scenes is exceedingly impressive, reminding one somewhat of 'Faust and Marguerite.' It is where the dying pilgrim's prayers are responded to by songs from celestial voices, while a halo of glory shines around the pale face of the weary man, who, after setting a wonderful example of consistent faith and noble self-denial, dies an unknown beggar in the house of his father. The dialogue brings before us the principles of unbounded charity and long-suffering piety, clothed in classical and elegant language."

And now, one word about the recent book of another religionist, the famous M. Coquerel, the Protestant preacher of Paris. There are few Protestant sojourners in the French city who have not at some time given their ears and their hearts to that impassioned eloquence with which he fills, Sunday after Sunday, the heavy vaults of the Oratoire. Hear now how he describes the teachings of a fellow-preacher in the Coliseum at Rome:

"At six in the evening an audience, almost entirely consisting of the common people, is already grouped around a low and very simple pulpit, before which is fixed a double barrier of some feet in length. The clock strikes; and soon you hear in the distance a low and prolonged chanting. It comes nearer. Here is a religious brotherhood, preceded by four *gray penitents* with their hoods drawn down, leaving only their eyes visible through two round holes. They each carry a lantern on the end of a stick with a wax light burning in it. Another *saccone*, or penitent, walks in the middle of them, carrying a wooden crucifix, painted after nature, which shocks at once the religious sense and the artistic. Behind the cross walks a monk of St. Bonaventure (one of the divisions of the order of Franciscans). He is a celebrated preacher known as Father Joseph of Rome. A number of men follow him, succeeded by women, the first of whom wear black vails, and one carries a long cross. All this pomp, I confess, left my Huguenot ears far from well-disposed toward the sermon of the reverend Franciscan. After doing homage to the cross set up in the middle of the Coliseum, all placed themselves before the pulpit, the men on the right, the women on the left, of the double balustrade. One of the penitents fixed the large crucifix upright in a groove on the right of the pulpit and the preacher ascended. This pulpit being unpaneled the preacher was visible down to his feet, covered with his brown robe, which was tied with a cord. He gave out his text without reading it from the Bible: here the book always vanishes behind the clergy.....All the sins that are committed through a regard for human opinion — such was the wide and useful subject treated by the orator. He did it with remarkable talent, without excessive emphasis or gesture; his diction was concise, his voice fine and sonorous, his style simple, energetic, popular, and full of repetition—not the repetition of ideas, but of words.....The substance of his preaching was full of appeals to the conscience of his hearers and of applications to their daily life. His introduction, quiet and short, was excellent, expounding this idea." Again: "The monk now seized the crucifix which stood on his right, and to which, in the course of his sermon, he had often appealed as if to Jesus Christ in person. Immediately the whole assembly threw themselves on their knees; it was easy to see that many persons were deeply moved, and that their conscience (as the Bonaventurian expressed it) was biting them to the quick.....He went on thus, confessing the sins of all assembled, and ended by throwing himself upon his knees and asking pardon from on high; recited a sort of confession which the people repeated with loud voice word by word; then rose from his knees and blessed his audience, making the sign of the cross three times with the crucifix. Hell on the one hand, and the crucifix on the other, had far too large a part in all this. Christianity was reduced to the condition of Catholicism; that is to say, materialized—but still it was there. The substance of the preaching was excellent, the feeling true and powerful, the tone seldom declamatory; it was too earnest for that. Earnestness is, in fact, the essential thing. It is what I had sought for in vain among the sumptuous displays of the Roman festivals. I saw that others, many others, were moved by the Christian truthfulness of this appeal. And....I did not revolt, minister of the Gospel as I am, against the Bonaventurian monk, but, rising above all the Catholic array of damnation, holy chrism, penitents, and crucifix, I said to myself he is right in essentials."

Is this good, hearty, outspoken charity, or is it what certain doctors would call with drawling unction—latitudinarian heresy? "Right in essentials." Yet we make no question that M. Coquerel would have commended himself more warmly to a large body of those who sympathize with his tenets if he had ridiculed the dress of the monk, and sneered at his crucifix, and doubted his sincerity.

Does any body ask for proof in these days, when the doctors all spend their eagerness in detecting flaws in the doctrines of their Christian brethren? And spend all their humor (ghastly enough oftentimes) in making ridiculous any possible lapse from old dogmas in the theologic labors of their good brethren?

If only the wit, and the erudition, and the clumsy task-work which goes now to the theologic duels of the doctors (who make the art of words reach almost to the brutality of bludgeons and bullets)—if only, we say, the doctors were content to spend this mad disputative energy upon enforcement and furtherance of the great doctrines of Christian charity, what a gain to the world (but what a loss of appetizing zest to them)!

Even here, in this far away parish of American preaching on the banks of the Seine, we have already two rival churches, who are giving to pugnacious Protestantism the compliment of a little newspaper war.

—As if pen-stabs might not be as fierce and as long in the healing as those with bowie-knives.

We have better talk than this about a new book of Michelet, a man whose earnestness in the lecture-room, and whose comprehensive generalizations and hard fact-hitting make one think of Carlyle; but the new book is not any way Carlylish—it is on love; and since the time when Cardinal Bembo wrote his famous "Asolani" no such philosopher has discussed so tender a topic.

It is too good a book for the French, and too bald for the English. By reason of its honesty it is worse reading than even Balzac's *Physiologie du Mariage*, or than Paul de Kock.

It is a natural and philosophic argument against celibacy. It offends French taste and French practice (very largely), by its claim that the purest and serenest, as well as the intensest and truest, love

should belong to marriage. Without it, there can be no wholeness of manly or womanly development.

In mere economic aspect he represents, in eloquent periods, how far a loving wife delivers a man from many servitudes.

First—of baseness: With happiness at the hearth there is no search for it in reeking ball-rooms (of Paris), or in the raptures of a drunken frolic.

Second—of weakness: No insidious approaches of an exhaustive and brutalizing dissipation.

Third—of melancholy: For he who leaves love and a loving one carries joy at his heart.

Fourth—of money: Two (fond Michelet!) spend less than one. Cigars, wines, restaurateurs cut off (prudent Michelet)!

But how will he console us for the belaced dresses of children, and for Tom's pony, and Charley's goat-cart?

No, we can not believe—whatever the enthusiastic Michelet may say—that love or marriage, or both, shall sweep the anxieties out of life; and to match one's self against the anxieties, and to bear them down, is a grander heroism than the heroism of loving.

One little episode more of the Paris life we have to record, and then our budget shall be closed.

M. Louis d'Assas, who lived quietly and comfortably in some old patrimonial house of the provinces, in an unfortunate hour conceived the idea of making himself famous by writing a play for the Paris stage.

He had youth on his side; he had cultivation; he had moderate income; he had an itch for distinction. So he wrote a comedy in verse, of the old classic style, called the *Vénus de Milo*. He had friends who wished him well; he had money to pay the *claqueurs;* therefore his comedy was received at the Odeon, was played, and applauded. His friends flattered him, and drank his wine.

Yet his work was not a success; it had poetic passages of rare merit, but it lacked adaptation to the exigencies of the stage. So, in the midst of that false fêting by which his flatterers deceived him, his comedy was withdrawn, and the author called upon to pay the expenses of decoration and equipment, such having been the condition of its acceptance in the event of failure.

But was it failure? Had not the manager been too precipitate? So the flattered gentleman instituted an action to compel further trial of his play. The manager yielded; the *claqueurs* were in force; all that startling posters could do was effectively done—but in vain. *Vénus de Milo* was a failure.

The mortified gentleman disposed of a third of his country estates to pay the costs, and devoted himself with such a crazy zeal to the accomplishment of some new work that should retrieve his honor that his brain faltered with the task.

Blighted hope and mortified vanity completed the ruin of him.

He took to his bed; the doctors came and leeched to no effect. Always the poor triumph he had seemed to win came back to him in his delirious fancies.

"See how they crowd the house! Bravo! bravo! And the author is called for—"

Called for, indeed, and must appear; but not before an enraptured audience.

He died of *Vénus de Milo;* died of hurt vanity.

"Sad affair!" says our friend Fortunio—and he takes snuff.

Editor's Drawer.

The Drawer man has no money, and nothing to do with it. His Drawer is not for such trifles and trash; and when its correspondents write on business matters—such as paying their subscriptions, and ordering magazines, books, and newspapers—they should write on a separate piece of paper, and not mix their worldly concerns with the pure, intellectual, and genial elements that belong to this department.

"Several years after the passage-at-arms, related in your January number, between Mr. Charles Chapman, the witty lawyer of Hartford, and the lady witness, he was called out of town to act in a case in which this lady was the principal witness. Her husband was present—a diminutive, meek, forbearing sort of man—who, in the language of Mr. Chapman, 'looked like a rooster just fished out of a swill-barrel;' while the lady was a large, portly woman, evidently the 'better horse.' As on the former occasion, she 'balked' on the cross-examination. The lawyer was pressing the question with his usual urgency, when she said, with vindictive fire flashing from her eyes, 'Mr. Chapman, you needn't think you can catch me; you tried that once before!' Putting on his most quizzical expression, Mr. Chapman replied, 'Madam, I haven't the slightest desire to *catch* you; and your husband looks to me as if he was sorry *he* had!' The husband faintly smiled assent."

Each college has its leaders of mischief, and so had the one of which Dr. Pleasants was President. One day the rogues brought a cow into the building, drove her up the stone-steps, in the passage, and further in the narrow range of the dormitory until, at the very door of the ringleader, it became impossible to move her backward or forward. The President got wind of it; and the next day, having heard of the active leaders in the scheme, he proceeded to lecture on zoology, of which, toward its close, the following is the substance:

"The instinct given by the Creator is wonderful in its various bearings upon the preservation and propagation of the animal kingdom; but the mammalia claim our highest attention. The cow is, in my estimation, above all other species of her class; for you all recollect the cow which, but on yesterday, surmounted every obstacle in order to find her *calf!*"

"Among my little friends there is a five-year-old boy who is very philosophically inclined. He is rarely satisfied with the fact that a thing *is*, but he wants to know all the whys and wherefores of its existence. The other day Joe was watching with eager interest the dismemberment of the body corporate of a defunct pig. He interrupted the operator with many questions as to the precise object and bearing of the different members, as he saw them separated one from another. Finally, the corpse was in the condition of many of our live politicians—it had lost its back-bone. Little Joe regarded this dissected member with close attention for a few minutes, and then exclaimed, with an air of triumph,

"'I know what *that's* for!'

"'What?' asked the dissector of the hog.

"'Why,' said the boy, '*that* is to hitch the tail to!'"

In the flush times of Vicksburg, when the phrase

"hard case" meant something more than it does now, Harvey Jenkins was admittedly one of the *hardest*. By some strange accident Harvey found himself at church one evening. The sermon being over, the preacher requested all who were friendly to religion to rise and hold up their right hands. The whole audience, apparently, were on their feet. After they were seated again, the minister continued:

"Now, if there is a single one here who desires to see Satan and his kingdom prosper, he will rise and hold up his hand."

Harvey, with some difficulty, got to an erect position, and said:

"Had the vote been less unanimous, I should have retained my seat; but I make it *a point of honor* never to abandon a friend under adverse circumstances."

A SUBSCRIPTION paper was recently circulated through the —— congregation with the following very charitable object in view:

"We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to pay the amount subscribed for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

"IN 18— there raged, in our neighborhood," writes a new contributor, "a terrible epidemic—malignant typhoid fever. The deepest anxiety was felt by every one; every case terminated fatally. The four physicians of our village were continually together, held midnight caucuses to devise some means by which to stop the march of the dread invader. Every means had failed, as yet. One morning the four learned doctors, in their round, stopped to see an old negro man on whom Dr. G——'s plan of treatment was being tried. To their surprise he had passed the crisis and was pronounced out of danger. Joy and triumph were pictured in every lineament of Dr. G——'s face. He began, learnedly, to 'hold forth' on the excellences of his plan, and to urge its adoption in every case, describing very minutely the various little pills and powders he had used. Old Henry, all the while an attentive listener, raised himself on his elbow, and in faint, weak tones, said,

"'Massa Doctor, dere's all dem li'l truck ob yourn up dar in de crack.'

"Imagine the Doctor's chagrin and mortification."

JENKINS said that some persons were of opinion that a man could not be a lawyer and adhere strictly to the truth; but, for his part, he believed a man could.

Jones remarked that he hoped Jenkins would begin practice right away.

A GEORGIA teacher advertises the Marion High School, at Buena Vista, and adds:

"The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the public that there is no longer any necessity of sending young men to Colleges to have their morals and manners corrupted—*educate them at or near home.*"

OUR Benny has a little curly-pated visitor three years old who excited his great admiration a few days ago. After viewing her pretty face for some minutes, he said, deliberately,

"Carrie, you are a little angel! and if you ain't an angel, you are a *Moses in the bulrushes, any how!*"

THE following is as true as it is absurd:

An Irish woman in this vicinity had a husband lying at the point of death; again and again she declared that she would rather die than lose "darlin' Mike." A set of graceless scamps determined to try her conjugal affection. Having seized a large turkey, they stripped him entirely of his feathers. Biddy was alone, groaning and calling on death to come and take her and not Mike. Silently the shanty door opened and the hideous turkey entered, and, led by her shrieks, stalked to her.

"Oh! och hone! Howly Mary defind us! take Mike first, that's a good cretur! Howly Mary! how can I die before my time? Take Mike first!"

OUR Binghampton friend writes to the Drawer and tells a very good story:

"Some time during the past summer a 'case in law' of considerable interest came up and was tried before Justice Loomis, of this village.

"It seems that the orchard of one of our 'honest farmers' had been at different times visited, and many of the best trees robbed of their fruit. Of course, Farmer E—— had quite a curiosity to find out who was in the habit of appropriating his apples. So, cautiously concealing himself in the shadow of the fence, he discovered a fellow in the act of filling a bag with his best fruit. Farmer E—— started for the youth with his gun, but the fellow took to his heels and was in the act of getting over the fence when a discharge from the gun 'laid him low.'

"On the trial, the boy, who was present, testified to the shooting, that a large number of shot entered his back, and although many had been removed, still there were many left 'that plagued him considerably.'

"The Doctor, who was called, testified to the fact of finding a number of shot in the flesh, of extracting some, and of the impossibility of removing all, and of the strong probability that complainant would always carry about his person a supply of lead.

"The lawyers rested the case, and the learned Justice rose to instruct the jury, when, from the farther corner of the room appeared the form of a very benevolent but extremely seedy-looking individual, who, looking over a large and very rusty pair of iron spectacles, and pointing his long finger at the injured boy, exclaimed,

"'Young man! young man! you can truly say with the poet,

"'A charge to keep I have.'"

"The effect was irresistible. Justice, jury, lawyers, and audience were instantly convulsed with uncontrollable laughter, and for ten minutes or more business was completely suspended. The verdict when rendered, was, 'No cause of action.'"

A MISSISSIPPI correspondent testifies of his own hearing that the following is a true bill:

"At the close of a great meeting a Presbyterian minister gave notice that a collection would be taken up for Gospel purposes in the neighborhood. A Methodist preacher, also present, and who had just preached the sermon, it being his regular Sabbath at the place, then rose, and remarked that very little had been done toward the proper support of the Gospel or of himself; that he had begun his circuit with two horses—one was used; he expected the other would soon go, and he would have to go afoot. Charity began at home; and 'Besides, bretheren, Christianity is a *paying* business—it pays a profit even in this world. Did you ever hear the story of the infidel in the Tennessee camp-meeting? Well, I'll tell you: Up in Tennessee once there was a camp-

meeting held in a notorious bad neighborhood; and when, at the close of the exercises, the hat was sent round, a roll of notes, about fifty dollars, was found. The bretheren in those parts, in those days, being raather poor, considerable speculation was had as to whar that fifty dollars come from; and next year it was decided to keep an eye on *that* hat, and see if it was done over agin. Sure enough, next year's meeting there was another fifty just as before, and it was traced to an infidel reviling country store-keeper near the camp, and who was never known to say or do a good thing for God's people. So the elders called the man aside, and says, "Did you put that 'ere fifty in that hat?" "Well, I did?" "Mistake, ain't it?" "No, Sirs; I never makes mistakes. It's all right. Afore you chaps cum around these diggins preaching I couldn't keep ne'er a shoat, ne'er a yearling no whar, and I lost a powerful sight of truck; and now, gen-tle-men, I keeps the most of 'em! It's a *paying* business to keep you here, and I goes in for it!"'

"JONES was reported dead of Yellow Jack last summer; and being suddenly met in Mobile, was accosted by a crony: 'Hilloa, Jones! You? I heard you was dead.' 'Hush, Sam! speak low. You see, confidentially, I am dead; but being raather succumskribed, I'm walking about to save funeral *expenses!* I'll take a *leetle* of the spiritual, eeny how. Come in!'"

PATRICK M'QUILT is janitor of the Union School, in Jonesville, Ohio, and our correspondent in that celebrated emporium of literature writes to the Drawer that Patrick is very faithful in making the fires and keeping things in order.

Patrick wanted more wages; and the Board had the case before them. The President was given to "high falutin'," and thus addressed the Irish and hungry applicant:

"Well, Patrick, we all very well know how necessary you are to the existence and prosperity of the school; that the management of the whole concern is on your shoulders; but you shall have your reward, and when you go down to the grave it will be with a *halo* of glory—"

"Halo!" yelled Patrick, "it's not *halo* I want, it's *pertates!*"

Patrick's wages were raised.

THE man who opened the theatre in Lexington, Kentucky, lately, made a dead failure of it; and a correspondent of the Drawer gives the following sketch of the efforts made and the final retreat:

"The manager had secured the services of a splendid stock company and a few of the most attractive stars in the theatrical firmament. Every thing looked prosperous. The theatre was opened with Mr. and Mrs. Florence, supported by Davey's splendid company. But the Kentuckians did not fill the house. The week passed by, and the manager found himself out about three hundred dollars. The next week Miss Eliza Logan was engaged, and every body was saying what crowded houses she would draw. But it was no go. Davey said he believed nothing *would draw* in Lexington. Miss Logan's engagement terminated on Friday night; Saturday's rent was paid, and so they might as well play. At the top of the bills the next morning was a card from the manager stating that this evening was the last of the season. That he had brought a good company to Lexington, and some of the best stars; but they had failed to *draw*. He, therefore, had the pleasure to announce that, for this evening only, he had secured the services of two sheets of '*Poor Man's Plaster*,' who would appear in their great act of '*drawing blisters*;' to be followed by the great drama of the '*Poor of New York*.' Davey finding that even the plaster failed to *draw*, telegraphed to Frankfort for apartments in the State prison, but from the keeper received an answer that they had '*no room for actors!*'"

[*Written for Harper's New Monthly Magazine.*]

CHARADE.

YOUNG Frank and Di Vernon went walking one day,
Through sunshine and shade they wended their way,
Through orchards and meadows of new-mown hay,
The air with its fragrance perfuming;
At their feet a brook purled meandering along,
Babbling its murmuring, silvery song,
O'er pebble so smooth and rock so strong,
Its way to the ocean pursuing.

On his shoulder the maiden her head reclined,
And her curls like fugitives played with the wind,
While his arms her slender waist entwined
With the pressure of warm affection;
Their hearts were cinctured in love's embrace,
Both read in each happy, though saddened face,
The language of "hope deferred"—erased
Almost from their breasts—and dejection.

Said the youth to the maiden, "Both long and well
We have loved with such love no words can tell;
Then what hinders the sound of our 'marriage bell,'
Our ears with its music delighting?
Why shall you, sweet girl of my heart, leave my side,
My life and my love why longer divide,
Why longer delay to become my bride,
Our true hearts forever uniting?"

Then the sweet little maid, with a look of woe,
As only this dear little creature could show,
While the tears from their soft blue fountains flow,
In torrents of sparkling water:
"Dear Frank, it is wicked, inhuman, I say,
This hateful suspense—this protracted delay—
But you see how it is, my pa's in the way,
Intervening the son and daughter."

With a look of despair poor Frank raised his head,
Then my First and my Third successively said
In anger somewhat, and in haste, for he bled
With pain and vexation, I dare say;
"Let your cruel pa DO just what you ARE now,
And this riddle will solve and quickly show how
One and Four will make Two, and I and thou
Shall be One, Four, First, Last, and *vice-versa*."

But the answer Frank prudently kept to himself,
The worrysome, troublesome, mischievous elf,
Till his wish fully realized brought him of pelf
A full and abundant treasure;
Then my First was the joy and delight of his home,
My Third soon became a most exquisite tone,
For the looks of my Fourth so resemble his own,
That my Whole swelled in eloquent measure.

C.

ODESSA, DELAWARE, *February*, 1859.

FROM Tennessee, the State of Davy Crockett and many others who go ahead, this communication comes from a valued correspondent, who does not write so frequently as the Drawer would be pleased to have him. The first anecdote has had its like in print before:

"The Hon. William F——d, who was for many years a distinguished politician in West Tennessee, and who at the present time, in his old age, is shedding a lustre upon the judicial ermine, which he graces with the talent and learning of a profound and upright Judge, combined with the kindness and urbanity of an amiable and courteous gentleman,

once beat the celebrated Davy Crockett for Congress in this district.

"The rival candidates were, on one occasion during that excited campaign, addressing their constituents from the hustings, and Judge F——d was 'pinning it to Crockett pretty tight,' as the phrase goes, when the illustrious and lamented hero of the Alamo becoming angry and excited, arose to his feet in a menacing attitude, and with characteristic fearlessness interrupted his opponent, by telling him 'he could pin back his ears, grease his head, and swallow him whole!' Whereupon Judge F——d turned to him, and bowing and smiling blandly, retorted, 'If you do, Sir, you will have more brains lodged in your stomach than you ever had in your head!' The effect can rather be imagined than described. The anger of his generous and chivalrous rival was in a moment appeased, and, joining in the laugh against himself, he permitted him thereafter to continue his remarks without interruption."

"Another somewhat similar story is told of the great wit, orator, and statesman, Ben H——n, of Kentucky. He was once, while practicing at the bar, employed to aid in the prosecution of a man for hog stealing, who was reported to be a man of wealth, and up to that time had occupied rather a respectable social position, and whose pugnacious propensities were almost equal to his acquisitiveness. The prisoner at the bar, anticipating that he was about to receive a 'lambasting' at the hands of the Kentucky orator, had posted himself alongside of Colonel H——n with a big hickory stick in his hand, prepared for any emergency.

"H——n was speaking, pouring the hot shot into the formidable-looking culprit without mercy. In the language of Fred St——n, he 'not only lifted the hide off his back, but was pouring vitriol on the raw.' The prisoner could stand it no longer. He arose from his seat, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and, trembling with rage, lifted his young sapling over the learned counsel's head, and told him that 'if the Court did not stop his outrageous abuse he would take the matter into his own hands, and spatter the walls of the court-house with his brains!' The wit threw up his arms in an attitude of simulated terror that would have done no discredit to Garrick in his palmiest days, and, in a voice that rang clear and loud above the excited din of the court-house, exclaimed, 'Now, if I were a big fat porker I should have reason to be terribly alarmed for the safety of my bacon!' Amidst the roar of merriment that greeted this unexpected sally the proprietor of the hickory stick wilted into his seat, and the advocate was permitted to amuse himself with the process of dissecting his character without further comment."

"Mr. Drawer: Your Middletown correspondent, in your number for February, inquires the solution of Praed's charade beginning 'I graced Don Pedro's revelry.' The word is 'peacock;' and the charade has reference to the practice, in the times specially termed the Days of Chivalry, of toasting 'The peacock and the ladies.' From Mills's 'History of Chivalry,' page 64, I take the following extracts, which fully illustrate this point: 'Peacocks and pheasants were the peculiar food of knights on great and festival occasions.' . . . . 'The highest honors were conferred on these birds, for knights associated them with all their ideas of fame, and vowed by the peacock as well as the ladies to perform their highest enterprises.' A note from some chronicle of the times, referring to the serving up of these birds at great dinners, says, 'Some people, instead of serving up the bird in the feathers, carry their magnificence so far as to cover their peacock with leaf gold.'

"Now, as to the charade of Sir Hilary and his charge at Agincourt. For the last quarter of a century no five years have elapsed without an outbreak of attempts, more or less ingenious, at the solution of this charade. In point of fact, its success—so far as continued public attention constitutes success—is due to its faults. In the *London Illustrated News*, some ten or fifteen years since, appeared a communication, purporting to be from an uncle of Praed, in which the solution was stated to be '*Good-Night.*' The writer went on to say that his nephew had frequently expressed mortification that the imperfections of the charade, by leading anxious inquirers away from the true solution, and thus baffling conjecture, had given it an undeserved length of life.

"The fact that a charade may have success in exact proportion to its *de*merits is a great encouragement to young beginners. One of them requests me to transmit you the inclosed, with the assurance that he has at your disposal a number quite as bad:

"'His brows adorned with victory's wreaths,
His sword in peace the warrior sheathes;
And, trampling chains that he had burst,
His country hails him as my First.

"'Nor meaner joy, on tropic seas,
Thrilled "the world-seeking Genoese,"
When through the night rang forth the cry
That told my long-sought Second nigh.

"'Soldier, whose eye may scan this line,
Glory was theirs, and may be thine;
And points where'er the stars unroll
That gem the banner of my Whole!'"

ANSWER TO THE ORIGINAL ENIGMA IN "HARPER" FOR FEBRUARY.

I.

When tyrants sought to crush the rights
Of man, *Swords* first arose;
And in the hands of freemen then
Struck terror to their foes;
But though the patriot welcomed them,
His gallant heart elate,
Full many a joyous home their power
Made cold and desolate.

Feared by the coward, by the brave
They ever welcome are;
Honored when gentle peace takes place
Of fierce, relentless war.
And yet their strength can prostrate lie,
Their power may all be riven,
By breath of balmy summer air,
And gentle dew of heaven.

II.

But Swords are made by mortal hands,
Though beautiful and bright,
While *words* are messengers divine
Of truth, and life, and light.
Now gay and joyous, bringing peace
And comfort in their train,
Anon with gloom and bitterness
Filling the heart with pain.

They travel quickly through the air,
And glide beneath the sea,
Die trembling 'neath a maiden's breath,
Live through eternity.
Who have them not are looked upon
As beings most forlorn;
And those who rashly use them wish,
They never had been born.

Raymond.

ANSWER TO PRAED'S ENIGMA (DON PEDRO).

"Your correspondent from Middletown, Connecticut, sends you an enigma of Praed's which, he says, puzzles him terribly. It might have puzzled me also had I not met, in reading, an account of a Spanish feast in olden times at which a *peacock*, 'All dressed in fire and feather,' figured as one of the most prominent objects, which prompts the following solution:

"Don Pedro rode where every day
His horse and he got thinner,
Through mountains where a dainty *pea*
Would be esteemed a dinner;
Through deserts where to quench his thirst
He sought in every quarter,
And turned the *cock*, with aching eyes
Which looked in vain for water.

"When loveliness and chivalry
Were met to feast together,
A *peacock* graced the revelry,
All dressed in fire and feather;
For that was part of every feast
At Madrid and at Cadiz;
Esteemed by every Spanish knight,
Because it pleased the ladies.

"Raymond."

A "humble individual" in the West writes to the Drawer on this wise:

"In the fall of 1854 the 'Second Associate Reformed Synod of the West' met in the city of Lafayette, Indiana. It closed its sessions late one evening, and the next morning—a bright and beautiful one—all were on their homeward way in high glee. One car of the train for Indianapolis was for the most part filled up with delegates, sitting, standing, talking, and laughing; and the greater portion wearing the ministerial insignia—*white cravats*. The 'water boy' in his first round found me [one of the members] standing by the stove, and mistaking me for one of the few *outsiders* drew himself close, and whispered, very confidentially, '*Haven't* them *white cravats* been on a spree?' Nor did the relation of the facts, a few minutes afterward, lessen the evidences of 'spree.'"

An "Old Subscriber" copies for us, from the album of a friend, the following lines, written by a Scotch lady, who had crossed the ocean to visit Niagara:

"Great Spirit of the Waters! I have come
Forth from my own indomitable home,
Far o'er the bosom of the eternal sea,
To breathe my heart's deep homage unto thee;
And gaze on glories that might wake to prayer
All but the hopeless victim of despair.
Flood of the forest! fearfully sublime!
Restless, resistless as the tide of time!
There is no type of thee; thou art alone,
In sleepless glory, rushing on and on.
Flood of the forest! thou hast been to me
A dream, and thou art still a mystery.
"Would I had seen thee, days and years agone,
While thou wert yet unworshiped and unknown;
And thy fierce torrent, as it rushed along,
Through the wild desert poured its booming song,
Unheard by all, save him of lordly mood,
The bronzed and free-born native of the wood—
How would my heart have quivered to its core
To know its God, but half revealed before!
"In other times, when I was wont to roam
Around the mist-robed mountain-peaks at home,
My fancy wandered to this Western clime,
Where all the haunts of Nature are sublime;
And thou wert on my dream so dread a thing,
I trembled at my own imagining.
But I have come from far to gaze upon
Thy mighty waters, and that dream is gone.
"Flood of the forest! I have been with thee,
And still thou art a mystery to me.
Years will roll on, as they have rolled, and thou
Wilt speak in thunders, as thou speakest now;
And when the name that I inscribe to-day
Upon thine altar shall have passed away
From all remembrance, and the lay I sing
Shall long have been but a forgotten thing,
Thou wilt be sung, and other hands than mine
May wreathe a worthier chaplet for thy shrine."

At a recent trial of a cause before a referee, in Delaware County, New York, Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson was counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. H——, of Binghamton, for the defendant. Mr. H——, albeit a lawyer of some eminence, was so interminably *slow* on this occasion as utterly to weary out the referee and witnesses. One of the latter, while waiting with eager impatience to give his evidence and be dismissed, perpetrated the following, and handed it to the ex-Senator for perusal:

"When Job was tempted by the devil,
His patience saved his soul from evil;
But were he living in our day,
And thrown by chance in H——'s way,
If forced to hear him try a case,
I fear poor Job would fall from grace;
He never could endure, I trow,
What we poor devils suffer now!"

Mr. Dickinson read the lines, and rapidly dashed off the following rejoinder:

"There were no lawsuits in those days,
As any one can plainly see;
For, had there been, the devil would
Have made poor Job a referee,
And sent for H—— to try the case,
And spin it out till Job would cry
'I give it up—my patience's gone,
And I will just curse God and die!'"

John Lundy was an inveterate toper. After a long spree John came to Dr. Homes and promised him that he would not drink any liquor for one month. But John soon forgot his promise or broke it, and took his bitters privately, that the Doctor might not know it. One day John undertook to drink a gallon of beer on a wager; and, while accomplishing it, Dr. H. came in. John saw him, and said, "Well, Doctor, I suppose you think I am a poor one to keep my promise?"

"Oh no," replied Dr. H., "I do not; for I see you are *fool filling* now."

A Southern correspondent writes that some years ago a celebrated doctor, a great admirer of music, was visiting the South, and was petted in society. A fashionable lady friend of his had two pretty daughters, who had just finished their education at a "boarding-school" in Philadelphia. Our friend, the doctor, was invited to dine and hear the girls play upon the piano. He was asked for his favorite tune, and he requested the fair performer to play *Duke of York's March*. It was performed, but with such grand flourishes and variations that he saw or heard but little or any of Duke of York's March in it. He was again asked for his preference. Thinking that he was misunderstood in the first instance, he again said, in a little louder voice, "Duke of York's March, madam!" It was again performed as at first, but he still could not make it out his favorite, the Duke of York's March. Upon being called

upon the third time, he spoke very loud: "Duke—of—York's—March!"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "the Duke of York's March has been played twice for you."

"Well, well," said the doctor, with great coolness, "the young ladies have played it so well I would be delighted to hear it a third time!"

"We have a judge in these parts," writes a Western correspondent, "the same one who adjourned court to see the elephant swim the river. He was holding court, and in the midst of a trial of some interest, which had drawn a large crowd into the court-house, an old man was seen pressing his way through the crowd, making a good deal of noise and confusion. The judge took his pipe out of his mouth and ordered the Sheriff to take the old man into custody and the clerk to fine him for contempt of court. Just at that moment the old man threw a handful of tobacco to the judge, which fell on his table, saying,

"'If you do fine me and send me to jail, take the tobacco, any how. I brought it to you, and was trying to give it to you.'

"The judge filled his pipe with the tobacco, and after a whiff or two had the fine set aside and the old man discharged, saying that throwing such tobacco at the head of the judge never would be deemed a contempt of that court."

"In a late number of *Harper* there is an amusing anecdote concerning Abram Mason and his brother, John. I know all the parties except Mr. Brent, who is said to have been the competitor of Joseph Lewis for Congress, in 1812. This is not so. I was in the court-house in London in April, 1812, while the election was progressing; his opponent was Mr. John Love, of Prince William. It was not long after Mr. Jefferson became President that Mr. Brent appeared in the field against Lewis. Mr. Brent's political life was ended in 1811, because, as a Senator from Virginia, he voted for the renewal of the charter of the old Bank of the United States in defiance of the instructions of the Legislature of his State.

"Lewis told me many years after the event that an immense crowd convened on the Sabbath before the election in the German settlement to witness the contest between Brent and himself. After the services were ended, Brent arose, and with all the powers of a rich and gorgeous eloquence, depicted in glowing terms the enchanting beauties of republicanism, the rising glories of our country under the prosperous administration of Mr. Jefferson, that our commerce whitened every sea, and our yeomen, mechanics, merchants, and professional men were all enjoying the smiles of fortune and growing wealthy under the benign influence of equal and constitutional laws.

"Some of the friends of Lewis (who had come there expressly to prevent his being crushed by the superior power of Brent) were alarmed for his safety. Not so with Lewis, who was a plain and poorly-educated man, read no books, scarcely ever spoke in Congress, but who was gifted with a strong, clear, powerful intellect, and above all, an intimate, profound knowledge of human nature—his temper perfectly unruffled in every position—calm and self-possessed in difficulty and danger.

"He arose and said:

"'Old friends and neighbors.—You all know me. I can not compete with my opponent in speaking, but can tell the truth.

"'He depends on Mr. Jefferson's good fortunes. Now, suppose one of you farmers cut down and clear a piece of woods—grub up the stumps—plow and sow the soil, and another man at harvest comes in and reaps the grain. Which of these persons deserves most credit?'

"'Why, be sure, he who sowed the grain,' said the whole Dutch congregation, in one universal chorus.

"'Well, just so with Mr. Jefferson. Washington cleared the field—Jefferson slips in and gets all the credit.'

"The work was done. Mr. Brent's fine speech was torn into atoms. He tried to answer, but the entire assembly rose in a body and refused to listen. 'We want to hear no more lies,' ran through the church. Lewis was elected, and continued in the House of Representatives until 1817, when Mercer was elected in opposition to General Mason."

Some years ago, when Building and Loan Associations were the order of the day, and each community was vying with its neighbor in the establishment thereof, two brothers met, and were discussing the value of such institutions, taking opposite views.

Old Aaron S—— sat by, conning over his newspaper, apparently not in the least interested. Presently, as the discussion grew warm, one of the brothers said, "I'll leave it to Aaron. Aaron, what's your opinion of Building Associations?"

The old man quietly laid down his paper and answered:

"The first Building Association of which we have any account was instituted on the Plain of Shinar; and we all know the result of *that!*"

This ended the discussion, and from that time forth it was not resumed.

ANSWER TO THE "DON PEDRO" CHARADE.

I lived within an orange-grove
Upon the Persian plain,
Where Bulbul sang his song of love
I spread my rainbow train.
'Twas there Don Pedro's men of blood
Slew five-score of my brotherhood!

Then unto Cadiz hied the horde
By many a mountain road,
To grace the castle's banquet board
With their ill-gotten load;
That dame and baron, page and priest,
Might revel in a lordly feast.

They stewed me up with wine and sage,
And spice of sweet perfumes;
And my golden dish the merry page
Decked with my silver plumes;
And the cook was knighted there and then
By all those valiant trencher men.

The monk grew pious while he ate,
The men-at-arms profane;
The jester o'er the savory paté,
Waxed in a merry vein;
But none, from belted knight to dame,
Recked of the riddle of my name.

My first doth grow by every hut
Where rustics plant the *Pea*,
My next the *Cock* of the water butt,
Oft dry in the desert sea!
My whole a gaudy *Peacock* sent
From out the sunny Orient. W. S. C.

"Before the advent of Know Nothingism in our town," writes a correspondent from Georgetown, D. C., "a more social feeling prevailed between the Catholic and Protestant clergy than at present. The

late Dr. Balch, who for more than half a century was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, was quite a favorite with the priests. On one occasion he was invited to dine at the Georgetown College. The dinner consisted of turtle soup, stewed terrapins, fresh fish, oysters, eggs, and every variety except meat; the dessert of custards, pies, cake, fried nuts, wines, etc. One of the priests apologized for the meagreness of the fare, stating as an excuse that it was *banyan* day. The old Doctor, who had considerable quaint humor, told them that he hoped when it was banyan day again they would send for him, for he never fared more sumptuously in all his life."

"A FEW days since," writes a Philadelphia correspondent, "while looking over an old *British Magazine* (year 1792), I came across the following 'rich and rare' combination of attractions that *one* woman should possess to entitle her to be the wife of the 'handsomest man in England.' Thinking it would be entertaining to your many lady readers I send it to you, presuming (of course) that *some of them are* what *he* wanted—'Perfection.'

"The names mentioned were all well-known celebrities of that period of the reign of George the Third. T. S."

A WIFE FOR THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

SHE MUST HAVE THE

Marchioness of Buckingham's eyes,
Duchess of Rutland's..... mouth,
Lady Melbourne's..... smile,
Duchess of Devonshire's..... teeth,
Lady Glendore's..... hair,
Mrs. Anderson's ..... neck,
Princess Augusta's..... shoulders,
Lady Caroline Spencer's..... shape,
Lady Glendore's ..... arm,
Lady Elizabeth Lambert's... size,
Lady Lincoln's..... foot,
Mrs. Walpole's..... skill on the harp,
Lady Ann Lindsay's ..... art in song,
Miss Damer's..... perfection with the pencil,
Lady Sefton's..... dignity,
Marchioness Salisbury's ..... ease,
Miss Townshend's..... musical finger,
Lady Knatchbull's..... affability,
Lady Hillsborough's..... voice,
Mademoiselle de Sardine's... good sense;
and, above all,
Miss Scott's..... PURSE.

When all these accomplishments and qualifications are found united in one person, she shall be made a duchess by the "handsomest man in England."

LONDON, *May*, 1792.

WHEN man fell from his high estate,
As Eve *in sin* the apple *ate*,
Quoth Adam, "Woman's curse is great:
'Tis written in the book of fate,
Forevermore IN-SIN-U-ATE."

AN Iowa reader and writer says: "Miss Barbara *Ditto*, in the November Drawer, reminds me of a neighbor of mine in the Jarseys, long time ago. His bill at the store had been standing and running for several months. When it was rendered, it read on this wise:

To one gallon rum.....	$0 50
" " gallon ditto.....	0 50
" " pint of molasses.....	0 13
" " " ditto.....	0 13

"And so on. He took it home, and his wife wanted to know what that *ditto* meant; they hadn't had any of that stuff in the house, she knew. John said he would ask the store-keeper, which he did; and, coming home again, his wife demanded,

"'Well, what does that mean?'

"'Why, it means that you are a great fool, and I am just like you!'"

HERE is an early California lawsuit that has not been reported in the books or papers, but must be treasured in the Drawer for reference in future ages.

Juan Bargos had a cow, which he let to Yankee Jim for six months at the rate of two dollars per month. At the end of one month from the time Jim got possession the cow died. Juan then commenced suit against Jim for the value of the cow. There was no lawyer employed on either side, for the good reason that the article, like a number of other luxuries, was not yet introduced. Juan Bargos opened the case by stating the main points in it, and sustaining them with the proof. The cow was proved to have been worth ten dollars at the time Jim got her; and the fact of her death, which was considered sufficient by the plaintiff. The Court not perceiving any disposition on the part of the defense to say or do any thing, gave judgment for the plaintiff.

The uninitiated supposed the controversy ended; but not so the defendant. After a few moments had elapsed he arose very deliberately and said:

"May it please your honor, I have a few words to say, if I may be allowed the privilege. Sir, I have been in this town three years. I know all the people in it well, and they all know me. I know the Court well, and the Court knows me. I have played monte with the Court often. And, your honor, in addition to all that, I claim the credit of first showing your honor the mysteries of the game of poker—a game, gentlemen, as far ahead of the game of monte as can be. But these things are neither here nor there. I just mention them to show that I know what I am about, and the Court knows what it is about, and, gentlemen, I honor the decision of this Court. In the absence of any evidence on my side the decision is just and right. Gentlemen, I will now introduce some evidence myself. Harry Sanders, take the stand."

"Mr. Sanders, do you know of my hiring a cow of Juan Bargos?"

"I do, Sir."

"Do you know how much milk she gave a day?"

"She gave about ten quarts, Sir."

"How much was that milk worth a quart?"

"Two quarts would fetch a media; or, in Yankee currency, three cents a quart."

"Now, Mr. Sanders, tell the Court how many quarts of milk that cow would give in five months."

"Well, Sir, if she gave ten quarts a day, in five months she would give fifteen hundred quarts."

"How much would that come to, Mr. Sanders, at three cents a quart?"

"Why, it would come to just forty-five dollars?"

"Now, Mr. Sanders, take ten dollars, which was the value of the cow, and add it to what would be due Mr. Bargos at the end of five months, at two dollars per month for the use of the cow, and how much would that make?"

"Why, it would make just twenty dollars."

"Now, Mr. Sanders, take twenty from forty-five, how much remains?"

"Twenty-five, Sir."

"Exactly; your honor, there is the whole case. Juan Bargos is to pay me twenty-five dollars, and pay the costs, and that will square the yards."

Which the Court assented to without a moment's hesitation. Thereupon this correspondent walked out of the hall of justice, fully and favorably impressed with Yankee Jim's faculty of managing a lawsuit.

In Florida is a community of good Scotch, who esteem "the Family, the School, and the Church" the best institutions in the world. At a school-meeting it had been decided to remove the school-house about a mile. It was then proposed to change the name. In the negative, Mr. M'K—— said, "When *Daniel* came out of the whale's belly he was *Daniel* still." To this Mr. M'P—— replied, "When *Daniel* came out of the whale's belly his name was *Jonah*."

A friend who has been engaged on the United States Coast Survey relates to us the following incidents:

"It has been well said that all ideas of human happiness are *comparative*. Some years ago a countryman visited our encampment, and made many inquiries as to the purpose and execution of the work; and, among other questions, inquired how we employed our time in the winter, when out-of-door surveying was impossible? We told him that during the winter we were engaged in office-work, in Washington City, in constructing maps of our summer's surveys.

"'Do you ever see the President?' asked our interrogator.

"'Oh yes,' replied we, 'frequently; he rides out on horseback nearly every day' (it was during Mr. Van Buren's administration).

"At this announcement the countryman seemed lost in thought, and lapsed into profound silence, which he broke, after an interval of some minutes, with the exclamation, 'Wa'al naow, I s'pose that chap has chicken-pie for dinner every day of his life!'

"During that same season a very good retort was made by 'Mike,' our chain-bearer, to a pompous and inquisitive stranger who visited our field of operations, and, looking with some curiosity at the instruments which we had set up in place, asked, in a very supercilious tone, 'What are you trying to do here?' 'It's not *trying* at all, but it's doing it we are,' replied Mike."

In one of the small commercial towns of New England there lived, some sixty years ago, an African slave, of whose ready wit tradition has preserved some examples. One frosty morning, walking, after the habit of his race, with head buried in his coat-collar, he met a lawyer more distinguished for pomposity than brains.

"Good-morning, Pompey," said the lawyer.

"Good-morning, Massa C——."

"What makes you carry your head down so, Pompey? Why don't you walk with your head up, like me?"

"Massa C——, you ever bin tro' a field of wheat when he ripe?"

"Yes, Pompey."

"Well, you take notice, some of de head tan up, and some hang down; dem tan up got no grain in 'em."

Pompey loved a glass of rum, and observing the daily habit of an old and respectable merchant to take his morning stroll before breakfast along the wharves, Pompey happened always to be on hand at the moment when the old gentleman left his house, and immediately uncovered and saluted him with a profusion of bows. The consequence was an invitation to take something. This happened so regularly that the merchant concluded it was not accidental, and one morning lay in wait; and when he saw Pompey coming, issued suddenly from his door, took off his hat, and anticipated him by a low bow. Pompey, not at all disconcerted, drew himself up, and with a stately wave of his hand, said, "Put on your hat, Mr. Brown; I was a poor man once myself!"

"When a student in the late Judge Gould's law-school in Litchfield, Connecticut," writes an esteemed correspondent from Vermont, "thirty-five years since, I copied, *verbatim et literatim*, from the grave-stones in the 'old west burying-ground,' the six epitaphs below; and last July, on a visit to this charming village—once famous for its beautiful ladies, its literature, its talented lawyers and statesmen, and its wealth—I read the same old epitaphs, and others nearly as quaint, showing the taste and peculiarities of the ancestors of many of your readers nearly a century since. They are at your disposal:

"'Death conquers all
both young & old
tho' ever so wise discreet & bold
in *helth* and strength this youth did die
in a Moment without one Cry
Killed by a cart.'

"'Wife and children 12
Behold & see
Prepare in time
To follow me 1785.'

"'Beneath this stone lies children 5
Endearing objects when alive
Though long in silence they've lain
They certain will revive again.'

"'Beneath this stone
Deaths prisoner lies
The stone shall move
The prisoner rise 1762.'

"'Beneath this Ground
his body must lie
Until the resurrection day 1775.'

"'Lo here I leave this earthly clay
And fly beyond ethereal blue
Unchanged into eternal day
To sing praise of God anew 1790.'"

"Not a score of years ago," writes a correspondent, "there resided in Huntsville, Alabama, a single gentleman who had been raised to the desk, and was consequently *au fait* in double and single entries, but very slow in every thing else. He had passed his third decade, was fond of the girls, and very much in love with one of Huntsville's fairest and most accomplished daughters—to her infinite annoyance and confusion, as he was unusually attentive. He was very amiable, and, the girls said, very stupid; was their pet horror, but their standing convenience in last resorts; and known among them as 'Cousin T.' One Sabbath morning a number of bachelors, Cousin T. among them, had assembled in the back-room of the law-office of one of the number, when the following story was told:

"'In an adjoining county there was a desperate negro, who had frequently run off from his master and been as often captured. The last time he ran,

however, he provided himself with a double-barreled shot-gun, and swore he would not be taken alive. His master, knowing his desperate character, induced several of his neighbors to go along in the search for him. When they came up with him he killed two of the party before he was captured. He was tried, sentenced, and executed. After the rope was adjusted, he was asked what made him kill those men, and he answered, "Nothing at all;" and refusing to say more, was launched into eternity. Many good and reliable men, whom you all know, attest that, to this day, if you pass his grave and ask "What made you kill those men?" he will answer from the grave, "Nothing at all!"'

"The story was told with a gravity calculated to give it the desired *vraisemblance;* and some expressed astonishment, some doubt, and others entire incredulity. Cousin T., meanwhile, was reclining on the bed. Presently the joke was seen by one of the party, who burst into a hearty laugh at the 'sell,' and was soon joined by the rest, who detected it almost simultaneously. Not so Cousin T. During the loud and prolonged laugh Cousin T. maintained more than his usual gravity. When the merriment had subsided Cousin T. spoke, and said he didn't see any thing in it to laugh at. This, of course, produced new peals of laughter, until, finally, the joke was fully and fairly explained to him; whereupon he was thrown into a violent and almost interminable paroxysm of laughter, rolling over and over on the bed, and refusing to be quieted. Immediately after dinner, and before his *inamorata* had taken her wonted *siesta*, he posted to her house, his heart dancing to the hope that this time, at least, he would be very agreeable to her. Without preface, and with much solemnity, he began:

"'Miss S——, there is the strangest thing down in Lauderdale you ever heard of. A negro down there run away from his master, and when they tried to take him he killed two of the men, and was hung for it. And if you go by his grave now, and ask him what made him kill them men, he won't say nothing at all!'

"Here he burst into a rude laugh, while the lady looked at him in blank amazement, and quietly remarked that she saw nothing strange in it whatever. His laugh subsided into a foolish grin; and, covered with confusion, he stammered out that he reckoned he didn't tell it right, for it seemed mighty funny to him; and, taking his hat, he left abruptly, leaving his sweet-heart under the full conviction that he was not only a bore but a stark fool."

A PIOUS lady in Virginia was in the habit of having family worship every evening, and it was a rule of hers that all the servants should attend. On one occasion a Dutchman, fresh from Pennsylvania, staid all night at the house, and was much struck by the assembling of the negroes at prayers. After they had all left the room except a small boy who remained to light the guest to his chamber, the Dutchman inquired of the lady why she brought "the niggers to prayers?" She replied that she felt herself responsible for their religious training. The Dutchman then asked her if she really thought they had souls; and she, beginning to be rather excited, told him she certainly did, "and that she felt a deep interest for their salvation."

The Dutchman then turned to the negro boy, and asked him, "Boy, do you think a nigger has got a soul?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy; "I reckon they got souls."

"Well, boy, do you think you would be allowed to go to heaven?"

"Yes, Sir, I 'spec I will; I 'lows to git in."

"Now, boy, whereabouts do you think they'd put a fellow like you in heaven?"

"I dunno, Sir," said the boy; "but I reckon I'll git in somewhar 'tween de white people and de Dutch!"

"SOME thirty years since," writes a Georgia correspondent, "Thomsonian doctors were made in Georgia by patent. Twenty dollars obtained a right; a book was the guide; steaming, lobelia, composition, and Number 6 were the universal panaceas. Doctors were as plenty as blackberries: they were pretty successful. When a patient died, it was considered as the will of God—his time was come; when he got well, the doctor got all the credit. But few remain of the original planting. Those botanical plants have been elevated; they are now made regular by college diplomas.

"In Walton County, Georgia, one of the original class was called to testify in a mill-pond nuisance case in Doctor M'Caffers' neighborhood. Medical evidence was required, and the Doctor was on the stand.

"ATTORNEY FOR THE PLAINTIFF. 'Dr. M'Caffers, you will please state to the Court and jury the effects of malaria as arising from extensive moisture, particularly mill-ponds.'

"DR. M'C. 'Wa'al, I reckon the jury mought understand me best not to speak in doctor phrases. In this case it wasn't eggsactly *malearia*, for my patients was wimmen; it was *femalearia*, and ager and fever—all caused by a green scum on the mill-pond, which raised sich a *smell* as made all the neighbors sick.'

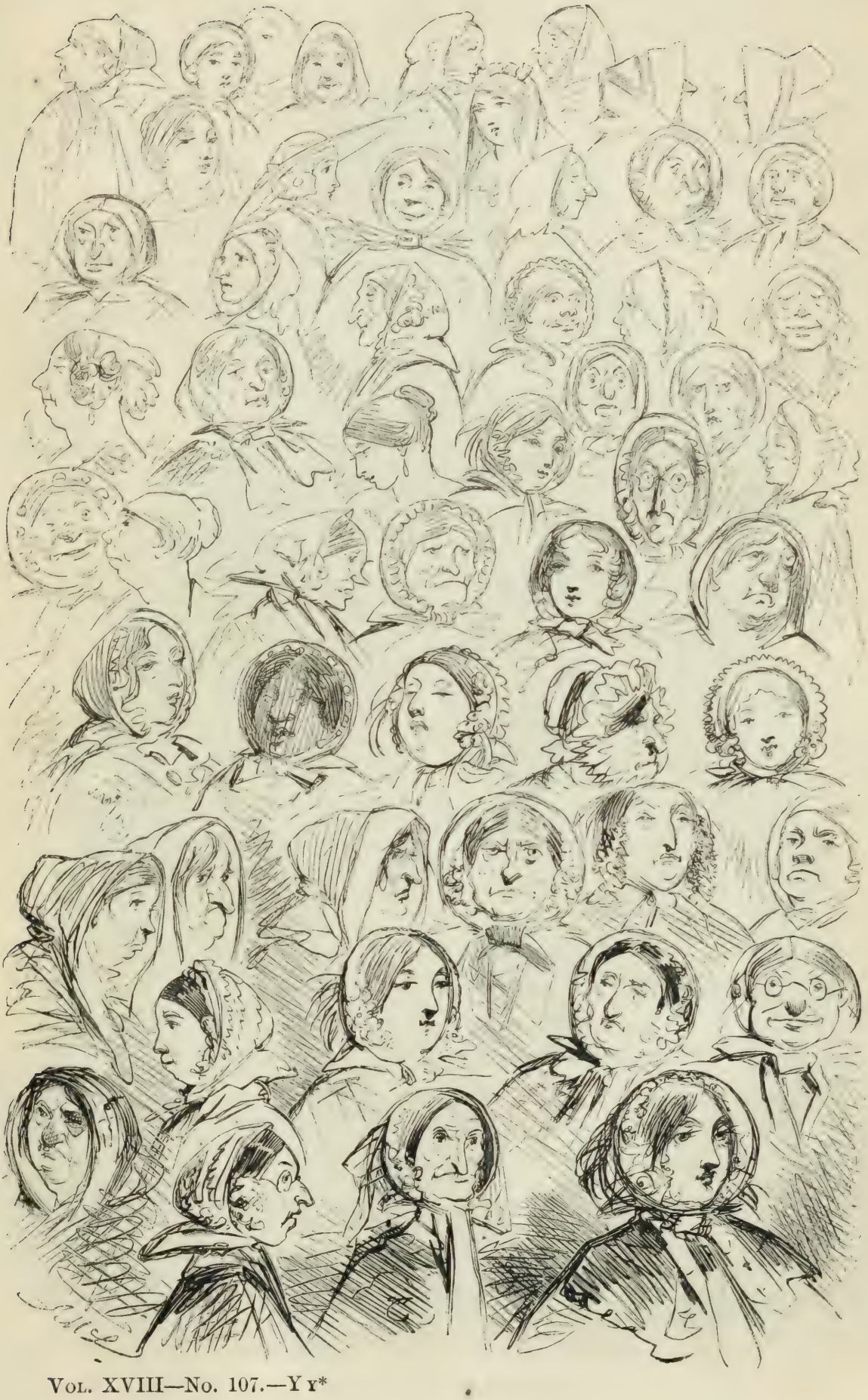
"'That's enough,' said the Judge; 'the evidence is plain and pointed; the jury can take the case.'

"The mill-pond was ordered to be cut loose. Professors of chemistry may here learn a lesson. That *smell* of Dr. M'Caffers was better understood than a long explanation of the contact of oxygen and hydrogen and atmospheric poison.

"He was very successful in curing a troublesome case of St. Vitus dance. A young lady (whose parents were members of the Church) was taken with this troublesome disease in a slight form. The Doctor being called in, the young lady's fingers and hands were twitching about. Her mother, being very uneasy, asked the Doctor the cause. 'Why, you see, marm,' said the Doctor, 'your darter has a nateral desire to dance, and she knows you are opposed to it, and her desire has broke out like the itch does, and she's dancing with her hands instead of her feet. But there's another cause: a worm is wriggling between her brain and her skull, and I will soon physic it out.'

"Steam, lobelia, composition, and Number 6 soon cured her; and Dr. M'Caffers attained an eminence which many might envy. He is now liberally patronized as the Steaming Botanical Doctor. He says 'None dies under his practice until their time comes, and then they ought to die.'"

Heads of the People.





Fashions for April.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Out-Door Costume.

THE PARDESSUS which we have selected for our illustration is the most elegant novelty of its class which has come under our observation. It is composed of black silk, with flounces of black lace. It fits easily to the form. The sleeves, which are rather close at top, with sufficient fullness below to permit a graceful flow, are slashed through their whole length to the shoulder, the sides being held together by a cross cording. A trimming *à la cadet* occupies the whole breadth of the chest, graduating toward the waist, where it is four inches wide, thence enlarging, and lying flatter until the last row, which passes entirely round the skirt, forming a beading for the first lace fall, which reaches to the bottom of the silk, just covering the top of another, which is sewed upon the bottom of the garment. —The DRESS is of plain silk, with a high body and round waist. The sleeves, which are flowing, reach midway to the wrist; the under-sleeves are ornamented with a small *nœud* of ribbon, and have cuffs turned back.—The BONNET is of peach-blossom taffeta, trimmed with clusters of white lilacs, and white and purple crocus-flowers. Like most of the recent productions of our best *modistes*, it comes considerably farther over the head, with a narrower curtain, than those worn of late. The face trimming consists of a flood of blonde.



FIGURES 2 AND 3.—YOUNG LADY'S MORNING DRESS AND CHILD'S COSTUME.

The YOUNG LADY'S MORNING DRESS consists of a bodice similar to the one described above, closed to the neck, with round waist and a belt. The sleeves are closed at the elbow, with plain collar and cuffs. The noticeable feature of the dress is a nun's pelerine, cut straightway of the stuff, seamed on each shoulder all the way down. It is slightly raised at the sides, and somewhat bias. The sleeves, body, and skirt are confined by buttons placed on the vandykes, by which they are indented, the scollops having a border of passamenterie.

The EVENING FICHU consists of a body and *ruches* of illusion, with bouquets of lilies of the valley on each shoulder and in the centre, with a bow and streamers at the back.

HATS, which were growing into favor last summer, will be still more in vogue in the next. The true beauty of this style of head-dress consists in simplicity; an excess of ornament is out of character. The most beautiful which we have seen are trimmed simply with a slight wreath of blush-roses.

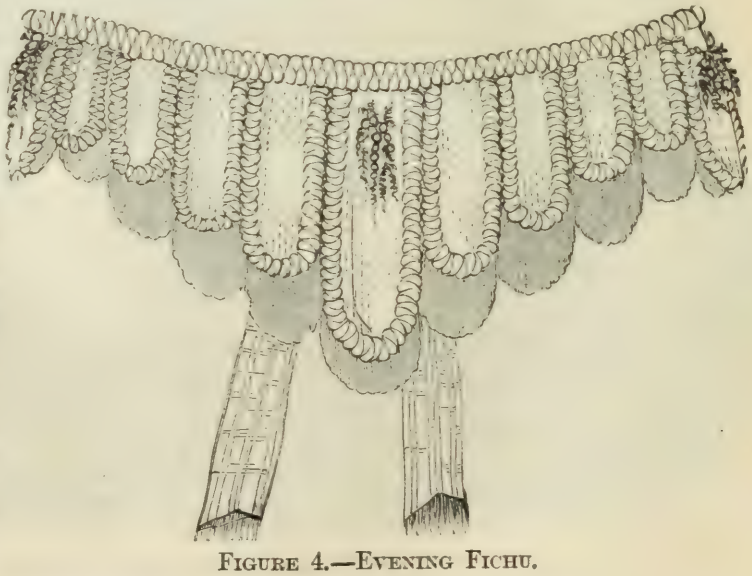


FIGURE 4.—EVENING FICHU.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CVIII.—MAY, 1859.—Vol. XVIII.



"COASTED DOWN HILL IN THE SNOW."

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT OF KATHARINA MARIA POPPELLE, SPINSTER.

(NÉE KATE MARY POPPLE.)

I WAS born in the deep green country,
Not many long years ago;
I ran for the cows in summer,
And coasted down hill in the snow.
The dear old Mother Nature
Gave me her roses wild,
My pretty brown hair curled softly,
My eyes were bright and mild.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

I grew like a vine in the forest,
  Tall and slender to see;
And I sung like the little robins
  That lived in our apple-tree.
But Aunt Malone from the city
  Came down for country air;
She thought my cheeks were painted,
  And asked who made my hair.



"AND SEEN JIM BRUCE MAKE HAY."

And when she found it grew there,
  She called for ink and pen;
She made her will, and bought me
  For one of the Upper Ten.
Good-by to Father and David!
  Good-by to the grave-yard green!
If Mother had never slept there
  My grandeur had never been.
I'd rather have staid by Mother,
  And seen Jim Bruce make hay;

But Aunt Malone from the city.
  Carried their Kate away!
Once I walked of a Sunday;
  Now in a carriage new
I'm carried up to a temple
  And shut in a rosewood pew.
I hear the finest music,
  I see the latest style,



"I'M BOUND TO MISS LA MODE."

The hats just out from Paris,
  And silks that swarm the aisle.
I'd never mind the dresses,
  Or care if I walked or rode,
If I hadn't a maid for a mistress—
  I'm bound to Miss La Mode!
I can't get up in the morning,
  And put on a simple gown;
She twists my hair in cables,
  With ribbons dangling down;

She decks me in skirts embroidered,
A silken robe and cord,
Slippers of silk and tinsel,
And I dare not say a word.
If I ask for a muslin wrapper,
Then Aunt puts on a frown—
"Katharina Maria, the fashion
Forbids such things in town!"



"FOR A DRIVE ON THE HARLEM ROAD."

Scarce am I robed and slippered
Before there comes La Mode,
To do the whole thing over
For a drive on the Harlem road.
I dress for the shiny carriage
With flounces shinier still,
A little hat with feathers
I'd burn if I had my will.
Once I had a bonnet
That covered the end of my nose;

Now my freezing ear-tips
  Just under the brim repose.
My feet are cramped in gaiters,
  My hands are squeezed in kid;
I dress in red or yellow,
  Just as La Mode shall bid.
She hoops me round like a barrel,
  With rings of bone and steel,



"SIMPER, AND BOW, AND SMIRK."

And wisps of woven horse-hair,
  A species of Katharine wheel.
They bring me back from driving,
  They dress my hair anew,
And set me up in the parlor
  After my lunch at two.
In come men and women,
  Simper, and bow, and smirk,
Tell me I'm sweet in a whisper,
  Or talk of new French work;

How Mrs. Smith at Newport
  Lost her whole back hair,
And how Miss Jones in Lenox
  Was burnt by the sun and air;
Or, with a solemn titter,
  How Mrs. A. and P.
Went out to drive before dinner
  And never came home to tea.



"AND I LONG FOR JIM AND MOTHER."

I hate them all together!
  The dandies slim and fine,
That scent the house with millefleurs,
  And curl their hair like mine;
The women vain and silly,
  A heap of silks and lace;
And I long for Jim and Mother
  Till the tears run down my face.
Away they go for dinner,
  And I go out for mine,

Re-dressed in pink and silver,
La Mode says quite divine.
My arms stripped to the shoulder,
To freshen in winter air!
My neck, warmed with a necklace,
Blushes to be so bare.
I sit and sulk till it's over;
I go and dress again,



"I DANCE BEFORE THEM ALL."

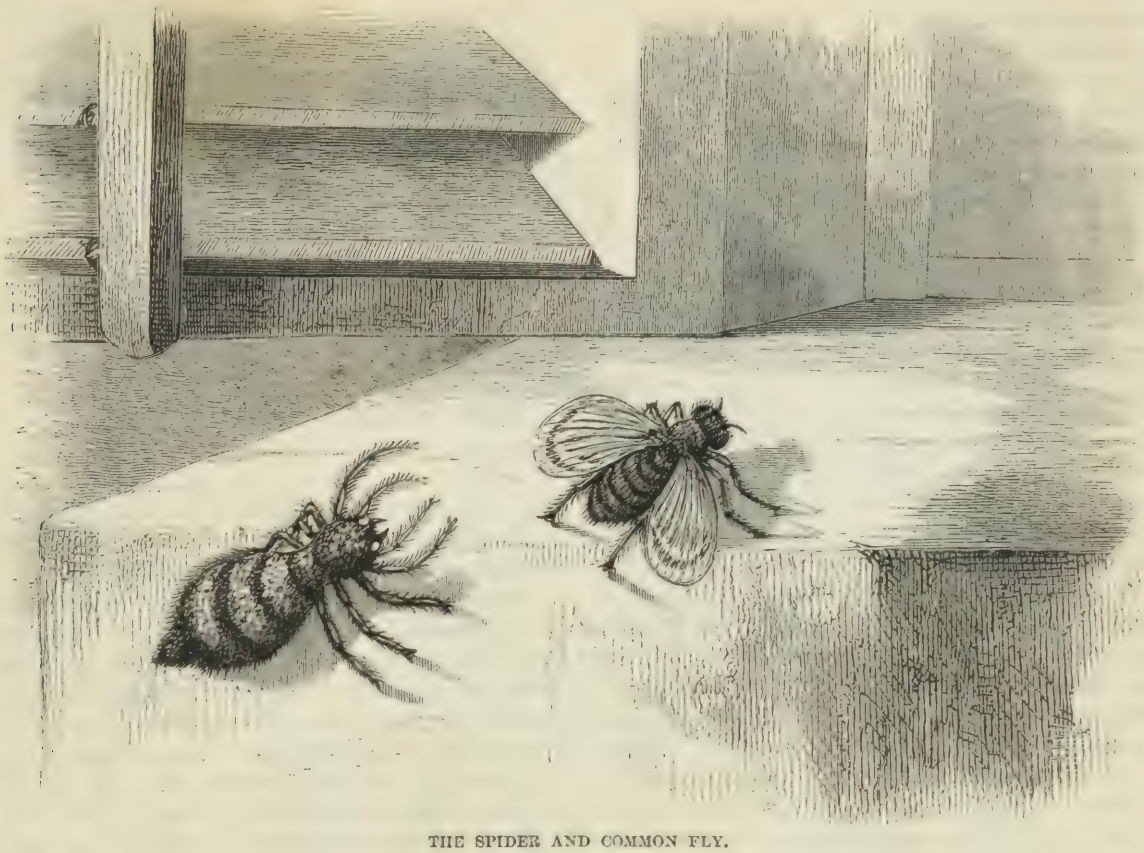
In clouds of gauze and ribbon,
With brooch, and clasp, and chain.
La Mode ordains a party—
It used to be a ball—
Curled, and hooped, and jeweled,
I dance before them all.
The girls look cold and pretty,
The men have been to dine,
They're half perfumed with Lubin,
And half with smoke and wine.

I dance Schottische and Polka,
With an arm about my waist,
And think, if Jim should see me,
Or Mother, so disgraced!
I go to bed at morning,
I breakfast when it's noon,
I eat my dinner by candles,
I never sing a tune.



"TAKE ME HOME AGAIN."

I hate their city fashions!
I'm tired of the Upper Ten!
Jim, and Father, and David,
Take me home again!



THE SPIDER AND COMMON FLY.

FLIES.

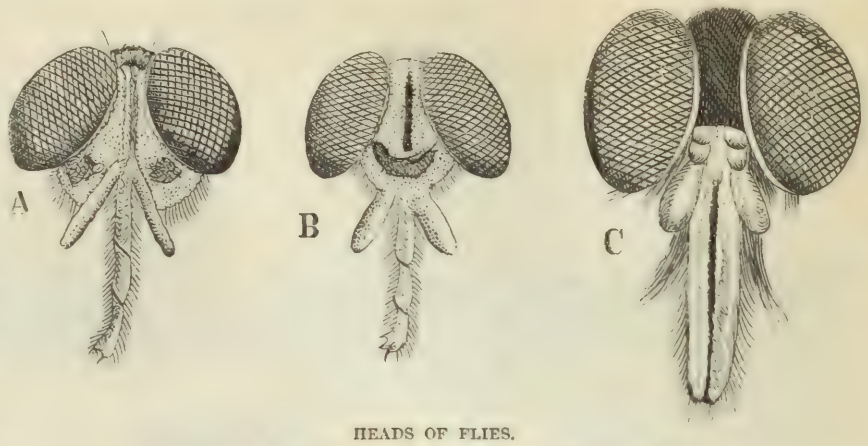
YOU must not think I am about to introduce you to the whole Fly family. Cuvier said, on hearing of Desvoidy's paper (read before the Academy on the subgenera he proposed of the *Diptera*), "Well may the young student become alarmed." Meigen, who is the best authority on the European *Diptera*, divides them into two genera—the first containing 315 species, the second 213. These are not all *Muscidae* however, although the greatest portion is. Add to these the hundred varieties we have in America; then look at Australia, listen to the groans of travelers and miners who have to live with vails tied over their heads, and who become "fly-blown and breed maggots if one alights on them." Howitt gives most terrific accounts of their persecutions. But these are merely country cousins to our fashionable and universal acquaintance now present. I will introduce our little friend to you. He deserves the appellation of "common-fly." He is found every where on this continent, though in some seasons not as numerous as at others: a sharper-winged insect intervenes, which, until a better name be found, I have called the *Harpyia tenuis* (the slender Harpy). The common fly is called by Dr. Harris, of Cambridge, "the *Harpyia*," or Harpy Fly—why, he does not say; but I may presume for the want of another name. The type of the flies of this continent as well as of those of Europe is the *Musca domestica*, the common fly of Linnæus, monographed by several entomologists as such. This insect differs much from the Harpyia, being shorter in the abdomen, and a very cunning-looking, dumpy thing. Her wings are round and short, the nervures running neatly and systematically down them. They are very prismatic and beautiful in a full light. Her eyes are dark and she is browner in hue. Here she is, chased by her inveterate foe, the little spider familiarly called the Zebra. (*Salticus scenicus.*) You see her daily, during summer, on your windows leaping, hunting, and glancing in the sunbeams like a drop of gold embroidered on black velvet. She looks here very much darker in color than usual. She is raised from last winter, and is now near her last moulting, when she will reach her maturity. If you could see her in her new dress you would say she is charming!

Pshaw! A spider charming!

She is, in the face of your superciliousness. Her stripes are a most exquisite fawn color, her legs a golden brown, her eyes are as brilliant as those of a Newport belle, and express something of the same sentiment, when— The biped fly escapes a skillful manœuvre.

This fly is very metropolitan in her taste; but of late years I have come across very few. Last year at South Windham I encountered by accident a number, and brought home with me some of my old friends. I kept them all winter wrapped in some cotton packed away in a crack. When spring came and I liberated them, were they not forlorn-looking things! their wings all slit up, gray, and worn. It took some days in the warm sunshine to make their toilets presentable. One bright morning they went a Maying, and they are the last I have seen this year. The specimen here illustrated came from the South. I have made every effort to discover their re-

treats hereabouts, but hitherto without success. Compare these two—the Harpyia and Domestica. Their heads and *haustellums* (proboscis) look very much alike, but if you look closer you will discover a great difference. The third is that of the common house fly of England—called the *Musca domestica* by Messrs. Samuelson and J. Baxton Hicks, in a late work on this insect. Examine the wings Nos. 2, 3, and 4. Observe how very closely they resemble each other; the only positive differences are the cross veins marked by the letters. No. 4 is the exact counterpart, except that it is so sharp at the end. No. 5 is nearer the English fly in the nervures. This last I named years ago the *Harpynia*, keeping as close to Harris's nomenclature as possible. It is as much in our houses as either of the others. It always hastens in on the approach of rain. I consider it, and so would Harris, on account of its having lancets which prick very severely at some seasons of the year, a stable fly. He says: "We might mistake them for house flies were it not for the severity of their bites, which are often felt through our clothing, and are generally followed by blood. Upon examination, they will be found to differ essentially from house flies in their proboscis, which is long and slender, and projects horizontally beyond the head." "They lay in dung. The larva and pupa do not differ from those of the common house fly." The Harpynia carries her proboscis elevated when the thirst for blood is upon her, but at other times it is retractile, and is often seen pressed against her thorax. It is quite as straight as that of the English fly.

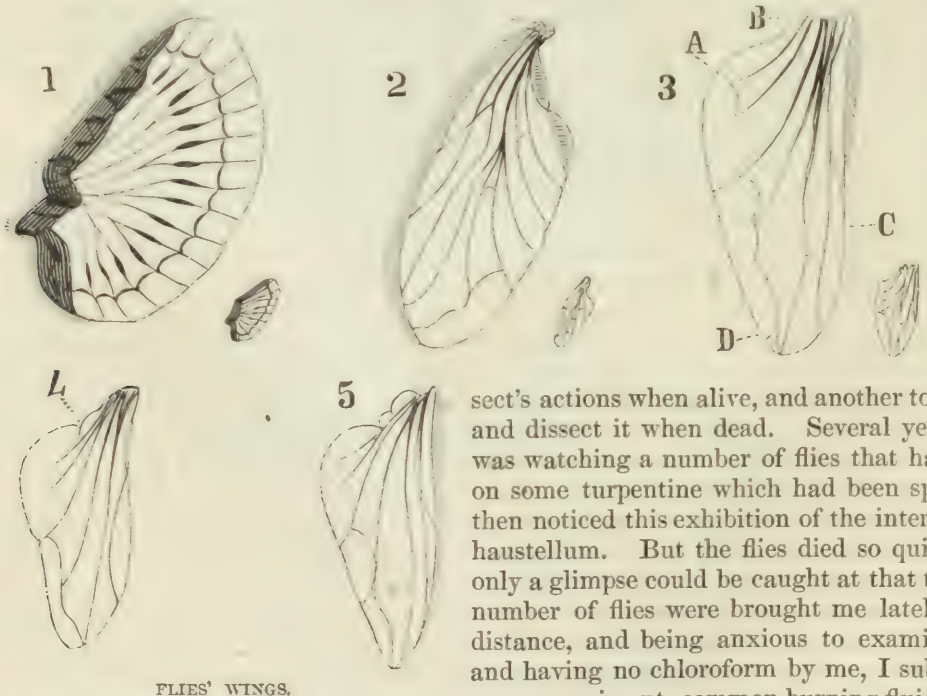


HEADS OF FLIES.

A. Harpyia.—B. Linnæus's Musca Domestica.—C. The English Musca.

For your amusement, and, I hope, instruction at the present time, I will examine the Harpyia, our most common house fly. Let us first examine the *haustellum*, or proboscis. This tube is a soft, spongy muscle, divided into several sections exteriorly, and capable of being doubled up, elongated, left exposed, or drawn within the head, as it may please the insect. It is by this tube it obtains its nourishment. A muscle extends its length, like a small hose, and is exceedingly elastic. It appears to be filled with very minute cilia or hairs. At the extreme end it has two flattened lips, which you will perceive more plainly by examining the extension of the proboscis.

I must tell how I had the luck to obtain this view *during life*, probably never seen by another entomologist. After my experiment others may follow up with magnifiers of greater power. You must bear in mind that it is one thing to see an insect's actions when alive, and another to examine and dissect it when dead. Several years ago I was watching a number of flies that had settled on some turpentine which had been spilled. I then noticed this exhibition of the interior of the haustellum. But the flies died so quickly that only a glimpse could be caught at that time. A number of flies were brought me lately from a distance, and being anxious to examine them, and having no chloroform by me, I substituted, as an experiment, common burning fluid. What was my astonishment to perceive within my



FLIES' WINGS.

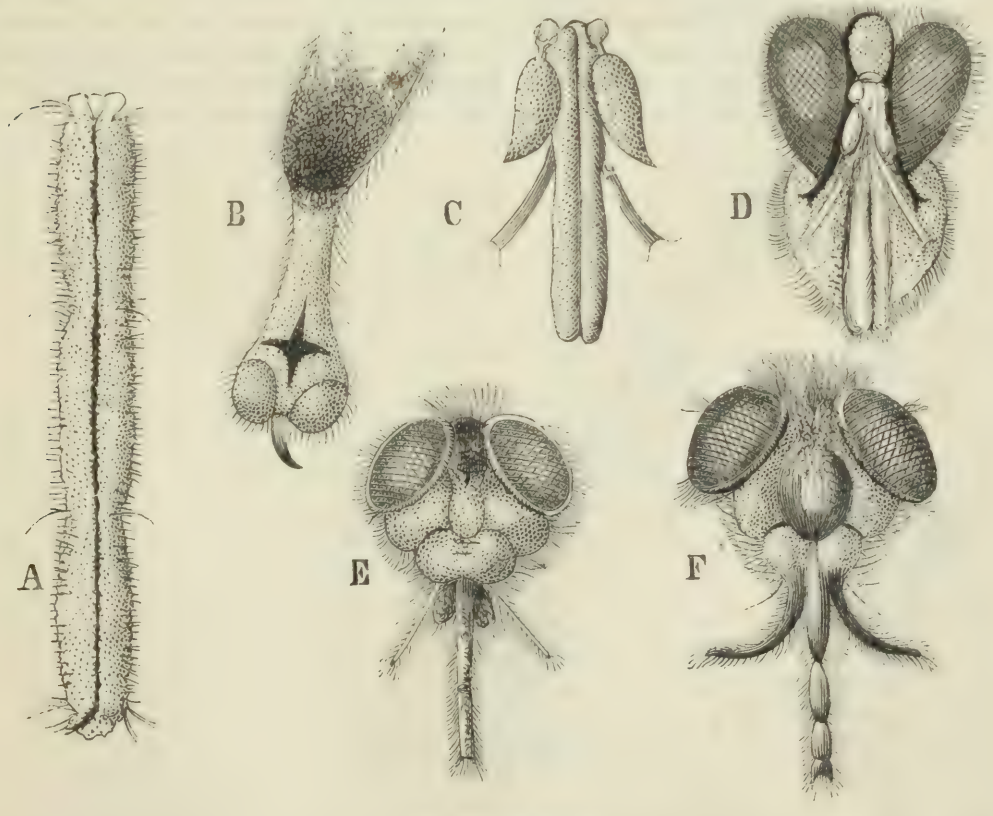
1. Musca Domestica.—2. Harpyia.—3. Harpynia.—4. English Musca.—5. Harpyia Tenuis.

reach a sight I had so often wished for! The flies were seized with a kind of asthmatic affection; they fanned their wings — their bodies became distended. The proboscis was kept in constant action, being forced out and drawn in, alternately—the distress and the desire of obtaining air became greater and greater. The agony appeared intense, and the proboscis might be said to be almost turned wrong side out. Now I was enabled to see the termination inflated and exposed I was not lazy with my glass and pencil, and completed my sketches with the loss of but one fly. The others I threw into a tumbler of water and they soon recovered from the agony, but were stupid and lifeless the remainder of the day.



THE HARPYIA.

It had been long suspected that insects possessed a fluid similar to our saliva. Among other experiments confirming this hypothesis is the following experience of Professor René: "Eager to solve the difficulty, for there could be no doubt of the fly's sucking the dry sugar, we watched its proceedings with no little attention. But it was not till we fell upon the device of placing some sugar on the outside of a window, while we looked through a magnifying glass on the inside, that we had the satisfaction of repeatedly witnessing a fly let fall a drop of fluid upon the sugar in order to melt it, and thereby render it fit to be sucked



HEADS AND BILLS.

A. Haustellum open, to show the muscle.—B. Haustellum expanded.—C. Haustellum of Harpynia.—D. Head of Harpynia.—E. Head of Harpyia Tenuis.—F. Head of Harpyia.

up, on precisely the same principle that we moisten with saliva, in the process of mastication, a mouthful of dry bread, to fit it for being swallowed." I verified all this very easily. I confined some flies under a glass for nearly a week, feeding them on blackberry jelly. I then removed this, substituting lumps of fine white sugar, which were soon blackened with minute spots where they had ejected their saliva to moisten the sugar. The "fly-spots" observable on freshly ironed clothes, if left exposed, arise from their desire of obtaining moisture. Like Beau Brummel, they evidently think "there is nothing in nature equal to the perfume of clean linen," and try to extract it with their proboscis.



PALPUS.

The proboscis has attached to it a pair of maxillary palpi, which are, no doubt, designed as nerves of touch for the detectors of food. They are covered with long strong black hairs, which increase their sensitiveness, and serve likewise, I think, to protect the proboscis from any sudden violence. The fly is very epicurean in taste. Watch her when she is selecting a beverage; how she will dip into each, then fly off a short distance, brush up her corselet, clean her proboscis, and, having apparently made a choice, returning, and alighting with decision upon the one selected, and proceeding to regale herself. Lehman, who spent a long time studying insects and solving the mysteries of the senses in them, mentions the following circumstance: "He was ill at one time, and was using the decoction of worm-wood. A fly alighted on a lump of sugar which had been moistened with this bitter drug. He began to suck the sugar, but presently flew off to a vase of water near by, and made every effort to eject the nauseous dose." It is quite necessary, I believe, to make the various fly-poisons used palatable. Harris says the safest and the best is *black tea*.

There is a very important pair of members attached to the head which are called the antennæ. In flies having the power to pierce, these have on the last joint "feather bristles." The use of this pair of instruments has been "a bone of contention," and still remains unsettled among entomologists. I consider the antennæ the source of all intelligence and sensibility in insects. I am convinced they possess three senses—touch, sight, and taste. Hearing and smelling, in the manner understood relative to ourselves, they know not, and have not. Look at the antennæ magnified—you see a long hair to which are attached a number of lesser hairs. These I consider as answering to cilia (our eye-lashes are cilia susceptible to every touch and communicating to the eye any impending danger). It has been proved that all these hairs in the antennæ communicate with the large tube (similar to the tube running through a hair of your own head). The entire antenna is intersected with valves, pores, and nerves, which can be traced to the brain or the ganglion performing this function.

After an insect arrives at maturity it has two functions to perform—to search for food, and to propagate its kind. The eyes I consider of very little use for the first purpose. I am convinced an insect can not look straight forward; but of this farther, when we come to consider the eye. When the insect is in search of food this hair touches it, communicates the sensation to the globular joint beside it, the intelligence is conveyed to the brain, the palpi test it, and finally the proboscis receives or rejects it. In all insects



ANTENNÆ.

A. Antennæ depressed.—B. Antennæ elevated.—D. Last Joint of Antennæ.—E. Cilia.—C. Cilia touching any thing.

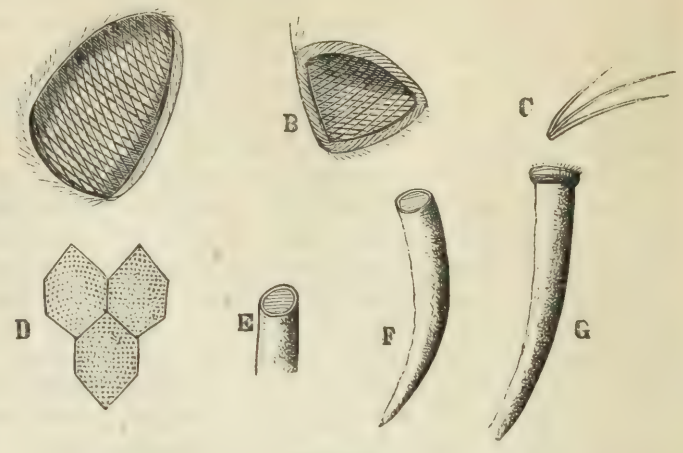
the antennæ are "designing rods;" they feel their way with them as does a blind man with his stick; they point out dangers and disagreeable rencontres; but I do not at all think them nerves of *hearing*. Take two butterflies, touch them equally with chloroform; when still, and apparently dead, *cut* off the antennæ of one, leaving them on the other. Now apply your glass; see every limb is quiescent in both. Presently take a piece of window-glass of some length, put each end on a tumbler half full of water, lay both of the butterflies on this glass, antennæ downward; nay, even be very careful to press those of the one in possession of these members close to the glass. Dip your finger into the water and play them a tune as if on musical glasses; the one with no antennæ will revive, be up and away long before the other begins to move. How would you account for this? I esteem the process simple enough, that they hear from the shock communicated to the nervous system. The butterfly without antennæ having been mutilated, the nerves become exceedingly susceptible to sounds; it was, consequently, the soonest acted upon. If the antennæ were nerves of hearing, the one without them must have been deaf. *Therefore I consider the seat of hearing spread over the ganglions, nervures, large and small valves and cavities of the whole nervous system.* How often have I tried this experiment the past winter on one of my pets, a large golden beetle! I fed her on apple and cake. About every three days I would take her from her burrow, bathe her in cold water, and place her on her food. While she would be in the act of eating, intent on the enjoyment of her repast, with utter silence around, I would blow a blast from a shrill penny trumpet over her. Not even a nerve seemed startled, not the "wink of an eye-lash" would show she had heard any thing more than common. The soft music of a musical-box gave her no pleasure; she never condescended to notice my efforts. But take a penknife or pencil, rap suddenly on the table beside her, and she was over in a flash flat on her back—dead; ah, yes, quite dead to all appearance; and there I might keep her *dead* any length of time by rapping. Watch noiselessly; presently one pair of legs would move, then all of them; a struggle over on to her legs, and away she would scurry to her box of sand, and the manner in which she would make her claws dig it up was astonishing; in a second she was hid out of sight and away from all danger. Descend into a cellar where the *Blatta* (roaches) are numerous; make the most hideous noises you like without touching the floor or walls, and they will stand perfectly unconcerned; but step on the floor, walk a few paces ever so stealthily and silently, away they go; the *nervous system has felt danger*, and flight is the instinct.

That hearing is conveyed to the system thus, in some of the crustacæ even, circumstances have shown. Old people assert that the bay of Charleston, South Carolina, was, before 1812, the rendezvous of the finest lobsters in the world. After the heavy cannonading off the mouth of this harbor during the last war the beaches around were strewn with dead lobsters; they have never been known to visit that port since. The same occurrence took place when the British bombarded Copenhagen; lobsters have never since been caught in those waters. Of course no one would affirm that cannon fired over water would cause vibration enough to kill them; it must have been the shock to the entire nervous system by feeling the concussion of sound which caused their death.

As for smell, there is no doubt this is conveyed to the insect in the atmosphere absorbed through the air-tubes; from them, through the respiratory nerves, the sensation is conveyed to the brain. Some people are not susceptible to perfumes until they *taste* them. If a room is perfectly free from gas and a dozen people affirm that there is none on its atmosphere, if it ever has been there I shall taste it as sensibly as I would a strawberry. Put onions near an invalid who has no appetite, and in a very short time he will complain of hunger; the salivary glands begin to flow, for he tastes the perfume. Thus with the insect—there are in all, more or less, sacs called salivary glands, which absorb a perfume, and communicate to the brain the proximity of food, whatever it may be; else how can you account for the mistake made by the blow-fly (*Musca vomitoria*), whose instinct it is to deposit her eggs on tainted meat? It is a frequent occurrence that she mistakes fetid fungi for carrion. "Look close," says René, "over any of the very singular family of plants, the stapelias, in hot-houses, and you will perceive them invaded by a host of maggots, laid there in the egg by her, and hatched only to starve." In fact, between a piece of tainted meat and the flower of the *Arum-dracunculus*, when in recent bloom, she will select the latter. No meat, in its worst state, can excel in nauseous stench this flower; and it being so much stronger, she assumes from the atmosphere it must be the proper place of deposit for her eggs. These examples must suffice.

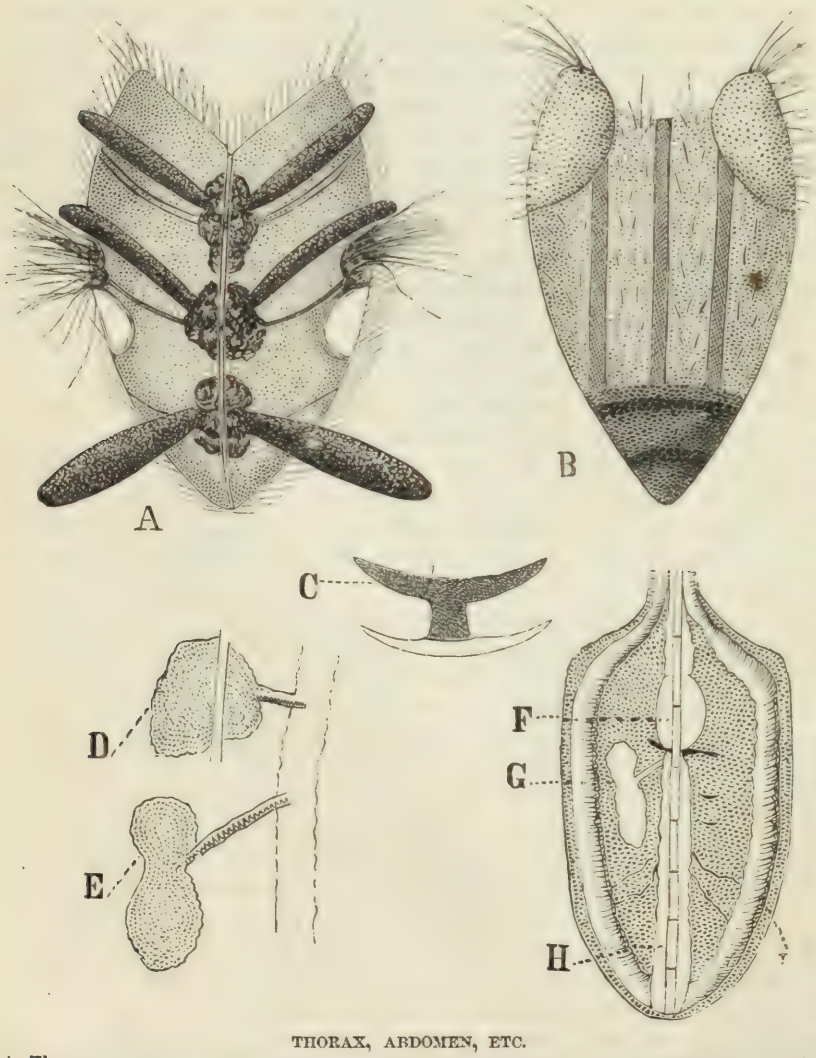
Let us consider the eyes of the fly. It has five; two compound and three simple, placed in a triangle on the top of the head. They are all closer together in the males than in the females. The compound eye in the Harpyia is a pretty sight, but not so brilliant as in many others. The aureal coloring matter is of a dark brownish red. Under the microscope it resembles blood under absorption. This eye is a singular affair. In some lights it has a dark green tinge; in others again it looks golden; but when compared with many others it may be called dull. The shape is convex, covered with 4000 facets with cones corresponding to each. Mr. Parsons, in the account he gives of Professor Müller's experiments on the vision of insects, says, "Each nervous filament conveys to the bulb of the optic nerve the impression of the ray which it has individually received; and as all the nervous filaments, at first insulated by the pigment, are at length united together into one common and

continuous bulb or nervous expansion, the impression received by each filament is united to those of all the others in the bulb of the optic nerve, and so a common and continuous image is produced." I am certain the fly, like the bird, only sees with one eye at a time, and that these compound eyes are meant for use in a powerful light; consequently are valueless to the insect in the dark or twilight. In fact they can get along without these compound eyes as well as with them. Those that remain over the winter seldom have both compound eyes left. Toward the fall when they get old, the sphere of the eye sinks entirely, and it becomes quite concave. There are several about me now, with the compound eyes entirely sunken, and still they fly about, not very actively to be sure, but they are not disabled, and appear to find their food easily. If you varnish the simple eyes the fly *can not see* at all at night; you may advance a candle near enough to burn him, and the compound eyes will not convey the fact to the brain. Hence we may presume that the simple eyes are meant for night, while the compound eyes serve for the garish light of day. Moreover, the fly can not see straight forward. I have plucked off the wings of one and placed him before the little spider *Salticus scenicus*. She would go close up to him in front and touch him before he would be aware of her presence; but let her move a hair's-breadth to either side, and he was off as fast as his legs could take him. A few days ago I tried the experiment on the window sill. After more than twenty minutes' dodging and doubling between the two (for she can not spring upon the fly's back unless she does so from behind, so as to thrust her fangs into the small neck joining the head on to the thorax), I kept his head turned toward her by showing him a little straw I held, whenever she was about to "surround him," as our friend of the Emerald Isle would say. At last the spider paused, as if considering what to do; before I could comprehend her manœuvre she crept along the under edge of the sill, and, watching her chance, ascended to the surface *behind* the fly, and with a leap measuring all of two inches was on his back, and had got fairly off with him in her capacious jaws before I had recovered from my astonishment.



THE EYE.

A Front view.—B. Side view.—C. Cilia.—D. Facets.—E. Top of cone.—F. Middle cone.—G. End cone.



THORAX, ABDOMEN, ETC.

A. Thorax, under side.—B. Thorax, upper side.—C. Neck Socket.—D, E. Digestive Sac.—F, G. Salivary Sac.—H. Stomach.

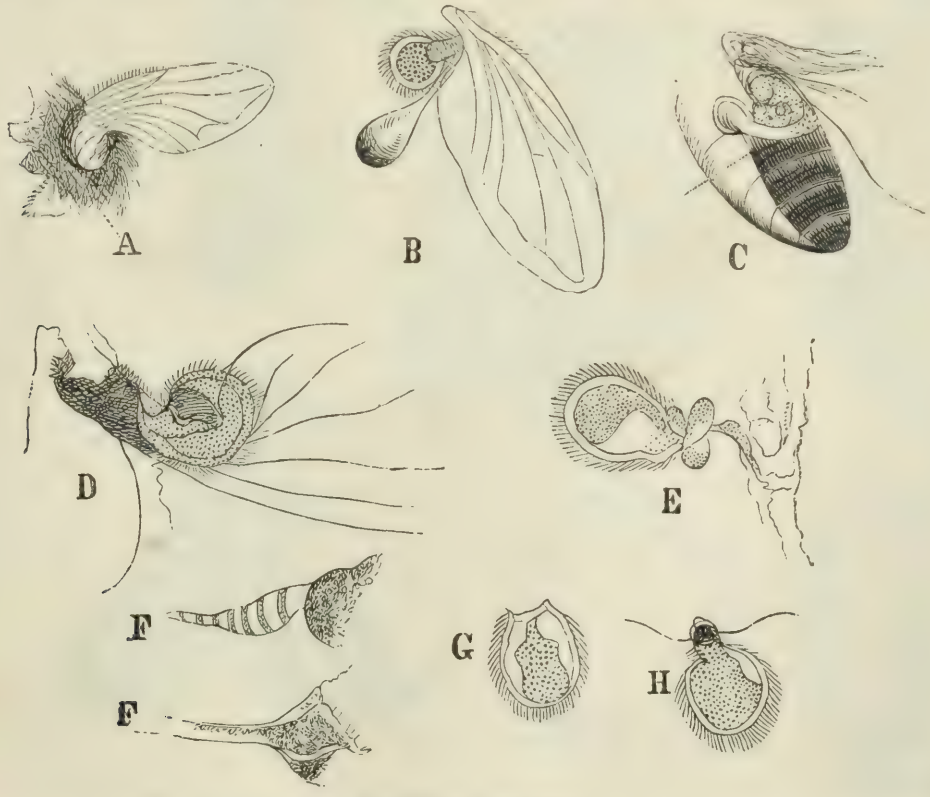
There is a fly on a book before me now. I take a knitting-needle and move it straight up to him, and he does not move until the long hair of the antennæ is touched; then away he flies. Let him alight again, and move the needle to either side; before it has progressed a quarter of an inch he sees it advancing and flies up. I could relate such experiments by the dozen, but these must suffice.

The fly's body is divided

into three parts—the head, the thorax or breast, and the abdomen. The thorax is the portion between the head and the abdomen. The French call it corselet. On the under side there are three rings—if you examine the illustration you will perceive that the upper side, called the shield or escutcheon, has three stripes running perpendicularly, and very hairy and darker than the rest of the body. There is nothing peculiar about this part; but if you examine the under portion you will find on the first ring the coxa or hip joint, joining the legs to the body; this is the shortest pair. On the second ring are found larger hip joints, and a longer pair of legs, and the two wings. On the last ring are placed the longest pair of legs, and the halteres or poisers, which we shall view farther by-and-by. Besides these are two pairs of stigmata or breathing tubes on this side of the thorax. Cutting off the top of this corslet you see, under this rough skin or shell, first, two long respiratory muscles, called trachea, connected with the long, nervous chord running the whole length of the body, from the head to the anus. By the side of the left one is a sac, which is the salivary sac from which she *pumps*, with the aid of the capillary nerves of her proboscis, the fluid she requires to moisten any hard substance she wishes to feed upon. Defour has been translated calling this "a sac for the *ruminating process*"—a strange accomplishment for an insect with a proboscis. At the top, not far from the neck, is another sac, communicating with the stomach, and called "the crop" by several authors. This is a little laboratory where the digestion takes place. The pure fluid retained evidently possesses corrosive qualities, for it rusts any fine instrument touching it. This fluid runs into the large salivary sac, while the coarse fluids pass from it into the stomach. There are, besides these, a large number of nerves—bundles of small tissues which there is not space here to describe. So we will turn to these fairy-like appendages, the wings. Those of the fly have six nervures running nearly their length, and several shorter ones intersecting these. The filament encasing them extends above and below, being double; it is a network, coarse and stiff beside others, but looked at in a good light you will find it highly prismatic; the rays of a summer's sunset are all reflected in its tissue. These nervures, small and large, are air-tubes filled from the trachea, principally by the movement of the little halteres—small vesicles placed at the sockets and joints of the wings for this purpose.

These little halteres or balancers are air tubes themselves to the body, furnishing the respiratory muscles and the pulmonary sacs with fresh air; and doubtless through these is communicated the perfume *tasted* by the insect, which constitutes their sense of *smell.* From these halteres extend ramifications all over the body. A haltere is simply a hollow thread terminating in a globular mass, which is always vibrating. It is protected by two horny scales, "which resemble," says Latrielle, "two shells of a bivalve mollusc." They are called alulets, *cueilleron*, or winglets, and are surrounded, covered, and protected by delicate cilia.

The poisers play an important part in the existence of the insect. They are thought to be rudimentary wings, or balancers, or poisers to the true wings. If you cut *one* off the insect flies sideways, and will thump itself against the glass



WINGS AND HALTERES.

A. Wing put back to show the Socket.—B. Haltere.—C. Place of Haltere.—D. Winglets.—E. Vesicles inflated with chloroform.—F, F. Socket and Valve of Haltere.—G. Upper Winglet.—H. Under Winglet.

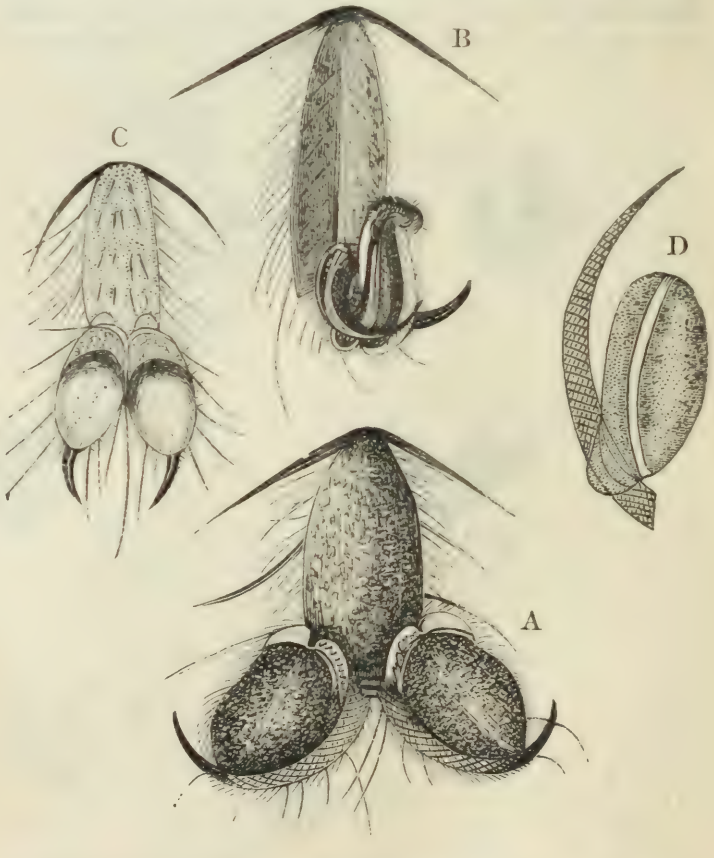
of the window or the wall most helplessly; if you cut off both it can not fly *at all*, and falls to the ground; not for the want of the wings being balanced, but because the insect has not the power to inflate the nervures of the wings without the assistance of the halteres. Next to the antennæ, I consider these little halteres the most important members of the fly's body—performing the parts of air-suppliers to the body, the informant to the taste that food is near, constituting themselves as almost and literally olfactory nerves by aid of the atmosphere in which they have their vibratile action, and certainly performing the work of inflating the wings. When the fly is under the effects of chloroform they are exceedingly vibratile. You can not quiet them, nay, even pick them out from the body, and they will continue to move hours after.

The leg is the next member before us. Examine the illustration, and you will see the various joints. Under the glass the limb looks as if beset with thorns, the hairs are so coarse and strong. Although the femur, or thigh, is the largest of the five joints, it is in reality the weakest, being subject at times to the growth of a strange tumor. Seven years ago I perceived a great mortality among these insects, at a time when they should be enjoying their palmiest days. I examined a number, and found on all these excrescences at both ends. In some instances the legs dropped off at the coga, or hip, some days before they died. I have seen it on a few several times since. I feel assured it was a collection of parasites, but exactly of what nature the powers of my glass were too low to show.

Let her now "put her foot down." It is far more celebrated and talked over by men than was ever that of Cinderella. Here it is; it looks worthy of some consideration. The walking against *gravity* is not an accomplishment belonging to the fly alone; many other insects possess it; beetles, spiders, frogs, and several individuals of the Sauria family, particularly some of the little Geckotians at the South. There is a Katydid (*Platyphyllum cancavum*) before me now, who, having finished her breakfast, is hanging in repose, back downward, from the top of the glass. I consider this decidedly an achievement; but some inequalities in the glass evidently assist the hooks in retaining her position. Abbé de la Pluche's suggestion, "that the fly has a fluid in the sponges on her feet which she compresses against the glass, which fixes her in such a manner as to prevent her falling without diminishing the facility of her progress," though very much ridiculed among his contemporaries, has been revived within the last four years by Mr. Hepworth, who remarks "that there is at the termination of each of these numerous hairs that cover the surface of the bottom of the foot a minute expansion which is kept moist by a fluid exuding from the extremity." But if you follow the footsteps of a fly with a magnifier, as she traverses a superior mirror, there is not a shade left behind them. Moreover, you may split these sponges, and no microscope I have seen will show the slightest root or pore of a hair on the other side. Consider the number of steps taken daily by the fly; what a drain this would involve upon her system! Where is



THE LEG.



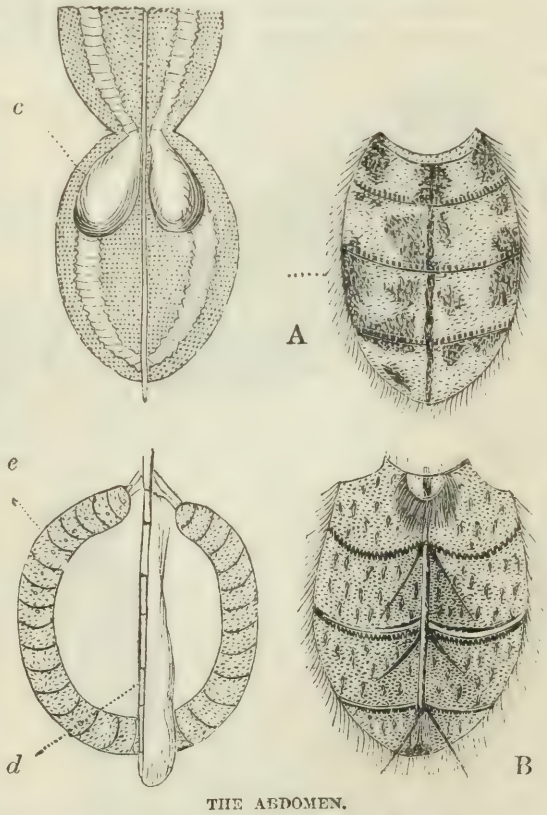
THE FOOT.

A. Front view.—B. Side view.—C. In repose.—D. Reflected in a mirror: Hook turned back.

the fluid generated, and how is it communicated to the foot? There is a strong, harsh fibre connecting the joints of the foot; but it is not tubular, and could not convey fluid. The hairs are arranged on the pads very systematically, and they are very strong. Their points coming first in contact with a substance, the pressure becomes *equal* all over the cushion, thereby rendering the *vacuum* complete and tight; whereas, if the skin was not pressed down *equally all over the pad at the same time*, air bubbles would exist, weakening the suction and rendering the footing insecure. Put a fly under a glass early in the season, and feed her. She is old at the end of October. Examine her feet then, and you will find the hooks flaking off in particles. They soften at the tops when age advances, which causes the flies on the approach of winter to lose their hold, when they fall on their backs and die. It is only the second brood whose hooks are sound, and these show, on emerging in spring, their inability to serve for any length of time. Derham, White of Selborne, Bennett, and others, concluded it was by "the pressure of the atmosphere that the fly retained its position." "After the manner," says the first, "boys carry heavy stones with only a wet piece of leather clapped on the top of the stone." Shaw suggests, "She hooks her claws to the tarnish on the glass, or the dirty, smoky substances adhering to the surface." But it is now ascertained beyond cavil, that "the apparatus in the feet of the fly and its congeners consists of two or three membranous suckers connected with the last joint of the foot by a narrow neck, of a funnel shape, immediately under the base of each claw, and movable in all directions. These suckers are convex above and hollow below the edges, being margined with minute serratures, and the hollow portion covered with down. In order to produce the vacuum and the pressure, these membranes are separated and expanded, and when the fly is about to lift its foot it brings them together and folds them up, as it were, between the two claws." If you confine a fly in a tumbler, or place something tempting on a hand-mirror, you can easily, even with an inferior glass, convince yourself of the justice of these remarks. Have you never watched her performing her toilet? These pads and hooks serve as combs and brushes. She is very cleanly, and such an active little body must gather a quantity of dust during her various rambles. She never pauses for rest a second but they are passed over her person and rubbed against each other, and after her feet have been in fluid you can, if you watch her, see her with the lips of her proboscis *sop* the pads, if I may use the term, until they are relieved of the adhering moisture.

We have now remaining only the abdomen or body. This is encircled by several rings, which recede into each other or distend, according to the wants of the insect. Down the centre of the abdomen, dividing these rings, is a flexible muscle. On each ring are two very minute holes, called the stigmata, pores, admitting air into the body, whereby the fluid called the blood is rendered fit for breathing and sustaining the viscera of the fly's membraneous system. In the interior you will find, if you like the investigation, the trachea attached to the abdomen, through which respiration is performed by contraction and dilatation of the abdomen. There are two large pulmonary sacs, opening at the will of the insect into the trachea of the thorax. From experiments I have made on these insects while under the effects of chloroform, I am convinced that the fly, on alighting, forces all the air from the pulmonary sacs into the large tracheal muscles, thereby nearly doubling her weight; but as she rises on her wings, their action forces the air back into the sacs, which adds to the buoyancy of the insect, and assists her to rise.

The brain, which is simply a couple of masses called ganglions, of course very minute to be concealed in this small head, has a number of nerves attached to it, which communicate with other members: two to the eyes, two to the antennæ, several to the proboscis, the palpi, and probably others. Many may be seen branching out and convoluting every where, but all eventually communicating with the mass called the heart; which is a dorsal vessel extending only the length of the body, closely attached to the external shell. It is of such a mucous nature that it can not be effectively represented on paper. One little vein I must mention, feeling assured that it is of importance in the economy of the insect. It is very long and thin, runs in and out under large tubes, and gets tied up in the small arteries, but always reappears. Its use I could never ascertain. It springs from the brain and terminates in some of the inaccessible valves



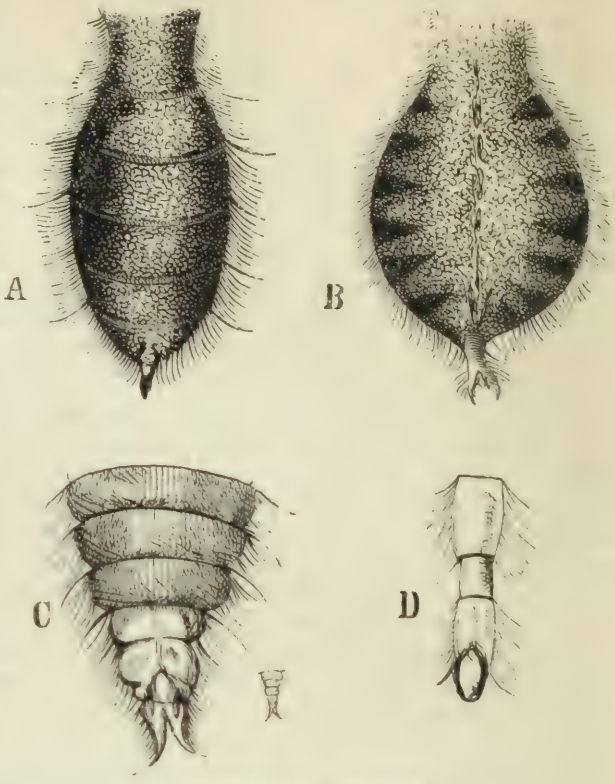
THE ABDOMEN.

A. Upper side.—B. Under side.—*c*. Pulmonary Sacs.—*d*. Intestinal Canal.—*e*. Abdominal Trachea.

of the heart. It is easily traced through all its evolutions in flies killed by poison, if observed the moment they fall. In some it is of a gray and blue tinge, in others a bright copperish red, owing to the qualities of the poison, I presume; but it is not so easily detected when they are killed with chloroform.

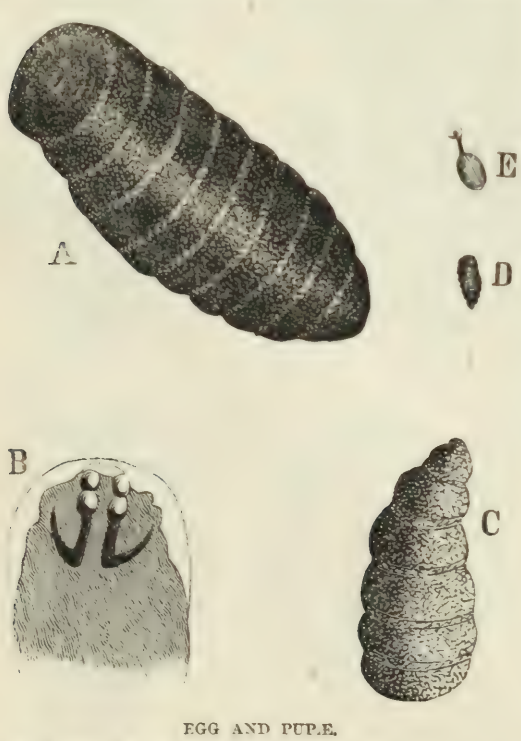
You would not suppose, looking at this atom, there was such a world of complicated machinery working within so confined a space, all performing their various functions at the command of Him who made the tiny animal for His own purposes. You can not fail of feeling amazed at such an embodiment of marvels. It is in its construction the most harmonious and systematic in the insect kingdom, and beautifully has every joint and nerve its appropriate use and action.

We have arrived now at the point where that important question can be asked with propriety, "Where do all the flies come from?" Many authors assert that the eggs are deposited in any substance of a moist nature. This I think decidedly erroneous. Those choosing flowers and decayed vegetable matter belong to the large family of the *Anthomyzides* (flower-flies), which resemble the common house-fly so closely in some of the genera that a very experienced observer can be deceived. Three individuals out of four could see no difference between two flies I showed them until I pointed out the almost invisible celulets, the exposed halteres, the principal nervures running parallel to the outer edge of the wings. This fly had been depositing her eggs on the decayed and glutinous leaves of some potted bulbs now faded out of season.



ABDOMEN AND OVIPOSITOR.

A. Under side of Abdomen.—B. Abdomen distended with Eggs.—C. Ovipositor open.—D. Ovipositor dropping Egg.



EGG AND PUPÆ.

A. Pupa Case.—B. Puparium opened to show Hooks.—C. Pupa Case, second day of closing Rings.—D. Pupa Case, natural size.—E. Egg of Harpynia.

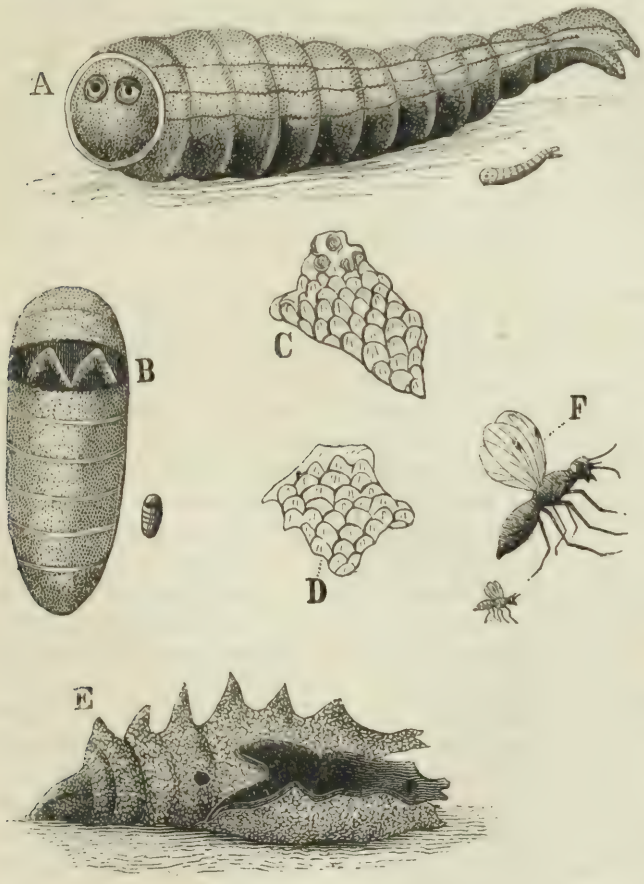
The *Musca domestica* (Linnæus) confines herself to fresh stable manure of the horse. I never found her eggs in any substance but this. She generally averages about two hundred eggs the season, but at one time seldom deposits more than seventy. She then rests about six weeks, and makes another deposit, always retaining some within her ovary. The *Harpyia* deposits her eggs in decayed fish manure; and farmers who use it without covering it with lime may expect it to be devoured. This is the reason they are found so intolerable at the watering-places. The progeny of one fly will devour a moderate-sized fish in seven hours. Away from the coast, where this manure is difficult to be obtained, the "slush" of the cow and pig-pens will answer her purpose. The *Harpyia tenuis* keeps her company. There are, besides, seven species of *musca* choosing fish manure as a deposit. The *Harpynia* I have hitherto found only in horse-manure *within the stable*. I never found her depositing out of doors. Her egg has a small neck or handle to it, serving, I presume, as a mouth for air or moisture. This disappears on the third day, but whether it drops off or is absorbed I never discovered. The fly I have illustrated held, as far as I could count with the glass through the distended skin, one hundred and ten eggs ready for being deposited. The mass at the top of the ovary is evidently not impregnated at the same time. I have had two flies under observation lately; one contained only a few eggs around the mouth of the ovipositor; the other's ovary was about a third full, showing by its bright yellow tinge how far the mass of eggs extended. Those remaining over

the winter have the eggs impregnated in the fall, and remain thus until the warmth of early spring induces the mother fly to come forth and deposit them—about the beginning of May. If the season is warm and late there are three broods of the *Harpyia* during the summer, not including those who come forth late, which are those who hybernate.

The fly's ovipositor is retractile, and can be closed up like a telescope and drawn within the body. During the time she is depositing her eggs she has a peculiar hairy aspect. When she dies after the last deposit, which is almost immediately, her position for half an hour or more is very strange. At first she is singularly stretched out; the body afterward contracts and eventually resembles any other dead fly. The larva emerges in never less than six days, and sometimes not for twenty, according to the weather; and never during rain. The chosen time is just as the sun is rising and the earth moist with dew. It is an exceedingly ugly grub, with its head at the small end of its body. No eyes: he always appeared to me to resemble a blind puppy wriggling along. He has no feet, but only a pair of hooks with which he feeds himself, about as sufficient for the purpose, one would think, as a pair of chopsticks; but he manages to consume his food with the same rapidity and voracity a Chinese does his rice. The large end of his body is truncated like a barrel's head. When he has eaten sufficiently he descends into the earth and commences to contract his thirteen rings until he resembles a mustard seed made of leather.

Within this shell he reposes, separated from its skin, as a young bird within the egg. His hooks are now cast away as quite useless.

When ready to come forth as a perfect insect the *Harpyia* proceeds in a peculiar manner. If you perceive a movement in the pupa case and open it, you will find the fly with his head pressed apparently against the thinnest end of the puparium, so as to force an opening for his body. This operation with the common blow-fly (*Musca carnaria*), and some others, is safe enough, for the head is covered with a sort of bladder, which can be inflated until it forms a kind of muzzle or snout, gradually enlarging until it resembles a ball, with which it ruptures the pupa case; but with the genera which possess such prominent eyes, projecting much beyond the division between them, which may be termed the forehead, it always appeared to me a decided risk to use the tops of these discs, with their tender facets so fragile, to force an opening through such a tough material. After years of observation, I discovered that with the *Harpyia*, after the head has been projected so as to make room for the movement of the legs, these are gradually pushed up, while the head is drawn down between them, when their joints, doubled like an elbow, force an opening. When this is accomplished the legs must be drawn back, which consumes probably a day; but at last the head obtains its right position, pushes the dilapidated end apart, and the body easily emerges. This observation was confirmed thus: I had been for some days anxiously watching the bursting of a caterpillar chrysalis. I anticipated seeing a fairy step out at almost any moment, when unexpectedly one day I perceived a black imp protruding his feelers from a puncture the size of a pin's head at the top of the chrysalis. Out he scrambled, then another, and another. At last I got tired seeing this army of little black imps pouring out. I took a penknife and ripped up the case a short distance. Those near the opening had their heads placed (resembling minute glass beads) ready when their turn should come; but those beyond and farther in the case had their heads sunk down and their legs elbowed, as if making an effort then to force more of the case. As room was made for them, by the egress of the advanced column, the heads protruded and the legs were drawn back to their natural position. Out of this chrysalis came 286 flies, counted after my curiosity had been excited to know how many there were. At least fifty made their escape before I began to take account. Those beyond the rings were golden green Ichneumon flies with most beautiful prismatic wings; those at the lower end of the case were very minute black insects with violet-colored wings. I have never met with either of



LARVA, ETC.

A. Larva, enlarged and natural size.—B. Pupa Case.—C. Point of Egress.—D. Preparing to come out.—E. Chrysalis.—F. Ichneumon Fly.

them before. It is very evident this caterpillar had been used by two species of this fly; it is a rare and uncommon occurrence.

A full-grown fly will live throughout the summer under a glass, if fed with cake or fruit; but it must have some cooked juicy meat at times and clear water to keep it healthy. It is believed that flies die at the close of the season with a disease which has been honored with the name of *Empusa Muscæ*. They are seen standing as if just alighted, with proboscis extended, looking as if about to fly. When examined they are found covered with fungi, and crumble to dust on being touched. Goethe noticed and described this disease in some of the German papers. It had been suggested and described by De Geer as far back as 1782; but I am skeptical enough to confess my conviction that authors have grasped a result with too much haste.

Living upon fluids, of course you may suppose there is nothing very material about a fly. A little chemical effort will enable you to dissolve him, and throw him away, literally "spill him" in a few drops. Old age—the Nemesis of biped as well as insect—overtakes them, the cold blast of winter chills them, and clinging to appearances to the last, as we do, they stand up to it and die like heroes. The evaporation of living fluid now commences, and from it springs this fungus—as mould does from darkness on furniture in a room from whence light has been long excluded. To say this causes the death of the insect would be wrong. Kill a dozen of flies, young and healthy, cork them up from the air, and in a short time they will be so thickly covered with this fungus that you can not see the insects. Not many weeks ago a friend sent me, from some distance, a spider, a splendid specimen, related to the Lycosa family (ground-spiders), a new species. This was a most brilliant and unique dame, in magnificent black velvet and gold embossments. She was placed under a glass, every delicacy was offered her—gnats; nice, tender little flies; a *bonne bouche* in the shape of a young verdant grasshopper. All in vain. She would not deign even to look at them, unless they annoyed her, when she gave them a nip, and sent them, with a jerk, some distance from her. I put in, at various times, several large flies, removing the carcasses of the slain. On the fourth day she deposited three eggs, which, during the day, she enveloped in a silken bag. I now placed under the glass a small pot of earth, thinking she might construct a new home; but she took no notice of it. On the fifth day she caught all the flies then under the glass, five in number, and tied each of their wings and legs together. She then drew up the silken bag containing the eggs beside them. Now she commenced taking life in earnest, spinning day and night. A beautiful little tent began to be evolved, one end pinned against the side of the pot containing the earth, the other three gummed to the paper on which the glass was placed. It was conical in shape, sloping gently down to the foundation. Under this silken canopy reposed the three eggs and five imprisoned flies, hermetically sealed up—for the tent was glued, on examination, tightly all round to the paper. Four days from this time, seeing her very stationary, I examined her, and found her dead. She had evidently died of a disease I once heard a sad *emigrée* describe as "Une maladie de l'amour de la pâtrie et de la maternité pour les morts"—"A malady of love of country, and a maternal love for the dead." On removing her she fell to pieces, there remaining only a thin shell. She had spun up the materials of existence in this last effort for her offspring. She had evidently been captured at the time she was depositing her eggs, and her captors had overlooked her deep-seated love for her young, and neglected to retain her egg-bag. They always pine and die when separated from this. Otherwise they are content, and will thrive, and eventually bring out a fine brood of young ones. I loosened this tent to see what effect confinement had on the flies. They were covered thickly with a fungus, a prolific mould, some spores of which were nearly ripe. The flies *were all alive.* After two hours' work I loosened one from his trammels, but he could not rouse himself effectually to use his liberty. He had evidently received a gentle narcotic, which was to serve for a specific time—when the eggs were hatched. In this instance, you perceive, the fungus covered these flies while *they were yet alive.* As for "crumbling into dust," the sound and healthy flies I have had under examination these few weeks past, if touched with a needle, are but dust. Putting one of their abdomens, as I write, under the glass, there is not a single atom of the complicated interior remaining; nothing to be seen but a mere dry shell.



DEAD FLY.

The *use* of the fly is a question some people refuse to have solved for them. These house flies consume an immense quantity when they are numerous—and permit me to say they are positively *necessary* where they are found; thus they never or seldom appear unless the *negligence of housekeepers invites them.* They are the food of swallows, robins, and sparrows; barn-yard poultry are fond of them; they are medicine to the dog and cat, serving as poison to the intestinal worms which trouble these animals; and there must be a variety of other uses for them, which our finite vision can not penetrate, but which are ordered by Him who knoweth all things. Linnæus tells us the larvæ of three females of the *Musca vomitoria* (common blow-fly) will devour the carcass of a horse as quickly as would a lion. This being the case, consider how indispensable the whole family of *Muscidæ* is in the removal of decayed matter and fetid substances, particularly in warm climates and closely built up cities. Therefore, if not for the beauty of the fly, at least for his usefulness,

"Hinder him not, he preacheth too."



RICHMOND.

LOUNGINGS IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE PIONEERS.

"THIS city hath 'a pleasant seat,'" wrote from Richmond the Great Expounder. The early beams of the October sun, which furnished him the inspiration of the moment, dallied, as he wrote, with the dew-drops on the lindens, elms, and aspens around him, cast their buff coat over the birches, maples, and willows of the middle ground, and blended in the distance, on the transfluvial hills, the autumn mist and the gregarious but unsocial pines. The rushing river, curbed and bewildered from time immemorial by seams and boulders of unyielding granite; the masts and spires and thronging walls, overlooking rock and water and the gently swelling plain beyond; the amphitheatre of hills, equal in height but infinitely diverse in form—"distinct as the billows but one as the sea"—holding watch and ward over them and over all, made up a scene certainly worthy of leading forth into expression the latent poetry of that great soul. Had not intellect so strongly outweighed, or at least repressed, fancy in him, with how brilliant a procession would he have peopled the landscape! To one "of imagination all compact," each departed century would have furnished its representatives of names which will never die. Close by were the walls still vocal with the tones of Randolph, Madison, Leigh, and their compeers. On the nearest eastward eminence rose, through clustering trees, the old white church which rang to Henry's appeal for liberty or death. Still further eastward, but nearer the river, was visible the site of the Indian town which formed the chief residence and bore the name of Powhatan. For miles beyond glimmered the stream whose abounding waves nurtured the first germ of Anglo-Saxon civilization in America.

The scene from which Webster turned, if not

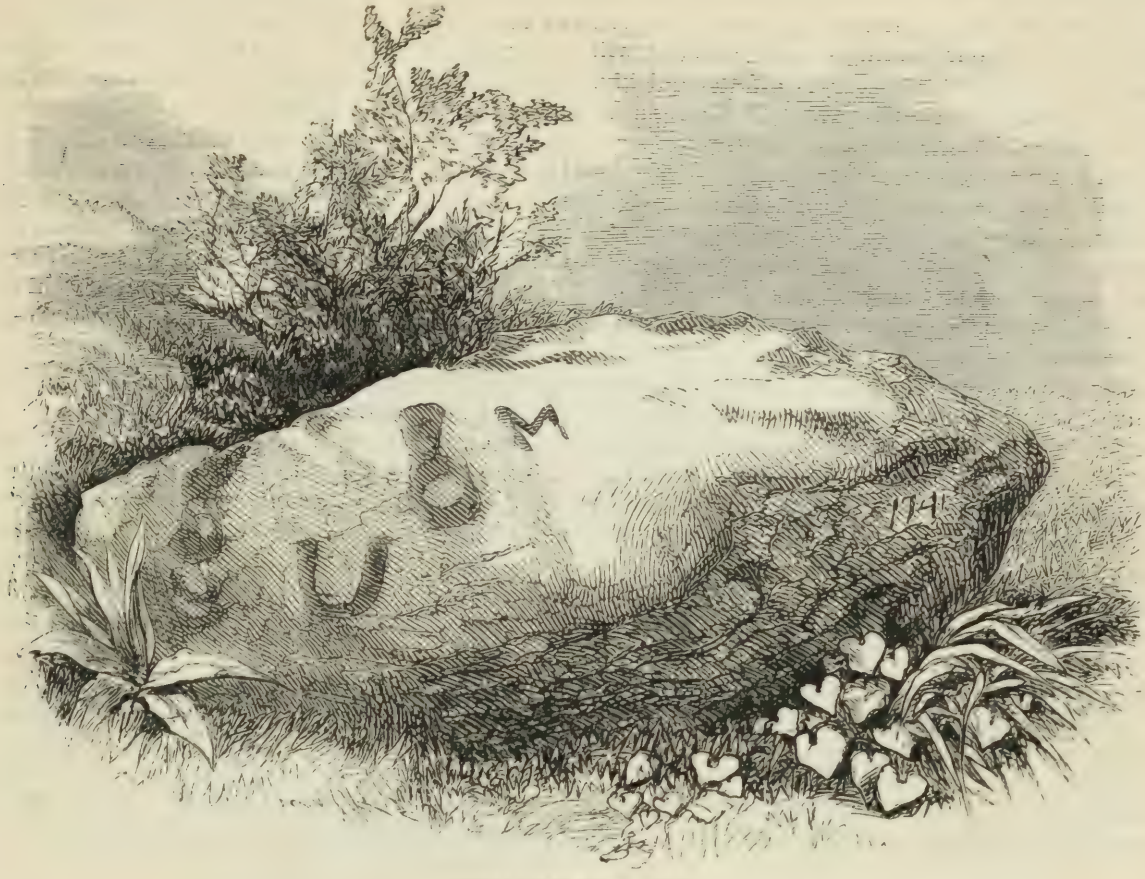
the reflections it must have suggested to him, has been, and will be, the luxury of many an humbler traveler. Most of its natural elements, and all its historical associations, will be changeless throughout time. The pickaxe will continue to modify somewhat the buttresses of the main hills, and new bridges will be added to the three which now thread so straightly the island-labyrinth. Rectangular and loop-holed piles of brick will swarm over many bluffs and ravines as yet "unimproved," and factory chimneys will flaunt their white and black pennons in wider and denser array. But the islets of rock, with the birches and willows which monopolize their rifts of scanty soil, will be long untouched because untempting. And the pines which now fringe the horizon will fringe it, in all probability, until agriculture shall have altered for the better the ground on which they grow, as decidedly as, since their predecessors first felt the white man's axe, it has been altered for the worse.

One of the aforesaid buttresses, running directly across the course of the principal street, has brought it to an abrupt and premature end. Main Street, Richmond, Virginia, thus appears to the eye to have its exemplar in Emerson's broad and beaten highway, that ended in a squirrel-track and ran up a tree. Tracing, however, the mystery more closely, we find that it swerves from the hill and darts suddenly down, rocket-like, to Rocketts. Here congregate those who go down to the deep in brigs and schooners. Passing through this settlement of a most unsettled race, we reach, within half a mile, the locality noted as Powhatan's capital. It is to the south of the road which runs parallel with the river, and on the verge of the second bank, or upper level of alluvion, some forty feet above the lower. The ground falls abruptly on the front or river side, and more gradually on the other quarters. On the east the deep channel of a brook separates it from the most commanding point of the upland. A situation of this description was, as is well known, a favorite with the Indians every where. Sufficiently removed from the higher hills by a comparatively level interval, and overlooking the rich bottoms mostly selected for their primitive farming operations, it best fulfilled the conditions of convenience for industrial purposes and for defense. We are familiar with a similar spot on the South Branch of Potomac, or Wappacomo—one of the loveliest streams in America—where the ground is absolutely strewn, for a space of several acres, with arrow-heads and bits of aboriginal pottery. Tradition there locates an Indian fort.

Immediately on the selection of Jamestown for the seat of the colony, "Newport, Smith, and twentie others, were sent to discover the head of the river: by divers small habitations they passed, in six dayes they arrived at a Towne called Powhatan, consisting of some twelve houses, pleasantly seated on a hill; before it three fertile Isles, about it many of their cornefields, the place is very pleasant, and strong by nature, of this place the Prince is called Powhatan, and his people Powhatans, to this place the river is navigable; but higher within a myle, by reason of the Rockes and Isles, there is not passage for a small Boat; this they call the Falles."



POWHATAN.



POWHATAN'S TOMBSTONE.

This brief description is of itself ample to identify the locality. The falls are about a mile above. Directly in front are the three islands, though one of them has been reduced by freshets to the humble station of a sand-bar. Of them there can be no question, since no other islands exist between the falls and the immediate neighborhood of the Appomattox—a distance of forty miles.

For considerably more than a century *Powhatan*, as it is still styled, has been in the hands of the same family. Taste, time, and wealth have combined to enhance the natural beauty of the spot. The *genius loci* has never been neglected. What few relics of the red man existed have been by the present possessors carefully preserved. Beyond, however, some of the ordinary arrow-heads, axes, etc., these remains are few indeed. One granite boulder, perhaps a ton in weight, bears many traces of rude carving. A row of symmetrical holes, an inch or more deep, runs along the top. On the sloping side are graven marks of the shape of a child's and an adult's foot, a horse-shoe, and others less distinguishable. These are obviously of far greater age than other cuttings on the same surface, which are dated 1741, and which give in two or three places the initial (M) of the family in possession: Mayo. The block is termed popularly "Powhatan's Tombstone;" but we could learn no distinct evidence justifying that designation. It lies where it has always lain, near the brink of the front declivity. Some eighty paces distant is another fugitive stone, more imaginatively termed Captain Smith's Rock. The discoverer himself disposes of its claims in these words: "At Werowocomoco, on the north side of the river Pamaonkee (York), was his residence, when I was delivered him prisoner, some fourteen myles from Jamestown."

The originator of the tradition argued, doubtless, from the form of the stone. It has a smooth concave depression, finely adapted for the reception of the unfortunate adventurer's head and shoulders. Its obvious suitability to the general purpose in question must have often struck the grim chieftain and his grimmer followers. Doubtless, in their moods of peaceful musing, when nothing intruded to disturb the calm serenity of their minds, or to divert them from the invention of new tortures for their neighboring foes, the Manakins, many a wistful glance was cast at this admirable head-smashing arrangement, and the war-club whirled, with professional precision and enthusiasm, over the head of the imaginary "subject." We can fancy the astute old king, on a fine summer's morning, the matutinal nibble at the body, or rather the ear, of Mondamin over, ditto the matutinal pipe, an hour's lazy overseeing of his corn-hoeing harem grown tedious, stalking pensively forth in a brown study and a gray "mantell of Rarowcun skinnes." This granite boulder arrests him. Speculations, partly utilitarian and partly theological, seize his brain. "*Cui bono?* When, how, or why, did the Great Spirit bring this big pebble from the falls yonder, and lodge it here, fifty feet above the water? For pounding hominy its shape is objectionable, and it is too hard to be hammered into the right one. For dress-

ing deer-skins it might answer, were it higher. For receiving our oblations to Manitou it will hardly do. They would pass off too quickly. For crushing a rascally Monacan it might be serviceable; but the stake is the time-honored doom of those fresh-water scamps, and I, as constitutional king, must uphold the customs of the realm. But—let me see—that way lies its use, methinks. By the Big Bear, I have it! It was sent to await the coming of the pale-faced crew, whose thunder insults the Thunder-bearer. It is reserved for vengeance on them. See how beautifully the upper half of one of the iron-shelled varlets would fit that hollow! How the two-legged terrapins would crack, breast and back! Let me once catch the fiercest reptile of them all, and the name of John Smith shall be heard no more in the land." Certainly, if the hero's head never rested there, it was merely because he did not happen to be here at the time.

A clew to the use of these boulders, as of others existing in the neighborhood, may be found, perhaps, in the following statement of Smith:

"They have also certaine Altar-stones they call *Pawcorances;* but these stand from their Temples, some by their houses, others in the woods and wildernesses, where they have had any extraordinary accident or incounter. And as you travell, at those stones they will tell you the cause why they were there erected, which from age to age they instruct their children, as their best records of antiquities. Vpon these they offer bloud, Deere-suet, and tobacco." This interpretation does not necessarily interfere with the character ascribed to the stone we first referred to. An old sacrificial block may well have been dedicated to the memory of his race. True, the Indians were not pagans enough to deify their dead emperor, as the Romans did theirs. The act would have been more analagous to the occasional practice of Christian nations in making a mausoleum of a church.

Two senile elms, the largest we ever saw, are pointed out as the site of the royal wigwam. That structure is reported to have stood between these two trees. They look as if they might be three centuries old. Their branches must have withered and died with the people whose daily life they witnessed, whose decay they typify, and whose graves they mark.

Could the Virginia Company have maintained its existence as long as its contemporary, the monster monopoly whose Sepoys are now murdering and being murdered in good old Mogul style, it would now be luxuriating in the fruits of a land speculation unmatched by Mariposa or



POWHATAN ELMS.



HENRICOPOLIS.—LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

Fort Snelling. Smith purchased *Powhatan* village and "all that countrey for a proportion of copper." The exact value of a "proportion" we do not know; but it must have been small, like the proportion of his dues a stock-holder or depositor recovers from the débris of a bogus bank. Copper was a legal tender in Virginia then, as tobacco virtually became not long after. This snug investment included, besides the present corporate limits of a city of 50,000 people, "neere two hundred acres of ground ready to be planted, and no place we knew so strong, so pleasant, and delightfull in Virginia, for which we called it *Non-such*."

Ten miles farther down the James, on the same side, is the deserted site of Henricopolis, so named after the Prince of Wales, who escaped the fate of Charles I. by preceding good King Jamie to the grave. Good is an epithet the enlightened reader will concede, or at least pardon; if he don't, he ought to. The worst things established against this well-abused monarch are, that he had pedantry and hadn't dignity. Just compare these failings with the *best* things recorded of any one of the Hanoverian dolts who have replaced the Stuarts. He founded the magnificent American empire, which the most respectable of them lost. He likewise founded, with his expedition of four royal ships, in 1612, the more gorgeous and populous empire on the opposite face of the globe, which mainly supports the greatness of their actual representative. He accomplished, of his own motion, and through his own constant oversight, that translation of the Bible which all the learning and acumen of the most learned and critical age has failed to overthrow. Practically, he fully maintained the dignity and power of England. He had the refusal of a daughter of Spain for his first son, and married his second to the daughter of France's greatest king. And were there any thing more needed to prove him an able monarch, we should have it in the fact that he staved off for a quarter of a century the English revolution, sustaining the contest against the very ablest leaders of that great movement. Henrico City, whence this little digression has carried us, was the chosen location of the first college ever endowed within the limits of the United States. Besides money contributed in the mother country, fifteen thousand acres of land were reserved for the fund. The massacre of 1622 brought the plan to a stop.

Here, also, was the residence of Rolfe and Pocahontas. Tradition still points to the spot where most of their brief married life was passed. Here was the cubiculum of that enormous family which, though herself the mother of but one son, she sent down to future ages. As Burke, writing in 1804, says: "There is scarcely a scion from this stock which has not been in the highest degree amiable and respectable." Had John Randolph, one of these scions, grown into notice when this was penned, perhaps the worthy chronicler would have selected some other term than amiable, though his general eulogy might have been more glowing. Hundreds of Virginians boast this strain of native American blood. It is shared by such men as James Madison, Zachary Taylor, and John C. Breckinridge, be-

sides a host of lesser lights noted in the local history of Virginia. Royal and republican rule are here united. The chiefs of the Confederacy are the heirs of the forest monarchs of the Old Dominion. Comminuted as the blood of Powhatan has been by time, it still now and then displays itself in lineaments too markedly Indian to be ascribed to any other origin. Of this recurrence of "the old heroic strain" the features of Randolph's mother afford a brilliant example, though one much less decided than we have seen in some living individuals. Physicians and ethnologists are familiar with the fact that old features, after having disappeared for generations, will often show themselves with startling exactness in a remote descendant; and many who are neither doctors nor savans must have noticed it.

Henricopolis and its dependencies spread over a space of four or five square miles. A palisade, two miles long, running in a slightly curved line along a range of still wooded hills, and abutting at each end on the river, amply protected it on the land side. In front the river projects from its general course in a bend five miles around, though the neck of the peninsula is little over a hundred yards across at the narrowest point. This neck bears the name of Dutch Gap, as most accounts say, from an attempt of Hollanders to cut a canal through it. Another tradition refers the designation to a boat race between an English and a Dutch skipper from City Point to Richmond, wherein Bull outwitted Mynheer by dragging his boat over the neck. A deep ravine cuts nearly half through, and has every appearance of being artificial. It is shown in both our sketches. One of them shows the surface of the ground to have been removed the whole way across. At the lower end it runs down quite to the water. Looking down the river, we see the modern house erected on the plantation of *Varina*, an ancient seat of the Randolphs. Rolfe's house is said to have stood not far from that point.

The contemporary description of the settlement is: "This toune is situated vpon a necke of a plaine rising land, three parts inuironed with the maine Riuer; the necke of land well impaled makes it like an Ile; it hath three streets of well-framed houses, a handsome Church, and the foundation of a better laid, to bee built of Bricke, besides Store-houses, Watch-houses, and such like. Vpon the verge of the Riuer there are fiue houses, wherein liue the honester sort of people, as Farmers in England, and they keep continuall centinell for the towne's securitie. About two miles from the towne, into the Maine, is another pale, neere two miles in length, from Riuer to Riuer, guarded with seuerall Commanders, with a good quantity of Corne-ground impailed, sufficiently secured to maintain more than I suppose will come this three yeeres."

The land—both the peninsula and the slope thence to the brow of the upland—is very fertile, and was, when we saw it in early June, one luxuriant expanse of corn, wheat, and clover, unbroken by a fence or hedge. In two centuries and a half the plow has, of course, obliterated all traces of buildings. A few scattered bricks along the sides of the Dutch canal, where stood the nucleus of the settlement, were all we found.



HENRICOPOLIS.—THE PENINSULA.



JAMESTOWN.

An old negro, whom we found at work, said that thirty-four years ago, when he first came to the plantation, he recollected some traces of a house near the Gap; but neither he nor the intelligent gentleman, a resident of the immediate neighborhood, who accompanied us, knew of any now. The beauty of the tranquil landscape, and the associations of the ground we trod, sufficed to atone for the want of more palpable holds for the imagination.

Be not alarmed, reader. It is no part of our present purpose to hand-book the lower James River, rich as is the promise of such an undertaking. Almost every curve brings us in sight of some new memento of antiquity. Only the most time-honored of these scenes come within the purview of the present article, in addition to those already noticed.

Midway between City Point and Norfolk, on the northern side of the river, the voyager by steamboat will observe a projecting point, which will remind him of the banks of the Mississippi with their ever-crumbling alluvium. Most of the site of Jamestown village has thus disappeared, and the rest is slowly but perceptibly yielding to the current. Ere the lapse of a great many years, unless protected by piling or some other engineering resource, the ground on which the first successful American settlement had its centre will have disappeared forever. It will be established on the map only by its bearings, as longitude and latitude fix the place where some gallant and richly-freighted ship went down. Timely measures should be taken to prevent this. One-tenth of the sum secured by the efforts of women for the purchase of Mount Vernon would suffice to keep above water the soil of Jamestown. Let art interfere to prevent the reclamation by Nature of her own work, and the spot where Smith first set up the meteor-flag will remain as plain to the eye of coming generations as the landing-place of his successors on Plymouth Rock.

While the northwestern point, where the village—"two rowes of houses of framed timber, and some of them two stories, and a garret higher, three large Store-houses, joined together in length"—stood, is thus in process of degradation by the waves, which have reached within a few yards of the ruins of the church, the great mass of the island will, of course, resist material change for an indefinite number of years. The encroachments of the water in the rear have indeed made an island of what was a peninsula in 1607; but a tract of fifteen hundred acres can hardly be much cut in upon for centuries, judging from the alterations hitherto observed. The settlement extended over the five hundred acres of dry land, and a detached post was maintained on Hog Island, a few miles below, on the opposite side of the river. The Cincinnatians should establish an annual festival on Hog Island, as it was the Jamestown of the porcine race—the centre from which light, in the shape of lard-oil and stearine, hath irradiated the continent. The materials of the feast might well be furnished from the neighborhood. Smithfield hams are certainly the best produced any where at this

end of Mr. Field's cable, and as the Westphalia grunters know not the taste of a nubbin, probably better than the boast of Europe. To jump from hog to hominy—from pork to wheat—we have an *apropos* word for the croakers over Virginia decay. Each of the three localities we have described is clothed with the fruits of scientific and improved agriculture. The average crop of the owner of most of Henricopolis is six thousand bushels of wheat and as much of corn. His thirty-five field-hands export cereals enough to feed fifteen hundred whites, or more than thirty times the population of the old settlement: "thirty-eight men and boyes," according to Rolfe's letter to King James. There is little doubt that, year after year, the yield per acre on each tract is nearly twice that in the Genesee valley. And—more important—the former average is rather improving, while the latter is diminishing. The course of events, which begins with palisadoed towns and ends with large farms, is the direct reverse of that witnessed in the Northern colonies, where the early towns have held their own, and where the rural population is more and more agglomerating into villages, as in France. Which of the two tendencies is the more conducive to rational and durable liberty, is a question we respectfully resign to the politicians. Those sovereigns of the sovereign people will, however, permit us to notice here, as incidentally and curtly as worthy Master John Rolfe does, the commencement of African immigration: "About the last of August [1619] came in a dutch man of warre that sold us twenty Negars."

This was a year and a half before, as the sturdy Smith rather testily remarks: "About some hundred of y^e^ Brownists of England, Amsterdam, and Leyden went to New Plimouth, whose humorous ignorances caused them for more than a yeare to endure a wonderfull deale of misery with an infinite patience; saying, *my books and maps were much better cheape to teach them than myselfe;* many other have used the like good husbandry, that have payed soundly in trying their selfe-willed conclusions." Our italics show the secret of the Captain's passing crustiness toward the Pilgrim Fathers. They preferred paying a few shillings to a bookseller for the fruits of his New England explorations to placing him personally at the head of their pious enterprise. Nowhere else does he manifest the least ill-feeling toward them. On the contrary, he fails not to do full justice to the iron energy that carried the infant colony of the North through its early days of trial. Such a spirit was sure of his sympathy. He indicates a genial interest in the prowess of Miles Standish. Gallantly would those two primal representatives of North and South have fraternized at feast and fray—in the "long and solemn draught" from Wendell Holmes's bowl, and in the stirring up of the Pequot that followed the stirring up of the punch.

This same year of 1619 was signalized by another event more memorable than the advent of Cuffee. On the 30th of July convened at Jamestown the first free parliamentary body the New World ever saw. The discovery of its recorded proceedings, until within a year or two past, supposed to have been irrevocably lost, if indeed they ever existed, is due to the Virginia Historical Society, through its agent, Conway Robinson, an eminent jurist, and draughtsman of the Revised Code of the State. From the State Paper-office in London he exhumed the manuscript journal, covering some thirty pages. It is headed:

"A report of the manner of proceeding in the General Assembly convented at James City, in Virginia, July 30, 1619, consisting of the Governor, the Council of Estate, and two Burgesses elected out of each incorporated plantation, and being dissolved the first of August next ensuing.

"First, Sir George Yeardley, Knight, Governor and Captain-General of Virginia, having sent his summons all over the country, as well as to invite those of the Council of Estate that were absent as also for the election of Burgesses. they were chosen and appeared.

"1. *For James City*—Captain William Powell, Ensign William Spense.

"2. *For Charles City*—Samuel Sharpe, James Jordan.

"3. *For the City of Henricus*—Thomas Dowce, John Potintine.

"4. *For Kicciotan*—Captain William Tucker, William Capp.

"5. *For Martin Brandon, Captain John Martin's Plantation*—Mr. Thomas Davis, Robert Stacy.

"6. *For Smyth's Hundred*—Captain Thomas Graves. Mr. Walter Shelley.

"7. *For Martin's Hundred*—Mr. John Boys, John Jackson.

"8. *For Argall's Plantation*—Mr. Powlett, Mr. Gourgerny.

"9. *For Flour de Hundred*—Ensign Poppingham, Mr. Jefferson.

"10. *For Captain Lannis's Plantation*—Captain Christopher Lannis, Ensign Wisher.

"11. *For Captain Wirt's Plantation*—Captain Wirt. Lieutenant Gibbs.

"The most convenient place we could find to sit in was the quire of the church, where Sir George Yeardley, the Governor, being set down in his accustomed place, those of the Council of Estate sat next him on both hands, except only the Secretary, then appointed Speaker, who sat before him; John Frome, Clerk of the General Assembly, being placed next the Speaker, and Thomas Pearce, the Sergeant, standing at the bar, to be ready for any service the General Assembly should command him.

"But forasmuch as men's affairs do little prosper when God's service is neglected, all the Burgesses took their place in the quire till a prayer was said by Mr. Bucke, the minister, that it would please God to guide and sanctify all our proceedings to His own glory and the good of this plantation. Prayer being ended, to the intent that, as we had begun at God Almighty, so we might proceed with due respect toward his lieutenant, our most gracious and dread sovereign. all the Burgesses were instructed to retire themselves into the body of the church, which being done, before they were fully admitted they were



NEWPORT NEWS.

called in order, and by name, and so every man (none staggering at it) took the oath of supremacy, and then entered the assembly."

All things, it will be noticed, were done in order, all parliamentary forms observed, in this Wittenagemot of the woods. The thoroughly democratic style of General Assembly is still the official name of the Virginia Assembly. This prelude to the brief session is all we have occasion to quote. It serves to show the spirit, worthy of serious, practical, and God-fearing Anglo-Saxons, in which our forefathers went to work at the task which found its period in 1781, when, on this very island of Jamestown, Cornwallis was headed in his retreat, and forced to the place of his final destruction. Read the identical spirit in Smith's words: "As they can make no Lawes in Virginia till they can be ratified here (in England); so they think it reason *none should be inacted here without their consents*, because they only feele them, and liue under them." Here we have, in three lines, the pith and substance of the thousands of resolutions, complaints, addresses, and orations which immediately heralded the Revolution.

Newport News, so named after Captain Christopher Newport, the commodore of the little fleet of three vessels, of the aggregate burden of one hundred and sixty tons, which brought over the adventurers, and who "returned for England with newes" "the 15. of June 1607," is the sister promontory to Jamestown. Its pine-clad spit divides James River from Hampton Roads. The water-view at this point, east, south, and northwest, is superb. When "Master Gookin, out of Ireland, with fifty men of his owne, and thirty Passengers," baptized the shamrock in its blue and teeming waters, it was deemed a small paradise. "The cotten-trees in a yeere grew so thicke as one's arme, and so high as a man; here any thing that is planted doth prosper so well as in no place better." The soil is doubtless as good as it ever was, since the moisture from the neighboring ocean prevents land in this region from being permanently exhausted, even under the most reckless system of tillage; but we hear of no such growth now. Cotton-planting has given place to oyster-planting, as the leading culture. Master Gookin must have shared the hydrophobic propensities of his countrymen, or he would have delved in the waves for riches and comfort. We wonder if those quaint-spoken antiquities in bands, Spanish hats, and buff coats really learned the mysteries of "fried, roasted, and stewed." From the Indians they could have gathered little. Those gentry never shone as epicures. "A brasse kettle, as bright without as within, ful of boyled Oisters," was the truly heathenish entertainment offered the whites on the eastern shore, not far from Onancock only, though far enough from the "jowl and turnips" of its present distinguished denizen. A brass kettle of boiled oysters! Copperas and cholic! Verdigris and leather! Every fine instinct of our nature rises in arms at the bare recital! "Lo the poor Indian!" would have died on the lips of even Pope, little as he knew of oysters, could he have seen a group of the unfortunates discussing such a repast. If only to rescue from misuse and profanation the

noblest gift of nature—a fat Lynnhaven or York River—the extirpation of such a people was a rational act.

We are now in the heart of Oysterdom. The subaqueous metropolis of that luscious realm slumbers beneath our paddles. In the waters surrounding Hampton Roads the marvelous mollusk hath its supreme court and citadel. *The* oyster does not exist elsewhere. From the British Channel the Dutch, English, and French extract an unsuccessful caricature of the animal—a bad Daguerreotype, so to speak—little, hard, black, and brassy. The Gulf of Mexico produces something several shades better, which bears the name among New Orleans gourmands; and, sooth to say, the art of eating is passably understood in the crescentic strip of swamp wherein Old Hickory grew his laurels. On the Atlantic coast of the United States every thing that deserves the name comes, directly or indirectly, from the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. The Princess's Bay and Shrewbury pets of the Gothamites are any thing but "natives" at the localities which christen them. They are merely adopted citizens. As with some other immigrants to the port of Manhattan, their main improvement is external—in appearance and dress. Raciness, vigor, and individuality they leave, in great measure, in the land (or water) of their origin. There the student must seek them; and there, until another winter, we leave them. Till then the peace of the bottom brine, "under the keel, five fathom deep," be theirs!

Would he who has accompanied us thus far like, in this helter-skelter day of rattle, dust, cinders, lightning expresses, and headaches, to luxuriate in the true poetry of travel? Would he cut "the sweeping curve of the glancing rail" and go out on the face of the deep, where nothing more poisonous than water loads the air? Would he relieve his sole and soul from the hard contact of real estate, and exchange rocks, mud, and pavement for blue water, blue sky, and all that they generate? Would he step thus into the property-room of the poet, and enjoy, after his own fashion, the medley of raw material, the waves, the moon, the clouds, wherewith Ποιητής, the Creator, works? Let him spend the dusky half of twenty-four hours on a Chesapeake "bay boat." There are other bits of water-travel equal, or superior, in some respects. Long Island Sound most nearly approaches it, perhaps, in all points. But that is not, like this, a gradual descent from the bosom of the mountains to the ocean. The water does not become bluer and broader, the foam whiter, and the roll deeper and more majestic, with every whirl of the wheels. You are not invigorated by the same sensation of steady and regular expansion. And you are not, finally, welcomed to the glowing South and to the tameless sea that whitens toward Hatteras by such a sunrise as ushers you through the portals of the Powhatan into its sail-crowded anteroom. But here the voyager will sink from poetry to prog. Thoughts of breakfast, and, if he has been there before, of the unapproachable breakfasts of Old Point, the Ocean House, or the National, will steal over him as the embrasures of Fortress Monroe speckle the horizon. The inner man asserts its supremacy over the reflective department. *Edo* takes the place of *cogito* in the Cartesian formula. And he will be satisfied. The beatific consciousness of a day well begun will overspread his soul as he lays down the fork and takes up the cigar.

Supposing our friend to have digested his first impressions of Elizabeth River, sometime "the brooke of Chisapeack," and of the fine and hearty old city that stands upon its banks, we shall take him southward a space into a *terra incognita*.



CHESAPEAKE BAY.



IN THE CABIN.

On a fine morning in late May, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, there might have been seen, etc. But the gallant G. P. R. is in some sort an American now, and therefore capable of holding a patent right; so we shall not pirate on him. It is a fact, nevertheless, that, at the day and hour aforesaid, those who were up early enough might have seen a party, "fit though few," rolling through the main street of Norfolk toward the decidedly fashionable and as decidedly odoriferous terminus thereof known as the draw-bridge. Passing that structure, the party in question continued to roll, by favor of a colored youth and a team of the same tint, dark bay, through the any thing but rolling country that stretches southward between the two branches of the Elizabeth. To say the landscape we sped through was flat is a weak expression. The few points in it which are eight feet above tide have the air of commanding eminences. A resident will tell you that mosquitoes are quite troublesome in the low grounds, but that his house is fourteen feet above water, and they seldom soar to his eyrie. The effect of this condition of things on horse-flesh is unfavorable. The gait of walking is unknown to a sea-board horse. A trot, a canter, and, in specimens of extra training, that particular pace which gives you the idea of the animal's making an insane attempt to shake his tail off, are the only styles of progression recognized in equine circles. The roads are generally smooth, however, and the four-footed machine stands the everlasting jog better than could be supposed. Excellent horses are often met with. Ours performed well. The end of seventeen miles saw our equipage and its various contents safely at the North Landing Bridge, after a run, stoppages included (to herbalize among some wayside mint), of two hours, six minutes, and thirty-seven seconds, nearly.

We found the bridge well; ditto the woods of cypress and pine; ditto the swamp and its inhabitants, batrachian, ophidian, ornithic, and ebo; ditto the steamboat *Calypso* and her crew of one; ditto the lockers of the same (*videlicet*, the steamer), with their contents edible and bibulous.

The number of those who "assisted" (a Gallicism appropriate enough here, for the physical resources of each and all of the party were at one time or another called into requisition) at the jaunt was six. *Imprimis:* Mr. Meadows, a hale, cherry-faced gentleman of five feet eleven, weight one hundred and eighty pounds more or less, high in office in the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal Company. Second: Mr. Blank, smaller and more Cassius-like in physique, with black eyes and a red mustache, also an attaché of the corporation. Third, Mr. Quien, a keen and bright blade from the Empire State, with intelligence and efficiency as far above as his shirt-collar was below his (y)ears. Fourth, *we*. Fifth, Cy, dock-yard, crew to the *Calypso*, cook, stoker, steward, house-maid, boot-black, etc., etc., and so on, all in one dark parcel. Number six had not yet turned up.

In advertisement style, our boat was high-pressure, fifty feet long, nine wide, side wheel, oscillating engine, cabin accommodations for (on a pinch) ten, speed ten miles an hour. She was in prime condition, and played, puffed, and whistled her part nobly throughout.

As is not uncommon in the season and place, the weather was warmish. Thirst had its claims to attention. By consequence a unanimous motion to the cabin was put and carried. The absorption of a glass of sherry-colored fluid (all the swamp water derives that color from saturation with vegetable matter, and there is no finer water in the world) followed. This duty to our vital forces performed, several of the party, with Mr. Quien, Sen., entered a row-boat, to go above the bridge, along the North River and the canal to the point where the steam excavators were at work, a mile and a half distant. Our passage thither, if not altogether as imposing as Cleopatra's rows on the Nile, led through a finer colonnade of Nature's architecture than Thebes or Luxor could have matched. Our path was an avenue of water, a hundred feet wide, straight as an arrow, walled in with cypresses of primeval growth, their enormous boles sustaining at the summit a mass of the most delicate, feather-like foliage; the black but perfectly clear water overhung by varieties of flowers, grasses, and shrubs innumerable. The blue flag, the coral honeysuckle, the magnolia-like and richly perfumed blossoms of the laurel conspicuous. Animal life was less profuse. Now and then a moccasin would glide under the shore, or a gay-colored lizard dodge rapidly round a stump. The mocking-bird, its cousin the ubiquitous cat-bird, the blue jay, a stray heron, and—*horresco referens*—the buzzard, constituted the powers above. The great dredges, brandishing their black arms among the fallen Titans of the wood, and dragging up the remains of long departed vegetable giants, saluting the while, as if in derision, the surviving patriarchs with rapid puffs of steam, contributed more than any thing else to give life to the scene. More efficient and powerful pioneers never invaded the virgin wilderness. They work in pairs, one machine a little in advance of its mate. Each cuts a path forty feet wide and



ALBEMARLE AND CHESAPEAKE CANAL.

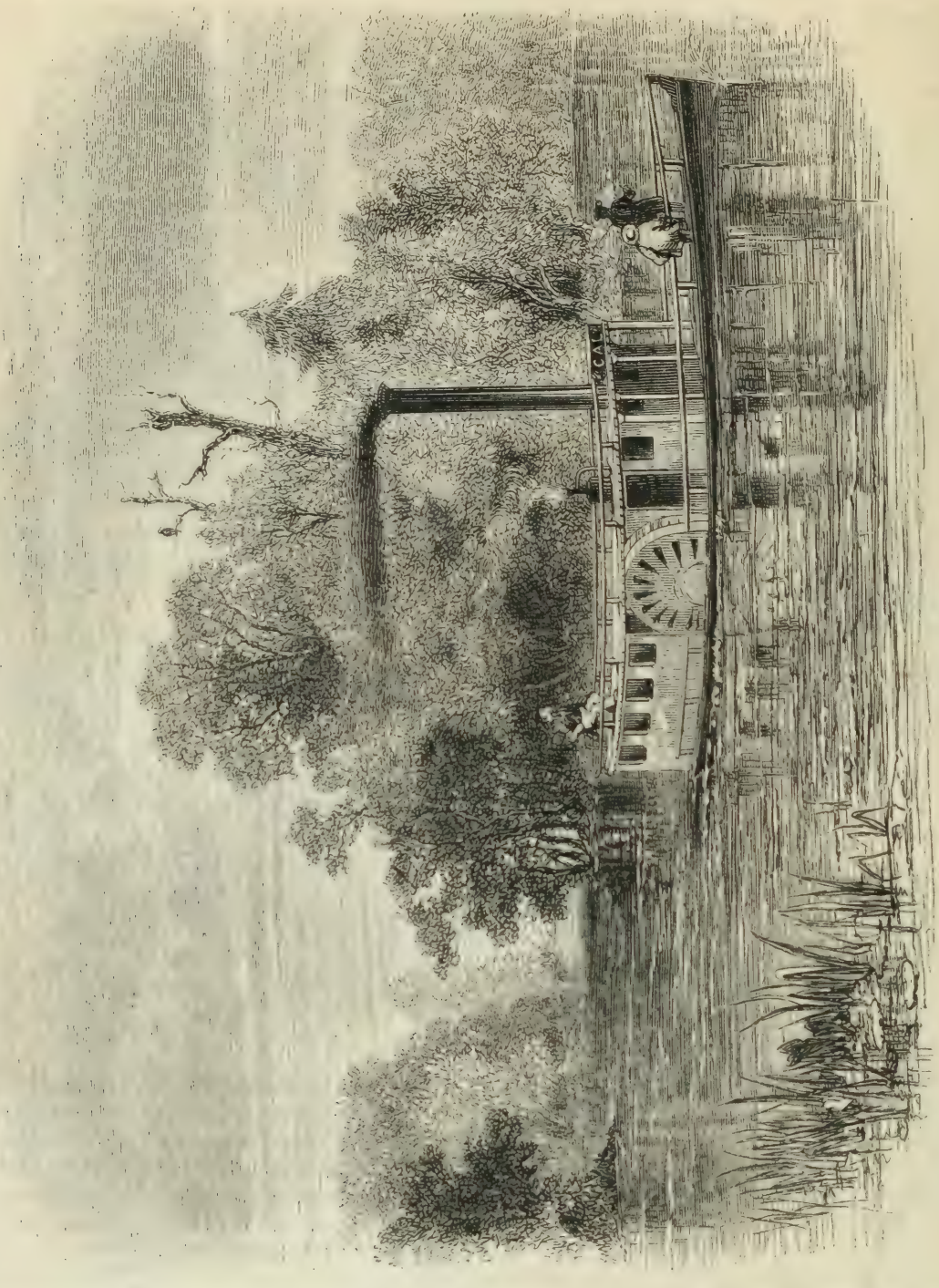


SAIL HO!

eight feet deep, piling up the black chaos of mud and stumps on either hand in long ramparts. Altogether, there are nine at work on the line, which embraces eight and a half miles of canal in Virginia, and five and a half in North Carolina, eighty feet wide and deep enough for vessels drawing eight feet water. These dimensions will allow the passage of craft of a much larger class than those navigating the Dismal Swamp Canal. Over that work it claims many additional advantages, one of which is that only a single lock, of two or three feet lift, is needed in the whole distance. There will be an abundance of trade for both.

The importance of this improvement to the State of North Carolina may be estimated by the fact that she has subscribed near half the calculated cost. When completed, as it may be in 1859, a very extensive navigation within her borders which has been cut off from access to sea since the closing of Currituck Inlet in 1829, will have a better channel than ever. More than this, all the rest of her sounds and rivers, north of Hatteras and south of Elizabeth City, instead of being dependent on a single dangerous passage eastward, Oregon Inlet, or on the crooked and narrow channel of the Pasquotauk River northward, will be connected with Chesapeake Bay by a route nearly an air line, and traversible by the largest craft those waters will float. Nor is the enterprise of much inferior moment to Norfolk, to or by whose wharves all the trade secured by it must pass. It is one of the most promising of those new works which, if her merchants show a spirit at all commensurate with the occasion, must infuse new life into the commerce of that city, and make her what the finest harbor south of New York should have made her long ago.

Returned from the swamp excursion, we were ready to unhitch our pony steamboat and steer for the south. But delay unlooked for occurred. A passenger was behind time. Number six was an "auncient marinere" of the neighborhood, who was to accompany us to Currituck Court House, and enlighten Meadows on the way as to the chart of the river and the Sound. Many an anxious glance was cast up the perfectly straight and perfectly level road by which we expected the advent of the veteran. High noon had long passed when the unbroken perspective was intersected by an apparition which gave the momentary impression that the old gentleman was voyaging in the manner of his youth, and bearing down on us in a sloop. When the mysterious



UNDER WAY.

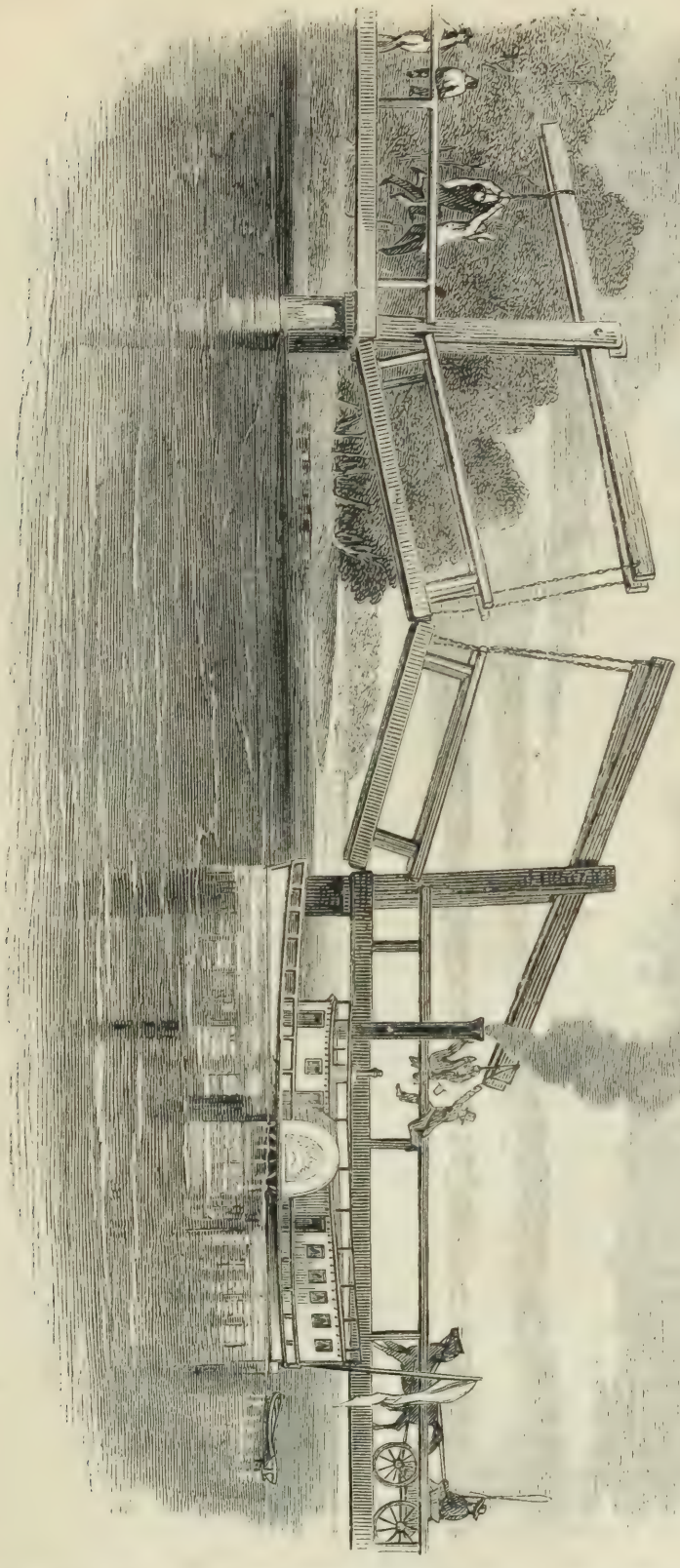
craft first hove in sight, she was hull down. The horse soon rose above the horizon, and the mystery was solved. What the ignorant stranger had taken for mast and sail proved to be the upper works of a top-sulky, principally top. We are afraid to guess the altitude of the two-wheeled sentry-box; but it entirely overshadowed the little horse, and wagged to and fro, backward and forward over him, in a way calculated to inspire the most distressing fears of his personal safety. But all went, or rather came, well. Our worthy old sea-dog, Captain Perse, still had his sea-legs on, and kept his perpendicular despite sundry desperate wrenches administered to his turn-out by some corduroy road near the bridge. We need not say that he had a warm welcome, nor that the song of *Calypso* speedily changed from a fizzle to a snort. She commenced operations by thoroughly sprinkling, in two or three well-directed puffs, a solution of soot over the clothes of the passengers. This preliminary through, she struck down the centre of the canal-like stream, the overhanging branches almost brushing her wheel-houses. The water having the color of brown stout, the sensation was somewhat that of navigating the torrent that swept away a London street some years ago, when one of Whitbread's vats gave way, except that there was no torrent.

"Fine stream this!" said Meadows.

"Narrowish," said we.

"Rather; the fact is we want width more than depth, though the channel here is generally as wide as the river, and that is wide enough for a vessel as long as our locks to warp around in."

"It hardly looks so to the eye. The semi-sunken canal-boat above the bridge just reaches from bank to bank, bating the five feet through



FUNGO BRIDGE

which we rowed. Hard indeed is it to realize that the desolate spot we have just left should have been once a mart."

"It was, nevertheless. Vessels from the West Indies used to lie under these cypress-boughs. The city of New York was then fed with early potatoes by fast-sailing schooners from this river. It was on the deck of a North Landing trader that the lord of a score of steamships, the potentate of the paddle, the august Vanderbilt himself, imped his wing for the flight of greatness and gain?"

"This pool would hardly fill the boilers of his big and rapid namesake."

"But it will help to bear cargo to fill the holds of larger steamers, I hope," replied Meadows, "to follow her transatlantic track from a Virginia port."

"So mote it be! May the Old Dominion, in reconquering her wildernesses, reconquer the sea! Two centuries ago this region was not wilder than it now is. She was then, and for a century more, the first of the colonies in commerce. The two modes of progress may again go together.

But speaking of steamers, this must be the first the North River—of Virginia, not of New York—ever whitened under."

"The very first. She is our *Clermont*, though I don't claim to be a Fulton."

"Then the natives will be as much startled at the novelty as those of Queen Bess's days were when Raleigh's men sought access this way to the country of the Chesapeake tribe."

"Natives are as scarce here now as they were then, or more so. We shall astonish few this afternoon but muskrats."

"And they, to judge from their dress, are not natives, but furryners," chimed in Mr. Quien, from the helm.

"Good Heavens, young man!" objurgated M.; "another pun like that, and you'll have us hopelessly aground."

It proved as Meadows said. Solitude reigned supreme. Large tracts, now covered with pines, were pointed out by our white-haired Palinurus as having been productive corn-fields in his day. In the first sixteen miles we passed but one house, and its two occupants were the only discernible human beings. The rats were decidedly in the majority. They dived under our bows with a calmness that savored more of philosophy than fright, and perhaps more contempt of the intruders than either. A few fishing nets drying on the bushes were the outward and visible signs, however, of more bipeds than we saw. If the musical ideas of the two beings whom we did scare were not expanded by the scream our whistle greeted them with, the fault was not on board.

Two hours' run brought us to Pungo Bridge, near the mouth of the river, and the heart of a sort of rural Five Points or Alsatia. The hour we spent here in trying to make the draw respond to the repeated pulls of the entire ship's company, afforded some opportunity for studying the manners and physiognomy of the people. Repeated peals and appeals of the whistle elicited from an adjacent cabin two men and a woman. One of the men was old, and the other very old. The woman was an unhappy medium. None had any teeth. The males triturated tobacco incessantly with their gums. The elder one, according to tradition—which may have wronged him—was a homicide; his crime having been committed, we suppose, in the infancy of the country, ere hanging was invented. Every thing about the place looked old, even the puppies. The two leaves of the draw, from long and undisturbed association, stuck so closely to each other that the divorcing of them sufficiently to let the smoke-pipe slide through was a work of time and patience. Justice to the Pungotese demands the confession that they surveyed the process with untiring interest, and would, when a rope broke, a chain got fast, or the whole of us were unavailingly suspended by our hands, encourage our labors with a smile.

Below this eligible location our watery track gradually broadened into Currituck Sound, a fresh-water lake some eighty miles long north and south, and from five to fifteen wide. It heads the chain of inland bays, parallel with the sea-shore, which stretches from Cape Henry to Southern Florida.



A PUNGOTESE.

The sun sank into the distant marshes on our right, and the sea-breeze came fresh and cool from the left. It was a thing to be enjoyed in silence—sitting on the hurricane-deck and swaying to the dance of the fair *Calypso* as she capered over the waves. *Musing* arose with the voluptuous swell. Like the solitary boat's-crew of 1585 we were explorers—sent out, indeed, not by the Virgin Queen, nor the pink of chivalry, but by one of those entities described by Randolph as having "no breech to be kicked, and no soul to be damned." Raleigh, with all his knightly ardor, was in search of gold. So was the joint-stock company part of us had the honor to represent. Why not as sacred the *sacra fames* now as then? Does the substitution, in its missionaries, of cassimere tights and stove-pipe hats for trunk-hose and ostrich-feathers, make it less respectable? Or does the charm of antiquity work all the difference? Is the gulf between the chivalric and the sordid to be gauged by the tailor or the almanac? On this subject we came to a very self-soothing conclusion. We felt superior to our precursors. Unlike them, we carried no rapier, saker, arquebuse, or other weapon more deadly than a high-pressure boiler. True, friend Meadows's armory contained some pocket-pistols; but they were not dangerous. We did not contemplate killing any of the aborigines. Peaceful conquest was the object of the expedition. Our leader's aim was to draw North Carolina and Virginia together, and ours — individually and personally speaking—to draw them apart. Our motto was one: *Nulla dies sine linea*, differently translated, his version being "Every (canal) line has its day"—ours, "Let every day have its line." How nobly different such an



SHIFTING BALLAST.

animus from the shooting, burning, and baptizing spirit of Layne, Grenvil, Drake, and the rest of the "old original" flibustiers!

The nineteenth century, proceeded our soliloquy, does not get justice. Its children seem more ashamed of it than the eternal superstition that the former days were better than these days avails to explain. Its great achievements in material progress—greater than those of its fifty or sixty predecessors all together—every body boasts of. But, coupled with the boast is an ever-ready and sweeping ascription of them to selfish motives, and to such alone. Mammon, Mammon, is the declared root of it all; as if that Californian deity had been wholly unworshiped by any preceding age. Doubtless this self-depreciation hath its advantages; but modesty and truth are two different things. And truth requires the statement, startling as it may seem, that, human nature being much the same as in the year one, human motives are not materially different; that scarcely an instance is furnished since the first Crusade, even by the days of chivalry, of a nation's having acted from purely disinterested and exalted motives, with the men who compose them; that but a solitary man, Columbus, of all the old discoverers, was wholly actuated by impulses distinct from personal aggrandizement, and that he, perhaps, alone of them all was paid with sneers at first and chains at the last; that Washington, one of the few other self-forgetters, was better appreciated by his lucre-loving contemporaries than the world-seeking Genoese by those who lived with and immediately after him, though the stimulus of benefits conferred operated in favor of the one as well as the other; that the romance of scientific and geographical discovery is shaming the novels every day; that Kane, Franklin, and the French doctor in Egypt who slept in the sheets of a plague-patient, are fair offsets to Bayard and Balboa; that the merchants who have just sent their money to the bottom of the sea in the shape of wire and tar, carried the heroic in mercantile adventure as far as the German, Fugger, who entertained Charles V. with the perfume of his own bond for millions burned in a pyre of cinnamon; and that, in fine, the doing away with so many prejudices that cramped and warped the heart and mind of man must favor not only a more general, but an actually higher, development of the finest capacities of both.

The prevalent idea that the diffusion of knowledge and intellectual culture has nourished the critical faculty at the expense, and almost to the annihilation, of the creative, means, when translated, that because every body can understand and enjoy the sublime, nobody can produce it. Surely in an age so commercial the axiom that supply equals demand ought to be more familiar. We have no Homer, but ours is simply one of twenty-seven centuries that have been equally unfortunate. Thorwaldsen and the rest have not matched the Apollo or the Discobulus, but they have come nearer it than any of their Christian predecessors, and, in our private opinion, as near as any body ever will. Sheridan Knowles and Scribe are some distance behind Shakspeare, and neither Southey, Bailey, nor Barlow will outlive Milton; but though Shakspeare's con-

temporary dramatists are also superior to ours, we have better poets than Dryden or Waller. The fact is, that those we have named, and who are usually adduced in support of the delusion spoken of, are wonders who stand alone, independent of the influences of their day, and who might have appeared in any age. The reign of the merry monarch was not a period remarkable for pure, healthy, fresh, and vigorous life and feeling. There was not more of primeval artlessness and enthusiasm than now, and therefore no cause, according to the fashionable theory, why Milton should have been coeval with Nell Gwynn more than with Fulton. The Iliad, the Apollo, Richard III., and Paradise Lost have more admirers and more students now than they ever had before. Thus they may be said to belong to ours more than to the epoch which produced them. What becomes, then, of the allegation that such efforts are the mere concretion or crystallization of the contemporary popular mind, and that yet we do not duplicate them *because* we understand them better and sympathize with them more?

Apparently the strongest argument in behalf of the creed in question is furnished by the revival of the fine arts between the middle of the fifteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century. There flourished then not one merely, but many painters who have not been approached since. But it is equally certain that art-critics were as numerous and profound then as now, and, consequently, that Meinherrs Winckelmann and Mengs are not responsible for having frightened genius back into mediocrity, and extinguished the grand style. It is apropos that filthy lucre had a powerful hand in the renaissance, and that much of its glory is due to the commercial cities of Italy and Holland, and the vast influx of gold from the new Spanish colonies. Why may not similar conditions now favor similar results?

The mistake consists in judging this, that, or the other era by the very first of its great men, and not by those who form the leading *class*. As we have said, the superlatives are to be thrown out of the case altogether. Centuries separate them, and they can not be the property of a day. Follow this rule, and our age is seen fully to hold its own in every walk of intellect.

Why should increased analytic skill obstruct literature more than increased microscopic skill retard the natural sciences, or the dissecting-room be the grave of medical art? Great original minds it aids without fettering, while to those of inferior cast it is the *sine qua non* of existence.

Let, then, the eighteen hundreds, as they file on, each with its contribution of light and knowledge to the ever-heaping, never-waning stock, march proudly among the other children of time. The mystic glow of "the light that never was on sea nor shore" plays not less brilliantly around their path. They bring home the beautiful forms and thoughts of all the others to every village and every fireside. They are daily turning into palpable reality some wild poetic dream of their departed sisters. And as they extend the domain of the actual, they extend, still in advance of it, the sphere of the imaginary. At-



CURRITUCK.



WOOD AND WATER.

lantis, Cathay, and El Dorado are peopled now with beings of flesh and blood, and are the goal of fire-breathing monsters compared to which the dragons of old fable were playthings. Along the bottom of the ocean words flash back and forth with a speed never fancied for the mandates of Olympus. The antipodes are dotted with astronomic and magnetic observatories, from which hundreds of eyes watch through the night to disentangle worlds that swarm beyond the stars, and to trace the workings of a fluid more impalpable than light. And the wider universe and the subtler forces of human passion and human polity engage a not less ardent or less successful band.

"Yes, Meadows, a fig for antiquity! 'Cock up your beaver, lad; cock it fu' brawly,' in the face of the sea-rovers of old. The chaps who plundered the Spanish galleons in time of peace, and burned the friendly Indian villages of Croatan in revenge for the disappearance of a stew-pan, were not more respectable than Lafitte, and far less than Lopez. Huzza for the age of steam! Blank, shove her along a little faster. Captain, shift your stool to the centre of the deck, and get her in better trim."

Darkness was upon the face of the waters, unbroken save by three fourpenny dips which illumined the city of Currituck Court House, distant one mile. The Sound beneath us had become thick and slab with grass as we wheeled shoreward. We were paddling through the vastest of duck-ponds; for hither, in winter, throng the canvas-backs, lured by the *valisneria*.

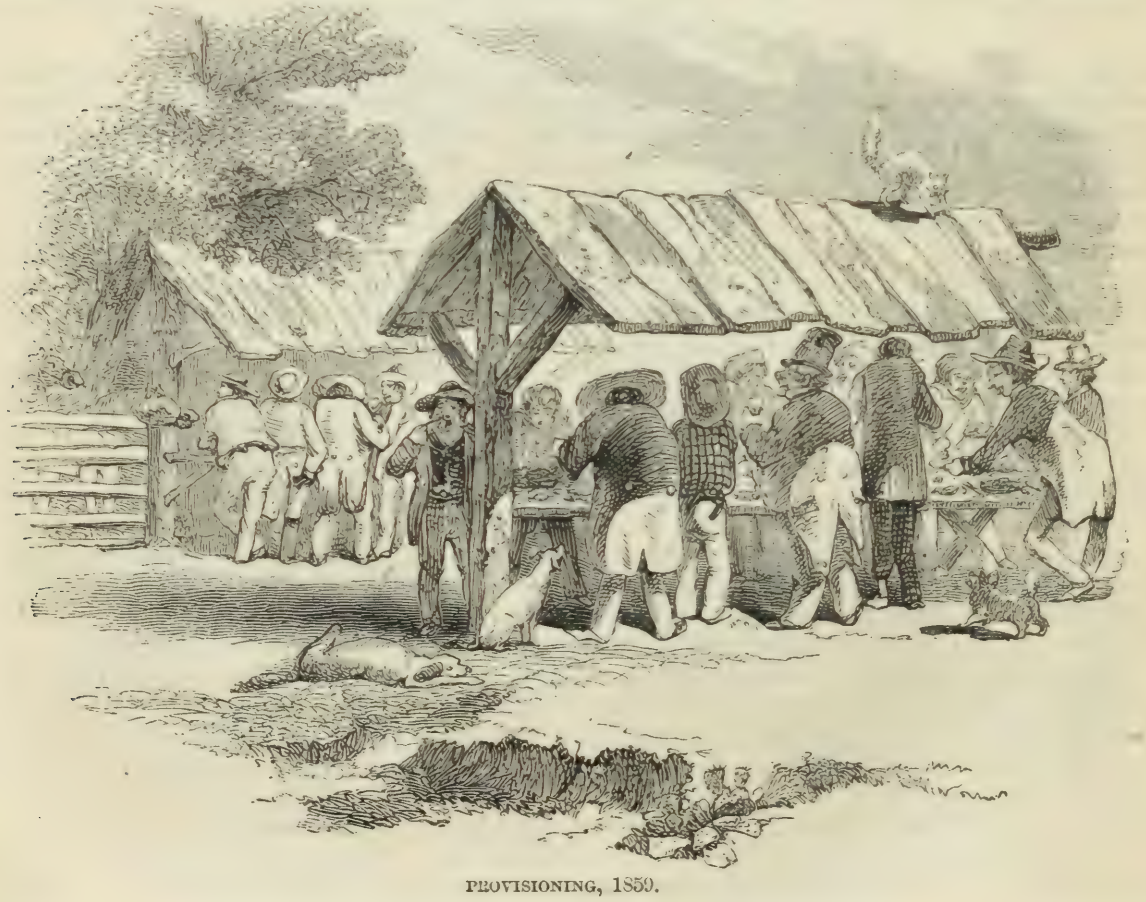
Grass-grown streets are familiar things, even in many parts of our young country; but grass-grown harbors are seldom heard of. We were now in one, the densely-flourishing-stems, eight and ten feet long, washing against the sides of the half dozen sail-boats that constituted the visible marine. When, with the freshening of the waters thirty years ago, grass came in, oysters went out. The white shells of the defunct glare sadly up through the shallows. Currituck oysters, once famous, have no other memorials than these. The light of other days shines only in the terrapin and the crab.

The ancient village before us is the shire-town of a county some eighty miles long, and embracing the scene of the earliest attempt at colonizing the present territory of the United States. The representative of the county in the House of Commons of the State resides on Roanoke Island, not far from the site of Captain Layne's fort. Little of the town was to be seen from the boat, or, indeed, as we found afterward,

from any other point. Half a dozen loungers might be made out on shore. Considerations connected with said loungers and their fellow-citizens the mosquitoes, induced the anchoring of the *Calypso* a hundred yards from the land. The evening meal and the subsequent cigar dispatched, the silence was soon unbroken in our little cabin, save by the tremulous bass of some tired snorer, or the tremulous treble of an adventurous gallinipper, whom interest in the visitors had tempted an unwonted distance from *terra firma*.

The morrow was made locally momentous by the meeting of the county court and a political convention. From dawn till noon, therefore, did the yeomanry of Currituck and the attorneys of the nearest villages, twenty miles distant, pour in. Among the whole procession "a solitary horseman" would have required hard search to find. Every body went on wheels. The principle of rotation was universally recognized. The roads are too good to waste time in the saddle. Vehicles of every description, with some hitherto undescribed, resembled each other uniformly in one respect—that of being the lightest of their class. The Currituckians seem long ago to have solved the problem of finding the smallest possible quantity of raw material consistent with the required strength, in animals not less than carriages. For freedom from redundant weight they might challenge the world to match their buggies, sulkies, rockaways, carts, horses, mules, and shaft-oxen. There are no wagons. "Slow-draught" horses would be out of place. The carts, with the small but well-formed and clean-limbed little animals which draw them, convey a very fair load. Like every thing else here, they—the carts and horses—are amphibious. Scorning the superfluous luxury of a wharf, they meet the boats half way. Backing into three feet of water, the vehicle is tilted into the vessel, which, on its part, is strongly inclined to meet its terrene visitor. The wharf, being three feet wide and a foot and a half high, and strongly resembling the spring-board of a circus, is calculated more for show than use. On the present occasion it groaned under some corn and several barrels of cherries. May Court is known as "Cherry Court," from the quantity of that fruit then and there consumed. "The more we gazed the more the wonder grew" that any of the population ever lived till June. At the most moderate estimate, May Court ought to decimate it with the bowel complaint.

As the town comprises but five houses, independent of the court-house and jail, it became a curious and interesting question where and how the sovereigns and their horses were to be accommodated. It turned out that the latter were, in one respect, better provided for than their lords. Most of them could look out from the extensive stables and scan their riders recreating *al fresco* under rude booths, composed of three poles and a clapboard roof. Successive detachments crowded into these romantic retreats. To them were dispensed, in tin pans, a dinner of corn bread, stewed oysters, and divers incomprehensible forms of bacon. Contemplating this peaceful scene of substantial enjoyment, it was impossible for a lover of modern civilization to avoid contrasting the present with the past, and calling up the images of our illustrious predeces-



PROVISIONING, 1859.



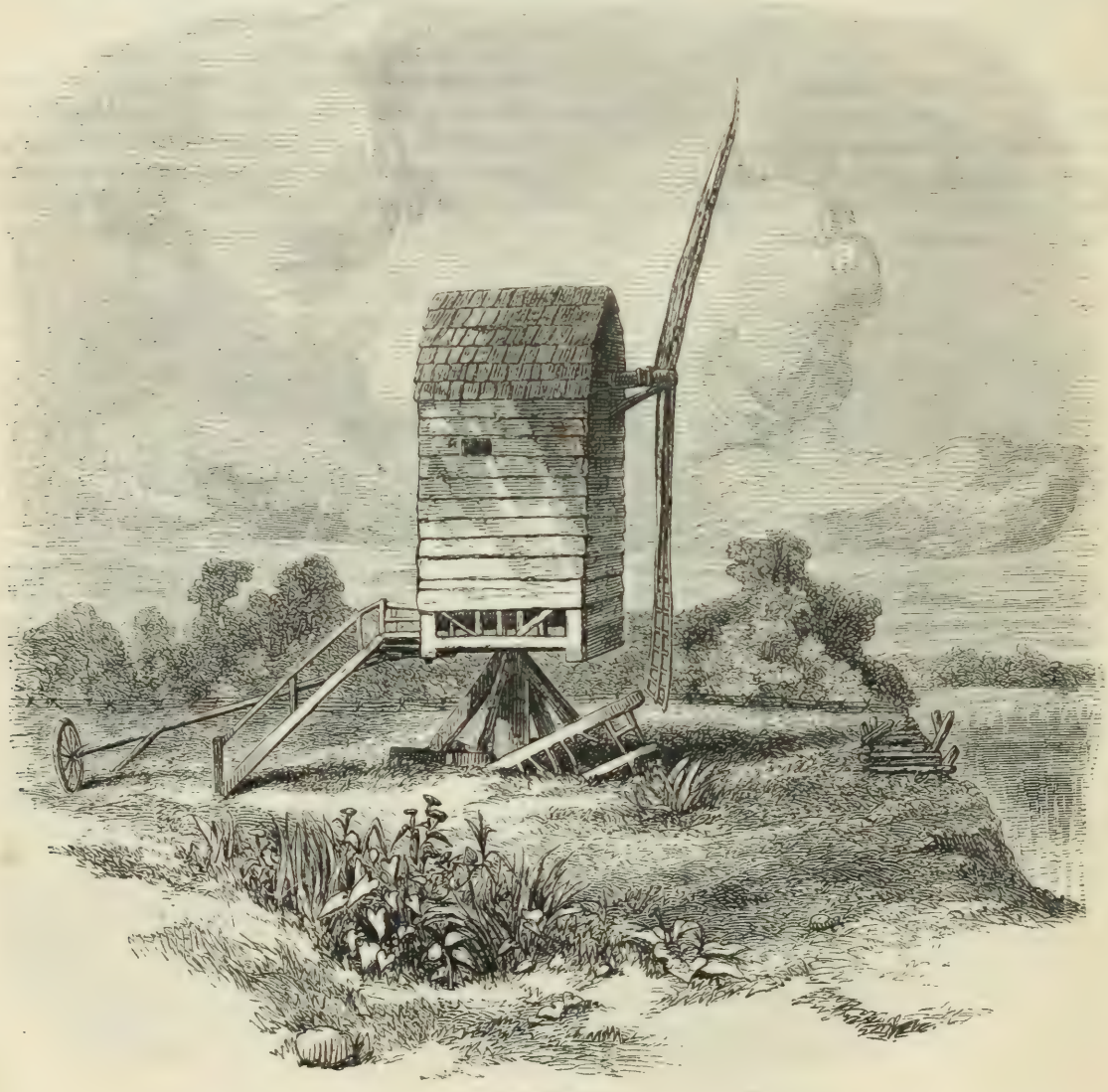
PROVISIONING, 1589.

sors, the first white explorers of this shore. They were obliged to pick up a precarious subsistence in the shape of an occasional bag of corn or peas —sometimes, no doubt, when their treasury of glass beads and tenpenny nails ran low, in a something hurried way. Their boat, "with 4 ores, *would* carry but 15 men, with their prouisions for 7 dayes." We are not told that it *did*. In any case, they must have been brought to short commons ere their return if they depended on their own resources; and the savages, albeit timid, must have gained courage from numbers.



SCUPPERNONG GRAPE-VINE.

A forlorn-looking juggler added to the attractions of the day by fishing eggs from an empty bag and expectorating ribbon. But we are proud to say that the *Calypso* beat magic, and was decidedly the lioness. An unbroken stream of visitors poured into her miniature cabin. It was constantly filled to its utmost capacity with men and boys, according to their respective idiosyncrasies either vacantly admiring the "gorgeous" furniture, or earnestly and intelligently discussing the new era of commercial activity which seemed to be opening on their beautiful country. And we must here say that, for average culture, intelligence, and physical vigor, the people of this "kingdom by the sea" will hold their own with most other communities, North or South. With great facility of inter-communication by land and water, a soil easily cultivated, cheap, and productive of a great variety of luxuries and necessaries; the fresh sea-breeze to checkmate the miasma of the swamps; light taxation; and a healthy ignorance of, or contempt for, isms of every kind, they enjoy happiness, comfort, and content in no ordinary degree. Saith Master Ralph Layne: "This territory, being fifteen myle from the shoare, for pleasantness of seate, for temperature of climate, fertility of soyle, and comoditie of the sea, besides beares good woods, saxefras, walnuts, etc., not to be excelled by any other whatsoever." The broad waters of the Sound, and its tributaries which leave few points more than a few miles distant from sloop navigation, gives old and young, male and female, a semi-amphibious turn. It is rather startling to a mountaineer to see a party composed of two or three women and one man lift anchor and hoist sail in the gloaming, and steer straight into the dusk toward a horizon all of water. And wind and wave at times make matters quite lively on the surface of the Sound. The six or eight feet of sand, swelling at regular but distant intervals into isolated cones fifty feet high, which is piled up along the sea, offers slight obstruction to the east wind, and north and south the sweep is as free. This universal familiarity with sails possessed by what may be called our inland coast people, from Nantucket to the Rio Grande, furnishes the Union with an element of naval strength by no means contemptible, though it may figure but feebly in our marine statistics. It is common to speak of the insular conformation of Great Britain as a perpetual guarantee of her maritime superiority. But, compared with ours, her coast-line is bluff and unbroken by indentations. Between fresh water and blue water she has nothing intermediate. Almost the whole of our Atlantic



WIND-MILL.

border, on the contrary, has a double or treble line of shore. Innumerable bays and estuaries, running parallel with or at right angles to the beach proper, navigable and more or less land-locked, carry mast and sail into the heart of the country, and, as it were, to the thresholds of a large portion of our people. If the two islands of Britain, with their two or three thousand miles of shore-line, make her mighty on the sea, how much more should our tiers on tiers of islands, with their thirty thousand miles of beach, do for America? True, the English seas are more uniformly rough; but the school they give the mariner is hardly severer than that furnished by the trials of a winter on the American coast.

But we are falling into the Fourth of July vein. A truce to squibs and crackers till the next annual eruption of the national volcano.

Looking landward, see that other type and earnest of national vigor—that immense grape-vine, covering a small field from a single stem. It is the scuppernong, a North Carolina specialty. No other American grape so resembles the European varieties in freedom from pulp and twang. Let us make our own wine, and plenty of it, saith the creed of St. Nicholas of Cincinnati (and a saint of true and long worth he is, as his name betokens). Then no more Sagerac, no more baldface, no more tinctures of cocculus Indicus, no more poor-houses, no more temperance societies, no more Goughs. Perhaps so; or rather, certainly so, to a certain or uncertain extent. Cheap wine and cheap beer will do good. But our varied climate and varied idiosyncrasy demand a varied stimulant. It is absurd to suppose that any one tipple shall satisfy the universal Yankee throat—that to the popular question, "What will you take?" one unanimous response shall be sent up, alike from the semi-polar log-cutter of Maine, the semi-tropical *merveilleux* of New Orleans, the lean speculator of Minnesota, or the piazza-lounging planter of the Palmetto State.

Divers lively excursions across and down the Sound occupied our little boat for the two days of our stay. Neither crinoline nor obesity were possibilities contemplated by her builder. Consequently she had not always more space or more steadiness than the occasion demanded. On the third morning we (individually) were awakened by the noise of the engine. A glance showed the city of Currituck, sufficiently concise before, to be growing small by degrees and beautifully less, the grass settling itself sluggishly over our retreating track, and the deserted wind-mill, that makes the main landmark, rearing its skeleton arms more and more dimly. We were once more "to the northland heading."

Our limit in point of time forced us to defer the prosecution of our intended visit to Roanoke Island. Save for a month or two in the year, access to it is occasional only and uncertain. The watering-place on the beach opposite it was not yet open, and the tide of steamboats and fashionables was but preparing for the flow.

THE MERCHANT.

I.

THERE is a Farm-house fringed with vines,
And o'er its roof the sunlight shines;
Where swallows sail the summer air,
And pour their notes of music there.

The wifely wren hath built her nest
Snug 'gainst the roof's low, modest crest;
While 'round each plant and blossoming tree
Swings in and out the humble-bee.

The house-dog suns his shaggy side
Nearest the porch the cat beside;
While robin redbreast chants his song,
And mocking-birds the notes prolong.

There is a face within the cot—
Oh! blessed face, and ne'er forgot!
Her beauteous eyes turn on her boy—
The mother's hope, the widow's joy.

A playmate of the birds he seems,
A shape that comes to us in dreams;
The shadow from the broken tree
Ne'er fell as yet, my child, on thee!

II.

There is a House within the town,
Rich carvings o'er its portals frown,
And silken curtains bar the way
Of rising sun and noontide day.

Old paintings hang along the wall,
Stained lights upon the carpet fall;
Rich mouldings here and there are fret,
Carved woods in blue and gold are set.

Upon the buffet silver gleams
Where Art hath carved her choicest dreams;
The liv'ried valet hovers 'round
With muffled feet that wake no sound.

A face beneath the lights is there,
Its lines deep graved by grief and care;
His hand, long used to count his gold,
Is thin and long, and lean and cold.

There is a Ship upon the sea—
A golden-freighted argosy—
Bearing the golden fleece from far
To port where sets the Evening Star.

III.

The merchant's thoughts are not with thee,
Oh! golden-freighted argosy;
But with the Farm-house fringed with vines,
Upon whose roof the sunlight shines.

He sums his long life o'er and o'er,
His wealth, his credit, social power;
But still his thoughts will wander there,
Where swallows sail the summer air.

'Mid all the notes and bonds that stand
His memory 'round, like silver band,
His fancy fondly 'scapes to thee,
Thou robin's-note from out the tree!

Along the chambers of the past
Are busts in bronze and marble cast;
Still are his thoughts within the cot,
And mother's name is ne'er forgot.

THE BURNING OF SALTONE VILLA.

THE mansion-house or villa of Saltone was built by William Saltone, of Georgia, in the years 1832, '33, and '34. In the winter of 1832 the proprietor sold his plantations in Georgia, at the persuasion of his wife, who, though a young woman, was known, by a custom of family and neighborhood, as "Madam Saltone," and built a villa in Eastern Massachusetts, near one of the interior villages of that State. He was the last representative of an ancient family of Virginia, which for several generations had given signs of decay by melancholia and insanity. The two younger brothers of William had lived unmarried, and died in middle life by their own act. Madam Saltone was a second cousin of her husband, and though a lady of superior manners and rare education, was of a severe and compressive temper, haughty in general society, and dwelling much upon ideas of aristocracy. She had been eminently beautiful, and when I first saw her at Saltone villa, one year after the sudden demise of Mr. Saltone, who was found lying dead of apoplexy in a field near the house, during the absence of his wife on a visit to the South, she retained the full splendor of a majestic countenance and figure, with a manner and bearing the most queen-like I had ever seen in woman. She was then in her thirty-fifth year.

At the completion of the second year of her widowhood Madam Saltone was privately married to Mr. William Davenant, of Boston; a gentleman of fortune, ten years her junior, and of singularly winning and amiable manners. Being the business manager and legal adviser of the family, I enjoyed the confidence and conversation of Mr. Davenant and his lady, and the characters and personal peculiarities of both were well known to me.

Three years had elapsed, and the second marriage of Madam Saltone promised, like the first, to be a childless one. Neither Davenant nor his wife had any near relatives who would naturally be the heirs of their large estates. The husband became gloomy, abstracted, and desponding. I attributed the change to his disappointment in regard to offspring, and advised him to adopt a son. He thanked me for the suggestion, and said that he would certainly provide himself with an heir, if it were possible, for the sake of the name, if for nothing more.

Mr. Davenant then informed me that he was making preparations for a journey to Europe, where he intended to collect pictures, plate, and works of art for a new house in the city, which Madam Davenant was building. He would be absent perhaps a year.

Soon after this conversation I was sent for by Madam Davenant to her room. She was in bed, attended by her physician, and seemed ill. She informed me of the projected journey; said that "she had no desire to accompany her husband, but would remain and superintend the building of the new house, which," she added, with a sigh, "might be an amusement." Madam Davenant looked pale and sad, which was noticeable, as her expression was usually clear and decided. She gave me a bundle of documents to examine and copy. I retired immediately to my room and opened the package. It contained three legal instruments; the wills of Davenant and his wife, mutually leaving all they possessed to each other, and a power of attorney for myself to manage the personal affairs of the husband during his absence. They were drawn up carefully in the bold, angular handwriting of the lady, whose talent for affairs suited well with the pride and firmness of her disposition.

The next day these papers were executed and given to me. Mr. Davenant advised that I take them with me to Boston, and lodge them in a place of security. After some demur, the lady consented, and I left the house, glad to escape from an atmosphere of gloom and suspicion, which all the luxury and splendor of Saltone villa and the elegant conversation of its master had not power to dispel.

The mansion stood upon the slope of a broad hill facing the sunrise. On a clear day, with a powerful telescope, the site of Boston, Milton Hill, and the ocean were faintly discernible from the upper windows. It was separated from the village by an arm of the forest which extended eastward from the mountains. The lawn in front of the mansion was a grand crescent, fringed on its outer curve with fine elms. A carriage-way, after winding through the forest, entered the lawn upon the right. The view in front overlooked the summits of the highest trees of the plain, and presented a prospect of more than twenty villages, far and near, white marks on the green bosom of the land. Orchards, copses, corn-fields, and silver streams added interest to the view.

The side doors of the villa opened into rose-bowered paths, which terminated by long gradations in shady shrubberies; and these in hickory groves, which mingled insensibly with the natural forest. The viny porticoes, hung with woodbine, clematis, and rare creepers; the long conservatory, a palace of glass, resting upon rows of Moorish columns, under which a vast assemblage of flowering plants of the tropics sated the eye and sense with beauty and odor; cases of exquisite shells, coins, and books, in the interior rooms; a hall so light and brilliant it seemed almost a continuation of the painted porticoes; carpets and furniture in keeping with the rich colors of the wall, and exquisitely ornate; instruments of music, which stood, mute servants of melody, in their pictured recesses; paintings of all ages, whose subject required no explanation, not even a verse of Scripture, fixing and charming the gaze at the first view; the quiet but sombre richness of the rooms, all different, characteristic, and supported by a decorative art that neglected nothing, and relieved while it satisfied the eye; the vastness and variety of the immense house where a king's retinue might

have been entertained; in the midst of all moved two rare and beautiful figures, childless, joyless, polished as the statues of their halls, and cold as they; tending in weariness toward a future without aim or hope, and dreaming always of "what might have been."

It was my habit, when approaching the villa, to take a by-road that led over the low range of mountains overlooking its western front. I did this to get the view, which was at all seasons attractive; not so much for those extended features of cultivated landscape scenery, which, I maintain, surpass, in some parts of lovely Massachusetts, the fairest scenic reputations of France and England, but for the view of Saltone through an opening in the forest.

All beauties, even those of the human form, depend much upon association. The velvet lawns of baronial manors delight the Englishman, and the heavy and somewhat tame architecture of his country-seats pleases him more than they do another: he loves them through an educated taste; they are the first impression, the ideal of youth, the pride of manhood, the prejudice of age. No less charming and sacred to me, for the same reasons, are the beauties of my native land.

The last time I saw Saltone through the oak opening on the mountain road the glory of sunrise had illuminated its crystalline roofs, on whose numerous angles, and over the Moorish chimneys, the green masses of the creepers were made transparent by penetrating sunbeams. Over the great doors stalactitic canopies, rich with flowers, covered shaded entrances, cool and lustrous as the caves of the sea. Each window seemed a deeply carved frame, fit for some living portrait of pensive loveliness. The indescribable pale brown of the walls made a rich ground-work for the foliage of living green which clung to it or floated around it.

I had passed the night at the village tavern and rode over at sunrise. The inn-keeper, my querulous and venerable friend, Deacon Satterlee, poured out a muddy stream of talk touching the villa; the absence of "Squire" Davenant in Europe; Madam Davenant, her charities, her pride, her quarrels with a Swiss housekeeper; the jealousy of the neighbor farmers and their people, who teased and annoyed the "villa folks;" Madam Davenant's habits; she was a late sleeper; ate little or nothing; read a great deal; played a little on the guitar; sang gloriously when no one was near; was often "sick," or seemed to be so, and would shut herself weeks together in her chamber; how many "helps" she employed, and how they "wasted and stole every thing!" My pity and sympathy were excited, and the next morning, when I met the lady at her breakfast-table, grave, elegant, and overpowering as usual, I could not avoid expressing some interest in her lonely situation, and advised her to leave Saltone and live in the city till Mr. Davenant should return.

She received my advice with a courteous acknowledgment, and handed me in reply a letter from her husband, in which his return was fixed for the next spring. Madam Davenant conversed with seeming freedom. She spoke of her relation with her husband; which, she said, had not been productive of happiness for either. "They were both exclusive, both rich, and predisposed to melancholy." . . . "Mr. Davenant occupied himself of late in scientific pursuits, and practiced chemistry and mechanics as a recreation." She smiled when she informed me that he had mended the great Dutch clock that stood in her bedroom.

"My husband," she said, "if a poor man, would have been a famous mechanic. You would not believe how ingenious he is; and with admirable taste in all things. He paints well; many of those pictures are his. I have a guitar of his making. He is a good farmer, gardener, architect; in short, there is nothing he can not do. What a pity," she added, sighing, "that Davenant had not been a mechanic, and married some poor, uneducated girl, who would worship his genius, and cry 'Oh Heavens!' to every act of his. We were not suited to each other; we had both of us outlived the possibility of enjoyment."

"At your years!"

"Yes. I had exhausted life at thirty. I married a young man for the sake of a new excitement. By a strange accident we found that we were alike; and both drew blanks. Neither is able to give happiness to the other. Had Mr. Davenant been poor and ignorant we should have made a paradise of Saltone."

"But his taste, his genius?"

"A natural gift, Sir. The greatest geniuses in art and science are almost all poor and ignorant at first: in that lies their happiness and their success."

"I had imagined that your marriage was a love affair."

"Oh! you thought so because I was so much older than he. Nothing of the kind, I assure you. Had it been so I might be happy in being jealous. No; Davenant is in love with a poor girl—Deacon Satterlee's daughter."

"Bessy Satterlee?"

"The same."

"She is pretty, but coarse."

"Not at all coarse; you mistake simplicity for coarseness. I wish Davenant could marry her, but I see no means of arranging a separation; we never quarrel—that is the misfortune. I would do much to give Davenant his freedom; but our laws are ridiculously framed. Perhaps you could suggest?"

"You are beautiful," said I, looking once into the eyes of Madam Davenant, "and still young. Could you not arrange some scandal?"

She smiled. "Impossible. No man will attempt it. I am too cold and proud. Besides, I will not sacrifice the honor of my family even by a rumor. I could endure any thing better than a scandal."

While we conversed over our coffee the Dutch clock above stairs in Madam Davenant's bedroom chimed the hour of ten, and played a deli-

cious air—the music, the odor of the flowers and hay fields, wafted in by the morning breeze, the songs of innumerable birds, the glow of pictured beauty from the walls of the apartment, and the stir of jasmine vines that looked in at the windows, contrasted, all of these, with the strangeness of the melancholy conversation, left a weird impression upon my imagination.

At twelve that day—it was a hot, still noon of August—I rode over to the village, having some business to arrange for Madam Davenant. This occupied the rest of the day, and, after the customary evening chat with Deacon Satterlee, I retired early to my bedroom in the tavern.

The heat of the summer night and a restless fancy kept me awake. At two in the morning, after a short, uneasy slumber, I rose and went to a window that looked eastward in the direction of the villa. The pale, calm features of the beautiful Madam Davenant rose before me, and I seemed to see the long vista of miseries that awaited her course on the downhill of existence. I thought of Davenant himself; the singular fate that had heaped upon him all possible wretchedness in the guise of brilliant fortune and a proud alliance. Was he merely indifferent to his wife, or did a stronger feeling interpose between him and the woman who looked down upon him, pitying and disappointed, from the superior height of her own supreme misery?

While I was indulging these painful speculations a few large drops of rain, pattering on the roof, accompanied with a puff of cool air, signaled the beginning of a storm. I leaned out of the attic window and saw a black arch of cloud which had already reached the zenith, and was rushing down upon the eastern half of the sky. A moment more, and the heavens were lighted with a blinding flash, followed by intense darkness, a burst of thunder, and torrents of rain. The rain fell without abatement, the lightning and thunder were almost continuous, a wind rushed wildly over the forest, tearing off the leaves, and whirling before it a mingled tempest of driving rain and flying ruins of the trees.

In the midst of this conflict of the elements I was startled by a gleam of ruddy light above the foliage of the wood in the direction of the villa. I watched it vaguely. The light grew larger and shot upward, until at length a tongue of flame and a whirl of lurid smoke convinced me that either the villa itself or the large barns in its vicinity were on fire. I hurried on my clothes, wakened the inn-keeper, and sent off the stable-boy, who slept in the loft above me, to ring the church bell. I then went to the stable and saddled my horse. Before I could put foot in the stirrup the bell had been tolling several minutes and the village was awake. Cries of fire, above the war of wind and rain, issued from casements far and near; and I saw, by the flashes of lightning, a number of men, half dressed, with buckets in their hands, rushing along the road in blind haste, in the direction of the villa. I soon overtook and distanced them, and in five minutes reached an opening in the forest through which I could see the conflagration.

Arms of solid flame reached out from the windows and under the sculptured eaves, and clasped their fiery hands together, writhed and twined above the roof. The rush of the wind carried the flame from window to window, in great leaps, to every angle and recess; and the entire mass soon became a volcano of fire, roaring and whirling high against the bosom of the lowering thunder-cloud.

The rain that fell in torrents seemed only to intensify the fire, and added to the red light of the conflagration a blue halo of burning water, like the violet-colored vestment of the flame of a candle in the damp air of a mine. All around and above was sable darkness, relieved only by ruddy gleams reflected from the lawn and the semicircle of elms. Quick repeated flashes of lightning, hiding half the fire for an instant in white light, the volleyed roar of thunder, peal after peal, drowning the rush and murmur of the conflagration; an occasional fall inward of roofs and turrets; and the moving figures or groups of terrified villagers, driven back between rain and fire, by the fury of both elements, and seen only at intervals by flashes of electric illumination—these strange and vivid appearances occupied me for a moment. It was impossible to save any part of the group of buildings. If any persons were in the mansion they had perished. All had probably escaped. In less than an hour the princely mansion of Saltone—that unrivaled work of art and taste, the home of elegance and vertu—in an hour, all, pictures, statues, vases, cabinets of gems and coins, the rare library of books and works of the graver, furniture of graceful pattern, satin hangings, carpets of Brussels and Turkey, the viny porticoes, the enchanted rose-gardens; the conservatory, rich with exotic perfumes of a hundred kinds—all would be a heap of vile and smouldering ashes. A sensation of intense and choking regret oppressed me, for such irreparable loss of what all desire and few ever enjoy. I did not think at that moment of the inhabitants or owners of the villa: their wealth would enable them to replace what they had lost. It was I who suffered, more than they: insensibly I had become attached to Saltone—more, perhaps, than if it had been my own; I had enjoyed all, from the first stone of the corner to the last decoration of the hall, without the burden or the care of proprietorship. The villa with its beauties had gradually seated itself, through years of intimate acquaintance, in that passion with which men seem to be endowed, in common with animals—the love of places, of odors, and of things; an attachment of whose intensity till then I had been unconscious.

While I stood watching with unspeakable regret the fall of the last of the four square towers, as it plunged sullenly into the smouldering ashes of the ruin, and sent up a volley of pointed flames and rolling clouds of smoke, I heard an anxious female voice calling my name. It was Sarah Behn, Madam Davenant's Swiss housekeeper,

moving about bare-headed in the rain, half crazed with terror and excitement.

"Oh, Sir! can you tell me where I will find Madam Davenant?" she exclaimed, running up and seizing the bridle of my horse.

The question was alarming. "When did you last see her?" I asked. "I heard it said she was safe in the farm-house."

"Oh! I am afraid she is burned; I have not seen her. It was I who ran to the farm-house. I had on a dress of hers, and they mistook me for Madam."

At the same instant Deacon Satterlee came hobbling along on his crutch, panting and speechless with haste.

"Is Madam Davenant at the village?" I asked.

"At the village! Madam Davenant? How should she get there at this hour?"

"I know, I know she is burned!" screamed Sarah Behn, clasping her hands. "Oh, it is horrible, too horrible! It all comes of that wicked John Cisco; he ran away with the rest, and no one went to waken Madam Davenant. She is dead—she is burned—burned!"

Crazed with horror and grief, the woman threw herself down upon the wet turf, and lapsed into a succession of hysterical spasms, rolling over, shrieking, and tearing her hair like a maniac. Her outcries drew together a crowd of idlers and lookers-on. I advised a general search for the missing lady, in the vague hope that, wandering off in the darkness, she might have lost her way and fallen exhausted in the forest. A score of active boys and men, and even women, acquainted with the paths and by-ways of the vicinity, started in pursuit.

The old Deacon, feeble and rheumatic, begged me not to leave him alone with the housekeeper, who came out of one spasm only to fall into another. With much difficulty, for she was fat and heavy, I dragged her under a summer-house that had escaped the conflagration, and rode back to the village to procure a vehicle. Luckily I found a wagon and harness in the tavern-stable, and so drove back with my own horse before it. The searchers had returned unsuccessful, and were gathered in gloomy groups under the summer-house.

It was now broad daylight, and the wind and thunder had cleared away. The fires of the burning ruin were nearly quenched by the heavy rain. Knowing the situation of Madam Davenant's bedroom, I sent to the farm-house near by for spades, axes, and rakes; and we began working in good earnest, a dozen together, in that part of the cellar which was directly beneath her bed. The heavy oaken beams of the frame had fallen inward. These, still burning, we cut away and drew out of the pit, and aided the quenching rain with buckets of water. The fire, flashing up at intervals, hindered our progress, but by evening of that day, after repeated delays by the fire, we had thrown out all the ashes and rubbish from the pit. Fragments of half-burned books, silver candelabras melted into fantastic forms, a shapeless lump of gold, recognized as the case of Madam Davenant's watch, which hung at night at her bed's head; portions of the gilded bed-posts, bundles of singed feathers, the barrels of a brace of pistols that lay usually in the drawer of a light-stand between the bed and the wall, and, among other relics, the wheels, and the enameled copper dial-plate of the great clock, which had once played the airs of Rossini, were successively drawn forth. I had these all taken to the summer-house and a guard placed over them.

No human remains could be found. Meanwhile Sarah Behn, the housekeeper, had recovered from her hysterics, and came over from the village in a tearful but composed condition. She recognized, with many sobs, each article of her mistress's bedroom and wardrobe, as the remnants were shown to her. The other servants of the household—a groom, two or three housemaids, and the cook—assisted in the identification. All the servants of Saltone were present. If any one of these, and not—as was generally believed—the lightning of heaven, had been the destroyer of Saltone, I thought I should detect some difference of behavior, some proofs of a guilty conscience in the criminal. All were seemingly innocent, and gave no signs but of interest and regret.

The morning of the next day villagers again dispersed through the forest, but the last of them returned at noon with the report that no traces could be found of the missing lady. As I was known to be the legal guardian of the property my orders were listened to with respect, and fresh relays of men began again to clear out the ashes and ruins of the cellars, in hope of finding the mortal remains of Madam Davenant, who, it was now certain, must have perished in the villa.

The mansion had been built over a double tier of deep excavations, the lower tier vaulted and used as wine-cellars. A large iron trap-door, opening over a flight of stone steps, led into these vaults; but as this trap was not in that part of the cellarage which lay under the bedroom of Madam Davenant, but opened under the turret of the northeast corner, fifty yards distant, it was long before we reached it in the course of our excavations.

Each of the four upper cellars was about ten feet in depth and fifty feet square, separated from its neighbor by a brick party wall, with an iron door. Full four days' labor were consumed in searching and clearing three of these. The laborers began to grow weary and discouraged, and on the fifth day I had only three left, who consented for double pay to aid me in the work. The fourth cellar, in which was the iron trap leading down into the vaults, was filled up by the falling of the observatory, in which had been the amateur work-room, the laboratory, and private library of Mr. Davenant. The removal of the relics of these costly luxuries was a tedious and laborious task, and it was only on the Monday following, eight days after the beginning of our search, that we succeeded in lifting and cut-

ting away the ruins from the entrance of the vaults.

I raked away the ashes with my hands from the padlock of the trap, and seized an axe to break open the ring. A sensation of terror smote through me when I saw the remnant of a key in the padlock and the catch slipped from the bolt. The trap had been opened.

Had Madam Davenant escaped out of the burning house she would have been found. It was therefore certain that she had perished in the house. But if so, the bones and charred remnants of a human form ought to have been discovered among the ruins.

That she had risen from her bed at the first alarm and had gone into another part of the building was then equally certain, and she could only take refuge in the vault. The key of the wine-cellar was always in her possession. No person ever unlocked or raised the trap-door but Mr. Davenant or his wife. Although the hinges were corroded with the heat, the trap yielded easily to my hand; and as I raised it, a close, mouldy, putrescent smell issued from the subterranean recesses. Terrified by my visible agitation, my assistants hesitated to follow as I descended the steps. In the sudden change from light to dark I could see nothing. Candles were sent for, and, provided with these, a number of persons volunteered, though the dread of what they might behold made them silent, and we passed on under the damp arches hesitating and afraid. At the entrance of the second vault we found a package of old letters lying under the archway. Entering the fourth cellar, we saw a white object against the opposite wall. It was the rigid, nearly upright corpse of Madam Davenant, seated on a treasure-chest facing the entrance of the vault, and dressed in dishabille costume such as she wore usually in her chamber. In her haste, searching in the chest for valuable papers, the unfortunate lady had thrown others that impeded her search here and there over the floor of the vault.

That the heat of the burning house had not penetrated her tomb we were satisfied by the coolness of the air, the appearance of the dress, and the natural, death-like hue of the corpse. In one hand was a letter tightly grasped, and crushed in the hollow of the palm. That she had been dead many days was evident from the condition of the body, which had begun to show marks of decomposition, and exhaled a putrescent odor. Endowed by nature with a good constitution, abstemious as she was, it could not have been hunger that deprived her of life; cases and casks of wine, and cheeses stored in the second and third vaults, made it impossible that she had failed through want of sustenance.

Madam Davenant had died suddenly in a sitting posture, and, beyond a doubt, by the effects of some powerful moral impression. A lamp, burned out, stood upon a block at the side of the treasure-chest. Was it not probable that Madam Davenant had passed during the night from her room into the wine-cellar, under the influence of some great emotion, before the breaking out of the fire—had become absorbed in the perusal of letters and papers filled, perhaps, with memorials of her past life? The trap-door, meanwhile, had fallen down unperceived; the fire broke out, inaudible to her in her abstraction under the heavy stone arches of the vault; that when she attempted to escape she found the trap closed by the fallen beams. She had then returned and seated herself upon the chest, leaning back. Death came suddenly upon her in that position. Our examination of the paper which she grasped in her dying hand assisted in confirming this opinion and verdict of the coroner's jury—of which I was one—over the body of Madam Julia Saltone Davenant.

The remains of the decedent were that day interred in the village church-yard with the solemn services of the Episcopal Church, of which she had been a communicant. No tears fell upon her grave, but the incidents of her death left a deep and saddening impression upon the minds of all the witnesses. Deacon Satterlee and his daughter stood at the grave's head as the coffin was lowered, and many significant glances were directed toward the fair-haired country maid, the reputed and real rival of the late Madam Davenant.

As in duty bound, I took possession of the papers found in the vault. Among these were several letters, worn with frequent unfolding. They were from the former husband of Madam Davenant to "his darling Julia." Their language glowed with vivid descriptions of the passion that consumed his ardent nature during absence from his "adorable wife." They were evidently the work of an accomplished writer and man of society, enamored beyond the tempered medium of happiness. These I inclosed again, and sealed for delivery to the survivor. The paper which was taken from the hand of the deceased was the last of this series of letters—one written by William Saltone to his Julia on the day of his supposed voluntary death; a few lines of passionate farewell, commending her "to the care of angels," and himself "to the pardon of a merciful God."

Struck with the singular aptness of her death to the passion of grief which this letter might have inspired, I pondered long and deeply upon all the circumstances and connections of events investing the melancholy history of Madam Davenant. Her death seemed to have become a moral necessity for the completion of a life so wretched. That Davenant hated her I had begun already to surmise, more from the tone of her conversation, which was so guarded, and from the laws of nature, than from any positive evidence. He was a creature of whim and prejudice, and still more of hobbies; deep and bitter in his aversions, circumspect and full of covert satire in conversation. Addicted to mechanical and mathematical studies, his days at Saltone were passed in the garden and conservatory, and entire nights in the workshop and observatory. On one occasion he had showed me a book of in-

ventions, in which more than three hundred distinct improvements were suggested and described by himself, in mining, agriculture, chemistry, and the higher branches of mechanical art. His observatory was constructed upon novel principles, and furnished with instruments of the best makers. Madam Davenant despised the occupations and tastes of her husband; she wished him to be a leader of society. He must have hated, equally, society and the woman who lived upon recollections of the place she had once held in it. By unquestionable testimony I knew that Davenant was madly in love with Bessie Satterlee, and had even made dishonorable proposals, wishing her to elope with him to Europe. He was mad enough to try the integrity of the honest old Deacon, offering him a large sum to allow his daughter "to complete her education" in Paris, under the direction of her married lover. The old man, incapable of comprehending such wickedness, told me that he regarded Davenant as a lunatic, and sincerely pitied his misfortune.

It was evident that Bessie had been powerfully impressed with the rare personal beauty of young Davenant, who was only four years her senior.

His jovial forehead, and fair temples surmounted by a coronet of dark curls; large brown eyes; under-brows straight, fine, and black; a nose and mouth haughty, and sweetly matched with a chin of Antinous, and the neck and shoulders of a Paladin. These noble features, mated with a bland and graceful manner and a voice full of meaning and penetration, might well conquer the heart and possess the fancy of a handsome country coquette, ardent, ignorant, and ambitious —for such was "the Deacon's daughter."

I believe I was not deceived in observing an ill-concealed uneasiness in the air and carriage of Bessie during the week that I remained at the tavern after the funeral of Madam Davenant. On my return to the city these circumstances and suspicions were forgotten or obscured by the interest of legal business. Not until the arrival of Davenant in Boston, the second month after I had written to him the particulars of the accident and death at Saltone, did they again recur to me. As he entered my office I noticed a remarkable change in his features and expression. He had become thin to emaciation. His eyes, usually steady and lustrous, wandered in fitful, suspicious glances. When we were alone he entered immediately upon the subject of Madam Davenant's decease, and drew many deep sighs of relief when I had satisfied him that she did not perish in the fire. He listened with motionless attention while I described to him the discovery in the vaults. Until all had been minutely described not a word escaped his lips. He sat pallid, or rather leaden-visaged, and breathless, with his eyes cast down. An irresistible, perhaps inexcusable, desire to note the effect made me bring in a few words, toward the last, about Satterlee and his daughter. At the mention of her name he moved slightly, and a burning spot appeared, and as quickly disappeared, in his hollow cheek. At length he spoke.

"I thank you for this kindness and attention. As for Saltone, I do not regret its loss. The years of misery I passed there made it seem to me more like a hell than a paradise, as you used to style it. It is idle for me to deny that I did not love Julia; her thoughts were entirely occupied during the few past years with the memory of her former husband. I believe I may say that her death, horrible as it was, will prove a great and necessary relief to me," he said, looking full in my eyes as if to solicit sympathy, if that were possible; "for it is no secret to you that we did not live happily together. Whether her death or mine was the more desirable I often pondered. Providence decided that question for both of us; and now *I shall live.* Had she lived longer I should have followed the example of William Saltone. Life would have been too great a burden."

"You surprise me," I said, "by this confession—pardon the word; but I saw nothing in Madam Davenant to excuse so desperate a course on your part. William Saltone loved her passionately."

"And died by his own hand!"

"Yes," I said, "but he was insane. Her affection for him was profound; he speaks of it in their correspondence which I have just given to you. It proves that an ardent attachment existed between Julia Saltone and her husband. His suicide was not, then, caused by unhappiness in the marriage relation."

A lurid flash illumined the eyes of Davenant. He raised his hand impatiently. "Listen to me," he said, "and I will try to explain something which has never yet been explained or even expressed by living man. You may have read somewhere the allegorical story of the Vampire—a human being, to appearance, but human in form alone; a body inhabited by a demon, prolonging its existence in the flesh by draining the heart's blood of a lover through a small invisible wound. Madam Davenant was not a vampire in that sense; but William Saltone, her lover and beloved, destroyed himself; and I should have done the same but for the blessed accident of her death. Whether it was a physical influence, like the pretended power of magnetism, I know not; perhaps it may have been her vast strength of will, aided by an abysmal subtlety and cunning. Conjecture is vain in such matters. We do not understand the laws of these forces—nevertheless we live or die by them. Madam Davenant killed William Saltone: she first destroyed his reason by this nameless and subtle power; she exhausted his vitality; she drew his life and soul into herself, and left him without character or force. The struggle of the natural man against this horrid influence, which seemed to him only a phase of his passion, inordinate and absorbing, sapped the reason of the victim, and his death became necessary. Like myself, William Saltone was a man of high aspirations, but they were social and ambitious as

mine are intellectual. His wife, a woman of strong passion, loved him with ardor because of this and other harmonies and agreements in their moral and physical natures. In spite of these, I repeat it, he fell under the Vampire influence of her iron will, exercised with absorbing cruelty and selfishness. Madame Davenant controlled every person within her reach. She did this without effort. The moral power was so intense and immediate, to be in contact with her was to yield almost without an effort. As I have before said, the strong and cultivated nature of the man revolted, and this conflict ended in loss of reason and of life. He died loving and hating the same object. My passion was only hate."

"But with you?" I asked, wondering and curious.

"With me it was the same. Julia Saltone willed that I should marry her: and I did so. She had better have taken my life. Every action she willed it was impossible for me not to perform. There was infernal magic in it. I struggled in vain against her: at length I discovered that, whatever might be the case with my actions, intellect was still free; I could plot and devise; I could maintain silence and secrecy; in mind I was not a slave. In social relations I was, in fact, a tool—an idiot—the servant of her will. Worse—still *worse*—she *knew* this and exercised her power consciously. She would even speak of it to me. Believe me or not, if she discovered any purpose of mine and opposed it, I could not act. Imagine the horror of my situation. It was death—worse than death."

"Did you never quarrel?"

"Quarrel? What! with an elephant that could play at chess with you as if you were a pawn? As well might the needle have quarreled with the magnet! Enough; I have told you all. Let us forget it now," said he, with a feeble effort at a smile.

"Perhaps," I said, as he rose to leave me, "there is a better life for you in the future."

"Ah!" he answered, looking at me with a timid expression, "I dread the future. I will try, but there are remorses I can not forget."

As Davenant appeared too much agitated and fatigued with this painful explanation I refrained from pressing business upon him, but merely said that I would call the next day evening at his hotel. It was necessary for him to look over the accounts of the estate. The city house, planned by Madam Davenant, was unfinished, and I had suspended the work until the proprietor should return. He consented to receive me at his rooms at the hour I proposed, and there to arrange every thing to my satisfaction.

Early in the evening of the next day I entered his apartments. Here, as always, he was surrounded, buried, in luxuries of art and taste. Two of the suit of four rooms were filled with pictures, statuettes, and engravings; mostly unpacked and lying without order or arrangement as they were taken from the cases. Davenant was kneeling upon the floor in the middle of the room, under a gas candelabra, intently studying an old and smoky-looking picture. "At Paris," said he, without looking up, or even saluting me, "I became acquainted with an intelligent connoisseur who fancied he had discovered the material used by the Italian masters as a vehicle for color in painting. I was at once interested in that subject, and I think I can now tell a genuine old picture from a modern imitation by the quality of the varnish."

"Before you left us," said I, venturing an idle remark, in keeping with his own, "you were deep in horological mechanism, and, if I may believe the housekeeper, Sarah Behn, you were making improvements in Dutch clocks. Sarah says that the monthly movement added to the clock at Saltone was of your invention."

Davenant rose up instantly and turned upon me as I spoke with a look at once terrible and penetrating.

"What does Sarah Behn know about it?" he exclaimed, in a thick voice. "Tell me the truth now; you have been lying to me about the fire. *She* was burned, man—burned in the fire, and it was—" He paused and turned away.

My astonishment at the violent emotion of Davenant, excited by such a trifling cause, must have been visible, for his manner became instantly calm. "This affair," said he, "has unsettled my nerves. Come into the bedroom; I will lie down, and we will talk of business. I am not well; pardon my violence; old scenes, bitter recollections."

When he had composed himself upon the couch and swallowed a customary opiate I drew forth my papers. He examined all intelligently, and gave directions, which I wrote down. My expenses were reimbursed, and funds appropriated for clearing away the ruins of Saltone and building a new villa, more splendid, if possible, than its predecessor.

"You will be solitary," I suggested, "in so large a house."

"No," said he, his face radiant with a smile of hope, "I shall be happy—I mean to marry Bessie Satterlee; we have loved each other these many years. She will be mine—she will be mine! The other was a demon, but this one is an angel."

"Bessie," said I, "is a handsome girl, but uneducated. You will be an admirable instructor, however, and she can not but learn from a person she loves."

"Uneducated, did you say? Curse on education. Was not the other—*she*—educated?—pah! Give me innocence and goodness of soul; I ask for nothing more."

"Reasoning with lovers or madmen," thought I, "is equally a fault." It was now late, and I rose to depart.

"Stay," said he, "what have you done with the papers—I mean those that were in the vault? There were some memoranda of inventions."

"The iron chest is at my office," I answered. "It was filled with documents. Those that were sealed were of course not opened."

"Send them all to me to-night—all. I shall not sleep till I have them."

Late as the hour was—past midnight—I found it necessary to comply with this absurd requisition. By three in the morning, after infinite trouble, I succeeded in getting the cumbrous iron chest into the hotel and bedchamber of the mad Davenant. He insisted upon my staying with him while he looked over the papers. I lay down on the sofa and fell asleep, leaving him eagerly and anxiously unfolding and searching. Suddenly I was awakened by a rude shake. Davenant stood over me. In the expression of his haggard features was a dreadful mixture of horror and suspicion. "Get up, Sir," he repeated, dragging me by the collar, "and say what you have done with the paper. You have it—no lies or I will kill you—up, I say: you have read it, I see it in your eyes — confess — wretch—confess, or I strangle you!" Fortunately for me the madman was my inferior in strength. Seizing both his wrists I thrust him backward to the bed, where he fell exhausted and fainting with the violence of his emotions. A physician seemed to be more needed than a lawyer for such a crisis; and, as soon as the proper attendance could be procured, I left the hotel and retired to my room in no very agreeable state of mind.

The next evening my client presented himself, but not in a mood of threatening or violence. I received him coldly, and gave him to understand that our business connection was terminated by his conduct of the preceding night.

"Sir," said he, in a pleading tone and a manner almost abject, "you have in your possession a secret so dreadful to me, your knowledge of it deprives me of all hope—even of the possibility of life. The paper which you have taken from the chest—"

"Mr. Davenant, before you make any further betrayal of this dreadful matter, the nature of which I can not even guess, I give you the word of a Christian and a gentleman, that I have neither read, nor do I possess, any documents of yours saving those of which we have already spoken or which you have communicated."

"Then," said he, "I am the more surely lost, since the paper must be in the possession of some other, who will use it less mercifully than you. Pardon my violence," said the unfortunate man, "and promise that, whatever happens, you will be my friend and adviser in extremity."

"It is not necessary for me to make such a promise," I replied, "since it is included in the duty of a legal counselor. But I must caution you that, unless I am made acquainted with the nature and extent of your crime or misfortune, I shall be unable to advise you how to avoid its consequences."

"Must I then confess all? and will you assist and defend me when you know all?"

I assented.

He seated then himself opposite to me, and continued for a time silent, as if struggling with the terrible secret that refused to be expressed in words.

"I have told you," said he, speaking in a slow and hesitating manner, and avoiding to meet my eyes, "that I hated Madam Davenant, but the word hate conveys only a faint intimation of the intensity of fear, loathing, and detestation with which I regarded that woman. Her beauty was to me like that of a serpent, and her intelligence diabolical. As early as the second month after my marriage, the idea of compassing her death used to present itself to me in dreams, and had I been a somnambulist I should have stabbed her as she lay beside me in my sleep. An idea born so inwardly, and suggested by nature itself, could not fail to expand and become a part of daily and habitual meditation. I would frequently pause and stand motionless, regarding her with a fixed but passive look. This condition was like a trance, and did not seem to originate from my will. It was forced upon me by every circumstance of her life. If she ate or drank in my presence I meditated the possibility of poison. Then that idea becoming familiar and ordinary, I would devise its execution; and finally reject it as not feasible, or involving the danger of detection. At other times I would plan trap-doors, secret panels, and pitfalls, which would serve to hide the evidences of a violent death. Absurd and impossible methods of effecting my desire occurred to me, as ordinary topics of meditation. I imagined visits to precipices, over which I could thrust her unseen; bathing on a dangerous shore; ascending in a balloon; and a hundred dreams of equal absurdity and wickedness.

"Madam Davenant apparently divined what was passing in my thoughts, and kept a strict and severe watch over my actions. Without betraying in any manner her real fears, she made me sleep, after a time, in a separate apartment, never allowed herself to take food or drink with me until I had partaken of the same. These precautions were indeed unnecessary; her overpowering character was always a sufficient protection. I could do nothing directly aimed at her life; for with my hatred went evenly along a degree of respect which no lover ever felt for a mistress, no idolater for the god of his adoration.

"Madam Davenant attended generally to household matters and the business of her estates. She had a shrewd and calculating head. I was consequently free to occupy myself in my workshop and observatory.

"Early in the last year the idea occurred to me of an improvement in astronomical clocks, the time of which should be regulated by magnetism.

"The foundations of Saltone rest upon magnetic rocks, which also powerfully attract atmospheric electricity. I had caused rods of iron to be placed within the walls at short intervals, which served as a safeguard against lightning. You were mistaken in supposing that the destruction of the villa was by lightning. My precautions had made such an accident impossible. By means of this powerful electrical apparatus, bedded in the frame-work of the house, I was enabled to communicate a regular and invariable motion to the pendulum of my great clock, which

stood in the bedroom of Madam Davenant, and also by a galvanic connection moved an oscillating index in the observatory. It was only necessary to communicate an annual instead of an eight-day movement to the clock, and the apparatus would be the most perfect in the world.

"I was several months employed in completing a machinery which should mark off sidereal time upon the dial-plate by a small interior wheel, corresponding with a duplicate movement in the observatory, also with a galvanic connection.

"I worked at these beautiful inventions with a childish interest, which caused me to forget for entire months my schemes of vengeance against Madam Davenant. I saw that she despised my enthusiasm; and when all was finished, the murderous dreams began again to visit me nightly, and served as food for reverie during the day. Meanwhile my intercourse with her was calm and reserved. There was even an air of mutual confidence, which deceived all persons but ourselves.

"The old fear now took possession of her, and, growing weary of continual watchfulness, she slept with her chamber door locked against me at night—a vain precaution had I chosen to effect an entrance. She proposed that I should go to Paris and select pictures and furniture for the new house which we, or rather she, was building in the city. To hear was to obey. I went, but before going the diabolical idea occurred of which I will now make you the confidant.

"Madam Davenant never left her room during the night. She retired early, and rose regularly at sunrise. That she would not leave Saltone in the summer appeared to me morally certain. I had then only to adjust the sidereal index of the clock, which stood near the head of her bed, and this unconscious machinery would, if I chose, accomplish her death while I was on the other side of the Atlantic. The idea inspired me with horrid delight. My moral nature, if I have any, made no response, conscience was asleep or extinguished.

"I placed a magazine of explosive combustibles, composed and prepared with the utmost care to avoid the possibility of failure, in the case of the clock. It was the work of a minute to do this during her absence. I then established a connection by simple means, so that at two in the morning on the thirtieth day after my departure a violent explosion and conflagration was sure to take place. No person would be injured except the one I wished to destroy. She slept always alone, entertained no guests, and the servants occupied a remote wing of the mansion.

"The murderous machinery worked surely to its appointed hour, but, by a strange and unlooked-for chance, Madam Davenant was not in her room when the explosion took place. The storm of that night completed the singularity of the event. A clap of thunder must have joined with and disguised the sound of the explosion. No one, therefore, could discover the means by which Saltone was destroyed."

"What, then," I asked, "is the cause of your anxiety? Why do you fear a discovery?"

"The paper, the memorandum! It is not in the chest."

"What was the nature of this memorandum?"

"It was a fixed habit of my life to write in full each night the acts and incidents of the day. My scientific discoveries and inventions were in this manner minutely recorded. After I had completed the arrangement of the clock, I went as usual to the observatory and wrote down all in detail. You will ask why I did this? It is impossible to account for such folly; and still more strange that I should have filed this fatal paper with the record of the month, and placed it in its natural order in the iron chest. It is no longer there. Some person has removed it."

"Do you find the other papers in the order of their dates as you yourself placed them?"

"Yes, nearly; that is the only one missing."

"Did you find the seals broken?"

"The seals were broken."

"Then you may rest assured Madam Davenant herself removed the paper. She could have done that, could she not?"

Davenant made no reply.

"Your secret is safe, Mr. Davenant, with me and with the elements. The paper was taken away by the only person who could have discovered it, and was destroyed in the fire."

The miserable man sat mute before me, shuddering and cowering at the consciousness of his own wickedness; but while his heart seemed to shrivel like burning parchment in the intensity of remorse, his ingenious mind worked over the incidents of the dreadful story, seeking an explanation of the whole.

"Early on that night," he at length said, speaking half to himself, "she must have gone to the chest. She examined the record of the last month. There must have been something in my manner that excited suspicion."

He paused, and after a long silence, which I did not care to interrupt, continued:

"She broke the seals of the journal, discovered the paper dated the 30th of May, and secured it. She then knew that, at two in the morning, the explosion would happen. It was near the precise moment. To escape unharmed she must remain in the vault; she did not know what might be the degree of danger. She had no fear for the servants, as they were not in the main building. She went to the trap and shut it down to escape the horror of the sound; she had a nervous dread of thunder and of all violent noises. The explosion would naturally throw open all the doors. At the foot of the cellar stairs was a door opening inward; it swung over the trap and prevented its being raised from beneath. In her mortal agony and despair, thinking to die there in that dungeon, she would take out the last letters of William Saltone and read them; for Madam Davenant believed that she would join him again in heaven—mistaken woman! The fire that destroyed the building destroyed also the iron frame-work bedded in the

house; the smoke furnished a conductor for the electric fluid; she sat upon the iron chest and was killed by the lightning, and not by me," said Davenant, looking up with an expression sad and terrible, beyond the power of any art but the painter to delineate. He leaned back in his chair and spoke in a feeble voice.

"You are wrong, Sir, about the memorandum. It must have been in Madam Davenant's possession, and was taken from her person by some one. Tell me," he added, fixing a grieved and anxious look upon my face, "who was it that took the clothes from the corpse after you removed it to the village?"

I dared not reply.

"I understand all, now," said he; "Bessie has that memorandum, and she was the first to know that I am a murderer!"

"Yes," I replied, "but she has kept your secret, and it is safe with her; for I am sure she loved you."

Davenant made no reply. His eyes were closed, but as I looked intently upon his motionless features the lids opened slowly a little way, disclosing the dull glaze of dissolution.

MRS. MARGARET'S HOBBY.

IT is good for the young heart when it finds one whom it can love and reverence with single and unfeigned trust; better still, when a great and living kindness establishes a bond of obligation which the favored one may acknowledge by the continually outspoken gratitude of daily service. Mrs. Margaret Wood, an excellent spinster past the prime of her age, had acquired her matronly title—not often bestowed upon single ladies in this country—by the dignity of her character and circumstances, and by the praiseworthy and protective benevolence of her disposition. I have known her many years, at first by observation, when she was to me like the bright star far away in the cool depths of evening; afterward I was permitted to approach her for blessing and comfort, as men draw closer to the cheerful and beneficial fire upon the hearthstone when the night is dark and the weather is chill. And thus it was:

After months of painful watching and much sorrow my mother and I were left alone in the great world—what a weary vastness it seemed! My mother had a pretty talent for fancy-work; I was well instructed and tolerably skilled in music; and we thought that with our little property and our pleasant industry we could do well in the city. It was the old story, illustrated too often by living examples to need repeating. Our recommendations were not of the sort to secure valuable patronage; we lost opportunities of helping ourselves through timidity and lack of enterprise, and we suffered on in daily bondage of spirit to the increased expenses of living, while our tedious waiting grew into fearful, hopeless waiting, and a sick despair crushed my dear mother down into the very grave.

Just opposite our tenement, that was small but respectable—my mother said two lone women should have due regard to appearances—was a large and handsome establishment which, to begin with, filled our prospect; and, as we grew acquainted with the various indications of its domestic arrangements, insensibly gained much of our attention.

We learned in time about its inhabitants, as interested observers will. I hope we were not blamably curious; it certainly did us a great deal of good to think of something besides ourselves. So we waited with a childlike pleasure every day for the hour when Mrs. Margaret appeared for a walk or drive, and we thought it specially fortunate if she stopped on the pavement to speak with a passer-by, or went out upon a terrace where a few plants tried to grow in the cool shade—it was bitter to think that human beings were struggling in the same way—for then Mrs. Margaret would always glance up at our windows, just as if her poor, pale blossoms reminded her of our existence.

My mother had not been able to sit by the window for many weeks, and, as my place had been at her bedside during that period, we had ceased to see and almost to think of Mrs. Margaret, and it was for a moment as if a stranger had entered when she suddenly made her appearance in our parlor one day. She had heard we were sick, and therefore came. She asked me a few questions, nodded little sharp answers, and from that time seemed to understand us as well as if she had known us from childhood. To be sure a few general facts were enough, for we were plain, simple persons, and easily comprehended. Her continued friendship was the dayspring of consolation: alike we needed it, the living and the dying.

It was all over, the suffering of the dear departed one, the first agony of sorrow, the visits of the undertaker, the bustling services of attendants, the funeral; and I sat alone in the forsaken parlor, compelling my mind, so tossed and smitten, to some practical consideration of the future. My bills paid, and I had but ten dollars, a scanty wardrobe, and the world before me, yet nothing in it I might choose. In dismay I uttered some wrong and bitter words, and was shocked that they had reached the ears of Mrs. Margaret, who stood unexpectedly beside me.

She spoke kindly. "My dear little Lettice, you must not think of dying now, for I have set my heart on having you live with me. I never envied any body but the parents of good children, and I have heard much of your filial love and duty. Heaven has not given me a natural claim to the blessed title of mother, but *your* mother told me that for her sake you would be to me as a daughter. Will you? Will you come to my arms, Lettice?"

"For her sake, and for yours!" I cried, throwing myself upon her loving breast, where I lay in convulsive weeping. Mrs. Margaret's tears fell also upon my cheek. Presently she took me to her own house.

Lettice Gray was soon at home in the grand old mansion, like one born there. She found no fictitious display to intimidate her inexperience. The tone of the establishment was graduated on principles of utility, fallen a little into disuse at the present day, she has since found. The richly-carved mahogany furniture was disposed for comfort and convenience, somewhat oddly, perhaps; the thick curtains and carpets kept out the cold, the abundant plate and old painted china had no recognized value in point of ostentation, but at all times adorned the table with its sober glitter.

And Lettice soon found her employment. Mrs. Margaret was not exacting. Such portions of the mornings as she spent at home were passed in the library, where Lettice often read aloud, a new book sometimes, but more frequently selections from the English classics. Several hours before dinner were occupied by plain sewing, and the evening was enlivened with music, which Mrs. Margaret greatly admired. All this was pleasant to Lettice, who loved books, her old songs, and the routine of quiet industry.

There was but little variety in the household, and no company, if I except the regular visits of Mrs. Margaret's nephew and foster-son, who was reckoned at home with us, although, to meet with more facility his engagements of business, he lived elsewhere. He always dined with us on Sundays, and took tea in our large and stately parlor once or twice a week besides. Mr. Herbert Eldred, a very handsome gentleman, not quite thirty years of age, was well educated and sensible. Mrs. Margaret said that he was prosperous in his affairs, and that he possessed consideration and accomplishments that obtained for him a good reception in the best society. But I cared more for his agreeable home qualities. His visits were the events and epochs of the week, both because of his own vigorous, inspiriting presence, and that he brought with him new periodicals, or music, or a popular book; in short, something always that infused a freer, fresher element into our life, that otherwise might have become somewhat stagnant and morbid. He had a pleasant, cultivated voice, which he was fond of exercising, partly since it gratified Mrs. Margaret; so it happened that our concerts, as we called our enjoyable rehearsals, came to be an understood thing, and always followed the removal of the tea-table. We sung until Mrs. Margaret fell asleep, when Mr. Eldred would ask me to play something soft and low, if I pleased, just to keep up the soothing sound of the instrument, when he would read or more frequently write letters, until the dear old lady awoke with many apologies, which made us all laugh as she had to repeat them so often.

After a few months of this sort of living, Mrs. Margaret afforded us a change by dispensing with her evening nap. She seemed a little anxious and restless, and an indefinable something in her manner diffused a feeling of constraint upon our trio. This was especially so whenever Herbert brought me music, or noticed me more than usual, or if I said a great deal to him in a familiar way, which our long acquaintance and his kindness seemed to authorize. This vague pressure upon our movements was rather a matter of feeling than explanation. I had an instinctive sense of its locality, and soon learned to prevent the causes of derangement; so that we were very happy, only Mrs. Margaret did not appear inclined to sleep while Herbert remained.

One evening Mr. Eldred spoiled every thing by bringing a set of jet ornaments, which he presented to me. They were very beautiful, and Mrs. Margaret had said only two evenings before that she wished me to have them; but she was much displeased to see them coming in the way they did, so that I could not tell whether I ought to accept them or not, and was greatly embarrassed, and doubtless looked very foolish. Mrs. Margaret was then more kind, and told me to receive them from her, and that Herbert had only anticipated her orders a little—she should have given him special directions about them in a day or two. Mr. Eldred insisted upon slipping the bracelets over my hand, and as he did so said something complimentary about contrasted colors and the like; whereupon Mrs. Margaret rung the bell energetically to order the tea brought in. When it was over, she suddenly recollected that she had omitted sending some promised jellies to a sick woman, who lived in a narrow lane not far from our house; and she gave me directions for making up a basket of nice things, and finally begged me to go with the servant to see if the invalid required more substantial attention. This was altogether an irregular proceeding in our household, and could be explained only on the supposition that Mrs. Margaret desired a private conference with Herbert without using the formality of requesting it. I felt annoyed and intrusive, and was only too glad to escape for a while into the free night air.

When I returned Mrs. Margaret looked very happy and contented; we had music as usual. After Mr. Eldred had gone the dear old lady talked with me a great while, for it required so long for her to get at the point without implying any thing unkind and offensive.

You have imagined, courteous reader, that she feared it would happen with Herbert and me, as it so often does with young people in close proximity. She told me how she had cared for her nephew from his infancy; that he was to her as a son; that he would be her heir; and then she spoke of his future, which, in some important respects, was yet undetermined. She wished him to make a suitable marriage, but the conditions of fitness were so arbitrary and numerous it seemed that nothing short of a miracle would constitute them realities. Herbert possessed ability, family, and wealth, and had been formed and refined by a public education and foreign travel. It was necessary that his wife should have shared in all these advantages, besides exhibiting the more subtle adaptation of temper and spirit to his own.

"In brief, that they love each other," said I.

"More than that. People can always love each other when their tastes and circumstances correspond. The proper way is to keep the fancy free until the judgment approves, when it is safe to listen to inclination. You see, dear Lettice, that I want you to consider Herbert just as a brother. You are both my dear foster-children, and when he has chosen him a wife you will have a sister. Does that please you, my child?"

Mrs. Margaret held my hands, and sent a piercing gaze through my eyes into my inmost soul. I met her gaze fearlessly, for it did me good to have her talk so explicitly in order to clear away the shadows of suspicion that had darkened our atmosphere somewhat.

"It does please me entirely," I replied, fervently. "I ask only to be loved and trusted by you, and to know how I can make you happy."

"My darling Lettice"—I lay in the dear, kind lady's arms—"you are plain and unpretending, but you are good and lovable. I will provide for your future. You will be happier with me than in a situation too brilliant and exacting for your previous training and quiet abilities. What will you say?"

"Only my great thanks. You have chosen for me as I would for myself."

After that, for a long time, Mrs. Margaret was quite at ease. Herbert was kind and sincere, but uttered no compliments. Had my good friend seen all my heart she would have feared no treacherous romance beneath her roof; nor yet, could she have heard my unwearied prayer, sent up night and morning, during five long years, in behalf of one who had left me for an unknown fate—of one who could not be living, and who yet must not be dead: so said my poor heart, that prayed unweariedly night and morning against reason, almost against hope and faith, beseeching the good Lord, with earnest cry, to succor, help, and comfort all who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation; to preserve all who travel by land or by water, and to show pity upon all prisoners and captives; for who can tell, hope pleaded, but that somewhere on this wide earth he yet lives, longing for a blessed release that he may return to break the silence of years with the story of his misfortunes and sufferings. Thus my faith received a little strength, and sent up still its unwearied prayer.

Almost always, as men and women advance beyond the maturity of life, they seek some compensation for the decay of physical force in a more intimate contact with the freshness and vigor of nature. Thus Mrs. Margaret, wearied of the monotony of her systematized town residence, where nothing but heat and cold indicated the passing seasons, fancied her idyl somewhere among our New England hills and vales, and pictured the combined attractions of great trees and running water, the broad blue sky and clover meadows, the lowing of herds and the peeping of young fowls, the fragrance of orchards, and gardens of lavender and thyme, sage and rue. Our pastoral enthusiasm ran high all winter, and our wishes took such a positive direction that, when spring came, Herbert was assiduously engaged in locating Mrs. Margaret with all her rural anticipations. I omit the prosy details of preliminaries and removal, and pass at once to Elton Corner, where Herbert had found an estate, which, in most respects, suited Mrs. Margaret, and whither we went on a smiling May day.

A portion of the house, containing the parlors, dining-room, and the airy chambers above, was quite modern; while attached to these, in picturesque connection, was the commodious remnant of a quaint and roomy structure, the preservation of which added greatly to the domestic convenience of our household. We had the projected garden well stocked with all desirable fruits and herbs, the orchard full of music and swelling buds; a terrace of green sward, where we could set the parlor roses and geraniums in the summer; the runlet, which rushed or tinkled according as it was high or low, and a row of maples on either side of the public road, extending as far as we cared to walk without the formality of usual outer coverings. It seemed that we should be very happy. There was at first a great deal of pleasant labor. Herbert would spend his long summer vacation at Elton Corner; then would succeed the gorgeous, dreamy beauty of autumn, beyond which I would not anticipate; for I dreaded inexpressibly the unbroken, solitary winter, the heaviness of storm-imprisoning weeks, and, above all, the invariable loneliness of Sundays. I feared that Mrs. Margaret's philosophy would not be a satisfactory substitute for our usual visitor even for herself, much less for another.

Elton Corner was not a village, only a loose cluster of houses so wide apart that the most adventurous chickens were rarely able to trespass on a neighbor's supply of grubs. The inhabitants, like their dwellings, exhibited no conspicuous characteristics; accordingly, in the egotism of our own engagements, we scarcely thought of them at all. Southward from the windows of my room there was visible a broad, low farm cottage, against a back-ground of glistening mulberry-trees. As the position was pretty and the edifice quaint, I was tempted to essay a pencil-sketch of it, which Mrs. Margaret was pleased to admire and to hang just over her writing-table in a scraggy frame of larch cones. This picture excited our interest in the cottage, and we used to watch it analytically every time we went by in our chaise. We had not discovered any thing particularly entertaining or remarkable, either in the garden or large yard, or in the two little children who were always playing under the mulberry-trees a good ways from the road, until, one day, when they came down to swing on the gate, close by which we passed. Their sun-bonnets were thrown back, and revealed such wonderful childish beauty as I could not believe existed save in the fancy of artists and poets. Those little upturned faces were exquisitely human and rich in bloom, by no means

suggesting conventional cherubs, and a prospective translation from this to more congenial celestial abodes. They looked as indigenous to their homes as the straggling bouquets which their pretty fingers clasped, made up of clover, buttercups, and dandelions, the rude sweetness and gayety of our New England fields. Mrs. Margaret, who is always attracted by children, guided our fat, lazy horse close up to the gate to make the acquaintance of such pleasant neighbors, when I saw that the elder girl was much more beautiful than her sister, and that lurking somewhere in her full lips, violet eyes, and bright brown hair was an expression that irresistibly reminded me of one of the angels in the Sistine Madonna. So I loved the child from my heart henceforth.

Mrs. Margaret was a diplomatist in her own way, and she soon became very popular with Mr. and Mrs. Branch, the owners of the cottage, and with the children, whom she privately called the little Twigs. We had a long stool placed in the chaise at our feet, whereon the Twigs rode when we trotted along the highways and by-ways, and proved themselves very agreeable and well-behaved companions, and not communicative beyond the capacity of their observation and memory.

One day their heads were nearly turned with news in prospect of a summer boarder, who was to have the parlor and the best bedroom leading out of it for everyday use. It was to be a lady from Boston, in all respects worthy of such resplendent accommodations. Mr. Hendrick had been there to make these arrangements, and Mrs. Hendrick would follow in a day or two.

"That is all very nice. We will make her acquaintance if we like her," said Mrs. Margaret to me.

Mrs. Hendrick abundantly satisfied the condition of our favor, and with the brevity of prelude which the country air authorizes, we established a familiarity that promised the reciprocal advantage of good company in a locality that had little experience of the refinements of town life. Mrs. Hendrick charmed me at once. She was stylish in her plain French prints and ginghams; she was thoroughly well-bred to the last in all the provoking contrarieties and the apologetic fatigues of country-rambles; she evidenced by a fascinating indirectness a high culture and wide observation; but, above all, she touched my heart by the strange sweetness of her smile, and by an occasional deep cadence that reminded me of more in my far away past than it would be well for me here to write.

About this time Herbert made a most delightful accession to our society, and introduced an indescribable geniality into our household, with the only drawback that he must leave us with the summer sun. Butterflies, perhaps, would not always flit from flower to flower if they could think of the coming snows. I resolved, like them, to be happy in the warmth and gladness of the to-day.

"How fortunate it is that Mrs. Hendrick is a married lady!" remarked Mrs. Margaret, confidentially to me. "Mr. Herbert could not help falling in love at once. Sentiment is so apt to run away with young heads in the country."

"If you think her so lovable, we ought rather to be sorry that she is not free, for granted that Herbert should have a wife, whom could he find better than one *like* Mrs. Hendrick?"

"You are very sensible there," returned Mrs. Margaret, meditatively. "I have nearly resolved to adopt Mrs. Hendrick as my standard for the future Mrs. Eldred, or rather, as the basis of my ideal prospective niece, for Mrs. Hendrick has two or three little faults."

There succeeded a silence, during which I pondered whether Mrs. Margaret ever included in her ambitious calculations for my *brother* any estimate of the mighty force of that love which, wherever it exists between married persons, as in all other human intercourse, will hide a multitude of shortcomings. I wondered very much if Herbert looked forth upon the same artificial future with the life of living left out. Mrs. Margaret commenced talking.

"I am a believer in family resemblances, dear Lettice. Sisters and cousins are often much alike in essential characteristics. Mrs. Hendrick pleases me so well, I would fain have you make such inquiries of her as courtesy will permit in reference to her family, in which we may find somebody for our Herbert."

Mrs. Margaret, thoroughly exhausted from the gardening and drive of the morning, always slept two or three hours after an early dinner, which time I happily spent with Mrs. Hendrick, generally under the maple or mulberry trees, with any variety of plan our caprice suggested. On the earliest opportunity—for our vagabond Herbert had a habit of taking us in his way when he strolled off with his gun or geological hammer, or his indefinite seven-league boots, and contrived to stay as long as I did; and lest he should lack ability to make his presence desirable, he always brought a racy new book in his pocket, and sat reading by our feet, while we knitted and sewed. It was wonderful how quietly and easily we got on, just as if we had all been real brother and sisters! As I was saying, on the earliest opportunity I talked with Mrs. Hendrick about her family, as best I might, and found out something which seemed to my surprised delight like a resurrection from the dead, like the opening of the skies. She was the friend and cousin-german of Robert Harrington, the lost one for whom I prayed unweariedly night and morning. This discovery bound us very closely together. She had heard somewhat of me from Robert, and knew that I had been greatly loved. How I hung upon her lips for that deep-toned cadence! How I compelled my sad heart to the invention of amusing conceits that I might catch the rare beauty of that smile again and again!

But I found nothing wherewith to encourage Mrs. Margaret. There was not a floating sister or female cousin among all the Harringtons. I

did not think it worth while to trouble her with my dead past.

As our acquaintance advanced, and the weather grew warmer, Herbert laid aside his pretentious excuses of sport and science, which had incurred the satirical notice of Mrs. Hendrick, and accompanied me in a straightforward manner whenever I went to Branch Cottage. As soon as Mrs. Margaret retired for her siesta I found my hempen reticule, in which there was always plenty of work, and Herbert also, who always stood waiting, and went with him under the maple-trees till we met Mrs. Hendrick and the little Twigs, who were always expecting us. If it was not too warm, we diversified our encampments beneath the mulberry-trees by a walk. The Twigs showed us a green, clover-flecked lane, which led us to an inclosure of woodland, in the midst of which, at the bottom of a curved dale, we met our runlet strayed, gliding along very quietly between mossy, slimy banks, and beneath the solemn shadows of thick summer foliage. In that untrampled retirement we found rich aromatic odors, pale flowers, brilliant fungi, and fairy-like ferns; and, better still, two low granite boulders that just supplied our party with rest, while we could look over into a broad, clear pool which the runlet stopped to make, and smooth our hair, or define the tints and study the design of the pebbled mosaic revealed below.

One day, when we were all going down the lane, the Twigs being very frolicsome, my Sistine angel turned an awkward and unwilling somersault off a bank, and tore her dress disastrously. I bade my friends go on, and staid to repair the damage as best I might with the materials in my reticule; after which, with a noticeably chastened temper on the part of the Twigs, we hastened quietly along the soft, turfy path to the pool. I was thus the unexpected witness of a tableau that flashed a world of meaning to my deepest soul, and made me tremble in every limb. Herbert sat at the feet of Mrs. Hendrick, holding her hand, and looking up into her face as only lovers can; while she bent over him, and with her free hand caressed his hair. A glance was enough. With the quickness of thought I turned and called loudly to the Twigs. When we advanced together to our companions that burning transfiguration had faded—they sat conversing as friend with friend.

The horrible spectacle that I had seen almost crazed me, filling my body even with uncontrollable agitation, which I strove vainly to hide by continual movement. I vexed the placid waters of the pool with tossing pebbles. I made little garlands and scattered them pettishly, and ground the juicy herbs into the soil with my foot.

The Twigs avoided me, and hovered around Mrs. Hendrick, who, laughing, said I was bewitched with a spirit of restlessness. It made me angry to hear her. I almost hated her, the unscrupulous, the sorceress! Herbert sent troubled glances at me, as if he conjectured what I had seen. It was wholly a miserable afternoon. I complained of headache. Herbert proposed a return, to which I gladly assented; and having conducted Mrs. Hendrick and the little children to Branch Cottage, we went home very early. I hastened to my room, called myself indisposed that I might have time to think, and did not go down again that night.

As I pondered the stupendous sin and shame that had betrayed themselves, I remembered that a shadow had been coming over Mrs. Margaret during the previous fortnight. Had any thing excited her suspicions, and was she watching and waiting for proof, and ought I to tell her what I knew? I had not regarded her trouble very much, partly because I had been so engrossed with my newer friend, and partly because a domestic cloud in the free life of the summer is less gloomy than when you are shut up with it by the winter fireside. I little thought the tempest would culminate on the morrow, and that the thunder-bolt would fall upon my head.

The morning was very dull. I was greatly distressed at dinner to hear Mrs. Margaret say every thing in praise of Mrs. Hendrick, while Herbert replied with that expression of tender and eager interest which the commendation of a loved object is sure to excite. I wondered at his ease and freedom of expression, and that he should be unsuspicious of a trap which Mrs. Margaret evidently laid for him. With what self-possession and clearness she also spoke! I alone was confused, and blundered.

When she had retired, as usual, Herbert asked me to go into the parlor; he wanted to talk with me. My poor head reeled in expectation of I knew not what. Herbert placed me on the sofa beside him.

"It is not necessary, dear Lettice, that I should discourse to you of my aunt's pet hobby. She wants me to marry a wife more perfect than the world has seen since Eve's temptation. It is not enough that I am suited; she fears every delusion. Years ago I paid my incipient addresses in various quarters; but my slightest exhibition of preference excites a jealousy which blinds her to every perfection. I do not wish to displease her by my marriage. I wish to satisfy myself. Let me tell you how I am endeavoring to manage my affair. Can you keep a profound secret?"

"If it is right."

"I pledge you my honor. Have I your promise?"

"Yes," I gasped; for I could not wholly distrust the open face into which I looked.

"For a few days only. I want your counsel. Last winter I met in society a beautiful, brilliant, and wealthy widow—Mrs. Hendrick."

Herbert looked curiously at me as he said this. I saw it all then, and laughed and cried hysterically. Herbert quieted me, and made me lean my poor tired, happy head upon his arm, while he went on: "I saw her frequently, and we loved each other. I did not know how to break the matter to my aunt. I could not bear to proceed

without her approval. This Elton project suggested a contrivance. Her favor to my bride, if ever obtained, must be beguiled from her, not requested openly. Louisa's brother-in-law came hither to bespeak her rooms. Their supposed relationship, luckily, was taken for granted, and did not require an assertion. You know the rest. She has won my aunt's esteem as none have ever done, unless it is my dear Lettice here. I want you to help me break the secret to her. I am in a regular *cul de sac*, and must cut my way out somehow. Advise me with your wisdom."

We discussed twenty plans; but I was yet much confused, and requested time to think.

Herbert clasped me to his breast and kissed my cheek. "Only help me through this, and I will love you fondly all the days of my life!"

I suddenly felt a dreadful consciousness, and, raising my eyes, beheld Mrs. Margaret in the door-way, frowning like a fearful retribution. I sprang to my feet. She passed on.

"Good!" exclaimed Herbert, laughing.

"Unmitigatedly bad," said I, almost crying.

"I have an idea," said Herbert.

"I shall never have another," returned I, as I left the room, and following Mrs. Margaret to her chamber, determined to make peace; for I perceived how greatly she misunderstood Herbert and me. I was not admitted.

When I came down I saw Herbert under the maples going to Branch Cottage. I wandered about the house during the whole afternoon. Mrs. Margaret took tea in her room, but late in the evening she sent for me.

"Can you explain what I witnessed just after dinner?" inquired she, with a severity that made me tremble. I remembered my promise, and stammered, "I could if you would give me time. You will not be displeased when you know."

"I must be my own judge as to that. After all, your position was sufficiently significant. Make no excuse. Rise to your feet! Obedience is better than fawning. I requested your presence to let you know that the stage-coach will call at six to-morrow morning, by which you will travel to R——, a half-day's journey, and give a letter to my old friend, Mrs. Grant, who will treat you kindly until I make some farther disposition in your behalf. We will not protract our interview. You require every moment to prepare for your journey. The housekeeper will assist you." Thus, like a felon, I was sent from Mrs. Margaret and Elton Corner. I could only patiently wait the hour of reconciliation, which I knew must soon come.

I will not enlarge upon my temporary residence at R——, which can have no more interest for the reader than it had for me.

On the third day of my banishment the stage-coach drew up at the door, and Mrs. Margaret, alighting, marched with rapid strides into the sitting-room, where I was alone, and clasping me to her heart, wept over me tears of joy and filled my ears with self-accusations.

When we were more calm, Mrs. Margaret told me a long and minute story, from which I learned that matters had turned out very much as I had conjectured they might.

Herbert had taken advantage of the dear old lady's chagrin to introduce Mrs. Hendrick as an element of reconciliation and safety. After twenty-four hours' suspense, Mrs. Margaret resolved to be not only satisfied but delighted.

We went to Elton Corner on the next morning, where we had a festival of happiness that lasted many days. Mrs. Margaret sent Herbert to fit her town residence for the suitable reception of his bride. When he returned there was a quiet wedding at Elton Corner, the rolling of carriage-wheels, and Mrs. Margaret and I remained to meet the approaching autumn.

I can not believe that the world has a wonder more deserving of admiration than the glorious death of summer greenery in its brief acme of proud splendor as we see it in our New England, nor a spectacle more dispiriting than the sudden fading of the lavish diffusion of crimson and gold into the melancholy hues of crisp and ruined verdure. I had sufficient leisure to note these changes in the period that succeeded the festive departure of our friends, and if I had loved Mrs. Margaret less I should have been very miserable and desolate. On pleasant afternoons I used often to take the old walk to the pool. As I sat there one day foolish regrets subdued my courage. Light breezes stirred the tree-tops, and the dun leaves dropped in lazy showers, and I thought of "dead hopes falling" in like manner. The curled leaves rustled behind me. How is it that surprise and joy do not petrify and kill us? I saw Robert Harrington as if I beheld a vision —there was a chasm of oblivion, and I awoke to behold him a reality, older and worn with hardships, but otherwise unchanged.

We were not again separated. It is impossible to describe the beautiful love of Mrs. Margaret which illumines our daily life; it is even less easy to paint the serene happiness of our winter days and the delight and conscious peace of their long evenings, when Mrs. Margaret forgets to ask for the accustomed music as she listens during the flying hours to the wonderful and stirring adventures of our Ulysses.

QUARANTINE AND VENTILATION.

THERE are, perhaps, no practical questions of greater importance to a mercantile community, subject to the introduction of yellow fever, cholera, and other diseases by the vessels visiting its ports, than the right administration of quarantine. Visions of the Oriental plague, of *cordons sanitaires*, and of those lazarettos into which Hope may have entered, but from which it never returned, flit across the imagination in considering such a subject, and the hospitals where every wound and every puncture turned to gangrene and death. Nor can we forget the case where a patient, oppressed much more by the atmosphere with which he was surrounded than by the disease from which he was suffering

recovered when his apparently lifeless body was transferred to the dead-room, where he had no other attendance than the free play of an unrestricted atmosphere.

To the weary sailor and the worn-out passenger, confined within the walls of a wooden prison, suffering from the effects of disease, and low in spirits, also, from the recollection of comrades whose bodies they have had to bury in the ocean, no sound grates so heavily on the ear as the ominous order of the inspecting physician at the port of arrival consigning them to the quarantine anchorage. Cut off from friends and relatives eagerly waiting to welcome them, or pursuing their solitary way in a foreign land, they all recoil from the new infliction. They have doubts of its justice and necessity. They have fears and apprehensions of the hospital to which they may be transferred. They are still more alarmed when they take their station in the vicinity of other infected ships, from which they may receive a new infection that might be escaped on shore.

But if the enforcement of quarantine regulations raise sorrow and regret on board ship, ruthlessly breaks up all engagements, whether of pleasure or business, and often embarrasses the traveler with expenses he was not prepared to meet, parallel evils and anxieties arise on shore. The merchant and the ship-owner are incommoded, and subjected to increased expense. The one is deprived, for a time at least, of his goods. They may be perishable, and lose much of their value from detention; in some cases they may be rendered useless by the delay attending their delivery. The ship-owner may lose a freight. Ship and life insurances may both be affected.

But the public gains by the sufferings and losses of individuals. It is protected from the influx of plague and pestilence. A ten-fold suffering is prevented, that might otherwise lay thousands and tens of thousands in the grave. There is no doubt as to the importance of quarantine. The country pays cheerfully all its share of the expenses. The great question is, "What is the best system of quarantine; and in what manner can the necessary regulations be enforced with adequate security to the public service, and without unnecessary severity upon individuals?"

Again, quarantine, in some places, is a progressive question, affected by the increasing population in the ports in which it is enforced, their influence on the surrounding land and water, the increasing number of ships at anchorage, and the position that it may be necessary to assign to them.

Further, the progress of medicine and other branches of science, more especially in modern times, has dispelled many illusions as to the origin of disease, and accumulated facts of the utmost importance in regulating practice. It may have been, and probably still is, true, notwithstanding the discoveries of recent times, that, as Sir Isaac Newton said, we are only "gathering pebbles on the shore." Still, in reference to the matter under consideration, many goodly pebbles have been gathered, with which the skillful marksman may generally hit his aim at a reasonable distance, even though he may not be always provided with a sling or a Minié rifle; and if the machinery and power of modern science be brought into the field, it will soon be seen to have as extensive a bearing on quarantine as on any other material question to which it has hitherto been directed.

Though the precise and actual causes of such diseases as plague, yellow fever, and cholera may still be wrapped in mystery, the days have disappeared when they were attributed to a mysterious dispensation of Providence, operating in a manner that left nothing to man but to submit to the infliction. Malaria, contagion, and infection are now better understood—in their effects and action upon the human frame at least, as well as the causes in which they originate, and the means of preventing, to a greater or less degree, their extension and reproduction. There is a key, then, to the manner of arresting them in their fatal progress; of circumscribing, under special circumstances, the limits within which they can be confined; and even in some localities, where they may have prevailed for ages, of eradicating the seeds from which they spring. This is not a fanciful hypothesis; it is a matter that sanitary investigations have placed beyond all doubt. It is becoming a matter of daily demonstration, though there may be districts in which the temperature, moisture, and abundant sources of malaria may forbid us entertaining the expectation that they will ever be permanently free from danger, except to those that are acclimated. Even there, however, in the course of ages, geological changes, an extended system of vegetation, and other improvements, may in time reduce, if it do not altogether destroy, the evil.

Though it may not be affirmed that it can be positively demonstrated, still there is as much reason to believe as is sufficient to guide us in all the ordinary affairs of life, that the poisonous matters that reproduce and extend such diseases as come within the scope and jurisdiction of quarantine are all derived from the animal and vegetable kingdom; and whether composed of countless myriads of invisible animalculæ, of minute fungi, or of special products not endowed with any organization, it is equally admitted that they can be destroyed by fire, altered or rendered innocuous by extreme heat or cold, dissipated by air, changed or suspended in their action in some cases, if not altogether rendered inert, by extreme dryness and the consequent separation of moisture; while each of them may be also more or less subject to decomposition and decay from the reaction of its own elements under favorable circumstances or the corrosive influence of chemical agents.

Purity in air and water, wholesome food, and cleanliness in person, clothing, ships, and habitations, are admitted to form the great basis on which all preventive measures must rest, and

such practice and material aid as professional services and modern science can supply.

Reviewing, then, the present position of this subject, it naturally divides itself under three prominent heads and the measures that respectively belong to each.

1. The provisions desirable at the port of embarkation.

2. The importance of systematic ventilation during the voyage.

3. The administration of quarantine at the port of arrival.

In considering these questions we do not propose, in this place, to enter into professional details, but rather to give an outline that may assist in leading to a more general apprehension of the nature and bearing of the principal points at issue, and of the imperative necessity of that more general and active support without which neither the Legislature, the commercial interest, the ship-owners, nor the citizens generally, can be expected to give the medical profession the aid which the public service requires. In its leading features the case will be found to be abundantly clear when fully and carefully investigated. But we must begin at the right end if we desire to trace it satisfactorily. Abstract theoretical considerations may be shrouded in darkness that professional men have not been able to penetrate, while great landmarks, guiding actual practice, may be rendered patent to all who take any care in studying them.

The winds of heaven on the wild and stormy ocean, as well as the atmosphere at sea on a mild and calm summer day, bring nothing but health and purity to the human frame. A voyage should rather tend, when duly regulated, to dissipate any seeds of disease imbibed at the port of embarkation than to nourish it into a pestilence equally fatal to those on board and dreaded by those on shore. How is it that the bark which reaches us from the wide and open sea is the cause of so much anxiety at the port of arrival? Has not our attention hitherto been too exclusively directed to this point, while our duties at the *port of embarkation* have comparatively escaped attention, as well as those that should be enforced on the *voyage?* And are there not questions connected with this subject that require the moral aid of public opinion, as well as the material assistance of science and the good offices of international arrangements in matters where diplomacy can be brought into effective operation, and in a cause where it would excite neither suspicion nor jealousy, but facilitate commerce and promote benevolence in ministering to the wants of the sailor and the traveler? And when State is estranged from State on such a topic, and citizen from citizen, so that even the hand of the incendiary is not stayed from attacking the hospital—sacred hitherto, in all ages and among all nations, to the sick and to the agonies of death—while military authority has been found requisite to restore order, and the reconstruction of its walls has been effected solely at the point of the bayonet, surely it is time that the whole question should receive the broadest consideration of which it is susceptible. The popular mind rarely proceeds to such extremities, however reprehensible and unjustifiable, without some consciousness of injury or misapprehension of matters of fact, and it is only right in maintaining the supremacy of law and order, to give a calm, deliberate, and full inquiry, that shall probe the root of the evil, and unvail all the causes that have contributed to such results.

I.—THE PROVISIONS DESIRABLE AT THE PORT OF EMBARKATION.

The condition of the port of embarkation, and of any other port at which a ship may touch during its voyage, forms one of the first elements of consideration at all quarantine stations. It is a cause of suspicion and distrust, or leads to a very favorable interpretation of the case, in the absence of the visible emblems of pestilential disease. Nevertheless, no cause is more productive of injury and annoyance to the crew, the passengers, the ship-owner, and the merchant than the wholesale condemnation of every ship to quarantine that comes from a suspected port. It is not necessary that such severity should be practiced. It may even subject a ship, under present circumstances, to infection from contiguous vessels; though it may have arrived without any disease, and without any just cause of detention.

Let it be remembered that no ship is necessarily contaminated because the port from which it sailed may have been infected. It may, notwithstanding, be as free from disease as any of the inhabitants of a distant city though small-pox, typhus, or even cholera or yellow fever may, on minute examination, be traced in some of its hospitals. To do justice, every case must be individualized. Here the Legislature may very advantageously step in and define, with a more discriminating care than has hitherto been given to this point, the circumstances that should lead to the detention of any vessel without disease on board. If there be nothing suspicious in the nature of the cargo, or in the condition of the crew and passengers, there can be no reasonable cause for detention, especially if it shall have followed the course recommended at sea in the following section, and can present a well-authenticated log that shall be satisfactory to the inspecting physician.

All final action on this point devolves, as a matter of necessity, on the authorities at the port of arrival. The captain of a ship at the port of embarkation should, nevertheless, endeavor to ascertain as many authenticated facts as he can safely gather in relation to any prevailing disease. This will often enable him to take important precautions before sailing, or on the voyage; and to become acquainted with details that may exert a favorable influence on his case at the port of arrival. In particular, in all seasons of anxiety and doubt as to the condition of the port and contiguous ships—and, still more, during the prevalence of pestilential disease—he should not only be doubly vigilant in reference to the wholesome condition of his ship, the quality

of the water supplied and the food provided both for the crew and passengers, but examine also carefully into the following circumstances:

a. The condition of the water in the well of the ship as discharged by the pumps. It is, in general, a good indication of the state of the hold, and of the most inaccessible portions between it and the stem and the stern.

b. The condition of the atmosphere of the ship, and if it be subject to a rapid deterioration when the hatches are closed to the same extent as on the voyage. In this case the ship ought to be carefully inspected, cleansed, and fumigated; particularly any special closets, cabins, or other places that are either apt to accumulate bad air or subject to the imperfect circulation of air.

c. The method of rigging up a temporary air-pump or fanner for artificial ventilation, to be worked by hand or other power, should the ship not be already provided with such an instrument. Nothing is found more valuable on board ship when a storm renders it necessary to batten down hatches that are otherwise left open, and at a time when the ordinary resources of wind-sails, and opening hatches, ports, and scuttles are altogether unavailable, and only an occasional entrance from the deck permitted.

d. The condition of the intended cargo, particularly if other vessels with similar cargoes have been subjected to quarantine; and, still more, if they have presented cases of pestilential disease at sea.

Does any portion of it evidently require fumigation or cleansing by any other means?

Is it damp, or largely charged with moisture? Can it, in this case, be dried before it is placed on board ship? If not, can quick-lime be safely stowed in iron barrels or tanks, only partially filled, and placed in the vicinity of such portions of the cargo, so as to absorb moisture slowly as it slakes, and prevent it from running to putrefaction?

e. The health of the crew and also of the passengers. Are there any of them who, in common justice to the rest, should receive medical attention in the first instance, and be placed under special supervision; or, on deliberate consideration, be altogether excluded from the ship?

The captain should also consider if he has a sufficient supply of quick-lime, chloride of lime, muriate of zinc, and of any other chemicals or disinfecting materials that he may be in the habit of using, to meet any unusual condition of the ship and cargo, or of the number of passengers he may carry. Nor should he omit to make inquiry as to the state of health at any lodging-house or habitation from which they may proceed, when he has reason to believe in the presence of pestilential disease. A few timely precautions in such cases will sometimes enable him to prevent great disasters, and check the first outbreak of any symptoms of disease.

But the resources available for improvement at the port of embarkation should not be left solely to the captains and owners of individual ships. There are ports in which it would be difficult to apply, and still more difficult to arouse the citizens to a just appreciation of the many benefits which sanitary improvements have conferred on cities as well as individual habitations. Time and opportunities may be required before much advantage can be expected from such means in all localities. The strong convictions of a single mind may often, however, act as a ferment, and awaken whole communities to a right understanding of the magnitude of the issues at stake.

In many places the health, the duration of life, the commerce, the wealth and prospects of a whole population, may be inseparably associated with the same causes that may ameliorate the shipping interest and diminish the severities of quarantine. An omniscient and an omnipotent Providence has created the world in which we live with more advantages and capabilities than the careless, the indifferent, and the ignorant are apt to suppose; and it may be justly questioned, on grounds which we shall not stop to discuss at present, whether a careful and judicious treatment would not even at present largely reduce some at least of those formidable evils that tend so much to produce or aggravate pestilential disease.

Proceeding on these views, the citizens at all ports where quarantine stations are established are practically interested not only in sanitary measures at home, but also in awakening and stirring up the question of sanitary reform at infected ports, as one of the most important means of alleviating the loss and sufferings that spring from such sources. How great have been the results in many places from a right system of cleansing and drainage! How gigantic are the results that may be anticipated by bringing the powers of vegetation into action in absorbing the impurities of some malarious districts! And when this can be combined with drainage, and by the regulated combustion of vegetable matters returning the mineral products to the soil, it is difficult to estimate the extent to which such a practice may be introduced in reducing malarious exhalations in the immediate vicinity of large cities. The practice of combustion has often been resorted to for the local destruction of decaying impurities. Its use by the ancients, even in respect to the bodies of the dead, is familiarly known. And though this may be a harsh sounding practice in the present day, there is perhaps no question deserving of more serious attention in some American cities. It is not essential, however, to resort to the extreme measure of actual combustion and incineration as practiced by the ancients. A body buried in ground kept in a vigorous state of vegetation, and having the mould sprinkled with some quick-lime, would perhaps satisfy every important object. At all events this should be a matter of calm and deliberate investigation. The accounts that have been given of burials at New Orleans, within the last twelve months, rival those that were given a few years ago of some of the grave-yards in London, before Parliament interfered and took steps

to prevent the burial of the dead from continuing a source of destruction to the living. And now that steamboats and locomotives have so largely facilitated the means of transport, no city should permit any burials in its vicinity that are not conducted in a manner entirely in unison with proper sanitary regulations.

There are reports of some remarkable aquatic plants in districts in South America, which are said to have a great power in purifying air and water, and to have rendered the places in which they were observed perfectly salubrious, though exposed to conditions from which the prevalence of fever was anticipated. There is perhaps no more fertile or interesting field of sanitary improvement than the application of the powers of vegetation to such an object. The animal and the vegetable world, more especially since the researches of modern chemistry have unfolded the leading facts as to the decay of organic matter, and the growth of plants and animals, particularly in connection with the function of respiration, are considered mutually to balance either, especially in maintaining the atmosphere in a due state of equilibrium—the one restoring to it what the other takes away.

There are other considerations that should not be omitted at ports of embarkation, which are also quarantine stations in self-defense at particular periods. They should establish measures for assisting in the purification of vessels loading for other ports, as well as for those that may arrive with pestilential disease; and as this part of the subject will necessarily be discussed in speaking of the port of arrival, we shall refer to it for details on this point.

Lastly, in taking a general view of the whole subject, it becomes abundantly manifest that there are few international questions in which the practice, experience, and skill of different nations could be rendered more eminently useful to each other than in relation to quarantine. Were they to do nothing more than to supply each other with their regulations for this purpose, and a careful exposition of the practice enforced, and of the general progress of sanitary improvement, a great step would be made that would lead to the most beneficial results. Were they to proceed further, still more important ends would be attained by the appointment of a Commissioner from their respective governments to draw out a cosmopolitan code of regulations, so far as this might be practicable and desirable, and to erect hospitals and sanatoriums for the sailor and passenger that would have some apartments at least constructed in a manner more suitable to foreign constitutions, and supply the whole institution with more extended measures for the alleviation and cure of disease.

An international policy for such a purpose would also have the important result of enabling the professional men of one country to point out the evils and the advantages arising from the practice of another, and to submit points for investigation that could be carried on with peculiar advantages in different localities.

How many and how large are the appropriations annually made for objects that can not secure such important results as would necessarily flow from the labors of Commissioners embodying, for the universal benefit of mankind, the experience of the principal nations of the globe that have made such matters the subject of inquiry?

Nor could such proceedings take place without materially improving the condition of the sailor, the comfort and accommodation of passengers, and the extension of those Sailors' Homes which promise, if they shall be more widely supported, to be of such inestimable benefit to society as well as to the service. Again, were proper opportunities given to mates and captains, as well as intelligent sailors, for becoming familiar with the principal facts bearing on the chemistry of daily life on board ship, where they have not hitherto had any such instruction, this information would not only tend to promote health and comfort at sea, but also assist in preventing the most serious of accidents at sea—the destruction of a ship by fire.

II.—THE IMPORTANCE OF SYSTEMATIC VENTILATION DURING THE VOYAGE.

It is contended that the captain will never have adequate resources for insuring ventilation at sea until ships shall be provided with one ventilating tube at least, running fore and aft from stem to stern in the hold, with an upright central discharge at any convenient place on deck, and capable, by apertures at different sites, of leading off with certainty vitiated air from any part of the ship where it may tend to accumulate.

It may be put in operation by the action of heat, by a mechanical power worked by hand (or by a small engine having the power of a man or boy), by a steam-tube from a small boiler at the galley fire, by a weight or spring wound up at regular intervals, or by any other equivalent arrangement where there is neither an engine nor any other source of power.

Due and adequate ventilation is the great restorative and preventive power at sea, in improving indifferent health among those who may have been subjected to a malarious atmosphere, and in preserving all from the evil influence of a confined air.

The wind-sail, however useful for general purposes, is inoperative in calm weather when the external temperature exceeds that of the cabin, hold, or other compartment to which it is led. It is frequently pushed aside when in the way, or tied up by those upon whom it may more immediately cast an offensive current. The fixed ventilatories for the injection and extraction of air, however important for general use, are liable, where they have no artificial power, to some of the same objections as the wind-sail. Placed fore and aft at the bow and stern of a ship, they undoubtedly tend to insure a general change of atmosphere; but even in such circumstances they are prone to increase the natural tendency of vitiated air to pass to the stern of the vessel, so that the cabin passengers or others sometimes

suffer from a constant accumulation of bad air from every part of the ship in its progress to the discharge. During a storm, as well as at all other periods when ventilation is specially desired from the ports and hatches being closed, and during sickness, nothing is so sure and certain in its action as a tube penetrating to the inmost recesses, cavities, and corners where vitiated air may accumulate, and capable of being forced out by power, whatever may be the condition of the external atmosphere. From the time of Dr. Hales to the present day this system has been gradually gaining ground, though in many cases the size of the tubes and apparatus employed has been so small as to bear no adequate proportion to the magnitude of the effects expected from it.

For a merchant ship the single tube and central discharge, with an aperture fore and aft, and another connected with the well, are the essential desiderata. Valves at the respective apertures can direct the power of the apparatus either upon the well, the stern, the bow, or any other part of the hold.

Where the peculiarity of the cargo or any other cause renders a more extended arrangement necessary, it can be augmented within any desirable limits. In ships carrying passengers a more complete system, based on the same principles, is desirable.

It is not intended that the vessel should be deprived of any of the ordinary resources which hatches, ports, and scuttles can afford. On the contrary, it is desired at all times that full advantage shall be taken of every natural movement of air that can be promoted on board ship.

Such arrangements are not incompatible with the certain action of a specific power that can be rendered useful when they are of no avail. Who has ever been at sea in a crowded ship, during a storm with hatches battened down, who has not felt the want of such a provision?

In steamboats it is not difficult to obtain any amount of ventilating power from the action of the fire-shaft; but engineers are generally opposed to any interference with the working of the fires, especially where bellows are used to augment their power. There is, however, no real objection to such arrangements, except where it is determined to push the power of the boilers to the utmost possible degree—a course that is rarely if ever pursued, except where it is subject to the disastrous results that have so frequently attended racing at sea.

In ships of war ventilating arrangements are still very imperfectly introduced, except where steam power gives a great moving force in the hold. No large ship of war has been provided with more extensive ventilating apparatus than the Russian ship, the *Grand Admiral*, now in process of construction at the building-yard of Mr. W. H. Webb, in this city. The design for the ventilation was given by the author of this paper. It is based on the principles explained above, and in unison with examples given of the ventilation of other ships of war executed under his superintendence. In one of these, many years previous to the introduction of his apparatus, a singular accident occurred in the well that demonstrates the importance of every ship having a specific ventilating power, that can be brought to bear at once upon any space or cavity, and extract any accumulation of vitiated air. The following is the sailing-master's account of this accident, as given in my "Illustrations of Ventilation," published in London:

"On board H.M. ship *Minden*, bearing the flag of Admiral Sir Richard King, in the harbor of Trincomalee, in the years 1819–'20, a boatswain's mate was ordered to see the pump well swabbed out. A man was accordingly sent down with a bucket and swab, but as he neither filled the bucket nor answered when called to, a second man was sent down to see what he was about. He also refused to answer immediately. Three more rushed down into the well, who all, like the first two, remained silent. It was then reported on the quarter-deck that the men in the pump well were supposed to have got into the spirit room. The master, on entering the cockpit, suspected the true cause of the men's silence, and ordered a lantern to be lowered into the well, the light in which went out when half-way down. It was let down a second time, and the light burned long enough to show the whole of the men lying over each other in the kelson. On being lowered down a third time the light was found to burn dimly at about six feet above the men. The master, with a bowling-knot under his arms, descended the well, leaving directions to haul him up the moment he could not answer. He succeeded in slinging the men, who were hauled up and laid on the main-deck, to all appearance quite dead. In a short time they began to respire, the lips and face became black; they foamed at the mouth, and the whole were fearfully convulsed. None of them recovered their usual health, and some of them were invalided. The man who descended the well first was the first who recovered.

"(Signed) JOHN MILLER.
"Late Master of the *Minden*.

"LONDON, *December*, 1842."

We desire to direct very special attention to this accident, as it is the type, not merely of a whole class of causes connected with emanations of vitiated air from the wells of ships, but because similar deteriorations of atmosphere, to a greater or less extent, take place in all cavities, cabins, forecastles, holds, and other places that have only one communication with the external atmosphere, or with larger open areas which have free access to it. In particular, nothing is more common in some merchant ships than a forecastle having no aperture for the ingress and egress of air except the ladder hatch or entrance to it. We have ourselves had to attend a sick sailor at sea for whom there was no accommodation but the bunk in which he slept, while others above and around on every side vitiated the air to such an extent that death appeared inevitable without a better provision for ventilation than the ladder hatch secured. A wind-sail was considered a perpetual cause of offense by the men who had continually to push it out of the way in passing and repassing. A ventilating tube from the peak of the forecastle, discharging continuously the vitiated air, might easily have been introduced in the original structure. Few stop to consider how feebly the flame of life flickers in a frame borne down by sickness, and surrounded with the dead weight of a vitiated atmosphere. How prone also are the seeds of pestilential disease to extend under such circum-

stances, even before the true character of the malady that may have attacked the first patient shall have become apparent!

Who can be considered equal to the duties of his position who can not fit up a temporary ventilating power, whether a pump, a bellows, a fanner, or a screw for such important occasions? Are not cases familiar where all the passengers of a ship have been suffocated by battening down hatches where there was no other provision for ventilation? Have not foreign vessels put into New York, even within the last few months, with crews disabled by death from yellow fever? But where is the fair chance of arresting disease at sea, if there be no system of ventilation provided that can be depended on when it is most imperiously demanded?

We do not desire to cast reflections on any man, and still less on the officer at sea. The captain of a ship at sea has perhaps a more extended, peculiar, onerous, and arduous responsibility cast upon him than is experienced in any other occupation. He requires the power of a despot, the benevolence of a philanthropist, the energy of a warrior, the coolness of an engineer, and the quick perception of a swordsman, to do justice to the varied difficulties with which he has at times to contend, when shipwreck, pestilence, fire, famine, a mutinous crew or passengers encroach upon the labors of an ordinary voyage. And though these are the accidents, and not the ordinary concomitants of voyages, some of them occur too frequently not to lead to this great and important question, What has society done for the education of men who have such responsibilities? Is it just or reasonable that they should be considered adepts in ventilation—a matter that is still very imperfectly applied even in our public buildings and in our habitations at home? Is it not reasonable to anticipate, then, that when this subject shall have been more thoroughly investigated, no merchants will be found who will deny the captain of the ship that carries either goods or passengers the simple ventilating tube that has been recommended, and the means of putting it, when requisite, in full operation?

There may, undoubtedly, be times and places in which it may be desirable to prevent ventilation—as in the bread-room, particularly when the atmosphere is largely charged with moisture, or in conveying particular goods and cargoes. But these form the exception, not the rule; and so long as men shall continue to breathe, as hitherto, upward of a thousand times an hour, no such rule can ever apply either to the berths of the crew or the cabins of the passengers. Excessive ventilation may be as intolerable to some constitutions as a deficiency of air is to others. Every thing is liable to abuse. But one point can not be too strongly impressed on those who are intrusted with the ventilation of ships, viz.: "Wherever there are special sources of vitiated air, as in the well and in closets connected with passengers' cabins below deck, the best mode of ventilating does not consist in blowing fresh air into them—which merely dilutes it at first, and too often distributes it to the offense of those in the vicinity; but rather let a vitiated air discharging tube proceed from the point where it accumulates most largely and discharge it directly into the external air." Fresh air necessarily enters to supply its place, if the cavity to be ventilated shall be in communication with channels or areas leading to the open air.

When the ventilating apparatus is so constructed that its action can be reversed on special occasions, and fumigating gases and vapors thrown into any part of the ship from a given centre, it becomes still more valuable. But the continued action of a power drawing away perpetually the vitiated air from the most offensive cavities of a ship during its voyage must always constitute the most important use of the ventilating tube, and that which should have the greatest weight with the authorities at quarantine in diminishing the period of detention when it may be considered proper to enforce this regulation, or to liberate the ship at once from any further delay.

III.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF QUARANTINE AT THE PORT OF ARRIVAL.

The less the perfection of sanitary regulations at the port of embarkation, the more frequent the cases of pestilential disease it sends forth; and the more neglected and careless the condition of goods, passengers, and crews, the greater the necessity for vigilance in the administration of quarantine at the port of arrival. The merchant justly complains of every unnecessary expense and fetter imposed upon commerce, and its tendency to drive it to other cities not subjected to parallel burdens; but he sometimes omits to consider how much the question is in his own power, and the extent to which the Legislature might be called on to reduce the burdens so often cast upon him, if he would take a little more trouble in securing the means for bringing his ship, with its cargo, passengers, and crew, in a better condition into port. Nor is it to be doubted that such a limited expenditure as has been proposed for these objects would many times repay the original cost, by maintaining the crew in a more healthy and able condition for every emergency, by rendering the ship a more eligible conveyance both for passengers and goods, by reducing, more or less, its chance of detention and the amount of its expenses at quarantine.

The Legislature can have no object whatever but the protection of the public health; and it is therefore the interest of all parties to reduce expenses to the standard requisite for any emergency which it may be called to meet. But the evil may at any time assume gigantic proportions if not adequately met by proper provisions secured by the State; and there is no mode by which a merchant can so much reduce the tax that may otherwise fall upon him as by improving the condition in which the ship arrives at its destination. Even where he may have come from infected or suspected ports, he may often, if not always, be able to show that, by care at

the port of embarkation and during the voyage, he has not only brought home his ship without any evidence or just suspicion of pestilential disease, but that it is for the interest of the public service, as well as his own, that he should not be placed among a crowd of vessels where he may run the risk of that infection from which he may at first be free.

This ought to be the aim and object of every merchant, of the captain and every officer on board ship, as well as of the passengers and crew; and we confess that we have more hope of a reduction of expense to the merchant and in the administration of quarantine from this course than from any other proceeding, while it enhances all the securities which the public service requires.

At the same time it must be remembered that every case of pestilential disease imported and escaping detention at quarantine must be dangerous in proportion to the facilities it may have for communication and the fitness or disposition of the population on shore to receive infection. It is therefore considered essential that there should be no relaxation in the means provided by the public service for the detection and prevention of disease. These should rather be increased in proportion to the increased facilities secured for the relief of the shipping interest; and the same arguments that apply to the improved condition of ships and ports of embarkation apply equally to an improved sanitary condition in the port of arrival. It tends to prevent the origin of disease on shore, and to oppose its communication from outward sources of infection, or to limit its extension when infection may actually have taken place. A high state of health and an ample but not excessive supply of food have ever been considered among the most powerful repellents of disease. A proper degree of fullness in the blood-vessels is often a safeguard against the absorption of poison from without. They are in one sense already full; they have a greater tendency to exhale than to absorb. But too great a reliance must not be placed on such a state of the system, as the history of pestilential diseases unfortunately testifies.

In providing for the administration of quarantine, and applying appropriate remedies to the ships, crews, cargoes, and passengers which it may be necessary from time to time to detain, nothing is more important, in the first instance, than the selection of suitable sites for anchorage, for hospitals, and for all the necessary appurtenances that ought to belong to such an establishment as the city of New York requires. Its past progress points out also the necessity of attending to its probable magnitude in future years, and, at all events, to the natural progress of its own commerce as well as that on contiguous shores. We take it for granted that every effort will be made to determine and secure the best site, on geographical and commercial data, apart from any political difficulties, as the only correct basis for such a selection must depend upon geographical and economical facts. Winds and currents, land and water, shelter and security from the storm, and a sufficient proximity to the port, must ever constitute the leading elements of a question that interests all the States and nations that send their ships and cargoes to the port of New York. It is very different from any purely local question; and if contiguous States can not agree as to what each may deem most advisable for its special interests, the question will naturally be raised how far it may be within the compass of the National Legislature to render such a point the subject of Federal consideration instead of its being confined exclusively to the jurisdiction of individual States. In some sanitary questions, for instance, in other places, local rights that were utterly incompatible with a proper system of drainage and sewerage had to be abandoned before it was found practicable to secure those channels and levels that were absolutely indispensable for a satisfactory result. The reports by Dr. Elisha Harris, when physician chief at Quarantine, give very valuable facts on this point, that must command the most earnest attention, particularly in connection with the progress of disease in the direction of certain winds and tides from infected ships.

The first step desirable in every infected ship detained at quarantine, is the application of a sufficient ventilating power capable of sweeping out at once, and entirely controlling the vitiated air in any ordinary ship, and of so heating all deleterious products, whenever this is desirable, as to render them perfectly innocuous to all contiguous ships or buildings.

There are different modes of effecting this object, according to the opportunities of each quarantine station. Much the best and simplest consists in forming an air-drain or tunnel in a quay at any quarantine station, when this is practicable, and connecting the hold and well of the ship with this air-drain, after securing it alongside. A powerful ventilating chimney, a steam-engine, a fall of water, or any other mechanical power being put in operation, as a wheel driven by the tide, the bad air is rapidly exhausted. Fresh air passes through the ship with any requisite rapidity, and according to any required course. In a few minutes by such an apparatus the atmosphere may be more thoroughly cleansed than by days and weeks of anchorage at the quarantine station with any corresponding power.

The process may then be reversed by the use of the engine alone; and ordinary dry, warm, cold, or medicated air, may, by appropriate arrangements, be passed through the ship and cargo, if the latter be sufficiently open for this purpose: if not, an effort should be made to render it more open. If it is of such a nature as to admit of this being done, a portion may be advantageously removed temporarily, or altogether, to facilitate this process. It is considered that many ships and cargoes may be liberated altogether, after being subjected for one or two hours to the power that can thus be brought to bear on them. It can, in favorable cases, be rendered equivalent to all that is effected by the lighterage of the cargo,

particularly if the captain, having this in view at the port of embarkation, disposes and arranges his cargo in the manner most suitable for such an operation.

A quay a thousand feet in length would accommodate a number of vessels at the same time. It would also be practicable to have a floating air-drain moored at some ports where a quay could not be constructed, and placed between it and a ventilating power, erected in a special floating structure at one extremity, or conveyed directly to a building on shore with proper facilities for this plan. Where no such arrangements are carried into execution, or, until the necessary preparations are made, the construction of a ventilating steam-tug is recommended, which can be fitted up for parallel duties. A decided preference is given to the quay with the ventilating and fumigating air-drains in connection with a building on shore, wherever the locality permits such arrangements to be made.

Where the state of the ship, the condition of the hold, timbers, or cargo, or any other circumstances may render a prolonged detention necessary, the vessel may be moved to a special aperture connected with the ventilating and fumigating drain, at which still more power can be directed upon it, or it may at once be ordered to the anchorage appointed for vessels requiring the most extended cleansing, and other means of purification to be directly applied within.

In connection with the ventilating and fumigating power on shore, a series of warehouses should be constructed, into which any goods can be placed when it is absolutely necessary to remove them from an infected ship, and objections are made to their disposal in any other manner.

In the same place a furnace should be built in such a manner as to consume absolutely all the materials which it may be agreed to destroy at once, and in such a manner that no offensive or dangerous emanations can proceed from them. Such furnaces have been constructed as have secured the object in view with unerring certainty; and when it is recollected that the same principle can be applied to the emanations from every individual ship or building, the apprehension of danger from such sources may be entirely averted.

Even in individual ships, where there may have been extreme disease, it is quite practicable to erect a temporary ventilating stove on deck, and to cause the vitiated air from the ship to be so heated and consumed as to be a source of no danger to contiguous vessels. Such instruments, which may be termed controlling ventilators, should be adapted to all ships, when many are crowded together at a quarantine anchorage unprovided with the resources of a ventilating quay or a ventilating steamboat. Where ships are already provided with the ventilating tube described in Part II., the addition of a controlling ventilator renders its action still more complete.

In the preceding observations having given an outline of resources available for the ship and the cargo, we may now advert to the crew, the passengers, and the hospital, in explaining such peculiarities as a ventilating and cooling power can secure and connect with appliances for the certain destruction of noxious emanations, and the prevention of their escape to the injury or apprehension of those without.

In the construction of a ventilated quarantine hospital a shaft is preferred to an engine, it being an object to prevent the escape of all vapors, exhalations, or other emanations, except by such channels as shall convey them to any required altitude for dissipation at a distance, or subject them to the still more complete operation of decomposition by heat before they are permitted to escape into the external air.

With such a power the air can also be inclined from every patient to the wall behind and above his head (without any sensible or objectionable draught), in such a manner as to reduce the chance of infection to the physician, the nurses, and other hospital attendants. Every ward, room, and individual cavity can be so constructed as to prevent any of the atmosphere that enters it from ever returning, or passing to any contiguous rooms or passages. The bath-room, the dead-room, the closets, the store-rooms, and the washing-rooms form no exception to the rule. Even the physician's house, and all the offices in connection with the establishment can be placed under similar circumstances; so that there both he and his family, when he is in constant attendance on the sick, would be as secure from any infection conveyed by the atmosphere as they could be in an external and isolated building. Precautions from infection by clothing or other materials would require the usual attention.

Further, in a ventilated hospital there are facilities for details of practice that can not so readily be applied in ordinary rooms. Artificial atmospheres can be produced and sustained for the cure of disease. A cold atmosphere may be introduced and maintained even in the warmest climates; and this forms an item of peculiar importance in the case of yellow-fever, a disease that has been hitherto characterized as being always accompanied by a moist and warm atmosphere. Air may even be deprived of much of the water held in solution, and in this dry condition be also reduced in temperature.

The effects of a high as well as of a low temperature can be directed with great power upon all articles of clothing and combined with the action of any fumigating agent.

Where a crew and passengers are transferred to an hospital, not so much from any direct and absolute proof of the actual presence of pestilential disease as from strong grounds of precaution which it may be just and proper to take under existing suspicious symptoms, and the general history of the case, it is a great satisfaction to know that this can be done without in any way exposing them to the actual danger of an infected atmosphere. There is no class of buildings in which ventilation can be rendered so important as in the quarantine hospital.

Again, all such hospitals should possess the

utmost facilities for giving air and medicated vapor, as well as warm or cold shower-baths in one and the same chamber. By such means the utmost rapidity can be secured in bringing such agents to act upon the person. Nor can we see, at least as a general rule, with what justice any one free from symptoms of disease, and from any other just suspicions of being under its influence, and subjecting himself to such a bath, and his clothes to the most approved system of heating and fumigation, should be detained for a single day at the quarantine hospital, whatever may have been the condition of the port from which he may have sailed.

When a quarantine establishment shall have been erected in unison with the principles sketched in the preceding pages, and a series of ships provided with the ventilating tube explained, it will be practicable to advance still further in the field of improvement, and to establish a series of records as to the influence of the resources described on persons, ships, and cargoes. These will probably elucidate many important facts that may facilitate future practice, and contribute to the formation of a more precise and accurate series of rules than are the guide at present in regulating practice at quarantine.

It is important, for example, that more information should be procured than could be given in reply, at present, to the following queries:

1. What temperature is essential for the absolute decomposition of the *fomites* or materials attached to clothes, cargoes, or ships that communicate and reproduce pestilential disease?

2. Have the experiments recorded as to the destruction of all such fomites by a temperature of 212° been found by subsequent experience to be unexceptionable and universally applicable?

3. Will any less degree of heat produce a similar effect on some species of fomites, if not on all; and what is the necessary temperature, and what are the conditions, under which dependence may be placed on the success of the result?

4. What reduction of temperature will render all or any varieties of fomites innocuous?

5. When disease has disappeared in consequence of a reduction of temperature to the freezing-point, or to any lower temperature, is the poison that may have previously produced it capable of being revived in its action with returning warmth, or is it so completely altered or destroyed as to be no further a source of danger?

6. In fumigating ships, what materials and modes of application have been found most largely successful?

7. What quantities of materials are usually employed in relation to the tonnage of the ship, its cubic contents, or any other standard of proportion; or is the fumigation regulated solely by the sense of smell, and by the apparent condition of individual ships?

8. What special treatment has been adopted with the principal varieties of cargoes conveyed from ports in vessels usually subjected to detention at quarantine?

9. What cargoes ought to be entirely exempt from detention at quarantine?

10. What peculiarities have been pointed out in different classes of ships that render particular places difficult of cleansing and fumigation?

11. To what extent, in the ordinary practice of fumigation at different ports, are effective measures taken to penetrate the tubular spaces left between the ribs or timbers of a ship, and the external and internal planking?

12. In what classes of ships or cargoes is sulphureted hydrogen apt to accumulate in the hold or well, from the decomposition of the sulphates in sea-water?

The above queries are merely examples of the range and variety of information, the want of which is often experienced by those who are intrusted with the direction of quarantine, and in respect to which a medical commission could render invaluable service to the country, though no international investigations should be authorized. If no other case be cited, the history of the *Susquehanna*, during the last year at the port of New York, affords a memorable example of the position in which this question stands, even where the resources and authority of Government are brought to bear on the question; and the country, when in want of ships, was deprived of the services of one of its most valuable frigates.

We can not conclude these remarks, and place the whole bearings of the quarantine question in a satisfactory point of view, without stating that other influences, less direct in their operation, but powerful in the results to which they must finally lead, should not be forgotten on the present occasion. In a city such as New York nautical education should receive some of that assistance from the Legislature or the municipal authorities which is accorded to it in other great commercial capitals. We do not refer merely to such museums as may be seen at London, both at the Admiralty and at the United Service Institution, or to the models that may be inspected at the Louvre in Paris. But we refer more especially to the great school for training young boys as sailors at Greenwich, on the banks of the Thames, and all parallel European schools, and such as has been commenced recently at Baltimore. These may be made the media of extending largely every important improvement in the construction and management of ships, especially if provided with a hall, library, museum, and lecture-room for adults. Nor should the subject of naval architecture be forgotten—an art that has still more formidable difficulties to contend with than architecture on shore. How many are the models and how large are the results of individual experience that are often lost to the public from the want of a building to preserve records that would be freely presented to it! Who would not be gratified by the opportunity of inspecting such models of naval

progress as this city has already sent out on the ocean from the hands of a Steers, a Webb, and other eminent ship-builders? The museum at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn has its interesting relics as well as important specimens and models; but it is too distant for frequent reference, and not fitted up in the manner that would be most advantageous to the commercial marine of this city.

The general introduction of the elements of science in schools and academies is also essential for the right progress of practical science, and the management that falls within the scope of boards, committees, municipal authorities, and governments that have to deal with such questions as quarantine and other matters involving details in science. Though the actual responsibility of advice and construction may be thrown upon professional men, how often are great institutions fostered by the care of one man, trampled on and subverted by another, who, from the want of some information that a few elementary lessons would have communicated, could not comprehend the data on which they were based. We could, if necessary, quote from another country instances where the ventilation of ships has at one period received the most careful and elaborate attention, and, notwithstanding, fallen so rapidly into neglect, that nearly a hundred individuals perished in one ship in a single night from causes among which defective ventilation formed an important item. But we must forbear enlarging on a topic that would require a special paper for its full elucidation. The progress of the country may be on the whole steady and uniform, though the power and efficiency of individual departments must often ebb or flow with the knowledge and ability of those under whose direction they are placed.

IN THE OLD CHURCH-TOWER.

I.

IN the old church-tower
Hangs the bell;
And above it on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Cut in gold Saint Peter stands,
With the keys in his two hands,
And all is well!

II.

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell;
You can hear its great heart beat,
Ah! so loud, and wild, and sweet,
As the parson says a prayer
Over happy lovers there,
While all is well!

III.

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell,
Deep and solemn. Hark! again,
Ah! what passion, and what pain!
With her hands upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest
Where all is well!

IV.

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell—
A quaint friend that seems to know
All our joy and all our woe:
It is glad when we are wed,
It is sad when we are dead
And all is well!

THE ROTHSAYS.

AUNT HELEN had that afternoon been discoursing of Uncle Philip, saying how brave and generous he always was, and what pride she used to have in him when he came home for the vacations; at what risk he once saved the widow Leech's eldest son from drowning, when the little fellow had fallen through the ice on Chesterfield pond, and every one else thought the attempt to rescue him worse than useless; how grateful Mrs. Leech was; and that was the way her son, now a man grown, came to be called Rothsay; for hitherto the child's name had been Habakkuk, or, as the boys abbreviated it, Koot. Notwithstanding Habakkuk's Scripture appellation he had never been christened, but now that he had been at death's door his mother bethought herself that no time should be lost, so she collected her seven children, every one, and making them as tidy as possible, stood them up in a row in church and had them all christened together the very next Sunday morning. A very fine group of children Aunt Helen said they were, when once, through much painstaking, their real faces had become visible; the boys were swart as gipsies, with glittering eyes and hair black as jet, whereas the girls were all fair-haired and blue-eyed. From this time forth it had gone well with them; the neighbors lent a helping hand, and the widow Leech, instead of living in a perpetual worry to find bread for so many little mouths—for the eldest was not yet ten years old—had grown younger and cheerier, till Isaac Vail, the sexton, a man well-to-do in the world, and not so very old, though indeed the whole neighborhood had set him down as a foredoomed old bachelor, took herself and her seven children for better for worse; and after this there was not a more reputable family any where around. The boys grew up orderly and industrious; the girls pretty, modest, and tidy; and Isaac Vail had great satisfaction in sending them to schools as good as the best, so that they came to be a credit to themselves and their friends.

"And about Uncle Philip, Aunt Helen?"

She said he was the most self-denying person she ever knew in her life, and at the same time the most liberal toward others. He earned all he expended during his college life; his father would gladly have aided him, but Philip knew how they were straitened at home—that was before grandfather's Western land became valuable—and so he would accept nothing at the risk of diminishing the family comforts. Such strict economy as he must have used! But Aunt Helen said they never had a fear that it would affect

his character unfavorably, since the more he stinted himself the more he managed to bestow on others. Then so good judgment as he had too! If he could not give his sisters many books, he took care that those he sent them should be of the very best. This had enabled them to acquire a better education than otherwise they could have had.

"Was Uncle Philip well-looking?" I asked.

Oh yes! at least before he went abroad; he was of a good height, and though rather slight, yet he was so compact and well-made that he seldom found his equal in strength. Still Aunt Helen could not say that people would call him handsome. Only he had fine eyes, the true Rothsay eyes (Aunt Helen had those); and then he had so much intelligence and goodness of expression: for her part, she prized far more highly beauty of expression than mere regularity of features. He had the family hair too; all the Rothsays had tolerable hair.

Aunt Helen's was certainly very beautiful; not a white thread in its dark sheen, though she was I don't know how many years old. I do not know, because, when I was a very little girl, she taught me that it is ill-bred to ask people about their age, if they are older than ourselves. I was sure she was older than myself.

"Did he stay at home when he was through college?"

He just came home for a week; and then Mr. Livermore, his father's friend, found him a situation in Washington as private tutor, with a great salary—she believed as much as a thousand dollars a year; and there he remained three years, all the while studying, studying; and observing too, for Mr. Livermore took care that he should know the people best worth knowing. So it was by no means lost time; he was only twenty-three when he left Washington. Then he came home again for a few weeks, and directly afterward went abroad; and though they often heard from him, they never saw him for five years. This time, when he returned, he brought a wife with him. She was a Genevese; a lovely, slight young creature; beautiful and gracious as a moss rose-bud, with a voice clear and sweet in singing as a robin's, and a speech far above singing; and then such a silvery, ringing laugh; and though she had many accomplishments—she could speak in three or four languages, and could play charmingly on several musical instruments; she would take a bit of paper and a pencil, chatting all the while, and before one would think what she was doing, there it was!—a picture just as natural as life, of any person or any thing she chose. And for all this she did not in the very least value herself upon it; only she pretended to be very proud of her English, which she had learned for Philip's sake, and so that she might talk with his friends when she should come to see them. "My sister Helen," she would say, "do I not speak English just as good as Philip? No? Ah! that is because you love him so much." And when the sisters remonstrated against the thick chestnut beard which they said spoiled his face, Eloise—that was her name—said, "Ah, no! it was charming; that made him exactly beautiful." Though they staid only a month, every body in the neighborhood knew and liked Philip's little wife. His father, mother, and sisters took her into their heart at once. She had no mother of her own; but she had been most kindly and judiciously reared. They went to live in Havana, in the West Indies. The distance seemed much greater then than now, because of the difference in facility of travel. After they had left the house seemed lonely enough; and only that my father and mother had then come to live at the old home, Aunt Helen did not know how it would have gone there. A great sorrow had befallen herself soon after this, and for a time a dark gloom gathered over the homestead. First the mother was called away. She died suddenly; no one had thought of her as dangerously ill. For years her health had been delicate; but the day on which she died she had risen as usual. It was Sunday morning; and she told them all to go to church, while she would remain at home. When they returned she was lying on the sofa, a book in her hand, and they thought she had fallen asleep; so they spoke with hushed voices and moved silently, that they might not waken her. She would never waken more! The calm smile on her face was there still when they shut the coffin lid upon it. The peace of God doubtless it was which made her grave-sleep blessed.

Then came the father's turn. One wish haunted him—to look once more on the faces of all his children. Letters were dispatched to all, and in a few weeks they were assembled there; Philip last, as his home was farthest. It was a sad meeting, yet not comfortless, for no breath of discord had ever come among them. The old father, gratified in his last wish, full of love and trust, lay down to his final sleep. A few days more and the children were again separated, only my father and mother remaining with Aunt Helen. Months passed and brought no tidings of Philip; then intelligence came, and of the saddest. During his absence a pestilence had devastated the city. His wife, who had gone to reside, while he should be away, in the house of a friend, had perished among the first, leaving their little daughter, then in her third year, in the care of this friend. Within a few days the latter had died also. Madeline, his wife's servant, had used unwearied but unavailing efforts to preserve the child, and had then herself disappeared. There was no certainty, but it was supposed that she, too, had become a victim to the infection. The house, like others which had been similarly desolated, was closed by official authority. This was the welcome which awaited him.

He sought alleviation of his own suffering in the attempt to mitigate that of others. At length he took the disease; but he was kindly cared for and recovered. Then once more he returned to his old home at the North. Trouble and illness in a few months had done the work of years; he

had grown prematurely old, his hair was thinned and whitened, he was meagre and sallow, his figure was bent, and at first no one, not even his sisters, recognized him. Gradually he regained his strength; but he never looked young again. The ensuing autumn he went to New Orleans, and there, eventually, he took up his residence.

Aunt Helen was never weary of recounting these events, nor I of listening to her recital. They had all occurred before I was old enough to retain a distinct remembrance of them; nor could I recollect ever to have seen my uncle Philip; nevertheless, I had a very definite and vivid idea of him, which was just about as accurate a likeness as imaginary pictures are wont to be.

It was just sunset. I was sitting on the doorstep, and, absorbed in a new book, I did not observe the approach of a gentleman who entered the gate until he had traversed the walk and was quite near me; nor then did I guess at all who it was. He inquired for my father and mother. The latter, who was busily stitching in the parlor, looked up at our entrance, and with a cry of joyous surprise came hastily to meet him. There was so much gladness in her welcome that I did not need her exclamation, "Dear Philip! dear brother Philip!" to inform me who was the new-comer.

Now there had always come occasional letters from my uncle, and at intervals not very remote; but the one which should have advised us of this visit happened not to reach its destination; so it was regarded as a signal piece of good fortune, his arrival at this juncture. For my father had received an appointment requiring him to be away for several years. My mother was to accompany him, and they were to take their departure in less than a month. It was a somewhat sudden arrangement, and Uncle Philip, who had left New Orleans several weeks before, had missed the letters which would have informed him of the plan. So, through these failures, it looked like the merest chance that there was any meeting at all. It proved a very pleasant chance for me. It had appeared that the best disposal to make of me would be to send me to school, and this was resolved upon. Hartford was the place selected, and Aunt Helen was to go there too; not to school, certainly, but in some sort as my guardian, for my mother did not think too highly of boarding-schools. Uncle Philip demanded a change of programme—that the school plan should be summarily dismissed, and another adopted in its stead. This, which met my own cordial approbation, was to the effect that Aunt Helen and myself should accompany him home, and remain his guests during the period of my parents' absence. A few objections were skillfully met; we were assured that instruction in all desirable forms was just as attainable in New Orleans as elsewhere. Another inducement, the probable benefit to my health—I had grown rapidly the last few years, and was really not strong—was very influential. It was conceded that, instead of spending two years at a Northern school, I should return with Uncle Philip to New Orleans. Aunt Helen shared fully my preference for this arrangement. So, one bright September morning, we all left the old homestead to go together as far as New York; thence our paths diverged.

My uncle's residence was in a quiet part of the city; the house was large and handsome; every thing in and about it was on a scale liberal and even luxurious in my eyes, accustomed as I was to the frugality of a New England country home. Our mode of life would, perhaps, have seemed to most persons monotonous, but to me every phase of it was replete with zest. At first, indeed, my own pleasure was somewhat marred by the apprehension that it was obtained at a sacrifice on my uncle's part, but he soon reassured me. Aunt Helen found a little more difficulty in adapting herself to her new surroundings, but she was, on the whole, well pleased. She had always much consideration for others, and possessed a quiet cheerfulness of temperament which was infectious; and then she abounded, beyond most women I have known, in a ready tact, which gave her ease and grace every where. If it be true of home-keeping youths that they have ever homely wits, it is not always true of home-keeping women. Driving, walking, sight-seeing of every kind, Aunt Helen held in aversion. An appeal to her kindness, so the want were genuine, was electric; she was at once attracted by it out of her love of ease, or rather she then found her ease in painstaking. For the rest, her tastes and habits chimed excellently with Uncle Philip's. His drawing-room was simply and handsomely furnished, but books had accumulated there until it was drawing-room and library both in one. When we came he proposed a reform, but Aunt Helen liked it as it was, and so no change was attempted.

On Sundays we had company to dinner. Sometimes there were ladies, but usually only gentlemen. Two or three of these were habitual guests; one of them, M. Vallière, a native of France, was an intimate friend of Uncle Philip; they had first met in Switzerland while the latter resided in Europe. Afterward they had renewed their acquaintance in Cuba, and finally M. Vallière, incidentally meeting Uncle Philip in New Orleans, had been induced to make his own home there. He had come to the city to make disposal of some property which had fallen to him; and having become the possessor of a valuable plantation a few miles distant, he resided alternately there and in the city. He was slight, dark as a Moor, and his eyes had a wonderful variety of expression, appearing even to change color with his moods. Commonly they were gray, but when he grew earnest they darkened; and again, when he became angry, as indeed I saw him but once or twice, the dilated pupil overspread the whole iris, and emitted such glances as, were they aimed at me, I should shrink from encountering. He was often at the house during the week, and on Sundays invariably occupied his seat at the dinner-table. He talked

a great deal, speaking English with as much apparent ease as if it were his native language. At first I hardly knew whether to like or dislike him most; something about him indicated that no person who had any thing to conceal would be exactly safe under the quiet scrutiny of his eye. But at home I had been encouraged always to openness, my faults being patent as daylight, and I had nothing that I knew of to hide, so presently the distrustful feeling departed at once and forever.

"And so, Miss Janet," he said, one evening, several weeks after we had first met, "it is decided that we are to be friends."

"Yes, Monsieur," I answered; "but I doubted it at first."

"So I perceived; but giving you credit for penetration, I did not allow myself to be anxious, since it was certain that you would, sooner or later, recognize my merit. I knew that we were destined to become fast friends. And as the first-fruits, Dr. Rothsay"—turning to my uncle—"I have found a French teacher for Miss Janet here; one who possesses the two-fold recommendation of ability and necessity; a countryman of my own, of whom an unfortunate process of litigation has made a poor man. When I knew him in France he was the proprietor of a large estate, and one of the most actively benevolent individuals I have ever known. Deeply religious, he is without a tincture of fanaticism. I think no person has ever won from me more unreserving respect. He was just the man to bear reverses admirably; he avers that this change from abundance to slenderness of means has only very slightly diminished his personal comforts."

"Were there none to suffer with him?"

"No; he has only one son, a young man who is full of capacity and excellence of every kind; he is in South America now, and the father has come here to gain a livelihood in whatever way may present itself. He mentioned teaching as that of which he felt himself most capable, and I immediately bethought myself of this young lady, your ward."

And it was settled accordingly. We all felt interested in M. Henri; even Aunt Helen avowed her willingness to furbish up her knowledge of French for the sake of enlarging his income; and thenceforth Uncle Philip managed to induce M. Henri to give us the pleasure of his company at our Sunday dinners.

These gatherings came to be among the pleasantest occurrences of the week. Frequently there were strangers, sometimes travelers who had spent years in foreign countries, and who dealt out freely their gathered treasures. Occasionally, too, we made visits, sometimes to my uncle's friends in town, and sometimes to plantations a few miles away.

For music I had a love which, though wholly uncultivated, was nevertheless intense, and to indulge and encourage this was Uncle Philip's good pleasure. One evening, at a concert, my attention was attracted toward a party just opposite to a degree that I felt to be scarcely consistent with courtesy; nevertheless, do what I would, my eyes reverted almost immediately, as if drawn by a power beyond my own control, to the trio of persons who, though occupying a position by no means conspicuous, were yet noticeable amidst the assembled multitude. Had the gentleman been alone there was nothing perhaps in his aspect to challenge a second regard; he was large, high-shouldered, with light hair, eyebrows, and eyes, and red mustache. The features were not in themselves repulsive, but their expression was stolid. Of the ladies the elder was eminently handsome; but while I observed her the face changed. In looking around, her glance, so I imagined, fell upon us, and thereupon a lurid light kindled in her black eyes, burned in her cheeks, and for a moment made her face ferocious; then suddenly, as it had come, it was gone again, and the features were in repose, proud, impassive, handsome as before. Could I have mistaken? At least I could not deter myself from noticing if the phenomenon recurred. It did: once more that defiant gleam shot athwart the beautiful face, imparting to it a manifest fierceness; and this time the gentleman's look, fixed full upon the lady's, seemed to wear an answering expression. In both instances the flash came and went with electric swiftness. I observed that the brilliants on the lady's bosom rose and fell with no quicker motion, that the glittering fan in her jeweled hand never paused nor wavered in its steady, equal swaying.

The younger lady could scarcely have been older than myself. Her face was somewhat pale, but this pallor only heightened the purity of her look; the brown hair was laid back from the low, pearly forehead in a way which would have marred any face but the loveliest; the beauty of this it seemed to enhance; the eyebrows were delicate yet well-defined and mobile. The whole face was faultless, but its exquisite charm, as it impressed me then and as it came into my mind afterward, was in the blue, dark eyes, fringed with the most beautiful lashes in the world. Once her glance met my own, and then, by one of those mysterious experiences which sometimes, I suppose, come to all persons, I was conscious of a momentary recollection of that face; it seemed a familiar, well-remembered object.

Twice afterward, during the winter, I met the elder lady; once with her young companion, and once alone.

The habitation nearest our own was unoccupied. It was an old-fashioned structure, elegant once, perhaps, still picturesque, but somewhat gloomy of aspect. A balconied window from my own room commanded a view of it. The grounds bore marks of former care; they were filled with rare and beautiful shrubs, groups of orange and lemon trees, and a profusion of flowering climbers, all of which had attained a rank luxuriance indicative that nature had there resumed absolute control. It seemed probable that the whole house, grown over with exuberant vegetation, would, like the castle of the sleeping Dornrö-

schen, become effectually secluded from the outer world.

I have my full woman's share of curiosity, and should have liked well to penetrate into this lonely house around which there seemed to me to hover a certain mystery. In the early spring I did once attempt to effect a passage through the hedge of dwarf pomegranate which divided its garden from our own, but the thorns were too much for me. I indemnified myself for this failure by a free use of my opera-glass. My uncle had occupied his present residence only a few years. He had heard that the owner of the premises was a M. Dupressin, for a long time non-resident, and that the house had remained vacant since he left it. This was all Uncle Philip could tell me. M. Vallière knew no more, but he promised to lose no opportunity of enlightening himself thereupon.

Accordingly a month or two afterward, he said he had heard that we were to have neighbors in the Dupressin house.

Uncle Philip asked who they were.

French, he said; recently from Marseilles; the name, Montargis; and there was a young lady, a neighbor for Mademoiselle Janet.

Now this intelligence was pleasant. With heightened interest I looked next morning through the catalpa boughs that shaded my favorite window, effectually shaded it, insomuch that it was a perfect "coigne of vantage;" one might sit there, bowered in green, and overlook the whole vicinage. One particular window I had assigned to the young lady; it reached to the floor and opened on an extended balcony; musk-roses and cape-jasmine overran the railing and fastened their sprays above the upper edge of the window; a thicket of oleanders grew so near that some of the branches had thrust themselves through the balcony and flowered there. Every thing about the place looked to me more attractive than ever, and I strongly wished the new-comers might harmonize with all this beauty which awaited them.

After all I did not witness the arrival, which must therefore have occurred while I was asleep.

There were soon unmistakable signs that my favorite room was occupied. One morning the transparent curtain was put aside and a young girl came out on the balcony; her face was turned away from me, but I saw that her figure was slight and graceful; she reached up and broke off a branch of jasmine, and her sleeve falling back showed a round, white arm. While she carelessly inhaled the odor of the flowers another person came out—a lady also. This must be Madame Montargis. Certainly I recognized that face, so coldly handsome, and yet with such capacity of evil expression! It was one of those which had so enchained my attention early in the winter. As she addressed the young lady she passed a hand caressingly over her cheek. Was it, then, the same with whom I had previously seen her? Yes; as she turned I knew her; paler, and to my thought lovelier, than before.

Immediately I set up an exalted and unchangeable friendship for the younger lady, on the strength of the qualities with which my imagination invested her, and toward the elder an uncompromising hostility. Moreover, I succeeded tolerably in enlisting Aunt Helen's sympathies on the side of my own prejudices. M. Vallière also listened encouragingly to the outpouring of my thoughts, and pledged himself to all possible aid in eliciting confirmation of my various and opposing theories in regard to the relations existing among our new neighbors. To do him justice, it was long before he furnished any substantial elucidation of the mystery of this dove and vulture fellowship—for so I chose to regard it.

A friend of Uncle Philip had asked us to spend a few days at a residence a little way up the river, and Aunt Helen yielding to our united persuasion, it was decided that we should avail ourselves of the invitation. Uncle Philip accompanied us, and would come for us again the ensuing week. This new phase of existence—life on a plantation—I found charming, and would willingly have prolonged it. Nevertheless, at the time appointed we were on our way homeward. One of the first passengers that met my eye on the boat by which we returned was M. Montargis. Where, then, were the ladies? possibly elsewhere on the vessel, and I determined not to overlook them if only they should come within the range of my vision. But first it was necessary to establish Aunt Helen in her state-room, for she invariably became sea-sick with the first motion of the boat; so leaving her to seek in sleep forgetfulness of suffering, we went to the saloon. Not there was my quest successful, but we had not yet been on the upper deck, and we presently went thither.

I scanned carefully the groups around me, at first to no purpose; but perseverance is usually rewarded, and so it was in this case. There, just before me, stood the tall, dark lady. In my hand I had a gay, beautiful bunch of flowers, which I had brought on board, and, moved by a sudden impulse, I offered them to her. She accepted them with suave courtesy and a brilliant smile, which, passing swiftly away, left on her face an expression so care-worn and troubled that I made up my mind directly to forego hostilities. A few minutes afterward she had disappeared, and I saw her no more.

We had just reached home. M. Vallière, who met us at the landing and accompanied us to the house, had been gone scarcely five minutes, when the bell rang sharply and he re-entered, to call away Uncle Philip. M. Montargis had been thrown from his carriage just there by his own door, and it was feared fatally injured.

It was evening before we saw Uncle Philip again. M. Montargis, his wife, and the young lady were all three in the carriage at the time of the accident. The horses had become restive, and M. Montargis had opened the door and attempted to assist the driver in controlling them; they made a sudden turn, and the carriage was overset. Besides a wound on the head, the gen-

tleman had received severe internal injury, and the result was doubtful.

Weeks passed; our life went on in its customary routine. My interest in our neighbors had taken a definite form, and by no means diminished. Physically, M. Montargis was slowly amending, but there was reason to fear that his mind was permanently disordered. His wife did not for an hour resign the care of him to any other person.

Had Uncle Philip ever seen the young lady?

Not once; he had inquired for her, had ascertained that she suffered no ill consequences from the accident. I imagined that she now occupied a room in another part of the house, for I saw her no more at the window.

One day Uncle Philip announced that the Montargises were going away on a journey; they would travel by easy stages, and would be governed in their plans entirely by the effect on the health of M. Montargis. A day or two afterward I saw a carriage brought to the door, and the sick man slowly and carefully borne to it; a lady in traveling-dress, shawled and vailed, followed, and it moved away. Then came another carriage, into which two female figures entered; one of them I recognized, the other, doubtless, was a servant. Then there was a great passing to and fro, and adjusting of luggage; finally all were gone, and its old, lonely stillness had settled around the Dupressin house once more.

The sickly season approaching, Uncle Philip proposed that we should make a visit to the Northern States. M. Vallière accompanied us. It was a leisurely, pleasant tour, and after a month of loitering wherever we liked, we found ourselves in Boston.

The very next morning after our arrival M. Vallière and myself saw, for an instant, in the hall of the Revere House, our New Orleans neighbor, Madame Montargis. M. Vallière remarked that he had an indefinite impression of having met her long ago, though when and where he could not recollect.

We had just told Aunt Helen, when Uncle Philip came in; he brought a harvest of letters, some of them for M. Vallière, and both gentlemen sat and read them.

"Philip—brother! what is the matter?" exclaimed Aunt Helen. "Are you ill?" For, looking toward him, she saw that he had grown very pale.

He did not reply at first—not until, having gone to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder, she repeated the question—and then he hardly answered; but he gave her the letter which he had been reading.

She looked first at the signature. "Montargis! But, Janet, you just now told me that Madame Montargis was in this house."

I averred that I had seen her within the hour. Uncle Philip seemed incredulous; M. Vallière confirmed my assertion. They talked apart a little while, and then left the room.

Aunt Helen and I read the letter together; it was in French, and it was this:

"If Dr. Rothsay will look back through a period of twelve years, to the time of his residence in Cuba, he will, perhaps, recall to mind that his little daughter, then two years of age, conceived a strong regard for Madeline, a French servant in the service of Madame Cazneau, the friend of Madame Rothsay; and that, influenced by this childish fancy, Dr. Rothsay engaged Madeline as an attendant on Mademoiselle Eloise. Madame Montargis, wife of the gentleman whom Dr. Rothsay recently so kindly and unweariedly attended in New Orleans, and Madeline, the French servant, are identical.

"And Mademoiselle Eloise Etienne, the reputed niece of Madame Montargis, is Dr. Philip Rothsay's daughter, left, on the death of her mother, in the charge of Madame Cazneau.

"From Madame Rothsay I received only kindness; and in her illness I nursed her faithfully. On the death of Madame Cazneau, which followed in one week that of Madame Rothsay, Mademoiselle Eloise was left in my sole care. Just at this time I determined to avail myself of an unexpected opportunity to return to France. Deeply attached as I had become to Mademoiselle Eloise, I should still have left her in Cuba, had I known any person to whom I might safely have intrusted her. But I knew none such; therefore I took her with me to France—to Marseilles.

"The confusion attending the fatality of the fever that season in Havana facilitated my departure, and enabled me to furnish myself with means of defraying the expenses of the voyage and of a maintenance afterward.

"In Marseilles I met the gentleman who afterward became my husband.

"And in proof of what I have asserted, Dr. Rothsay will probably remember an incident which occurred on his child's second birthday. She was playing with a perfume-bottle, taken from Madame's stand; she broke it, and received in her little hand a deep, bad wound. Monsieur dressed it himself. The mark is still there.

"Besides this, among my fellow-passengers from Havana was M. Vallière, now a resident in New Orleans, and, I believe, the friend of Dr. Rothsay. It is possible that this gentleman will recollect a little girl whose beauty and caressing ways won his attention; and that one day the eager delight which she manifested at the play of light on an opal which he wore induced him to take off the ring and attach it to a little coral bracelet on her arm. I wished to return the jewel, but the gentleman courteously begged that she might be allowed to retain it. The bracelet, with the ring attached, are still in the possession of Mademoiselle Eloise.

"It may be that these circumstances, with one more—the singular likeness of the young lady to her mother—will yield to Dr. Rothsay conviction of the truth of what I have stated. [I might have placed it all beyond a doubt by making myself known to him before leaving New Orleans; but circumstances which

I could not control rendered this step injudicious. I have, therefore, deferred this revelation, which, indeed, I have long wished to make, until now that we are about to take our final departure from this country.]

"Mademoiselle Rothsay will await in the residence of Madame Clerc, Mount Vernon Street, Boston, communications from her father."

The letter bore date three weeks preceding, and had been forwarded from New Orleans.

For the first time in my life I think I should have been vexed with Aunt Helen, sitting there so quietly after reading this letter, if I had not seen, at a second glance, that her tears were dropping fast.

Interminable seemed the suspense. It was at last ended by the entrance of M. Vallière. I plied him well with questions, and elicited these particulars:

A relapse on the part of M. Montargis, just on the eve of departure, had detained him in Boston.

When M. Vallière and Uncle Philip had sent up their names to Madame Montargis there had been a little delay. She received them, however, notwithstanding the inevitable surprise, with a cool equanimity, through which flashed now and then a fierce glitter of the eye that made her look dangerous. This ceased when she ascertained that their errand was exclusively in relation to Eloise. Both gentlemen fully recognized her, and both expressed wonder that they should have failed to do so sooner.

Of the meeting of father and daughter M. Vallière did not tell us. He began, but broke off; and rising suddenly, went to the window, where he seemed to have found something interesting.

When, at length, Uncle Philip came in, leading the gentle, beautiful young girl, who clung to him already, and sent timid glances, through fast-falling tears, toward the new-found friends—when he brought her to us, and just said, "Helen — Janet — my daughter," and could say no more—Aunt Helen, without speaking, folded her closely in her arms, and made her feel herself most dearly welcome. I am sure I have not often in my life felt so glad, but I could not help crying too. Uncle Philip did not try to comfort us; but he drew Eloise toward him and smoothed her hair, and soothed her gently as a mother could have done, and he said something to her in a low voice which she alone heard, and which made her give him, through her tears, a look which must have gone to his heart of hearts.

One morning while we were still in Boston, wishing to show Uncle Philip how long and beautiful was Eloise's hair, I undid the fastening and let it fall, a shower of bright curls, around her face and shoulders. It was just as if the lovely picture in Uncle Philip's room at home had taken life! I know that he remarked the likeness from the way in which he kissed her forehead, and then turned gently away.

Madame Montargis, with her husband, left Boston for Havre three days after the restoration of Eloise to her father. Intelligence came of the safe arrival of the vessel in which they had gone, and then for several years all attempts to gain farther information of their movements were ineffectual. At length M. Henri, the friend of M. Vallière, and my *ci-devant* French teacher, received the announcement that a valuable estate in the south of France had devolved upon him; and not many weeks after his departure, in a letter to M. Vallière, he stated that the preceding proprietor of the estate was M. Montargis, our former neighbor, and that the death of that gentleman's wife, a few weeks previous to his own, was supposed to have had a fatal effect upon his health, already for a long time precarious.

Eloise, amidst all her new-found happiness, grieved deeply at this intelligence. She had a sincere regard for Madame Montargis, from whom, indeed, she had received always the most affectionate indulgence.

Aunt Helen's home is now at the South, and she is now Madame Vallière. Herself, Uncle Philip, and my cousin Eloise—the dearest cousin in all the world—come in the summer and make us the most delightful visits, marred only by a too early termination; and then again, as the cold weather advances, we, too, often go South; so that we manage to be together full half the time.

LYNCH LAW.

I THINK I had never heard of Lynch law until about the year 1834, when the citizens of Vicksburg organized themselves into a Court of Uncommon Pleas, with special reference to certain men in their midst who were, or were said to be, "living on the borders of the law." And I well remember, boy as I was, the sensation with which the news of the hanging of the Vicksburg gamblers was received in the old States, and how soon the terms "Lynch law" and "lynching" became familiar as household words. While the excitement was still high, and the Vicksburg tragedy was the main staple of conversation, the expression "Lynch law" was used by one of several gentlemen who were on a visit to Mr. Richard Venable, of Prince Edward County, Virginia. I give the name because what follows may start inquiry, and may possibly elicit further information.

Mr. Venable, at the time of which I speak, was and had long been in feeble health, and often sat for hours to all appearance unconscious alike of what was said or done in his presence; when, all at once, generally when least expected, his eye would kindle, and his originally strong masculine mind would seem to renew the vigor of its youth. Such was the effect of the sound of these two words, "Lynch law." He had been gazing abstractedly into the fire from his arm-chair in the corner, when he turned quickly to the speaker, and remarked,

"I do not like to hear that name."

When asked the reason, he was silent for a moment, and seemed to be relapsing into apathy.

Presently, however, and as if speaking to himself, he said, "Such a name connected with such deeds!" and then, in a still more abstracted manner, he added, "How strangely may men be damned to everlasting fame!"

After another short pause, he turned again to the gentleman whom he had interrupted, and said, in substance:

"I knew Mr. Lynch well—as well as a stripling could be expected to know a dignified and venerable gentleman. He was for many years the senior and presiding Justice of the County Court of Pittsylvania, whose terms he attended with remarkable punctuality. His advanced age prevented him from taking the field during the War of Independence, but no man more heartily embraced or more zealously supported the cause of the colonists. His judgment made his enthusiasm practical; his head and his heart worked well together.

"Some of you know, though none of you can remember, that before and during the war there was but one criminal court for the final trial of murders and felonies in Virginia; that court sat at Williamsburg, some two hundred miles from Pittsylvania court-house.

"Our war, like all wars, was an *Alma nutrix* of depredations and felonies. The prices paid by both armies for fine horses rendered that species of property particularly insecure; and contemporaneously with, or rather in advance of, the Southern invasion by Cornwallis, an organized band of horse thieves had established posts and dépôts, from far away North, through Virginia into the Carolinas. They were headed by a man of some notoriety, fitted by nature to shine in any office or profession. He was said to be a man of strikingly handsome face and elegant person, of most courtly manners, and easy, graceful conversation. His life was a mystery, and so his fate remains, I believe. He was known as Captain Perkins, and his name was as perfect a terror in the nursery as was that of the Douglas when English nurses were wont to quiet their babies with the lullaby,

"'Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye;
The Black Douglas shall not get ye!'

"These thieves were frequently arrested, often *flagrante delictu*. They would be committed, examined by a bench of Justices, and remanded to Williamsburg for final trial. Even before the occupation of the country by the English, the distance of the court rendered the attendance of witnesses uncertain; and when they appeared to prosecute they would be confronted with any number of contradicting witnesses the occasion might require—men, too, of equal or superior appearance of respectability to themselves, thoroughly instructed as to what they should swear, and as thoroughly capable of strictly obeying their instructions."

I thought, *par parenthese*, the old gentleman laid a double emphasis on the word "instructions." I might have been mistaken, but about that time his kinsman and friend, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, was making manly fight against the Virginia Legislature in regard to what they both (I mean both these gentlemen) called a mutilation of a certain record of the United States Senate. But to resume. Mr. V. proceeded:

"The conviction of these outlaws being thus rendered next to impossible, sufferers had become averse to add the cost of time and money to the loss of property, even before the enemy entered the country. The advent of the British troops gave a new impulse to the operations of this gang by bringing the market to the seller, by rendering the chance even of transporting the criminals to Williamsburg more than doubtful, and making the sessions of the Court itself very uncertain. The horse-thieves, when they and their guard would be intercepted, were always ready to take English bounty, and being, for the most part, young, wiry, active fellows, acquainted with all the highways, and still better with all the by-ways of the country, they were gladly enlisted in that service, while their guards would, probably, be held prisoners of war. As long as the escape of these miscreants was attributable only to the imperfection of the criminal jurisprudence—was, in other words, the fault of the law—no one thought of overstepping the barrier which that law interposed.

"But when a state of things existed which enhanced the evil ten-fold, and took away even the semblance of a remedy, the cry of a whole community suffering under the accumulation of pillage and fire from the enemy, and the loss by theft of what property they could hide from that enemy, came up to the only tribunal to which they could look for relief, the only tribunal, in fact, which might be said to have been left possessed of vitality—the county magistracy—a body of men who, at that time, would have compared favorably with Rome's proud '*Patres Conscripti*' in the purest days of that republic.

"In obedience to this call for relief, and impelled by this stern necessity, the Justices of Pittsylvania County were summoned specially to be in attendance at one of the regular terms of their court—a large majority, perhaps the whole bench, being present. The presiding Justice, Mr. Lynch, having plainly but forcibly reminded them of the extraordinary condition of the country, the entire insecurity of life and property, and the complete suspension of the administration of justice, exactly when stringent laws required most vigorous enforcing, submitted a proposition, that in consideration of the fact that the Criminal Court at Williamsburg had ceased to exist, at least in so far as related to the border counties, the County Court of Pittsylvania should undertake to try finally all cases of murder and felony occurring within that county which were required to be sent to the court at Williamsburg for trial, by the words of the law. That in such trials the accused should have the same rights as to the impanneling the jury, the peremptory challenge, the challenge for cause, etc.; the same rights as to all pleadings, general and special; as to the summoning and compel-

ling the attendance of their witnesses, and the cross-examination of witnesses for the Commonwealth, and of being heard by counsel, as were secured to them by the law giving jurisdiction of their cases exclusively to the court at Williamsburg. In short, he simply proposed to change the forum. The plan was adopted and recommended to the neighboring counties, by some of which it was also adopted. As may be imagined, the effect was felt at once. A few were caught, tried, and hung—hanging was the legal penalty then—the rest sought a more congenial clime. The gang was dispersed in fact.

"Mr. Lynch was a man of enlarged mind, great decision of character, fixedness, almost sternness of purpose, but most eminently a law-loving and law-abiding man. He had thoroughly counted the cost, and carefully weighed the consequences; he took his position with full knowledge of its responsibility, and maintained it with firmness and dignity. He continued to preside over the county court long after it had laid down the powers it had so bravely assumed; and he carried to the grave the love and veneration of all good men. Our flourishing town of Lynchburg received its name in compliment to his worth. Do you now wonder," said Mr. V. again, turning to his guest, "that I dislike to hear his name connected with the lawless acts of men probably as worthy of the rope as their victims?"

This report from memory may look somewhat like an oration rather than fire-side talk—it probably does so look to most readers. I wish any such could have heard it told as I heard it, and could report it more faithfully. Mr. Venable had been for many years a lawyer with extensive practice, and had been frequently in the Legislature of his State; he was a man of great precision both of thought and language, a gentleman of the old school, with a little, not much, of the stately formality of the ante-revolutionary period. I have tried, as I promised, to "tell the tale as 'twas told to me." This was his account of the origin of Lynch law.

The conversation of the evening took the turn of this diversion. Vicksburg was forgotten, and Captain Perkins became the theme of talk. Let me try to remember some of the stories that were told of him and his exploits.

One of the gentlemen present had heard a lady-relative tell how, in the most disturbed state of the country, she had left home on horseback, unattended, to visit a sick friend at some five miles' distance. As she emerged from a private lane into the public road she met a well-dressed and elegantly mounted horseman traveling in the direction she was herself going; he saluted her gracefully, and soon fell into conversation. After thus traveling together for some distance, the stranger asked the lady if she did not feel some apprehension in traveling thus unprotected when the enemy were overrunning the country; and, what was still worse, there was a report that Captain Perkins was in the very neighborhood. She replied that she had no apprehensions from the enemy, none of whom were near; and that from all she had heard of Captain Perkins, she was led to think that, whatever might be his notions of rights of property, a lady in distress should rather fly to him for succor than from him through fear. Some two or three miles were thus traveled in pleasant converse before their roads diverged. In parting the stranger doffed his hat, and bowing to his saddle-bow with a grace that would have done honor to Grahame of Claverhouse, took his leave, assuring her that Captain Perkins would ever hold in grateful memory her too flattering opinion of his gallantry and chivalry.

Another was told, in which that great lover of horses and prince of good livers, Archy Randolph, bore a part.

Mr. Randolph, whose desire was to have the best of every thing, and who would have the best horses at any cost, had in his stud a favorite riding horse, at once the admiration and envy of his acquaintances. Of great power and great action, unequaled at any gait beseeming such a cavalier, it is enough to say the bright sorrel was worthy to be bestrode by Archy Randolph. This horse was stolen, spirited away so adroitly that all efforts to trace even the direction the thief had taken utterly failed. Mr. Randolph had to bear his loss with what philosophy he could command—a very small modicum, unless he has been sadly belied. At any rate the horse was gone, and had been gone some weeks, when one day, as Mr. Randolph was standing in the tavern-porch at the Bowling Green, a stranger rode to the door and dismounted from a beautiful dark-brown horse, of most elegant carriage and action. There was but one thing amiss about him; he had been nicked. Mr. Randolph was in conscience opposed to curtailing horse-nature of any of its fair proportions, but so perfect was this horse that even nicking might be forgiven. Mr. R. lost little time in ascertaining that the stranger might be induced to sell, and still less in mounting the horse and trying his gaits. The result may be guessed. The horse was certainly not equal to Fencer, but came nearer to him in figure and action than any horse he had ever expected to see. The stranger named the price, and Mr. Randolph rode home almost consoled.

The next morning as Mr. R. was paying his usual call at the stable his head groom approached him with a very unsettled expression of face, as if he would have given the world for a good old nigger guffaw, but had some misgivings about a suspicious-looking implement, meant for horses, but which might be, and sometimes was, otherwise used, and which his master "*then and there held in his right hand.*" So, bringing his face into the expression of proper respect, Cuffey modestly remarked,

"Massa, I does b'leve you done gone buy Fensa back agin."

"Buy Fencer back again! Why, what do you mean?" said Mr. R.; and the whip showed a rising disposition.

"Dat hoss you bring home yistidde frum de

Boln Green—" said Cuff, falling modestly back about a yard, a yard and a half, or two yards.

"Well, what about him?" said Mr. R., advancing, the whip now exhibiting a more decidedly upward tendency, with a motion slightly spasmodic.

"Wy," said Cuff, still retreating, "dat hoss Fensa, sho's you bawn."

"Fencer!" roared Mr. R., and the whip came down with a run; "Fencer!" and the whip came down again almost before it had recovered from its first sudden fall.

Cuff looked as much hurt as if his fulled linsey jacket had possessed acute sensibilities; but as his master was now speechless and powerless he took courage, and said,

"Yes, massa, dat hoss Fensa. He know he stable; he know me same as you; he know him own stall. Go straight da; you go to de stable, massa, an call dat hoss same like you use to; he know you, sho's you bawn."

Mr. Randolph strode into the stable, and, as he entered, called, "Ho, Fencer! Fencer, boy!"

A quick turn of the head to the call, and a pointing of both ears forward, were succeeded by a merry whinny.

"Bring him out!" shouted Mr. R.; and the bright morning sunlight enabled him to detect the dye in his hair, though it had been colored by a master; and a close inspection showed that the cut which the nicker had given his tail was not yet quite healed.

"Dat hoss Fensa, sho's you bawn."

Mr. Randolph's breakfast meditations were by no means agreeable. The money he had disbursed gave him no concern; he would have given, perhaps, ten times the sum to reclaim his horse; but that he, Archy Randolph, the leader of every hunt, the oracle of the turf—that he should have been deceived—deceived in a horse—deceived in his own horse—his own favorite riding-horse—shocking! most shocking! And then came the reflection that it could not be concealed. Before the sun went down the whole country would ring with the story. Mr. Randolph dearly loved a joke; he was a joker—a laughing, practical joker—and, like all men of that turn, was very restive under a joke of which he was the victim. But the chalice was commended to his lips, and, poisoned as it was, he was compelled to drink.

Some two weeks passed, during which he was forced to grin ghastly smiles at every variety of jocular comment on his knowledge of horseflesh. The joke was beginning to grow stale, and Mr. R.'s wrung withers were slowly losing their soreness, when he was met one morning, just as he left his chamber, by Cuffey, who stood before him holding his hat in one hand and a soiled note in the other. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets, his face had assumed an ashy hue, and he shook in every joint.

"Well, what now?" said the master.

Cuff found courage to hand him the paper, as the words, "Fensa gone agin—find dat papa in he troff," came rattling through his shivering jaws.

Mr. R. rushed with the unopened note to the stable, where he had the satisfaction of seeing Fencer's stall. It was after many moments of paralyzed silence that he remembered the paper found in the stall, which he still held clutched in his hand. Walking to the stable-door, he examined the note, which was sealed carefully, the device being a winged horse. Upon opening it, his eyes were delighted with a perusal of a communication nearly in these words:

"Captain Perkins presents his compliments to Mr. Randolph, and hopes he will be believed when he assures Mr. R. that when he unexpectedly met him at the Bowling Green and sold him the horse Fencer he sincerely intended never to interrupt Mr. R. in the quiet possession of that valuable animal. Captain P., however, finds that every day makes him more and more regret having ever consented to part with him; and now, business of a pressing nature calling Captain P. to a distant part of the country, he finds himself constrained, however reluctantly, once more to rely on the speed and endurance of the best horse he ever had the pleasure of backing. Before Mr. R. receives this Fencer will be many miles distant, and will probably not return to Virginia."

Fencer never returned to Virginia, so far as is known; but the second loss was not the subject of jocular remarks in Mr. Randolph's presence for years after. The kindly feelings of some, and a suspicion of unpleasant correspondence on the part of others, saved him from any superadded pain.

Captain Perkins is said to have been several times taken, but always to have effected his escape before reaching jail. He seemed never to have been out of observation of some of his trustiest followers. One instance was mentioned. He was entrapped in one of the lower counties of the State, and taken without resistance. After he had been securely bound upon a horse, his captors hurried toward their county jail. Captain P. beguiled the weary ride by pleasant conversation; among other things, assuring the sheriff's officers that he purposed leaving their society before they reached the county seat.

Thus pleasantly talking, they arrived at an old Virginia ordinary — called "*ornery*" for short. The tavern porch was unusually full, and Captain P. was the engrossing theme of conversation. None of the company but had lost one or more horses; and right welkin-ringing was the shout that went forth when the veritable Captain was exhibited, bound hand and foot. While the officers were taking the customary refresher — metheglin was the proper name of "peach and honey" in the days of our Revolutionary sires—they informed their friends of the cool manner in which the Captain assured them that he had no intention of going to jail.

Their first amazement over, several of the party volunteered their services as an additional escort. One or two were going that way anyhow; to some others a few miles more or less made no sort of difference; while yet more would travel afoot to the world's end to see him hanged. The sheriff left the tavern with a goodly company of well-mounted and pretty-well-armed

special deputies, who, after traveling a few miles, drew their weapons, unbound their Captain, dismounted the law officers, and dashed off, "right merrilie," into the pine-woods.

If these random recollections of one among many evenings spent under that same hospitable roof should be an incentive to others, and bring out some of the many similar stories which, though unpublished, are still treasured traditions in the old families of Virginia, I will have done a good work. If not witty myself, I would be gratified to think that I was "the cause of wit in others." Should the surviving relatives of Mr. Venable desire to know who has taken the present liberty, their memories will recall the real name of one who, while he resided among them, was sometimes called COHEE.

CRITICISM FORESTALLED;

OR, RHYME *VERSUS* REASON.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

[THE ARGUMENT.—*The Poet, in turning over the contents of an old desk, encountereth one of his own juvenile effusions, and weakly stoppeth to read and comment thereon.*]

HE reads:

"ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL spring! sweet spring! young nurse of summer's roses!
Now o'er our land thy glorious smile is shed;
'Neath its soft beam the violet's eye uncloses,
And the pale primrose lifts its perfum'd head.
I scent afar the cowslips on the hill,
And the rich honey-suckle's breath floats by;
Loos'd from its silvery fetters, sings the rill,
And dream-like shadows flit along the sky."

There, now; that's good—but it must have been indited a *long* time ago—in the early ages, probably, before steel-pens came into use, for it was evidently written by a *bit of a goose!* A vivid description of spring—very! A most wonderfully striking likeness—only a little too highly-colored for modern times. Nevertheless, I consider it a very clever picture of what a spring *should* be; and I would have it Daguerreotyped for the use and benefit of all future springs on their "first coming out," if sunshine was not so uncommonly scarce in the market at present. "Sweet spring" indeed! If this is a *sweet* spring, I do wonder what a *sour* one would be. I thought I *knew*, but I suppose I do not. But as to bidding spring "hail," I *should* say *that* was a work of supererogation, for she does not do any thing else.

"Young nurse of summer's roses!"

Yes! a very young and very inexperienced nurse, indeed! I do not wonder so many of summer's young ones "drop off" under such nursing; and if I was she, the next time I looked out for such a commodity I would require some recommendation from the last place she came from.

"'Neath its soft beam the violet's eye uncloses."

Now there *is* some sense in *that; that's* according to Scripture. Yes, I suppose there *is* such a thing as "a beam in the eye;" but I did not know that violets were particularly subject to this kind of ophthalmia.

"The primrose rears its perfum'd head."

Does it? I wonder what kind of hair-oil the primroses use!

"The cow slips on the hill."

Yes, indeed, I dare say she *does*, and in the valley too; it would take more than *four* legs to keep up beast or body in these slippery times, *I* know. I have heard that "man was made upright;" but I rather think he finds it difficult to keep himself so nowadays.

"The honey-suckle's breath floats by."

Well, live and learn! *Spring honey-suckles!* quite a rarity! I had not studied Botany then, I suppose; for I evidently did not clearly distinguish between honey-suckles and icicles! But let us see—what comes next?

"It is the childhood of the growing year,
And the calm azure of yon smiling skies,
So softly bright, so luminously clear,
Is like the questioning glance of childhood's eyes.
What shall the *future* be of this bright birth?
We fear to ask. The year before us stands—
An infant mystery—holy, yet of earth—
Fresh from the touch of the Creator's hands!"

Mercy upon us! that *was* written before I came to years of discretion, *certainly!*

"An infant mystery—holy, yet of earth!"

And was I ever "so green" as that? Well, yes, I suppose I was; but I was not so much to blame either, for times are changed. Children *were* children then; but, bless my soul! I have grown wiser since that time. Children, indeed! Why, children used always to think and believe that their father was made of diamond dust, and mamma of the veritable attar of roses—that grandpapa was a glorified amalgamation of Father Abraham and General Washington, and a living and walking compendium of all the virtues of all the ages between, and grandmamma an illuminated presentation copy of bounteous Eve, with the very becoming addition of liberal and capacious pockets! But they do not believe so *now*. Now they *know* that parents and grandparents *are only human;* made, the very best of them, of only skin, bone, blood, flesh, sinews, *obstinacy*, and *disobedience*. Catch a *child now*—a real *child* (an innocent, natural, naughty, honest, wondering, loving, credulous, rolly-polly sort of a child, such as they used to bring "before the Revolution")—and it would be a greater curiosity than both the Aztec children; and I, for one, should rather have it.

Talk of

"The questioning glance of childhood's eyes!"

All nonsense! Children do not *question* now; they *answer!* Childhood is now "a dreamer of dreams, an expounder of the prophecies," and knows far more about the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms than it does of the kingdom of Heaven. Why, there is not a child of six summers to be found in all Christendom that will not feel competent to contradict its grandfather in theology, and its father in mathematics, and complain that mamma cuts the apple-pie into *too acute triangles!*

Children indeed! Who cares for nursery tales *now?* They *may* listen to

"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London town,"

for that is a tale of commercial enterprise and money-making speculation; or to "Robinson Crusoe," for he was a land discoverer and a colonizer: but who cares now for the "Babes in the Wood," or for that itinerating and vituperative female who made night hideous with alternate entreaty and imprecation, calling on all the powers of earth and nature to help her, simply because, as she repeatedly tells us, she

"Saw by the moonlight 'twas half past midnight,
And time kid and she were at home an hour and a half ago!"

Call your little ones round you and try them with

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, give me my long t-a-i-l again!"

If they are girls, they *may* be ignorant enough to ask, gravely, whether pussy cat ever did make restitution of the caudal extremity of her victim; but if boys, ten to one they will talk of an action for damages, or remind you that the law of *entail* is opposed to our free American institutions.

Dare not to insult the intellectual acumen of your four-year-old boy by the sad fate of little "Red Riding Hood," or that dearest, best, and grandest of all nursery traditions, "The Three Bears," though still, in the inmost recesses of your own memory, are ringing the very tones of the dear old voice in which you heard from long withered lips the gruff inquiry of the two old bears, "*Who's* been lying on *my* bed?" and "*Who's* been lying on *my* bed?" and the sharp, childish treble of the amiable *little* bear piping out, "Who's been lying on *my* bed, and *broke it all down?*" Dare not to do it! Better tell him of the Bulls and Bears of Wall Street, and of banks all broken down; he will understand it better.

Yet the children have an ancient mythology of their own, too; there *are* myths they still cling to tenaciously; they still talk, at certain periods and stated times, of "Santa Claus" and "the giving man;" still retaining these empty names as older children do the "John Doe and Richard Roe" of the English law; knowing perfectly well all the while that they are only solemn, time-honored old humbugs, yet finding it for their own convenience and advantage to retain their names. Oh! the children of these times are very wise in their generation.

They have a fund of lip-learning, and can handle the sciences just as familiarly as they would young rabbits. They can explain to you the nature and properties of heat and cold; the articulation of the joints, and the circulation of the blood. They can talk of their thorax and their pericranium, and lay their fingers on the exact region of the lungs, liver, and spleen; but as to their *hearts* and *brains*, neither they nor their teachers seem ever to have taken the trouble to even try to find out where *they* are hidden! Well! so be it; possibly they might not find them if they did search, and it's wrong to waste time.

He reads again:

"But spring-time melts to summer—in the skies,
More fervid, day by day, the splendor grows—
As childhood, daily brightening 'neath our eyes,
Bursts forth to womanhood—the perfect rose!
Resplendent summer! gloriously fair,
Pale by *thy* side, spring's earlier beauties fade;
A witching glory fills the noontide air,
And forms of love and beauty haunt the shade!"

"Forms of love and beauty haunt the shade:" "Oh! this love, this love!" Now I have no doubt that was written when I was so deeply in love with pretty Ellen Anderson, and just nineteen. Good while ago, bless my heart and soul! And can "*I*, by myself *I*," be the same poor fellow who was then so fairly immersed, over head and ears, in that most sweet delusion? who "fell into the honey-pot up to his ears," and was "found drowned, dead;" beyond the reach of any humane society? Ah! me; hardened sinner that I am, I can scarcely believe it, but I suppose I must be! What a beauty she was though—no such girls about nowadays! Why her six daughters, all put together, have not a tithe of their mother's beauty! Eyes and teeth like cut steel! and such a merry, ringing laugh! And then how she could sing, and play, and dance, and draw: and she *did* draw *me* just where she chose!

Ah! I thought her a piece of perfection *then*—ethereal as the rainbow, sparkling like the galaxy, brilliant and bewildering as the northern lights! (I met her in a hardware shop last Tuesday and she bought a box of tallow-candles and a chopping-knife, and inquired the lowest price of hard soap!) Ah! well, never mind; but I thought *once* that love was—I can't say just *exactly what*, you know, but certainly something *very* different from the article in common use nowadays, when hands and hearts go to the highest bidder, and a lover is won, like a game of chess, by a studied and complicated series of sagacious manœuvres; when marriages are made up like a ship's reckoning or a Newmarket betting-book, all figures and calculation; when *dénouements*, elopements, and divorces, are the fashionable pastime, and wedded people seem to change partners with as much nonchalance as they used to for a quadrille! True, you may say there is a difference of opinion upon *this*, as upon almost all other subjects. Solomon,

"The wisest man the world e'er saw,"

thought his seven hundred wives too *few;* and worthy Job, the most *patient* man on earth, found *one* a little too much: but these are extreme cases. I suppose the "*juste milieu*" is yet to be found out; and if we may trust to the many experiments said to be going on around us, it is probably reserved for Yankee shrewdness to solve the problem; and in so doing, to add a fresh laurel leaf to our national glory only inferior to steam-engines, lightning-rods, sewing-machines, and cucumber-slicers. But for my own part, *I* hold to the opinion of Job.

He reads again:

"But on—still onward—speeds the rolling year;
The spring's glad childhood, summer's glorious prime
Fade into autumn—while we garner here,
Triumphantly, their gifts for future time;
The woods grow gorgeous in decay's first stage—
But gone are singing birds, and clustering roses,
While, calm and tranquil, like time-honor'd age,
The weary autumn on our hills reposes."

"*Time-honored age!*" There now, there is another fallacy. There is not any such thing existing; old men and old women have disappeared—*gone*, like behemoth and the mastodon! There used to be such things I know, and what has become of them I can not say: but I *do* say, there are none about *now;* I suppose they are out of fashion. There is nobody old now but just "the old Harry," and I believe it is rather good breeding to speak of *him* as the *senior Henry!*

People do not grow old *now*, as they used to do; they keep themselves in better repair. "When the grinders cease, because they are few," "the mourners" *don't* "go about the streets" until they have got a new set. But I can remember when women of threescore years and upward used to *give in* and acknowledge themselves to be elderly people, and repose *like* the "weary autumn."

And yet they were not just idle either. They could not do *much*, to be sure; but they used to wash the cups, knit and darn the stockings, roast the coffee, shell the pease, string the beans, pick the currants, pare apples, pound spice, stone raisins, cut loaf-sugar, pick roses, kill flies, dry herbs, make pickles, distill rose-water, make holders and patchwork, and render themselves generally useful. But there are no old men and women now.

We hear of our great-grandfathers in their cocked hats, and scarlet cloaks, and flowing powdered wigs. Ay, more, we have even seen their wig-boxes, and handled their gold snuff-boxes, and played with their gold-headed canes. We stand before their pictures, and can imagine their dignified steps, and grave and stately bearing, when, under the weight of sixty years, or *less*, they demurely walked abroad as reverend seniors, and gracefully accepted, as their just due, the respectful salutation of the young men who rose up to do them honor. "All very well," we say. "That was as it *should* be; would it were the fashion *now!*" But let such a fashion return again, and where should we find actors for this part of the drama? Who among the present generations would be found ready to come forward as candidates for these once coveted honors? Not our grandfathers, for they are out with our grandmothers skating on the common or coasting down the hill ("the post-meridians," as a clever writer has called them). The professional men are steaming round the world, or yachting, or driving fast horses: they are all in motion, at "two-forty" speed, and

"Panting time toils after them in vain."

No! I say it again, we have no old men and women *now!*

Bless me! can that be the dinner-gong? Yes—and I have wasted full twenty minutes over this absurd trash. I must be a greater fool now than I was when I wrote it. Surely length of years has brought *me* no wisdom.

(He tears the paper, and goes down to dinner with what appetite he may.)

SUCH A MISTAKE!

I.

"AND now, my dear," said Mrs. Mayfield as she clasped Rosalie's bracelet and gave the last few finishing touches to her attire, "be very careful not to dance too much this evening. I know it is very delightful and exhilarating, but there's nothing that injures a girl's appearance more, in my opinion. Walk quietly through a few sets, if you like, but don't run the risk of getting red and heated. How painful it is to see a young lady led to a seat by her partner, with her face in a perfect flame, and her breath so hurried that she almost pants! And be very sure not to eat any ices, you are so delicate. I really tremble every time you go out lest you should get sore throat, or bronchitis, or something of that kind. Now wrap up warm, my love, for the night is cold, and you know it isn't as if you had only to sink back in a carriage and ride home when the party is over. There's the evil of being poor!"

"Not a very terrible evil, I think, mamma," said Rosalie, smiling; "at least there are plenty of instances about us much more distressing, and plenty who would wonder what poverty *we* had to complain of."

"There you are, my dear, just as usual!" exclaimed her mother; "as if that made any difference! If I am tired and cold as I walk home at two in the morning, it doesn't make me any warmer to reflect that there may be people somewhere in the cellars around who are colder yet."

"No!" thought Rosalie; "but it might make a person more patient with a discomfort that would be removed as soon as home was reached." She made no comment, however; but presently remarked, "Poor Mrs. Taylor! I should not like to be in her place just now! I suppose they are in the last agonies of preparation, lighting up and going about to see that every thing is *comme il faut*."

"I don't know why you should say *poor* Mrs. Taylor," replied her mother. "I should like nothing better, Rosalie, than to see you at the head of just such an establishment as hers, and suffering no greater trial than she undergoes in giving this very entertainment."

"Indeed, mamma, you could not wish me a more unwelcome lot! I consider Mrs. Taylor one of the most unfortunate women of my acquaintance!"

"Unfortunate!" thought Mrs. Mayfield, "and with an income like hers! What insane idea has Rosalie got into her head now? I can't see," she added aloud, "what there is in Mrs. Taylor to call forth especial commiseration."

"I'll tell you, mamma. She married a man she never would have thought of had it not been

for his money—a man inferior to her in mind, manner, education—one with whom she could not pass a single evening pleasantly—and she must spend her whole life with him! The perfect absence of all domestic happiness drives her to seek enjoyment in dress and display, and these produce rivalries and heart-burnings innumerable. Then the sort of life she leads makes her heartless. I really do not think she cares half as much for her children as unfashionable mothers do—my friend Mrs. Wood, for instance."

"We must not be censorious, Rosalie! That is a very bad spirit, my child; and there's no need of being heartless just because one happens to be rich, even allowing that Mrs. Taylor is a trifle so. As for her husband's inferiority, she doesn't feel it so much, because you see, my dear, Mr. Taylor is down at the counting-house so late, and then at her parties he just stands somewhere very quietly, and does not make himself at all conspicuous. I don't believe she is often mortified by his appearance."

"My dear mamma," cried Rosalie, laughing, "you would make an excellent special pleader; but you have not convinced me, after all. If I ever have a husband I shall take care that he is not one with whom I shall dread to pass an evening *tête-à-tête;* nor shall he be of the sort whose chief virtue consists in keeping quiet and not making spectacles of themselves. No, indeed! He shall be one whose company and conversation I can enjoy when we are alone, and whom I shall be proud to present to all my guests."

"Very well, my love," said her mother, kindly, "I hope you may some day find him. But I shall take good care," she added, mentally, "that he has something to depend upon more substantial than all these agreeable qualities which you seem to consider the only things of importance."

Mrs. Mayfield was one of a class perhaps as much to be pitied as those who undergo privations of a more absolute nature. Her position and associations ever since her marriage had been with people of means greatly superior to her own, and the endeavor to maintain a footing among them taxed to the very utmost her powers of economy and management. Her husband, now some years dead, had been an amiable, intelligent, and well-bred man, but lacked, alas! the faculty, so essential in these days, of making money speedily. Industrious in his profession, affectionate in his family, esteemed among his friends, he was such a husband as any woman might have valued; yet it is to be feared that his wife sometimes overlooked these sterling qualities, and would have preferred to see him more like various A's and B's of her acquaintance, who, beginning with nothing, had risen, by means not to be too closely scrutinized, to splendid houses on the Avenue and country-seats up the river. Poor Mr. Mayfield! He felt, in some degree, what were his wife's sentiments in this respect, and tried ever and anon to remedy affairs by sundry bits of speculation. But his was not the gift of Midas, and these little attempts generally ended in loss and disappointment. Mrs. Mayfield sighed to find that the regular income of his business, and her own tact in expenditure, were all she could rely upon. Often when keenly conscious of deficiencies which she was powerless to supply, she thought, 'If I were only a man I am sure I could do something, just as those around me do." It seemed so very hard that when she was not in the least trying to vie with rich people—which would be, of course, the height of folly—but only desiring to have things *just respectable*, she should find it impossible to compass her end.

Rosalie had been from babyhood extremely pretty, and no pains were spared to render her accomplishments equal to her personal charms. Mrs. Mayfield hoped and believed that her child was not destined to drudge through life on insufficient means, as she had done. That Rosalie should make a wealthy match; that her graceful form should be arrayed in silken robes and draped in velvets and Cashmeres; that her lovely face should look forth from Paris bonnets; that she should eat from silver and Sèvres, and ride out in a splendid carriage with servants in livery—this was the climax of her mother's ambition. Perhaps she was not so much to blame. If she had known any of the great evils of life—if she had had a dissipated or unkind husband, or rebellious, ungrateful children—if she had suffered from the loss of health or friends, or the disgrace of those dear to her—she might have estimated more lightly the inconveniences that she endured. As it was, it seemed to her that to have plenty of money, never to be obliged to save, and calculate, and contrive, and do without, must be the sum of human felicity. But she never imparted her designs to Rosalie. There were several reasons for this. She had respect to the fresh, unworldly nature of the young girl, and shrank from instilling therein mercenary or prudential maxims. She knew, moreover, from good use of her eyes during a series of years, that husband-hunting girls are soon found out, and that Rosalie's chances of the desired match were not at all lessened by her perfect unconsciousness and *naïveté*. Her extreme beauty won admiration wherever she appeared, and the mother trusted to her own good management to turn this admiration to account in time. Meanwhile there was no haste; for Rosalie was only nineteen, and in the first bloom of her beauty. She had been kept free, thus far, from any undesirable entanglement, and her destiny would no doubt declare itself in the course of a year or two.

Heroines have been so often described that I hardly dare inflict Rosalie's portrait on my readers; yet she was lovely enough to claim attention, even amidst a crowd of beauties. Rather tall and slight, yet redeemed from the least suspicion of thinness or meagreness by the full and rounded outlines of her form, with a small, exquisitely-shaped head, and features delicate and regular. Large brown eyes, pensive and affec-

tionate, were shaded by the longest and blackest lashes, and her cheek had a deep, bright bloom, like the heart of a rose. Then she moved so well; she stood, or sat, or leaned as no one else did. Her dresses always fitted her so perfectly, her garments fell in such full and graceful folds, that she appeared better attired in the cheapest material than other people in rich or costly apparel. She was gentle and good, a little romantic perhaps, and entirely unaware of her mother's views for her. Of the evils of limited means she knew but little; for Mrs. Mayfield was the queen of managers, and made her few hundreds do full service down to the very last cent; and Rosalie, happily, was not one of those covetous spirits who can never see any thing handsome or desirable in the possession of other people without straightway feeling themselves very ill-used because they can not have one like it. But all this time we are forgetting Mrs. Taylor's party.

When Rosalie doffed her wrappings and shone forth in the glory of her pretty pink silk, her mother glanced around the dressing-room, full of ladies in almost every stage of the toilet, and decided in her own mind that though there were several more expensively dressed, there was not one who looked half as well. With which comfortable reflection she drew on her gloves, shook out her handkerchief, and descended the stairs accompanied by the fair object of her meditations.

There was the customary display; a blaze of light, a wilderness of exotics, a hum of voices, soft odors of millefleurs and violet, bright eyes, sparkling jewels, etc., etc. There were meagre arms and necks, uncovered to the pitiless gaze and cruel sneer; there were plump forms exposed much more than was necessary or desirable. Conspicuous amidst the brilliant throng was the hostess. She was one of the night-blooming plants; seen by daylight she was a tall, sallow, plain woman, on whom you would never have bestowed a second glance. But enchant her with the magic of full dress, shed over her the soft bloom and fairness of rouge and pearl-powder, brush and oil her hair *à discretion*, and add a few false braids and bandeaux, lace her up and fill her out, put flashing gems upon her neck and arms, rich lace in her berthe and flounces, then give her *quantum suf.* of gaslight and excitement, and look you! she shone forth splendid among belles; a perfect extinguisher to many a one who would completely put her out in truthful sunshine. She was all smiles, grace, and courtesy; a striking contrast to her liege lord. He was, perhaps, very respectable in his own proper province of making the money, but decidedly out of place where his wife was spending it.

"You've seen the two lions, I suppose," said Mrs. James, a chaperon, who, having duly disposed of her charges, had retreated to a sofa and Mrs. Mayfield.

"No," returned that lady; "I was not aware that there was any unusual attraction present."

"Oh yes; a great author and a great fortune. Mr. Henry is the fortune, and Mr. Irwin the author."

"Irwin? I do not remember any such name," said Mrs. Mayfield, who was tolerably *au fait* of the literary world.

"I presume not; he writes under a *nom de plume*, and has only been very recently found out. He has just published some wonderful thing that every body is wild over: strange that I can't recollect his title, nor that of his book! Mr. Henry is excessively handsome."

"And a great fortune, I think you said?"

"Yes, immense—so they say, at least. I can't speak from personal knowledge, never having seen either of the young men until to-night. But they were talking of it in the dressing-room, and saying what a splendid match he would be for somebody. He bears the highest possible character, too, which is what you can not often say of these rich young men. There he is now, talking with Rosalie; that tall, distinguished-looking man; and there is Mr. Irwin, across the room with Amy Sandford."

Mrs. Mayfield looked with interest, and thought the term "distinguished" extremely applicable to that favored son of fortune. He was tall, dark, with very black hair and mustache, and a very fascinating mien. He seemed much absorbed by Rosalie, and straightway the mother's mind ran over a long line of delightful possibilities. He could not fail to be interested and to admire her child: of that she was certain; and as for Rosalie, why he was just the sort of interesting, romantic-looking personage that the dear girl would be sure to fancy. And, ah! if he should fall in love—and, oh! if he should propose, and Rosalie should accept him! (Accept him! of course she will; I can't have her refuse such an offer!) And then the engagement-ring—diamond solitaire from Tiffany's—she saw it already sparkling on Rosalie's snow-white hand. No doubt he would want a short engagement—lovers are always so impatient, particularly rich ones; and how was she ever to provide Rosalie with a suitable trousseau. Never mind, she would sell out a portion of her bank stock; for, of course, after the marriage she would live with "them," and a few hundreds, more or less, wouldn't matter. And then the laces, the silks, the ribbons, the embroideries! She saw herself deep in consultation with milliners and mantua-makers; and Rosalie a perfect martyr to trying on bonnets and fitting dresses, and all the delightful business of preparation. And so her child's fate would be fairly accomplished; she would be secure from poverty and its long train of attendant evils; and that great object once gained, the mother could sing "Nunc dimittis" with a grateful heart. So interested was she in this airy architecture that she hardly noticed Mr. Irwin, the author. She merely observed that he was a slight and rather good-looking young man; there was nothing in his literary celebrity to make her note him more closely. Mrs. Mayfield held the traditionary opinion of authors; they were, in her mind, inseparably connected with garrets, dipped candles, and empty pockets.

The party went off splendidly, every one said.

There was the supper with a profusion of dainties, set forth with all the radiance of silver and crystal; there was the best band in the city to furnish music for the dancers; there were twinkling feet and gliding forms, gayety, excitement, pleasure, heartaches. In all this was nothing to distinguish it from similar gatherings of the season, except to those with whom, as with Mrs. Mayfield, some new interest had then and there arisen.

II.

Mr. Henry called the next day, and was, as he esteemed it, fortunate enough to find Rosalie alone; Mrs. Mayfield had taken cold the evening before, and, feeling quite unwell, kept her room. When his card was brought up Rosalie wished to send word that she was engaged, but her mother would not hear of such a thing. "It is nothing, my dear," she said; "I shall be entirely well to-morrow, and I can not have you deny yourself a pleasant call for such a trifle." So Rosalie descended, not sorry, perhaps, that her mother insisted upon it, for she had found Mr. Henry very agreeable the evening before.

He made the very longest call that etiquette would allow, as Mrs. Mayfield, who lay in her chamber watching with pleased anxiety for any movement below, did not fail to observe. What would they talk about? she wondered; and how would Rosalie look to the rich man's eyes? Would she be as captivating in her simpler home dress in prosaic daylight as he had found her the evening before? She had not many fears. The young girl's beauty was not of the order that depended on judicious concealment or artificial aids. She could stand in broad sunshine, or sit in a cross-light even, without bringing to view any material defects. The mother awaited with interest and satisfaction the close of the hall-door and Rosalie's reappearance.

"Well, dear," she asked, when the light form was again at her side, "did you have a pleasant call?"

"*Very*, mamma," was the emphatic reply.

"I thought he seemed an intelligent young man," continued Mrs. Mayfield.

"Much more than that," said Rosalie; "he has a very fine mind indeed."

"Then you must have enjoyed his conversation, of course; you have always such a passion for intellect."

"Yes, dear mamma; but there is a little pain mingled with the pleasure I take in such society — I feel my own inferiority so keenly."

"Well, my child, I am your mother, and perhaps partial; but I can't see what call you have to feel inferior to any one."

"Thank you, dear mother," replied Rosalie, laughing. "I don't think I have often cause to reproach myself with undue humility; but Mr. Henry is very different from other gentlemen."

"Beautiful!" was Mrs. Mayfield's inward comment. "Just the husband she was determined to have, and just the one I should have chosen for her."

"You have not told me what you talked about," she went on. "He made a very long call."

"Oh, we spoke of the party, naturally—people always do the next day."

"And what else? You must soon have exhausted that subject."

"And of the weather—and one or two new books—and Dr. H——'s lecture."

"And nothing else?"

"No, ma'am. At least, it was nothing—I mean, nothing to speak of. Indeed, mamma, you must believe me, it was nothing at all," stammered Rosalie, with deepening color, as her mind reverted to the look and manner which had given meaning to the commonplace words.

"I feel rather tired, my love; draw down the curtain and wrap the blanket a little closer round my feet. I think I could sleep if the room were quiet," was the mother's only comment.

Pleasant visions floated round her pillow and lured her to repose. She saw plainly that Rosalie was interested; she had never known her flush or hesitate before at the calls of any number of gentlemen acquaintance. As for Mr. Henry himself, there was little doubt of the state of his feelings; she had not watched him the whole of the previous evening, to the exclusion of all other interests, to be ignorant of his sentiments now. Every thing was going on charmingly—precisely as she could wish. She only longed to be up and well, and furthering the matter by every means in her power.

This was not soon to be. The cold which she had regarded as a trifling affair proved a very serious one, and a long and dangerous illness followed. Rosalie's bright eyes grew dim with watching, and her fair face thin from anxiety and confinement. Many a time during those weary weeks did she look forward with a boding heart to the dreadful possibility of her mother's death. But she was spared that heavy trial; good care and a good constitution at last prevailed; and when spring began to breathe once more upon the frozen earth Mrs. Mayfield was convalescent.

During her illness Mr. Henry had been all attention. He had called very frequently, quite undiscouraged by the fact that he seldom saw Rosalie, and even then but for a very few minutes. Mrs. Mayfield, who amidst all her suffering did not forget her daughter's interests, would occasionally insist that she should go down to the parlor for a time; and then the sight of her sweet and sorrowful countenance appealed more touchingly to the heart of the lover than the most brilliant beauty could have done. He longed to fold her in his arms and shield her through life from every trouble. He would not speak of love at such a time, yet he anxiously awaited the moment when he should be at liberty to declare his feelings and seek a return.

One pleasant morning Mrs. Mayfield sat in the great easy-chair near the bed-head, propped

with pillows and wrapped in shawls. She was very pale and wasted, yet to the eyes that had watched her so anxiously for weeks there was a perceptible improvement in her face. A like change was visible in the room: the windows, no longer darkened, admitted the sweet spring sunshine; Rosalie's canary sung from his gilded cage; a bouquet of beautiful hot-house flowers stood in a vase on the table, instead of the vials and powders that had so lately covered it.

"How pleasant it is to feel one's self really better!" said Mrs. Mayfield. "It seems almost like a new world to me. I believe the sky never looked so blue, nor the grass down in the little plot so green, before.

"And the sky never looked to me so dark and threatening as during these last few weeks," said Rosalie, with emotion, as she kissed her mother's forehead. "I almost feared, mamma, it would never be bright again." There was a pause of deep feeling. "I don't think you have sufficiently admired Mr. Henry's flowers, mamma," said Rosalie at length, in a more cheerful tone. "See this geranium, and those lovely roses. They have such a rich, creamy tint, and are so deliciously fragrant!"

"Yes, they are beautiful, and I'm sure I'm much obliged to Mr. Henry for that and all his other kind attentions. Not that I am vain enough to fancy, Rosalie, my dear, that they are all meant for an old woman like me."

The young girl colored, but made no reply.

"What book is it that you have been reading this morning?" inquired the mother, presently.

"Here it is," said Rosalie, producing it, and smiling, though she looked a little conscious.

"'Leaves and Mosses, by Frederic Shoberl,'" read Mrs. Mayfield, aloud. "Oh, I know Mr. Shoberl very well already by his writings. That must be an assumed name, I fancy. Do you know who it is? Any one of consequence?"

"I thought you knew, mamma. It is Mr. Henry himself."

"Mr. Henry? Why no! I never dreamed that he had written any thing."

"Certainly he has. I supposed you had heard of it. He is the very person whose poems we have admired so often. But now I think of it, he has only very recently declared himself. His identity was discovered about the time of Mrs. Taylor's great party, and you have been too ill ever since then to notice such things."

"Yes, and I haven't seen any of our acquaintance either: we shall begin to have plenty of calls now that I am getting so much better. But about these poems, it is a very pretty name for a book: don't you think so?"

"Rather pretty, but a little too much on the 'Winnie Wildwood' and the other fanciful and alliterative styles. I rallied Mr. Henry on the title, and he confessed that it was rather of the romantic order, but alleged in excuse that he wished to use a name suggestive of nature, and yet without pretension. Moss and leaves are certainly unostentatious."

"Suppose you read to me a while: I should like to hear what these poems are like." Rosalie obeyed, and her mother listened with pleasure. She was fond of poetry, and the "Leaves and Mosses" had a sweet and natural charm that had fascinated minds of a much higher order than her own. "Why, Rosalie," she exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "Mr. Henry has real genius!"

"So I think, mamma."

"And I never dreamed of it in him! What a graceful accomplishment it is to write so well! I admire it more than almost any other." Poor Mrs. Mayfield! not a shadow of suspicion crossed her mind. And to be an author—a crime in a poor man—was a charming thing in a rich one.

"Has Mr. Henry any business?" she presently inquired.

"Oh yes, he is a lawyer, mamma."

"That is very well, too. I like to see that sort of spirit in a young man. He should have some profession, some steady occupation, always."

"You are quite right, dear mamma."

"Because if one is ever so rich employment is desirable. I don't know how it may be in Europe, but in our country I am sure that a young man of the largest fortune is much better off to have something practical and important to take up his mind."

"I have no doubt it is so," assented Rosalie, who thought the conversation was taking a rather speculative turn.

A familiar ring was now heard at the door. "Yes, my dear, go down, of course," said Mrs. Mayfield, in answer to Rosalie's inquiring glance. "I feel extremely well to-day, and shall amuse myself perfectly with Mr. Henry's book while you are gone."

Our young friends found their *tête-à-tête* this morning somewhat embarrassing. While her mother was so very ill, and Rosalie had only come down for a few minutes to answer in person Mr. Henry's inquiries, there had been no time for awkward consciousness; but now, when he had asked after Mrs. Mayfield's health and received the gratifying assurance that she was rapidly convalescing, his mind at once reverted to the avowal he had determined to make so soon as that point was reached. Rosalie, half aware of his feelings, half awakened to the state of her own heart, found little to say. Conversation proceeded by very slow and easy stages.

"Have you ever read this little book?" said Rosalie, at length, making a desperate effort after self-control as she took up the "Loves of the Poets," which lay in "blue and gold" upon the centre-table. "It contains a great deal of information about the 'gentle craft' and the fair ladies who inspired them."

So Mr. Henry had heard; he had never read the volume in question, however, and did not care to. He preferred such knowledge of the poets as he could gain from their own writings and contemporary authors. Statistics in these matters were not to his taste.

"You have acted with prudence," said Rosa-

lie, smiling mischievously, "if you wished to retain your enthusiasm. Do you know I used to think, when I was younger, that it was a glorious thing to be loved by a poet and immortalized in his verses? But this little book has sadly undeceived me. Who would care to be Beatrice, and have her praises chanted years after her death by the husband of the ill-tempered Gemma Donati? Or 'Highland Mary,' with one's memory recalled and apostrophized when her adorer was most happily married to another woman? Only to think of the circumstances under which 'Mary in Heaven' was composed!"

"What were they?"

"Have you never heard them? The excellent Robert, it seems, had been working all day in harvest, apparently in fine spirits; but as night came on he 'grew very sad about something,' and wandered out into the barn-yard, whither his affectionate wife followed him, urging him to come in, as the air was cold, and she feared for his health. He promised again and again to come, but still delayed compliance; at last she went out and found her bard 'stretched upon a heap of straw;' his eyes fixed on a 'beautiful planet that shone like another moon.' This time she prevailed on him to come in, when he immediately sat down and wrote the stanzas to 'Mary in Heaven.'"

"After which he probably had a chat with his wife, and perhaps a 'drap' of something to cheer his drooping spirits," said Mr. Henry, laughing. "Really, Miss Mayfield, it was shameful; Mrs. Burns should be indicted for the cruel blow her recital has inflicted on all romance-loving young ladies like yourself."

"Indeed," said Rosalie, shaking her pretty head, "I don't blame her in the least. Do you suppose it was very pleasant for her to have her husband writing those beautiful, passionate verses to another woman? She did quite right to give a simple detail of the facts in the case."

"But 'Mary' was dead, you must remember."

"I think such a rival must be almost worse than a living one; because with the latter there is always a possibility that she may reveal defects that shall cure her lover of his devotion. But the dead are safe: their faults are forgotten; their virtues alone remembered; and there is a sort of poetic halo thrown about them with which any woman might dread to contrast herself."

"What other instances do you feel disposed to carp at among these unlucky poets?"

"Oh! very many. How poor and artificial a thing is Waller's passion for his Sacharissa, for example. In almost every case you will find that the lady was indifferent to her adorer, or hopelessly beyond his reach; or else that he celebrated her charms at leisure, while he was comfortably espoused to some one else. I must say that I should rather have been Mrs. Donne, or Habington's Castara, than any of the Stellas, Lauras, or Leonoras. I should very much prefer inferior poetry, accompanied by truthful feeling."

"So you think," said Mr. Henry, seriously, after a short pause, "that you could not value any poetic celebrity that was not founded on a mutual attachment?"

Rosalie, for the first time conscious of the dangerous ground she had been treading upon, knew not how to retreat; she blushed violently, and could not reply.

"And you would rather," he added, drawing nearer, and taking in his her unresisting hand, "be the dear wife of a humble poet than the distant heroine of the greatest?"

Every one can guess at Rosalie's answer.

III.

Not many hours had elapsed since the above interview ere Rosalie, with smiles and blushes, had confided to her mother its substance and result. Great was Mrs. Mayfield's inward exultation. Surely she might now consider herself a favorite of fortune. Her child, her beautiful Rosalie, had accomplished a destiny more brilliant than she had ever predicted for her. Wealth, that would secure her luxury and leisure; fashion, position, and more than that—a husband whose virtues she could esteem, whose genius she must admire, and whom, to crown all, she evidently loved with all her heart. Very complacently did the mother recall those words of Mrs. James: "He bears the highest possible character." To be sure, in her former estimates of what Rosalie's husband was to be, character and mind had not very largely entered; but she now felt and acknowledged their value.

"As soon as you are well enough to see him, mamma," said Rosalie, "Mr. Henry will call to ask your consent."

"And that will be to-morrow, my love," said Mrs. Mayfield. "I feel myself immensely better. The sight of your happiness has done me more good than all the physician's visits."

The next day, at a quite early hour, Mrs. Mayfield might have been seen ensconced in the depths of a luxurious arm-chair, going through in form the interview with her daughter's *futur*. It was delightfully satisfactory. Mr. Henry was so respectful, yet solicitous. He spoke with such tenderness, such delicacy, of Rosalie, and asked her hand with as much diffidence as if he feared a refusal—as if, in short, he were asking a favor instead of conferring one. But then, Mrs. Mayfield suddenly recollected, he could not know how glad she was to give him her child; and, on the whole, it was quite as well he could not. He set her heart at rest, too, on the only subject that disturbed her. In all her plans for Rosalie's settlement she had arranged, as a matter of course, that she should live with the young couple; but when an actual engagement was under consideration she began to experience some misgivings. She was well aware of the common prejudice against mothers-in-law; and suppose Mr. Henry shared in it? Well, it would be hard for her, but she *could* live by herself; at any rate, she would have her dear child's happiness to rejoice in. These misgivings made the present arrange-

ment all the more agreeable. Mr. Henry said with so much feeling that he could not think of asking a mother to give up her only child, and that she would confer the greatest possible favor on both himself and Rosalie by consenting to share their home. She must not consider that, in the proposed marriage, she was to lose a daughter, but only to gain a son, etc., etc. All of which had in it nothing very striking or original, but was not on that account less pleasing to the proud and gratified mother. So happy was she that at times a doubt came over her whether it were not all a dream, and she pinched her arm quite cruelly to make sure that she was enjoying a "sober certainty of waking bliss." When the filial elect had taken his departure she was profuse in her praises to Rosalie of his delicacy, his generosity, his nobleness; all of which, we may be sure, the young lady echoed in her heart, though outwardly she disclaimed for him any special virtue.

"Why, what did you expect of us, mamma?" she asked. "Did you suppose we would leave you alone, widowed and invalid as you now are? You paid me a poor compliment if you fancied I should forsake the mother who had loved and cared for me all my life for a person I had known but a few weeks."

"Oh, my dear, I didn't doubt you at all; but you know how men sometimes feel about these things."

"Mr. Caudle, for instance. Well, mamma, I hope Mr. Henry is no more like him than I like his wife, or you like that lady's 'dear mother.'"

"You may laugh, Rosalie, but it is a very common prejudice, and not altogether without foundation. Such being the case, you may imagine how I was touched by Mr. Henry's noble behavior. He will find it no loss to him, either. Even in the richest household a person of experience can prevent much irregularity and waste; and against all waste I set my face decidedly, no matter how great the means are."

"If experience is valuable in a rich household it will be doubly so in ours," remarked Rosalie, "for I opine it will not be at all of that description."

Mrs. Mayfield was so absorbed in delightful visions that she did not hear this comment, or it might have provoked unpleasant explanation.

The business of preparation now began in earnest; the lover had pleaded for a short engagement, and the marriage was to take place in three months—there was plenty to do. As soon as Mrs. Mayfield could venture out a hackney-coach was hired by the day, and the mother and daughter spent hour after hour at Beck's or Stewart's, examining, selecting, purchasing, the innumerable beautiful and costly articles that compose the *trousseau*. Reversing the rule on such occasions it was the fair *fiancée* who hinted of economy, who thought such and such things unnecessary or extravagant; it was the parent who insisted that the various elegances were not only suitable, but indispensable.

"Now, dear mamma," said Rosalie, one morning, "about the dress for the ceremony; we shall not have a large party, so something simple and pretty will be all that is required."

"No, it will not be a large party, to be sure, because our house is small, and a crowd in a small house is decidedly vulgar. A jam in a great house, on the contrary, is entirely different; it shows such an extensive circle of acquaintance. But though the party will be small I intend it to be brilliant, and I wish your dress to correspond. However, let me hear what your own ideas are."

"I think, mamma, a good silk—not *too* rich, because it would be wasted with an overdress—with double skirts of tulle, looped with flowers, a puffed tulle berthe, and a tulle vail, very long and ample, would be what I should like. These, with a wreath, bouquet, etc., would be quite sufficient."

"Why, my child, half the brides in town this winter wore just such a dress."

"I know it, mamma—that is the very reason. It is pretty and becoming, and would be considered entirely proper. I do not care for any thing more."

"But *I* do, Rosalie. Now I think a rich moire antique, with a Honiton berthe and vail—I wouldn't venture on flounces, they *are* rather extravagant—would be beautiful."

"But oh, mamma, so expensive!"

"Leave that to me, my dear. I always supposed you would be married some day if you lived, and have made provision for it. I don't expect to have it happen more than half a dozen times, and I can afford to give you things suitable to your future station."

"I don't see how my station is to be altered in any way, mamma; we shall have probably the very same circle we know at present."

"Simple little thing!" thought the mother. "It's just as well to let her go on so. If *she* has no idea that she is elevating herself at all, he will be much less likely to fancy hereafter that he has done her an honor. True, my dear," she added, aloud; "but you know brides always dress a good deal. If after a time, when you have your husband's money to spend, you choose to practice economy, it will be all very well. But now I shall get what I think proper. I told the man to be here with the hack at eleven; and we will drive straight to Miss Lawson, and get that love of a bonnet you admired so much yesterday. No remonstrances, Rosalie, for they'll not be of the slightest use."

Few girls require much urging to accept of such luxuries as their elders choose to provide, and Rosalie smilingly yielded. She had a great love of beautiful things, and was, besides, accustomed to pay implicit obedience to the constituted authority. Never being admitted to her mother's pecuniary confidence she was quite ignorant, too, of their real circumstances, and took it for granted that Mrs. Mayfield would do every

thing as it should be. As they rolled along to Lawson's, the mother, leaning back against the cushions, saw with her mind's eye future drives she should take in Rosalie's company, not, as now, in a "shabby hack," as she internally designated the vehicle in question, but in their own carriage drawn by steeds of mettle, driven by coachmen of bulk. Sweet visions! how soothing to maternal pride!

Good society is like the Russians; it has a great horror of sickness, and indeed of distress of any kind. While Mrs. Mayfield was ill very few of the "dear five hundred" came near her, and most of these contented themselves with inquiries at the door. Now that she was well again and the fact of Rosalie's engagement was bruited abroad, callers became plentiful, and on their return from shopping expeditions there would be found quite a litter of cards on the centre-table. Every one congratulated Mrs. Mayfield! It was such a charming match for Rosalie! Such a handsome young man, so perfectly suited to her in person! And then such a genius! and do you know Mr. —— tells me he is succeeding nobly in his profession? He is thought one of the most promising young men at the bar! And his character! ah, there you are fortunate, dear Mrs. Mayfield! I'm afraid you don't half appreciate it! Young men nowadays, particularly these literary characters, are apt to be so dreadfully unsteady. But certainly if any one deserves to do well, it is Rosalie; such a sweet girl, and so extremely beautiful. On these themes were the changes rung unceasingly, and the delighted auditor was never weary.

"What an excellent thing," she often remarked to herself, "good breeding is! Every one of these people knows that it is a splendid match for Rosalie, but nobody even hints, ever so delicately, what an advantage it will be to her in the way of money. They only talk of Edgar's talents and reputation, and all that, just as if she had been used to a fortune from her cradle, and it was not worth mentioning." Very solacing were these thoughts; all the days passed in a delicious flutter of excitement and anticipation.

There had been, it is true, a slight decadence of bliss when the engagement-ring was first shown her. She had imagined its splendors so radiantly beforehand that the pretty little *gage d'amour* which Rosalie one day exhibited seemed to her almost shabby. No diamond *solitaire* this, blazing like the Koh-i-noor cut down a trifle. It contained three stones: the central one of fair size; those on each side much smaller. Mrs. Mayfield's experienced glance told her in a moment that it could never have cost over seventy-five or a hundred dollars.

"Only think, mamma," said Rosalie, who, with all the pleasure of a pretty girl in a pretty ornament, was turning the ring on her finger and watching its sparkle, "that I should have a diamond ring! I am sure I never expected to."

"But I expected you would," thought the mother, "and a much handsomer one than this." She examined it more closely; the stones were good and clear, but she could not conscientiously exceed her first estimate of their value. "It is very strange," she said to herself; "quite unaccountable. It would be a very pretty ring for a clerk on a salary to give; but for Mr. Henry!" and the dreadful suspicion crossed her mind—"If he should be mean!"

Such a thought could not, however, hold out long against Edgar's frank and manly bearing. Mrs. Mayfield settled it in her own mind that it was owing to his literary tastes'—these author-people never seemed to be quite of sound mind on common matters. In the first place, he probably knew nothing about how costly a ring he ought to give; in the second, he had, no doubt, been terribly overreached in the price. That was the worst of authorship; it was well Edgar was a rich man. With these unpractical ways she should tremble for Rosalie's future if he were not.

Meanwhile, the *promessi sposi* troubled themselves very little about matters of worldly wisdom. They had, at present, no care even of house or furniture hunting; for it had been arranged that after the wedding-jaunt they should stay with "mamma," and look up such a house as suited them at their leisure. Mrs. Mayfield thought this an excellent plan, as she should feel so much more at liberty to suggest and advise when they were actually married. Besides which, there was really so much to do with Rosalie's own preparations that there was no time for any thing else. The lovers passed all their evenings together; sometimes Rosalie showed the pretty things she had bought during the day; all of which, indiscriminately, Edgar admired with enthusiasm on hearing them commended by such lovely lips or exhibited upon so beautiful a form. Sometimes they sang together, or Edgar read aloud; or, seated near each other, talked in confidential whispers of matters vastly interesting to themselves. All this Mrs. Mayfield could see from her station on the back-parlor sofa, where she often reclined of an evening, and where, it must be confessed, she occasionally "napped" a little, overcome with weariness from the day's exertions.

Time passed, and it was within a week of the wedding. Fast and furious flew the needles of the dress-makers, and at home Rosalie was equally busy with many little personal matters. The bridal presents began to come in; not so plentifully as in the case of richer people, but still with creditable profusion. There were plenty of silver pie-knives, pickle-forks, porte-monnaies, card-cases, napkin-rings, butter-knives, salt-cellars, and such small gear. Mr. Henry's sister, married to a wealthy merchant in Boston, sent a real camel's-hair shawl, and his brother, at the South, ordered a splendid tea-service from Ball and Black. Rosalie's godfather sent her a set of pearls; and there were point-lace handkerchiefs and Mechlin handkerchiefs; there were collars and sleeves; there were rings and brooches, rich or plain, according to the taste or means of the donors. Rosalie was delighted; it seemed

to her like a fairy-tale, that she was the owner of all these pretty things. She said as much as she stood looking at them one evening with her mother and betrothed. They both smiled at her childish pleasure; and Mrs. Mayfield thought what an excellent thing it was that this was only the beginning of the fairy tale.

"Your friends have been most generous, Edgar," she presently remarked.

"Have they, indeed? I did not know it," he answered.

"Certainly they have," and she pointed out various articles which had come from cousins, uncles, and aunts on the Henry side. "Our family is not as well represented here," she continued. "To tell the truth, we have not many rich connections. I wonder what Mr. Bushe will send you, Rosalie."

"I can't tell, mamma; nothing at all, perhaps."

"I dare say. At his niece's wedding he gave her a little silver filagree watch-case. A charming present! only fit to use at night when she could not see it! And when Miss Tomkins—old Joshua Tomkins's daughter—was married, he sent a handsome piece of plate that cost a large sum, and he had never even seen her—was only a business acquaintance of her father! Cousin Anne remonstrated with him then; she said she *did* think it was downright extravagance. But Mr. Bushe insisted that it was necessary to his business standing, and that was his reason for doing it."

"It is a pity Miss Tomkins could not have known that," said Rosalie. "She would have prized the gift very highly."

"Oh, for that matter," remarked Mrs. Mayfield, "silver is silver, and the pitcher was just as good as if the motive had been better. I shouldn't wonder, Rosalie, if he sent you a Parian figure, or perhaps a china card-receiver."

"Very well," said Rosalie, smiling, "we shall do very well, I doubt not, if he sends nothing at all."

That night Mrs. Mayfield dreamed that thieves had broken into the house and stolen every vestige of the bridal presents. She awoke with a feeling of blank amazement and horror, and could scarcely persuade herself that it was a dream. She afterward regarded it as a presentiment.

IV.

Seldom is a visitor more cordially greeted than was Mrs. James when she came next morning to make a congratulatory call. Her footing with the Mayfields was rather that of a friend than a mere acquaintance; but as she had been spending some months in Washington and had only returned a few days before, the approaching marriage was still a fresh topic to her. She asked a great many questions, and offered numerous good wishes; and in proof of these last, took from her pocket a little case containing the prettiest of Geneva watches and the richest of chains, which were offered for Rosalie's acceptance. In requital of this courtesy she was shown all the bridal presents and such items of the *trousseau* as had come home from the several modistes. When every thing had been inspected and criticised, and admired, and lingered over with that loving reluctance which women feel to quit an article of finery, the three ladies sat down in the back parlor a while.

"So Miss Rosalie," said the visitor, "you have acted out your romantic fancies—it was love at first sight, I hear."

"I was not aware of it," returned the smiling girl. "Pray, who told you so, Mrs. James?"

"A little bird. Not that it was necessary, for any one who saw you together the evening of Mrs. Taylor's party knew all about it. By-the-by, there is another engagement in consequence of that party; there must have been something fatal in the air."

"Who is it, may we ask?" inquired Mrs. Mayfield.

"Mr. Irwin and Amy Sandford. You may remember seeing them a good deal together. It is a great match for her; you know the Sandfords are quite poor. However, Mr. Irwin can afford to consult his own taste, and his family are very well pleased, I hear. And speaking of them reminds me of the funny mistake I made in talking to you that night."

"I don't now recall any mistake," said Mrs. Mayfield, smiling pleasantly, and ready to excuse with graciousness whatever it might have been.

"You have forgotten all about it, I suppose, having so many important matters to think of since; but don't you remember my telling you that Mr. Henry was the fortune, and Mr. Irwin the author; and our both agreeing that Mr. Henry was so distinguished-looking, and that we should have known from his appearance that he 'was to the manner born.' I have laughed twenty times since to think of it. I didn't know either of the young men myself, and whether somebody told me wrong, or whether I confused the matter—"

What was the end of this sentence no one will ever exactly know, for at this juncture Mrs. Mayfield fainted dead away. There was a terrible confusion and alarm, cutting of stay-laces, dashing with cold water, and application of salts to the nose of the sufferer. In the midst of it all Mrs. James took her leave, averring that it made her so nervous to see a person in that state that she could do no good, and was only in the way.

When Mrs. Mayfield returned to consciousness she was lying on the couch in her own room, and Rosalie was bending over her. The sight of her daughter brought all her woes to the mind of the unhappy woman. She groaned, and turned her face away.

"Leave me, Rosalie! leave me, child! I can't bear to see you or any one. Close the shutters, and don't come up till I ring."

"But, mamma, you are ill; can I not do something for you? Let me stay in the room, at any rate; I will be perfectly quiet."

"No, child, no—I can't have you. I shall

do very well, but I want to be by myself;" and Rosalie, sadly perplexed by her mother's sudden illness and strange behavior, was fairly driven from the room.

Left alone, the poor mother had to face the conviction of her terrible mistake and its consequences. Alas! alas! and she had been the means of binding Rosalie to the very fate that, of all others, she dreaded most for her! Her child was to marry a poor man, and, worse than that, a poor author! Where were all those blissful visions—those bright anticipations—that had upheld her from earth during the past few months? All gone in a moment! She had plunged Rosalie into the same life that she herself had suffered so long, and from which it had been her firmest purpose to preserve her child. Rosalie must do as she had done; forego all luxury, curtail even necessaries, and, after all, find it a hard matter to live within her income! Her beautiful child must manage and drudge; must see things getting shabby, and have no means to renew them; must find her clothes worn and out of fashion, and have no money to replace them. She must use delf where other people used china; must walk where they rode; must wear calico where they wore silk or satin. She must keep inferior servants, and do half the work herself; must undergo privations, mortifications. The nursery must be her opera, and the kitchen her ball-room; and amidst these sordid cares her beauty would fade and her youth depart. Oh, it was dreadful! and poor Mrs. Mayfield wrung her hands in despair. How differently had she hoped! how differently believed! She thought Rosalie was safe, forever safe, from the faintest shadow of want or poverty. But it was not too late yet; she would break off the engagement.

Then came the thought of the publicity—the scandal. It was so near the wedding-day—all the preparations made—every one would wonder so what the reason could possibly be—and Rosalie might refuse to give up her lover, or, if she consented, would be so unhappy. Then the true cause would be sure to leak out, and they would be laughing-stocks for life. No, the engagement could not be broken off. She must abide by it, however dreadful the result.

How she had misunderstood and mistaken Mr. Henry's words! On asking her consent, and making a statement of his affairs, he had told her that he had a "small property," entirely independent of his profession and authorship. She had supposed it to be a modest way of alluding to his fortune, and had made no inquiries, not liking to show curiosity upon the subject. She now recurred to his words with ironical bitterness. "Small property!" she thought; "small enough I dare say. I wonder how much it is; twelve or fifteen hundred dollars perhaps!"

Then there was that ridiculous *trousseau!* She fairly shuddered as she thought of the sums already spent, and the bills that were yet to come. Why had she been so deaf to all Rosalie's remonstrances, so blind to all she might have seen? "A thousand dollars have gone for her clothes," she thought; "I might much better have bought her steel knives and forks, and ingrain carpeting."

Hours passed in these bitter self-upbraidings and fruitless repining; but at last Mrs. Mayfield's native good sense awoke to the folly of lamentation. "What's done is done," she said, "and all I can hope for now is that Mrs. James will not spread the story of her call this morning all over town, and make both Rosalie and myself ridiculous. At any rate I will not give her any clew to the mystery of my sudden illness if I can possibly help it. This business must be gone through with, and I will do it bravely." So saying she arose, bathed her eyes and smoothed her hair, and descended to the drawing-room. She was unusually grave and quiet all the evening, but that was easily accounted for by her not feeling so well as usual.

The wedding came off in due time, and was quite a *recherché* affair; the bride, in particular, being pronounced *the* bride of the season. When the happy pair had set off, and the house was clear of guests, Mrs. Mayfield found leisure to examine a little packet which Mr. Bushe had placed in her hand at parting. It contained a check for $5000 payable to Rosalie's order. So the rich cousin had opened his heart for once.

By the time the newly married had returned from their journey Mrs. Mayfield had grown quite reconciled to the state of affairs; quite willing to admit that it might have been much worse. When they had been at home two or three weeks, and her good-will had been yet further propitiated by numerous little filial attentions from Mr. Henry, you could hardly have persuaded her that any thing could be better. Rosalie had a good husband, a talented, a loving husband; and, after all, happiness did not consist in having money to spend. This pleasant view of things was not lessened by the discovery that the "property" already spoken of, though small, was not paltry, and would form an acceptable addition to their income.

A house was purchased, after suitable hunting, not indeed in the Fifth Avenue or Madison Square, yet within the enchanted limits of Upper Tendom. It was not a "palace," but was sufficiently spacious and convenient for a small family. They furnished it prettily, not extravagantly; there was not an Aubusson carpet, a buhl cabinet, a Claude or a Titian (so called) in the building from top to bottom. There were plenty of books, however, and fine engravings; and such carpets and furniture as they had were thoroughly swept and nicely dusted. They had no fine or fashionable servants; but, on the other hand, they possessed their souls in peace, and were never cut to the quick by a sneer from a lady's maid or a foreign cook. Life went very smoothly with them; and, as a natural consequence, with their happy and sympathizing mother.

One evening when she was sitting by the

nursery fire with a little Rosalie on her knee, while a fine boy played at her feet, she related to Rosalie *mère* the story of her mistake, and the woeful distress it caused her.

"But I recovered from it long ago," she added, laughing, "and I would not exchange Edgar now for any millionaire of them all. And Rosalie, my love, I often think of what your poor father used to say—that it is better to have desires according to our means, than means according to our desires; since, in the first case, we very soon reach a limit, but in the second our fancies so grow and expand that the wealth of Crœsus himself would not content us."

THE GOLDEN ELEPHANT.

MR. KELLEY—or, to be more explicit, William Kelley, Esquire, Barrister, of London—in the year of grace 1853, abandoned the musty inns of English courts for the dusty highways of Australia, with the purpose of seeing for himself what El Dorado was like. He frankly confesses that he meant to make a book of his tour; but ere he had gone far on his way the daily sight of lucky miners, digging and spending their precious dust, proved too much for his soul's equanimity, and he dropped note-book and betook himself to the spade and cradle, which seem to be the more important gold developers of that auriferous region.

To land in Melbourne at that time was to be transported to a new world, where all the amenities and many of the decencies of life were for a time intermitted, and the social organization resembled, more than any thing else, a vast "free and easy," in which every man dressed, acted, and lived as best suited his case-hardened idiosyncrasies. Fancy a spruce and elegantly-got-up cockney set down in the midst of a city of millionaire ragamuffins, who wore calico shirts open at the neck, parti-colored trowsers stuck into cowhide boots, and a *jumper*—a kind of Australian blouse—instead of coat; who talked in a hideous but expressive slang, wherein the mild term for whisky was "strip me down naked," and to be "stuck up" meant to be the unfortunate subject of a highway robbery; where every body drank, at all times and for all imaginable causes; and the ingenuity of the entire population, male and female, seemed to be devoted, with a perseverance worthy a better cause, to the invention of new and outré oaths and curses; "D–mn you!" being the commonplace salutation between friends, strengthened, on meeting after a lengthened separation, by an added force of adjective profanities, which the reader will excuse us from here jotting down, as to do justice to the subject would require that they should be printed in red ink—fancy, we say, a white-shirted, kid-gloved gentleman from the fashionable quarter of London set down in such a concourse, and you have Mr. Kelley's situation.

"Here, my lad, do you desire a job?" he inquired of a young fellow who was complacently watching the landing of the passengers.

"What sort?"

"Just to carry a carpet-bag."

"Will it want two to take it?"

"No."

"Then take it yourself," was the cool reply, which ended this initiatory colloquy.

A search for lodgings disclosed the architectural condition of the town. Where frame shanties had taken the place of tents—which was by no means generally the case—these huts were built in the slenderest manner, just sufficient to shed the rain, but freely admitting air and light. The partitions between the different houses in a block were invariably of sized cotton cloth, which admitted the convenience of conversing with your neighbor without the trouble of leaving your apartment. Mr. Kelley notices, however, this indelicate drawback, that, if your candle happened at bed-time to be extinguished first, you were likely to be startled by the shadowy phantom of Mrs. or Miss A B C, next door, in her night-dress, preparing for the slumber of innocence. For one of these rather social tenements the moderate sum of $1000 per annum was charged, and at this rate they were eagerly snatched up. The most convenient feature of these houses was the floor, which was laid upon the hen-coop principle, with proper gaps between the planks, through which all garbage as well as various smaller articles of household use were prone to disappear.

Being lodged, our friend devoted himself assiduously to obtaining glimpses at the Australian "Elephant." With gold so plentiful and necessaries so scarce, of course every thing was high. The first essay at marketing revealed the facts, portentous to a moderate purse, that a small load of green fire-wood was worth $17; a small barrel of water, $2; a pair of fowls, $8; eggs, $4 per dozen; cabbages, 60 cents per head; potatoes, 12 cents per pound; while turkeys were held at altogether fancy prices, seventeen dollars being refused for a fair sample. Such prices were readily paid by men and women whose wealth was as boundless as sudden. In the fashionable shops (and there were such) no article was ever found fault with or rejected, unless, in a fit of absence, the shopman happened to ask a low price for it—say two hundred per cent. above cost. Mr. Kelley relates a funny story of a generous digger, shopping with his dulcinea, and overhearing a lady (a *real* lady), after examining a piece of dress-silk, put it down, with the remark that it was too expensive; whereupon the gallant fellow immediately ordered two dress-patterns to be cut off, and tried very hard to force them upon her as a free gift.

The lion of the neighborhood in which our traveler had temporarily established himself was a digger, who seems to have been a fair specimen brick of the Australian social edifice. His wife had "evenings at home" in her shanty, and every day, about noon, a Clarence and pair of horses drew up in the deep mud opposite the shanty door, to take them out for a suburban airing and a round of the fashionable drinking saloons, whence this generous couple generally

brought back a select circle of beery friends. These were kept for a strong (mixed) tea, and sent off in a private coach, kept for that purpose, as soon as drunkenness supervened; the coachman receiving general instructions to drop his fares "any where on the north side of Prince's Bridge." These jaunts cost the moderate sum of twenty-five dollars per day. When the digger was laid up with a headache, his lady employed herself in "getting up a few of her light things;" and for this purpose she arrayed herself in a satin gown stained with beer and rum, a pair of massive bracelets, and a heavy watch-chain about her neck, to which was attached a heavier gold repeater. Thus dressed, with her hair done up in a hard knot and stayed with a pearl-headed gold pin, this virtuous woman stood at the wash-tub before the front door, up to her elbows in soap-lather, and proudly "did up her light things."

Business could not, of course, be more brisk than in a community where every other man was a millionaire. But the trade in horses was more money-making than any other. The common practice in the outlying districts of misappropriating horse-flesh, of course made the trade all the livelier. "Planting" horses — which means stealing an animal and surrendering it upon receipt of a proper reward—was a common practice, which every horseman expected to submit to. Yet good horses were not to be purchased under from four hundred to twelve hundred dollars; and a year's keep cost not less than two thousand dollars. With this, the great horse auctioneer of Melbourne netted an income of eighteen thousand dollars per *week*, as commissions on sales, and this the whole year round!

The law was also remunerative, and in this wise, as a certain shrewd barrister explained it: An ordinary criminal case was as good as a year's income; for a cut-throat-looking client, in ragged apparel, by a simple surgical operation on his waist-band, would half fill his hat with gold-dust, or extract from a patch on his coat a flake of fifty pound bank-notes which would paper a room — both probably harvested on the highway. If there was an acquittal—which, *for the sake of society*, was not desirable—the enfranchised culprit did not stop to settle accounts; and if Justice asserted herself, there were rarely heirs to divide the plunder with the lucky lawyer. As for bankruptcies, here is a statement of accounts on which an enlightened court *granted a first-class certificate:* Liabilities, £5319 11*s.* 3*d.*; assets, £29 6*s.* 6*d.*; cause of insolvency, having accepted (but not paid) accommodation-bills.

As for other trades and professions, to each, it was remarked, was joined the business of drawing teeth—all the shop-signs, whatever may have been advertised for sale, ending with a notice that "teeth were extracted inside," some "safely," others "expeditiously," all "cheaply." The liberality of public sentiment was sufficiently indicated by an advertisement which appeared on the windows of an apothecary:

"TO BE DISPOSED OF, ON MODERATE TERMS,
"The first-class Dublin Diploma of the late Dr. T——r. Apply to his disconsolate Widow, at the Old Surgery in the Tent next the European National Restaurant,
"Clarendon Street,
"Emerald Hill."

But the great speculation of the day was in liquor. Bar-rooms, taps, publics, drinking saloons of every name, and all grades of non-respectability, turned up on every corner, and oftener. Champagne — sham in every sense of the word—sold at four dollars per bottle, ale at sixty cents, and the "nobbler" of brandy or other ardent spirit (nobbler being equivalent to a dram) was charged at twenty-five cents—all change to be taken in cigars. The most important business of the community was to have drinks around, and the minor affairs of everyday life were discussed while this first matter was being duly attended to. The theatres and all the other public places were literally surrounded with rum-shops, and wherever you poked your nose you were met with an invitation to "walk up and liquor"—a request by no means to be refused, the digger code being, "Drink or fight." Ladies out on shopping expeditions were not above stopping by the way to "take a drain," and indeed sometimes invited their male friends to join them in the social glass. On such occasions there was no lack of toasts. "Here's the health of Molly Connor," roared out one of her boarders, remarking at the same time that "it would be all the better if there was a little more stringth in her tay, but not quite so much in her butther." To which Molly, after due acknowledgment of the preliminary spirituous honor, replied that she "was no ways behoulden to Dennis Brady, for the divil's mother wouldn't plaze him. Tay nor coffee was no good if the spoon didn't stand up in the middle of the cup; though the drop he got onct a year in Mayo was too weak to run out o' the spout!"

"Here's to your hearty d——tion!" said a digger, nodding smilingly at the landlord, a companion adding soberly, "Soon and suddint," as he drained his glass.

Of course there was a theatre; and a very popular place of amusement it was. Its front was illumined by a plentiful supply of fat-cans with rags for wicks — serving instead of gas. These shed a lurid light upon a huge mud-puddle which covered the area in the immediate front of the doors. Through this puddle sturdy diggers waded knee-deep, with their dulcineas *in* their arms, to the dress-circle entrance. A favored few, owning private boxes, had the right of a private entrée through an adjoining bar-room, where, of course, there was a preliminary Champagne "shout;" a *shout* being, in the Australian vernacular, a call for drinks around at the expense of one of the company.

The play was Hamlet. Paying five shillings into an aperture which smelled like the bung-hole of a stale brandy-cask, our sight-seer made

his way into the pit. He found the chandelier lights obscured by a cloud of tobacco-smoke, through which he perceived, in front of the curtain, the orchestra, consisting of a cracked flageolet, a wheazy violin, and a bass drum. The pit was filled with mechanics and their colonial wives. The dress-circle was monopolized by florid-looking women with too low satin dresses, some in their smeared hair, with their pinned bonnets dangling in front of the boxes; others crowned with tiaras, like rose-bushes in full bearing; all hung round with chains, watches, collars, and bracelets of ponderous gold. Their lords in waiting were habited either in tartan "jumpers," or in red flannel shirts, and killed the dreary hour before the play by smoking short pipes, and offering occasional delicate (or indelicate) attentions to their companions, which frequently brought down the house before the rising of the curtain. The upper tier was filled with shrieking Bedouins of the streets, acting as bear-leaders to stupid stock drivers from the interior, or to a heavy class of digger, who gaped and stared in hiccuping admiration at nothing in particular, d—ing, by turns, every portion of his internal anatomy, from the liver all around, "if ever he seed any thing like it afore." There was an unintermitted and tumultuous uproar, consisting of yells of recognition, such as "d—— your bloody eyes, Bill, is that you?" and "Polly, bless your ugly mug, how's your coppers?" These mixed with groans, barks, crows, and a thumping and stamping which made the chandelier quiver.

In the midst of this hurricane a man in the pit was seen to stand up on his seat, with his back to the orchestra, and gesticulate earnestly as if to obtain a hearing. At first his object was misunderstood, and he was variously suggested as a "target for an empty bottle," a "subject for cowhiding," or an embassador to the infernal regions; but there was about him a pertinacious suavity, which, after a time, induced a general silence. With a profound bow, he then said, "Ladies and gemmen, I thank you for your kindness—I am, in fact, obliged to you. [Loud cheers.] I suppose you all recollect me; if not, I beg to inform you that I am Tim Jones who kept the shaving shop in Flinder's Lane. [Applause.] I'm just come from the famous Eagle Hawk, where I dug up one hundred and fifty ounces; and I'll be ——, for the future, if ever I'll shave another of the lot of ye." [Thunders of applause. "Bravo, Tim! what'll you take?" and a tempest of tender inquiries after the health of the speaker and his nearest relations.] In the midst of this the curtain rose; but Bernardo, Marcellus, and Horatio failed to divide attention with Tim Jones until the ghost made his appearance in an absurdly comical rig. This produced a roar of laughter, with shouts of "Well, I'm blowed!" "Holy Moses!" "Does your mother know you're out?" In vain the ghost came to the footlights and pantomimically besought silence; the first act proceeded in dumb show, but amidst immense applause.

The fall of the curtain was the signal for renewed pleasantries, explosions of Champagne, and demands for nobblers. Toasts given in the pit were warmly responded to from the galleries; and healths were interchanged, in regular digger vernacular, across the house.

The second act began without attracting the slightest attention. The entrance of Ophelia was, however, the signal for a tempest of clapping and savory compliments, which lasted until the King and Queen and their train stalked in. This new party was greeted with another storm of ironical applause and Victorian *double-entendres*, provoking bursts of general laughter, during which an enthusiastic god was so impressed with the jolly-good-fellowed-ness of the King that he sent him down from the gallery a bottle of brandy by the thong of a stock whip. The second act of Hamlet was accordingly concluded by an exchange of hob-nobbing between the house and the stage.

The third act was transformed into an absurd colloquy between the Danish grave-digger and the gold-diggers from Eagle Hawk, made up of mutual inquiries about the depth of the sinking and the return to the tub, which so tickled Hamlet that he gave up his soliloquy and joined in the joking. After this there was a fierce row, caused by the accidental falling of a brandy bottle from the gallery into the pit, which was resented as an intentional insult. An escalade was essayed, and two sailors succeeded in climbing up the pillars which sustain the boxes; but instead of a display of bloody hostilities a festive scene ensued, which soon spread into a regular epidemic, during which brandy bottles were let down and hoisted up by lines made of knotted handkerchiefs, amidst a tempest of sentiments, toasts, and hip-hip-hurrahs. The manager at length came forward to invoke a hearing; but nobody seemed aware of his presence. Then poor Ophelia, with straws in her hair, endeavored to bring these lunatics to reason. After a world of courtesying, she did indeed effect a momentary silence, which was immediately taken advantage of by a riotous sailor, who roared out, "Come, give us 'Black-Eyed Susan,' old gal!" This produced such an unconquerable relapse that it was found necessary to cut down the remainder of the performance to the last scene, where the poisonings and sword practice brought the evening to an agreeable conclusion. But Hamlet, Ophelia, and the Ghost were obliged to appear before the curtain in undress, and there sustained the shower of half-ounce nuggets, which were then the convenient substitute for bouquets among digger audiences.

Meantime a dense crowd was guzzling Champagne in the "tap," which formed the most private and aristocratic entrance to this temple of Thespis, at the expense of a half-boozy digger of decent appearance, who "shouted" at the rate of two dozen bottles of the sparkling liquid at a time, remarking to his guests, as he threw down sheaves of bank-notes in payment, "Drink on, shipmates; I'm only a poor digger from Ballarat!"

Having satisfied himself with town sights, Mr. Kelley started for the nearest diggings, distant some days' travel. He remarked that the price of nobblers increased in regular ratio with the distance from Melbourne; and indeed enters on his journal, log-book wise, the course and distance made, with such affirmatory remark as, "The nobbler had now advanced to two shillings." He arrived safely, with no worse adventure than an unsuccessful attempt on the part of some highway gentry at "bailing up" his party. This is an ordinary process in the gold region, and not infrequently performed upon a houseful of people by a single courageous man. The feat is thus managed: The robber enters with arms in his hands, swearing to shoot down the first person who makes a hostile movement, and *carrying the threat into effect promptly* on the slightest motion toward resistance. He then orders one to *tie up* his neighbor, and goes the rounds till all are fettered, when he binds the last and perpetrates the robbery at his leisure. "Bailing up," though entailing somewhat of a loss and inconvenience, is by no means a dangerous adventure for a sensible man.

Arrived at Ballarat, Mr. Kelley found his friends by means of a notice stuck up on the post-office; and was speedily inducted into the mysteries of *fossicking* (which is the Australian synonym for prospecting), shafts and drives, windlass, tub-puddling, and shepherding, the last a phrase signifying the keeping passive possession of a hole, waiting for your neighbors to determine by their labors the luck at the bottom. He was brought into intimate acquaintance with the "Joes" (policemen), and was shown how an unproductive hole may be judiciously *salted* (sprinkled with gold dust), and sold as a valuable property to an unsuspecting *lime-juicer* (greenhorn). He saw the celebrated hole whence was dug by a lucky fellow a chunk of solid gold weighing 137 pounds. The fortunes of this hole show sufficiently the uncertainties of gold mining, and how near an unlucky man may come to a fortune without grasping it. It was first opened for a few feet, and then shepherded by three different parties, each going through the ceremony of taking out a few shovelfuls of earth to establish their claim, and then watching their neighbors. The last party sunk it sixty feet, and then, finding no promise, left it. It lay untouched for some time, until a party of "new chums" entered it, more to try their hands at shaft-sinking than with the hope of making any thing. But lo! after digging three feet, one of the *lime-juicers* struck his pick on a lump of something not hard enough for stone, nor soft enough for clay. Digging away the earth they saw before their eyes the glittering lump. After obtaining a guard to protect the treasure, it was quietly pryed out. Around it was found a litter of little nuggets, to the value of $1500. The big lump was worth over $33,000! and all obtained in a few hours.

Another celebrity was the "Blacksmith's Claim," a slovenly ill-sunk shaft, dangerous to go down, yet producing an almost incredible quantity of gold. The blacksmith's party, who were green hands, took out $64,000 worth, and then sold the hole and their tools for $360, to a party of ten, who, between noon of Saturday and next Monday evening, took out $60,000, then sold out for a week's spree, to come in possession again next Monday. The new temporary proprietors, twelve in number, took out $82,000, and surrendered to their predecessors, who after getting $45,000 more, in a week, sold out to a storekeeper for $500. He put men in to work the hole, who in a fortnight raised $25,000. One of the gang, an old hand, now secretly undermined the props which sustained the drift, on a Saturday night, and the whole workings fell in. He immediately staked out a new claim on the surface of the crooked ruin, went down straight as an arrow, and striking the old gutter, raised in the first tubful forty pounds of gold! He emptied the hole, getting altogether over $20,000. Thus a space of twenty-four feet square yielded the vast sum of over $292,000; an event unprecedented in the annals of gold mining.

The prodigious wealth of the celebrated Ballarat diggings may be inferred from these and other stories of lucky *finds*. From a patch of "waste ground" (*i. e.* the narrow strip necessarily left between two claims) Mr. Kelley saw fifty-seven pounds of gold washed out of a single tub! And this was only the first tubful from a space so narrow as hardly to admit the sinking of a shaft. From another claim $100,000 were got; while a party of Mr. Kelley's friends took out from theirs $180,000.

But if the returns were generally large, the labor required in sinking narrow shafts to the depth of often one hundred and fifty feet—the miners working twelve hours at a time up to their middles, often up to their arm-pits, at the dark bottom, in a yielding mixture of water and slimy mud—was utterly exhausting; and when to this was joined the chance, too often resulting in certainty, that the fairest prospects would be blasted—a rich vein turning suddenly from its direct course, and leaving a number of arduous miners at their bottoms in the lurch—it will not be denied that all earned faithfully their golden wages. In fact, Ballarat digging was no amateur work. A brace of jolly sailors, singing "Britons never shall be slaves," were interrupted by a yellow digger, just returned to daylight from a deep, wet hole, with "Shut up, you pair of bloody fools! Only take my place, below there, for six hours, and see whether Britons ever can be slaves or not!"

While a good many reaped rich returns for their hard and dangerous work, not a few persistently drew blanks in the great lottery. One tragic story was related of a company of young English gentlemen, all younger brothers of good families, who came fresh from Oxford to try their fortune at Ballarat. They had a moderate joint-stock capital on landing, and set themselves down industriously to dig. Claim after claim they dug

down faithfully, but always came to a barren bottom. Meantime, live sparely and temperately as they would, their scant means were exhausted. Their few trinkets were sold, and they tried again, and with the sympathy of all the miners, for they were general favorites, and their ill-luck was known. Cheerful to the last, they worked down, down with a steady rapidity which augured of success; and one day, as the evening hour was approaching, a cry, a tone of exultation came up from the bottom of the shaft: "Haul up, my boys! haul away! The time is come at last!" They did haul heartily, and with gladsome hearts, feeling the heavy weight coming up. But, alas! when it came to the surface, instead of a bucket of gold it was the dead body of their dear companion! He had struck the barren bottom during his spell below; and detaching the bucket, in despair, fixed the windlass-rope about his neck and called upon his friends to strangle him. There was a sorrowing funeral; but ere the generous diggers could collect the sum of money with which they could have been started again —the same night, in fact—the company left the place. Let us hope they had better luck thereafter.

Besides fields such as Ballarat, there were a few spots, such as Mount Korong, where the nuggets lay loose upon the surface. But these were still riskier than the mining spots; for though a few very lucky hunters got immense wealth—one man having found a monster nugget, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and worth over thirty-five thousand dollars—the great mass spent their money in a fruitless search, and returned, beggared and half-starved, to hard work but surer returns. This Mount Korong place was discovered accidentally by a traveling party, whose teams got stuck in the mud of its vicinity. Impatient to get to the Bendigo diggings, the party spent their idle time in profitless prospecting, until, being about to make a start, and hunting up their stray bullocks, they came suddenly upon a conical, sparsely-wooded hill whose surface was literally strewed with big nuggets. How much this party got was never discovered; but they returned home without farther delay. Their secret was discovered by their imprudent boasts when out on a drinking jollification. A rush was made by a few hundred miners in the immediate neighborhood, who took off, without delay, all the auriferous pebbles they could find; many getting as much gold as they could carry, and one small child being seen toddling along with a fifteen-pound chunk in his diminutive arms. The strangest of all was, that though the ground was immediately riddled by ardent miners, no speck of gold was ever found below the surface.

Another rich district was the Woolshed. Here all who secured claims made large fortunes. Hands were employed by claim-holders at the wages of ten dollars per day, and found; and parties took out often five thousand ounces per week from a single claim. Here the greatest extravagance prevailed. It was no unusual thing for "bosses" (claim-owners) coming into town, after a week's work, to spend five hundred dollars on drinks round for their hands. One "boss" *shouted* to the tune of fifteen hundred dollars, "for which," remarks Mr. Kelley, "the value received was probably within fifty dollars." It is evident that if miners made money liquor-sellers made more. The gains were so large at these Woolsheds, that though the overseers received from bosses one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week salary, if, on paying off hands on Saturday, they had from two hundred to four hundred dollars over in loose change, it was etiquette to make them keep it as pocket-money. And when Mr. Cameron was, in 1855, elected Member of Parliament for this district, the men not only subscribed his property qualification at once, but shod his riding-horse with shoes of solid gold.

Luckiest among the lucky in the Australian diggings were children and sailors. So unfailing was this, that even a party of drunken tars who had been led by a shrewd knave to purchase a "salted" hole, digging manfully down, came upon a rich and paying bottom—to the rogue vendor's infinite disgust. And Mr. Kelley speaks of two ragged urchins, mere children, bringing to his quartz mills a bag of rocks they had picked up, which, on pounding out, produced no less than thirteen pounds of gold! The little fellows refused to tell where they picked up this stuff, and so shrewdly concealed their tracks that no one ever found out. But a few days after they returned with a barrow-load so rich that they were immediately offered six thousand dollars for it. This time the mill-hands determined to dog their steps; but the astute youngsters, instead of returning immediately, announced that "they were going to *shout* for all hands at the Harp of Erin," a tavern near by, and there continued their shouts till the self-constituted detectives were in a state which rendered the finding even of their own tents an elaborate puzzle; whereupon the lucky children disappeared.

Among the slight drawbacks to the entire felicity of Australian digging life must be mentioned fleas and flies. Beds, blankets, shirts, and persons were covered with the former; and Mr. Kelley's first experience of their powers and numbers disclosed to him the fact that a tent in the gold districts was only a flea-hole, millions on millions of these brisk little animals swarming in the warm sand around every fire. To new-comers this was an intolerable pest, but old stagers paid no attention to it. There seems, however, to be a difference even in fleas—a gentleman digger, on being offered a bed, when out on a visit, replying, "Thank you, no; I can't get on with strange fleas, though I don't mind my own swarm now I've got used to them." To catch these pests by the common method of running down individuals would have been a waste of literally *golden* opportunities. An ingenious digger naturalist, however, discovered a way of clearing a blanket or opossum-skin by wholesale, which deserves mention here. Ant-hills were

numerous in the land; and before this digger went to work in the morning he spread his blanket over an ant-hill, and over this his opossum-skin rug, the flesh side uppermost. The heat of the sun striking on the hard skin, drove the fleas to the blanket, where their mortal enemies, the ants, stood prepared, in vast numbers, to pounce upon them and carry them off to subterraneous dungeons. The whole process was found to occupy but a few minutes, and the blanket and rug were "fit for immediate use;" as the ants only remained long enough to carry off the fleas.

Fleas by night, flies by day, and by myriads. In such vast swarms, indeed, that in the town-houses the use of a poison for their destruction became a nuisance from the numbers continually falling dead into and upon every thing eatable and drinkable. When the poison was used it was necessary to sweep out bucketfuls of flies two or three times a day. In the diggings they not only persecuted the men overground, producing by their bite a species of ophthalmia called fly-blight, but they descended after them in the holes, a larger species of the bluebottle persistently flicking out the dim light by which the men worked at depths of over a hundred feet. A most singular fact was, that these bluebottles increased in numbers as the symptoms of foul air became evident at the bottoms of deep shafts, seeming to grow more lively as the atmosphere became more intolerable; and so sure an indication were they of danger that their presence in numbers grew to be regarded by miners as a premonition of danger. It is remarkable that as the country was settled up the flies decreased, until, in 1857, the diggings were almost flyless.

Highway robbery was a profitable profession during the earlier years of the gold discovery; and great cruelties were sometimes committed on stubborn diggers who refused to give up their gold. Two young fellows being beset, had time to hide their precious dust, and resolutely declined giving it up. Hereupon the robber party placed one upon a frying-pan over a fire. The other, when he heard his comrade's flesh fizzing, could hold out no longer, but surrendered. Mr. Kelley was himself "stuck up," but by a gentle band. Riding along a lonely road he was overtaken by a party of horsemen, who pleasantly passed the usual compliments of strangers on meeting. After remarking on the fineness of the morning, the best-looking of the three handed over a well-filled cigar case, saying, "Bound for town, I suppose?"

Mr. Kelley. "Yes. But I do not smoke, thank you."

Gentlemanly Robber. "Well, Sir, as our lines diverge just here, be so good as to favor me with an inspection of your pocket-book."

The language was so good, and the voice so mild, that it seemed at first a joke. A glance at the eyes of the party told the story, however, and Mr. Kelley without hesitation handed over his porte-monnaie and note-book, which were received with a politeness worthy a better cause. A transient shade passed over the robber's countenance as he remarked their emptiness; but asking, with a keen glance, "All, 'pon honor?" and receiving an assurance to that effect, he handed the empty receptacles back, saying, "When we next have the pleasure of meeting I trust your valuable possessions will exceed the sum of sixteen and sixpence;" after which speech the two cantered off. The best part of the joke remains. Charmed with his encounter, Mr. K. journeyed on and reached a small inn toward nightfall, when he determined to stop. Ordering supper, it was served in the common room, where he found three gentlemen seated enjoying the same meal. A close examination showed them to be his friends of the road. They invited him to a rubber of whist, and this produced a confidential talk, in which, while acknowledging themselves professional "overseers of the highways," they lamented "the unprofessional manner in which the business was generally conducted in the colony, and the unworthy persons embarked in it," which prevented them from giving Mr. K. even a safe-conduct.

A party on the same road, carrying gold dust on horseback, did not fare so well. They were shot, robbed, and tied up in the bush, where they might have starved to death had they not been luckily found. And beyond this, one of the robbers when tying up his man, happening to feel the ball he had put into his hip, had the cool cruelty to cut it out with his knife, remarking, "This will do for another customer."

We leave Mr. Kelley with two anecdotes of fashionable life at Melbourne. In the hotels, and at the balls and receptions of the rich but unpolished residents, the most curious scenes constantly took place. A sturdy digger, sitting at the dinner-table of the "Criterion," heard a French gentleman calling, "Garçon, bring me the carte." Whereupon the indignant digger proceeded to remind him "that he was up stairs, and if he wanted his cart to go down into the yard and get it himself, and be —— to him, for an ill-mannered cub." But the richest display of digger ingenuousness must have occurred at a ball given by a certain alderman to Sir Charles Hotham, then newly appointed Governor. An elated alderman and his spouse carried off the Governor and Lady Hotham to the refreshment saloon; the alderman affably remarking, on the way, "It's —— hot, my lady." What followed was thus literally reported:

Alderman (thumping the counter). "Now, then, what'll your Excellencies have—stiff or limber?"

Aldermaness (giving a suggestive pluck to Lady Hotham's gown). "Take an old hand's advice an' try a brandy cocktail; it's mate, drink, washing, and lodging, all in one."

It was a trying moment for the Governor, a prim, well-starched old gentleman. But Lady Hotham was equal to the emergency, and, determined to achieve the good-will of the people, drained the cocktail as per advice.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LXVIII.

IN WHICH HARRY GOES WESTWARD.

OUR tender hearts are averse to all ideas and descriptions of parting; and I shall therefore say nothing of Harry Warrington's feelings at taking leave of his brother and friends. Were not thousands of men in the same plight? Had not Mr. Wolfe his mother to kiss (his brave father had quitted life during his son's absence on the glorious Louisbourg campaign), and his sweet-heart to clasp in a farewell embrace? Had not stout Admiral Holmes, before sailing westward with his squadron, the *Somerset*, the *Terrible*, the *Northumberland*, the *Royal William*, the *Trident*, the *Diana*, the *Sea-horse*—his own flag being hoisted on board the *Dublin*—to take leave of Mrs. and the Misses Holmes? Was Admiral Saunders, who sailed the day after him, exempt from human feeling? Away go William and his crew of jovial sailors plowing through the tumbling waves, and poor Black-eyed Susan on shore watches the ship as it dwindles in the sunset.

It dwindles in the west. The night falls darkling over the ocean. They are gone: but their hearts are at home yet a while. In silence, with a heart inexpressibly soft and tender, how each man thinks of those he has left! What a chorus of pitiful prayer rises up to the Father, at sea and on shore, on that parting night: at home by the vacant bedside, where the wife kneels in tears; round the fire, where the mother and children together pour out their supplications: or on deck, where the sea-farer looks up to the stars of heaven, as the ship cleaves through the roaring midnight waters! To-morrow the sun rises upon our common life again, and we commence our daily task of toil and duty.

George accompanies his brother, and stays a while with him at Portsmouth while they are waiting for a wind. He shakes Mr. Wolfe's hand, looks at his pale face for the last time; and sees the vessels depart amidst the clangor of bells and the thunder of cannon from the shore. Next day he is back at his home, and at that business which is sure one of the most selfish and absorbing of the world's occupations, to which almost every man who is thirty years old has served ere this his apprenticeship. He has a pang of sadness as he looks in at the lodgings to the little room which Harry used to occupy, and sees his half-burned papers still in the grate. In a few minutes he is on his way to Dean Street again, and whispering by the fitful firelight in the ear of the clinging sweet-heart. She is very happy—oh! so happy!—at his return. She is ashamed of being so. Is it not heartless to be so, when poor Hetty is so melancholy? Poor little Hetty! Indeed, it *is* selfish to be glad when she is in such a sad way. It makes one quite wretched to see her. "Don't, Sir! Well, I *ought* to be wretched, and it's very, very wicked of me if I'm not," says Theo; and one can understand her soft-hearted repentance. What she means by "Don't" who can tell? I have said the room was dark, and the fire burned fitfully—and "Don't" is no doubt uttered in one of the dark fits. Enter servants with supper and lights. The family arrives; the conversation becomes general. The destination of the fleet is known every where now. The force on board is sufficient to beat all the French in Canada; and, under such an officer as Wolfe, to repair the blunders and disasters of previous campaigns. He looked dreadfully ill, indeed. But he has a great soul in a feeble body. The ministers, the country hope the utmost from him. After supper, according to custom, Mr. Lambert assembles his modest household, of whom George Warrington may be said quite to form a part; and as he prays for all travelers by land and water, Theo and her sister are kneeling together. And so, as the ship speeds farther and farther into the west, the fond thoughts pursue it: and the night passes, and the sun rises.

A day or two more and every body is at his books or his usual work. As for George Warrington, that celebrated dramatist is busy about another composition. When the tragedy of Carpezan had run some thirty or two-score nights other persons of genius took possession of the theatre.

There may have been persons who wondered how the town could be so fickle as ever to tire of such a master-piece as the Tragedy—who could not bear to see the actors dressed in other habits, reciting other men's verses; but George, of a skeptical turn of mind, took the fate of his Tragedy very philosophically, and pocketed the proceeds with much quiet satisfaction. From Mr. Dodsley, the bookseller, he had the usual

complement of a hundred pounds; from the manager of the theatre two hundred or more; and such praises from the critics and his friends, that he set to work to prepare another piece, with which he hoped to achieve even greater successes than by his first performance.

Over these studies, and the other charming business which occupies him, months pass away. Happy business! Happiest time of youth and life, when love is first spoken and returned; when the dearest eyes are daily shining welcome, and the fondest lips never tire of whispering their sweet secrets; when the parting look that accompanies "Good-night!" gives delightful warning of to-morrow; when the heart is so overflowing with love and happiness that it has to spare for all the world; when the day closes with glad prayers and opens with joyful hopes; when doubt seems cowardice, misfortune impossible, poverty only a sweet trial of constancy! Theo's elders, thankfully remembering their own prime, sit softly by and witness this pretty comedy performed by their young people. And in one of his later letters, dutifully written to his wife during a temporary absence from home, George Warrington records how he had been to look up at the windows of the dear old house in Dean Street, and wondered who was sitting in the chamber where he and Theo had been so happy.

Meanwhile we can learn how the time passes, and our friends are engaged, by some extracts from George's letters to his brother.

"From the old window opposite Bedford Gardens, this 20th *August*, 1759.

"Why are you gone back to rugged rocks, bleak shores, burning summers, nipping winters, at home, when you might have been cropping ever so many laurels in Germany? Kingsley's are coming back as covered with 'em as Jack-a-Green on May-day. Our six regiments did wonders; and our horse would have done if my Lord George Sackville only had let them. But when Prince Ferdinand said 'Charge!' his lordship could not hear, or could not translate the German word for 'Forward;' and so we only beat the French, without utterly annihilating them, as we might, had Lord Granby or Mr. Warrington had the command. My lord is come back to town, and is shouting for a Court Martial. He held his head high enough in prosperity: in misfortune he shows such a constancy of arrogance that one almost admires him. He looks as if he rather envied poor Mr. Byng, and the not shooting him were a *manque d'égards* toward him.

"The Duke has had notice to get himself in readiness for departing from this world of grandeurs and victories, and downfalls and disappointments. An attack of palsy has visited his Royal Highness; and *pallida mors* has just peeped in at his door, as it were, and said, 'I will call again.' Tyrant as he was, this prince has been noble in disgrace; and no king has ever had a truer servant than ours has found in his son. Why do I like the losing side always, and am I disposed to revolt against the winners? Your famous Mr. P——, your chief's patron and discoverer, I have been to hear in the House of Commons twice or thrice. I revolt against his magniloquence. I wish some little David would topple over that swelling giant. His thoughts and his language are always attitudinizing. I like Barry's manner best, though the other is the more awful actor.

"Pocahontas gets on apace. Barry likes his part of Captain Smith; and, though he will have him wear a red coat and blue facings and an epaulet, I have a fancy to dress him exactly like one of the pictures of Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen at Hampton Court: with a ruff and a square beard and square shoes. 'And Pocahontas—would you like her to be tattooed?' asks Uncle Lambert. Hagan's part as the warrior who is in love with her, and seeing her partiality for the Captain, nobly rescues him from death, I trust will prove a hit. A strange fish is this Hagan: his mouth full of stage-plays and rant, but good, honest, and brave, if I don't err. He is angry at having been cast lately for Sir O'Brallaghan, in Mr. Macklin's new farce of Love A-la-mode. He says that he does not keer to disgreece his tongue with imiteetions of that rascal brogue. As if there was any call for imiteetions, when he has such an admirable twang of his own!

"Shall I tell you? Shall I hide the circumstance? Shall I hurt your feelings? Shall I set you in a rage of jealousy, and cause you to ask for leave to return to Europe? Know, then, that though Carpezan is long since dead, Cousin Maria is forever coming to the play-house. Tom Spencer has spied her out night after night in the gallery, and she comes on the night when Hagan performs. Quick, Burroughs, Mr. Warrington's boots and portmanteau! Order a chaise and four for Portsmouth immediately! The letter which I burned one morning when we were at breakfast (I may let the cat out of the bag, now puss has such a prodigious way to run) was from Cousin M., hinting that she wished me to tell no tales about her; but I can't help just whispering to you that Maria at this moment is busy consoling herself as fast as possible. Shall I spoil sport? Shall I tell her brother? Is the affair any business of mine? What have the Esmonds done for you and me but win our money at cards? Yet I like our noble cousin. It seems to me that he would be good if he could —or rather, he would have been once. He has been set on a wrong way of life, from which 'tis now probably too late to rescue him. *O beati agricolæ!* Our Virginia was dull, but let us thank Heaven we were bred there. We were made little slaves, but not slaves to wickedness, gambling, bad male and female company. It was not until my poor Harry left home that he fell among thieves. I mean thieves *en grand*, such as waylaid him and stripped him on English high-roads. I consider you none the worse because you were the unlucky one, and had to deliver your purse up. And now you are going to retrieve, and make a good name for yourself;

and kill more 'French dragons,' and become a great commander. And our mother will talk of her son the Captain, the Colonel, the General, and have his picture painted with all his stars and epaulets, when poor I shall be but a dawdling poetaster, or, if we may hope for the best, a snug placeman, with a little box at Richmond or Kew, and a half-score of little picaninnies, that will come and bob courtesies at the garden-gate when their uncle the General rides up on his great charger, with his aid-de-camp's pockets filled with gingerbread for the nephews and nieces. 'Tis for you to brandish the sword of Mars. As for me I look forward to a quiet life; a quiet little home, a quiet little library full of books, and a little Some one *dulce ridentem*, *dulce loquentem*, on t'other side of the fire, as I scribble away at my papers. I am so pleased with this prospect, so utterly contented and happy, that I feel afraid as I think of it, lest it should escape me; and, even to my dearest Hal, am shy of speaking of my happiness. What is ambition to me, with this certainty? What do I care for wars, with this beatific peace smiling near?

"Our mother's friend, Mynheer Van den Bosch, has been away on a tour to discover his family in Holland, and, strange to say, has found one. Miss (who was intended by maternal solicitude to be a wife for your worship) has had six months at Kensington School, and is coming out with a hundred pretty accomplishments, which are to complete her a perfect fine lady. Her Papa brought her to make a courtesy in Dean Street, and a mighty elegant courtesy she made. Though she is scarce seventeen, no dowager of sixty can be more at her ease. She conversed with Aunt Lambert on an equal footing; she treated the girls as chits—to Hetty's wrath and Theo's amusement. She talked politics with the General, and the last routs, dresses, operas, fashions, scandal, with such perfect ease, that, but for a blunder or two, you might have fancied Miss Lydia was born in Mayfair. At the Court end of the town she will live, she says; and has no patience with her father, who has a lodging in Monument Yard. For those who love a brown beauty, a prettier little *mignonne* creature can not be seen. But my taste, you know, dearest brother, and . . . ."

Here follows a page of raptures and quotations of verse, which, out of a regard for the reader, and the writer's memory, the editor of the present pages declines to reprint. Gentlemen and ladies of a certain age may remember the time when they indulged in these rapturous follies on their own accounts; when the praises of the charmer were forever warbling from their lips or trickling from their pens; when the flowers of life were in full bloom, and all the birds of spring were singing. The twigs are now bare, perhaps, and the leaves have fallen; but, for all that, shall we not remember the vernal time? As for you, young people, whose May (or April, is it?) has not commenced yet, you need not be detained over other folks' love-rhapsodies; depend on it, when your spring-season arrives, kindly Nature will warm all your flowers into bloom, and rouse your glad bosoms to pour out their full song.



CHAPTER LXIX.

A LITTLE INNOCENT.

George Warrington has mentioned in the letter just quoted, that in spite of my Lord Castlewood's previous play transactions with Harry, my lord and George remained friends, and met on terms of good kinsmanship. Did George want franks, or an introduction at Court, or a place in the House of Lords to hear a debate, his cousin was always ready to serve him, was a pleasant and witty companion, and would do any thing which might promote his relative's interests, provided his own were not prejudiced.

Now he even went so far as to promise that he would do his best with the people in power to provide a place for Mr. George Warrington, who daily showed a greater disinclination to return to his native country, and place himself once more under the maternal servitude. George had not merely a sentimental motive for remaining in England; the pursuits and society of London pleased him infinitely better than any which he could have at home. A planter's life of idleness might have suited him could he have enjoyed independence with it. But in Virginia he was only the first, and, as he thought, the worst-treated, of his mother's subjects. He dreaded to think of returning with his young bride to his home, and of the life which she would be destined to lead there. Better freedom and poverty in England, with congenial society, and a hope perchance of future distinction, than the wearisome routine of home life, the tedious subordination, the frequent bickerings, the certain jealousies and differences of opinion, to which he must subject his wife so soon as they turned their faces homeward.

So Lord Castlewood's promise to provide for George was very eagerly accepted by the Vir-

ginian. My lord had not provided very well for his own brother to be sure, and his own position, peer as he was, was any thing but enviable; but we believe what we wish to believe, and George Warrington chose to put great stress upon his kinsman's offer of patronage. Unlike the Warrington family, Lord Castlewood was quite gracious when he was made acquainted with George's engagement to Miss Lambert; came to wait upon her parents; praised George to them and the young lady to George, and made himself so prodigiously agreeable in their company that these charitable folk forgot his bad reputation, and thought it must be a very wicked and scandalous world which maligned him. He said, indeed, that he was improved in their society, as every man must be who came into it. Among them he was witty, lively, good for the time being. He left his wickedness and worldliness with his cloak in the hall, and only put them on again when he stepped into his chair. What worldling on life's voyage does not know of some such harbor of rest and calm, some haven where he puts in out of the storm? Very likely Lord Castlewood was actually better while he staid with those good people, and for the time being, at least no hypocrite.

And, I dare say, the Lambert elders thought no worse of his lordship for openly proclaiming his admiration for Miss Theo. It was quite genuine, and he did not profess it was very deep.

"It don't affect my sleep, and I am not going to break my heart because Miss Lambert prefers somebody else," he remarked. "Only I wish when I was a young man, Madam, I had had the good fortune to meet with somebody so innocent and good as your daughter. I might have been kept out of a deal of harm's way. But innocent and good young women did not fall into mine, or they would have made me better than I am."

"Sure, my lord, it is not too late!" says Mrs. Lambert, very softly.

Castlewood started back, misunderstanding her.

"Not too late, Madam?" he inquired.

She blushed.

"It is too late to court my dear daughter, my lord, but not too late to repent. We read, 'tis never too late to do that. If others have been received at the eleventh hour, is there any reason why you should give up hope?"

"Perhaps I know my own heart better than you," he says, in a plaintive tone. "I can speak French and German very well, and why? because I was taught both in the nursery. A man who learns them late can never get the practice of them on his tongue. And so 'tis the case with goodness; I can't learn it at my age. I can only see others practice it, and admire them. When I am on—on the side opposite to Lazarus, will Miss Theo give me a drop of water? Don't frown! I know I shall be there, Mrs. Lambert. Some folks are doomed so; and I think some of our family are among these. Some people are vacillating, and one hardly knows which way the scale will turn. Whereas some are predestined angels, and fly heavenward naturally, and do what they will."

"Oh, my lord, and why should you not be of the predestined? While there is a day left—while there is an hour—there is hope!" says the fond matron.

"I know what is passing in your mind, my dear madam—nay, I read your prayers in your looks; but how can they avail?" Lord Castlewood asked, sadly. "You don't know all, my good lady. You don't know what a life ours is of the world; how early it began; how selfish Nature, and then necessity and education have made us. It is Fate holds the reins of the chariot, and we can't escape our doom. I know better: I see better people: I go my own way—my own? No, not mine—Fate's; and it is not altogether without pity for us, since it allows us, from time to time, to see such people as you." And he took her hand and looked her full in the face, and bowed with a melancholy grace. Every word he said was true. No greater error than to suppose that weak and bad men are strangers to good feelings, or deficient of sensibility. Only the good feeling does not last—nay, the tears are a kind of debauch of sentiment, as old libertines are said to find that the tears and grief of their victims add a zest to their pleasure. But Mrs Lambert knew little of what was passing in this man's mind (how should she?), and so prayed for him with the fond persistence of woman. He was much better—yes, much better than he was supposed to be. He was a most interesting man. There were hopes, why should there not be the most precious hopes for him still?

It remains to be seen which of the two speakers formed the correct estimate of my lord's character. Meanwhile, if the gentleman was right, the lady was mollified, and her kind wishes and prayers for this experienced sinner's repentance, if they were of no avail for his amendment, at least could do him no harm. Kind-souled doctors (and what good woman is not of the faculty?) look after a reprobate as physicians after a perilous case. When the patient is converted to health their interest ceases in him, and they drive to feel pulses and prescribe medicines elsewhere.

But while the malady was under treatment our kind lady could not see too much of her sick man. Quite an intimacy sprung up between my Lord Castlewood and the Lamberts. I am not sure that some worldly views might not suit even with good Mrs. Lambert's spiritual plans (for who knows into what pure Eden, though guarded by flaming-sworded angels, worldliness will not creep?). Her son was about to take orders. My Lord Castlewood feared very much that his present Chaplain's, Mr. Sampson's, careless life and heterodox conversations might lead him to give up his chaplaincy; in which case, my lord hinted the little modest cure would be vacant, and at the service of some young divine of good principles and good manners, who would be con-

tent with a small stipend, and a small but friendly congregation.

Thus an acquaintance was established between the two families, and the ladies of Castlewood, always on their good behavior, came more than once to make their courtesies in Mrs. Lambert's drawing-room. They were civil to the parents and the young ladies. My Lady Castlewood's card assemblies were open to Mrs. Lambert and her family. There was play, certainly—all the world played—his Majesty, the bishops, every peer and peeress in the land. But nobody need play who did not like; and surely nobody need have scruples regarding the practice when such august and venerable personages were daily found to abet it. More than once Mrs. Lambert made her appearance at her ladyship's routs, and was grateful for the welcome which she received, and pleased with the admiration which her daughters excited.

Mention has been made, in a foregoing page and letter, of an American family of Dutch extraction, who had come to England very strongly recommended by Madam Esmond, their Virginian neighbor, to her sons in Europe. The views expressed in Madam Esmond's letter were so clear that that arch match-maker Mrs. Lambert could not but understand them. As for George, he was engaged already; as for poor Hetty's flame, Harry, he was gone on service, for which circumstance Hetty's mother was not very sorry perhaps. She laughingly told George that he ought to obey his mamma's injunctions, break off his engagement with Theo, and make up to Miss Lydia, who was ten times—ten times! a hundred times as rich as her poor girl, and certainly much handsomer. "Yes, indeed," says George, "that I own: she is handsomer, and she is richer, and perhaps even cleverer." (All which praises Mrs. Lambert but half liked.) "But say she is all these? So is Mr. Johnson much cleverer than I am: so is, whom shall we say?—so is Mr. Hagan, the actor, much taller and handsomer: so is Sir James Lowther much richer: yet pray, ma'am, do you suppose I am going to be jealous of any one of these three, or think my Theo would jilt me for their sakes? Why should I not allow that Miss Lydia is handsomer, then? and richer, and clever, too, and lively, and well bred, if you insist on it, and an angel if you will have it so? Theo is not afraid: art thou, child?"

"No, George," says Theo, with such an honest look of the eyes as would convince any skepticism, or shame any jealousy. And if, after this pair of speeches, mamma takes occasion to leave the room for a minute to fetch her scissors, or her thimble, or a boot-jack and slippers, or the cross and ball on the top of St. Paul's, or her pocket-handkerchief which she has forgotten in the parlor—if, I say, Mrs. Lambert quits the room on any errand or pretext, natural or preposterous, I shall not be in the least surprised if, at her return in a couple of minutes, she finds George in near proximity to Theo, who has a heightened color, and whose hand George is just dropping, I shall not have the least idea of what they have been doing. Have you, madam? Have you any remembrance of what used to happen when Mr. Grundy came a-courting? Are you, who, after all, were not in the room with our young people, going to cry out fie and for shame? Then fie and for shame upon you, Mrs. Grundy!

Well, Harry being away, and Theo and George irrevocably engaged, so that there was no possibility of bringing Madam Esmond's little plans to bear, why should not Mrs. Lambert have plans of her own? and if a rich, handsome, beautiful little wife should fall in his way, why should not Jack Lambert from Oxford have her? So thinks Mamma, who was always thinking of marrying and giving in marriage, and so she prattles to General Lambert, who, as usual, calls her a goose for her pains. At any rate, Mrs. Lambert says, beauty and riches are no objection; at any rate, Madam Esmond desired that this family should be hospitably entertained, and it was not her fault that Harry was gone away to Canada. Would the General wish him to come back; leave the army and his reputation, perhaps; yes, and come to England and marry this American, and break poor Hetty's heart—would her father wish that? Let us spare further arguments, and not be so rude as to hint that Mr. Lambert was in the right in calling a fond wife by the name of that absurd splay-footed bird, annually sacrificed at the Feast of St. Michael.

In those early days there were vast distinctions of rank drawn between the Court and city people: and Mr. Van den Bosch, when he first came to London, scarcely associated with any but the latter sort. He had a lodging near his agent's in the city. When his pretty girl came from school for a holiday, he took her an airing to Islington or Highgate, or an occasional promenade in the Artillery Ground in Bunhill Fields. They went to that Baptist meeting-house in Finsbury Fields, and on the sly to see Mr. Garrick once or twice, or that funny rogue Mr. Foote, at the Little Theatre. To go to a Lord Mayor's feast was a treat to the gentleman of the highest order: and to dance with a young mercer at Hampstead Assembly gave the utmost delight to the young lady. When George went to wait upon his mother's friends, he found our old acquaintance, Mr. Draper, of the Temple, sedulous in his attentions to her; and the lawyer, who was married, told Mr. Warrington to look out, as the young lady had a plumb to her fortune. Mr. Drabshaw, a young Quaker gentleman, and nephew of Mr. Trail, Madam Esmond's Bristol agent, was also in constant attendance upon the young lady, and in dreadful alarm and suspicion when Mr. Warrington first made his appearance. Wishing to do honor to his mother's neighbors, Mr. Warrington invited them to an entertainment at his own apartments; and who should so naturally meet them as his friends from Soho? Not one of them but was forced to own little Miss Lydia's beauty. She had the foot of a fairy; the arms,

neck, flashing eyes of a little brown huntress of Diana. She had brought a little plaintive accent from home with her—of which I, *moi qui vous parle*, have heard a hundred gross cockney imitations, and watched as many absurd disguises, and which I say (in moderation) is charming in the mouth of a charming woman. Who sets up to say No forsooth? You, dear Miss Whittington, with whose h's fate has dealt so unkindly?—you, lovely Miss Nichol Jarvie, with your northern burr?—you, beautiful Miss Molony, with your Dame Street warble? All accents are pretty from pretty lips, and who shall set the standard up? Shall it be a rose, or a thistle, or a shamrock, or a star and stripe? As for Miss Lydia's accent, I have no doubt it was not odious even from the first day when she set foot on these polite shores, otherwise Mr. Warrington, as a man of taste, had certainly disapproved of her manner of talking, and her school-mistress at Kensington had not done her duty by her pupil.

After the six months were over, during which, according to her father's calculation, she was to learn all the accomplishments procurable at the Kensington Academy, Miss Lydia returned nothing loth to her grandfather, and took her place in the world. A narrow world at first it was to her; but she was a resolute little person, and resolved to enlarge her sphere in society; and whither she chose to lead the way, the obedient grandfather followed her. He had been thwarted himself in early life, he said, and little good came of the severity he underwent. He had thwarted his own son, who had turned out but ill. As for little Lyddy, he was determined she should have as pleasant a life as was possible. Did not Mr. George think he was right? 'Twas said in Virginia—he did not know with what reason—that the young gentlemen of Castlewood had been happier if Madam Esmond had allowed them a little of their own way. George could not gainsay this public rumor, or think of inducing the benevolent old gentleman to alter his plans respecting his grand-daughter. As for the Lambert family, how could they do otherwise than welcome the kind old man, the parent so tender and liberal, Madam Esmond's good friend?

When Miss came from school, grandpapa removed from Monument Yard to an elegant house in Bloomsbury, whither they were followed at first by their city friends. There were merchants from Virginia Walk; there were worthy tradesmen, with whom the worthy old merchant had dealings; there were their ladies and daughters and sons, who were all highly gracious to Miss Lyddy. It would be a long task to describe how these disappeared one by one—how there were no more junketings at Belsize, or trips to Highgate, or Saturday jaunts to Deputy Higgs's villa, Highbury, or country dances at honest Mr. Lutestring's house at Hackney. Even the Sunday practice was changed; and, Oh abomination of abominations! Mr. Van den Bosch left Bethesda Chapel in Bunhill Row and actually took a pew in Queen Square Church!

Queen Square Church, and Mr. George Warrington lived hard by in Southampton Row! 'Twas easy to see at whom Miss Lyddy was setting her cap, and Mr. Draper, who had been full of her and her grandfather's praises before, now took occasion to warn Mr. George, and gave him very different reports regarding Mr. Van den Bosch to those which had first been current. Mr. Van d. B., for all he bragged so of his Dutch parentage, came from Albany, and was nobody's son at all. He had made his money by land speculation, or by privateering (which was uncommonly like piracy), and by the Guinea trade. His son had married—if marriage it could be called, which was very doubtful—an assigned servant, and had been cut off by his father, and had taken to bad courses, and had died, luckily for himself, in his own bed.

"Mr. Draper has told you bad tales about me," said the placid old gentleman to George. "Very likely we are all sinners, and some evil may be truly said of all of us, with a great deal more that is untrue. Did he tell you that my son was unhappy with me? I told you so too. Did he bring you wicked stories about my family? He liked it so well that he wanted to marry my Lyddy to his brother. Heaven bless her! I have had a many offers for her. And you are the young gentleman I should have chose for her, and I like you none the worse because you prefer somebody else; though what you can see in your Miss, as compared to my Lyddy, begging your honor's pardon, I am at a loss to understand."

"There is no accounting for tastes, my good Sir," said Mr. George, with his most superb air.

"No, Sir; 'tis a wonder of nature, and daily happens. When I kept store to Albany, there was one of your tip-top gentry there that might have married my dear daughter that was alive then, and with a pretty piece of money, whereby—for her father and I had quarreled—Miss Lyddy would have been a pauper, you see: and in place of my beautiful Bella, my gentleman chooses a little homely creature, no prettier than your Miss, and without a dollar to her fortune. The more fool he, saving your presence, Mr. George."

"Pray don't save my presence, my good Sir," says George, laughing. "I suppose the gentleman's word was given to the other lady, and he had seen her first, and hence was indifferent to your charming daughter."

"I suppose when a young fellow gives his word to perform a cursed piece of folly he always sticks to it, my dear Sir, begging your pardon. But Lord, Lord, what am I speaking of? I am a speaking of twenty year ago. I was well-to-do then, but I may say Heaven has blessed my store, and I am three times as well off now. Ask my agents how much they will give for Joseph Van den Bosch's bill at six months on New York—or at sight maybe—for forty thousand pound? I warrant they will discount the paper."

"Happy he who has the bill, Sir!" says George,

with a bow, not a little amused with the candor of the old gentleman.

"Lord, Lord, how mercenary you young men are!" cries the elder, simply. "Always thinking about money nowadays! Happy he who has the girl, I should say—the money ain't the question, my dear Sir, when it goes along with such a lovely young thing as that—though I humbly say it, who oughtn't, and who am her fond, silly old grandfather. We were talking about you, Lyddy darling—come, give me a kiss, my Blessing! We were talking about you, and Mr. George said he wouldn't take you with all the money your poor old grandfather can give you."

"Nay, Sir," says George.

"Well, you are right to say nay, for I didn't say all, that's the truth. My Blessing will have a deal more than that trifle I spoke of, when it shall please Heaven to remove me out of this world to a better—when poor old Gappy is gone, Lyddy will be a rich little Lyddy, that she will. But she don't wish me to go yet, does she?"

"Oh, you darling, dear grandpapa!" says Lyddy.

"This young gentleman won't have you. (Lyddy looks an arch 'Thank you, Sir,' from her brown eyes.) But at any rate he is honest, and that is more than we can say of some folks in this wicked London. O Lord, Lord, how mercenary they are! Do you know that yonder, in Monument Yard, they were all at my poor little Blessing for her money? There was Tom Lutestring; there was Mr. Draper, your precious lawyer; there was actually Mr. Tubbs, of Bethesda Chapel; and they must all come buzzing like flies round the honey-pot. That is why we came out of the quarter where my brother tradesmen live."

"To avoid the flies, to be sure!" says Miss Lydia, tossing up her little head.

"Where my brother tradesmen live," continues the old gentleman. "Else who am I to think of consorting with your grandees and fine folk? I don't care for the fashions, Mr. George; I don't care for plays and poetry, begging your honor's pardon; I never went to a play in my life, but to please this little minx."

"Oh, Sir, 'twas lovely! and I cried so, didn't I, grandpapa?" says the child.

"At what, my dear?"

"At—at Mr. Warrington's play, grandpapa."

"Did you, my dear? I dare say; I dare say! It was mail day: and my letters had come in: and my ship the *Lovely Lyddy* had just come into Falmouth; and Captain Joyce reported how he had mercifully escaped a French privateer; and my head was so full of thanks for that escape, which saved me a deal of money, Mr. George—for the rate at which ships is underwrote this war time is so scandalous that I often prefer to venture than to insure—that I confess I didn't listen much to the play, Sir, and only went to please this little Lyddy."

"And you *did* please me, dearest Gappy!" cries the young lady.

"Bless you! then it's all I want. What does a man want more here below than to please his children, Mr. George? especially me, who knew what was to be unhappy when I was young, and to repent of having treated this darling's father too hard."

"Oh, grandpapa!" cries the child, with more caresses.

"Yes, I *was* too hard with him, dear; and that's why I spoil my little Lydkin so!"

More kisses ensue between Lyddy and Gappy. The little creature flings the pretty polished arms round the old man's neck, presses the dark red lips on his withered cheek, surrounds the venerable head with a halo of powder beaten out of his wig by her caresses; and eyes Mr. George the while, as much as to say, There, Sir! should you not like me to do as much for you?

We confess—but do we confess all? George certainly told the story of his interview with Lyddy and Gappy, and the old man's news regarding his grand-daughter's wealth; but I don't think he told every thing; else Theo would scarce have been so much interested, or so entirely amused and good-humored with Lyddy when next the two young ladies met.

They met now pretty frequently, especially after the old American gentleman took up his residence in Bloomsbury. Mr. Van den Bosch was in the city for the most part of the day, attending to his affairs, and appearing at his place upon 'Change. During his absence Lyddy had the command of the house, and received her guests there like a lady, or rode abroad in a fine coach, which she ordered her grandpapa to keep for her, and into which he could very seldom be induced to set his foot. Before long Miss Lyddy was as easy in the coach as if she had ridden in one all her life. She ordered the domestics here and there; she drove to the mercer's and the jeweler's, and she called upon her friends with the utmost stateliness, or rode abroad with them to take the air. Theo and Hetty were both greatly diverted with her: but would the elder have been quite as well pleased had she known all Miss Lyddy's doings? Not that Theo was of a jealous disposition—far otherwise; but there are cases when a lady has a right to a little jealousy, as I maintain, whatever my fair readers may say to the contrary.

It was because she knew he was engaged, very likely, that Miss Lyddy permitted herself to speak so frankly in Mr. George's praise. When they were alone—and this blessed chance occurred pretty often at Mr. Van den Bosch's house—for we have said he was constantly absent himself on one errand or the other—it was wonderful how artlessly the little creature would show her enthusiasm, asking him all sorts of simple questions about himself, his genius, his way of life at home and in London, his projects of marriage, and so forth.

"I am glad you are going to be married, oh, so glad!" she would say, heaving the most piteous sigh the while, "for I can talk to you frankly, quite frankly as a brother, and not be afraid

of that odious politeness about which they were always scolding me at boarding-school. I may speak to you frankly; and if I like you, I may say so, mayn't I, Mr. George?"

"Pray, say so," says George, with a bow and a smile. "That is a kind of talk which most men delight to hear, especially from such pretty lips as Miss Lydia's."

"What do you know about my lips?" says the girl, with a pout and an innocent look into his face.

"What, indeed?" asks George. "Perhaps I should like to know a great deal more."

"They don't tell nothin' but truth, any how!" says the girl—"that's why some people don't like them! If I have any thing on my mind it must come out. I am a country-bred girl, I am—with my heart in my mouth—all honesty and simplicity—not like your English girls, who have learned I don't know what at their boarding-schools and from the men afterward."

"Our girls are monstrous little hypocrites, indeed!" cries George.

"You are thinking of Miss Lamberts? and I might have thought of them; but I declare I did not then. They have been at boarding-school; they have been in the world a great deal—so much the greater pity for them, for be certain they learned no good there. And now I have said so, of course you will go and tell Miss Theo, won't you, Sir?"

"That she has learned no good in the world? She has scarce spoken to men at all, except her father, her brother, and me. Which of us would teach her any wrong, think you?"

"Oh, not you! Though I can understand its being very dangerous to be with you!" says the girl, with a sigh.

"Indeed there is no danger, and I don't bite!" says George, laughing.

"I didn't say bite," says the girl, softly. "There's other things dangerous besides biting, I should think. Aren't you very witty? Yes, and sarcastic, and clever, and always laughing at people. Haven't you a coaxing tongue? If you was to look at me in that kind of way I don't know what would come to me. Was your brother like you, as I was to have married? Was he as clever and witty as you? I have heard he was like you: but he hadn't your coaxing tongue. Heigho! 'Tis well you are engaged, Master George, that is all. Do you think if you had seen me first you would have liked Miss Theo best?"

"They say marriages were made in heaven, my dear, and let us trust that mine has been arranged there," says George.

"I suppose there was no such thing never known as a man having two sweet-hearts?" asks the artless little maiden. "Guess it's a pity. Oh me! What nonsense I'm a-talking; there now! I'm like the little girl who cried for the moon; and I can't have it. 'Tis too high for me—too high, and splendid, and shining: can't reach up to it nohow. Well, what a foolish, wayward, little spoiled thing I am now! But one thing you promise—on your word and your honor, now, Mr. George?"

"And what is that?"

"That you won't tell Miss Theo, else she'll hate me."

"Why should she hate you?"

"Because I hate her, and wish she was dead!" breaks out the young lady. And the eyes that were looking so gentle and lachrymose but now, flame with sudden wrath, and her cheeks flush up. "For shame!" she adds, after a pause. "I'm a little fool to speak! But whatever is in my heart must come out. I am a girl of the woods, I am. I was bred where the sun is hotter than in this foggy climate; and I am not like your cold English girls, who, before they speak, or think, or feel, must wait for Mamma to give leave. There, there! I may be a little fool for saying what I have. I know you'll go and tell Miss Lambert. Well, do!"

But, as we have said, George didn't tell Miss Lambert. Even from the beloved person there must be some things kept secret; even to himself, perhaps, he did not quite acknowledge what was the meaning of the little girl's confession; or, if he acknowledged it, did not act on it; except in so far as this, perhaps, that my gentleman, in Miss Lydia's presence, was particularly courteous and tender, and in her absence thought of her very kindly, and always with a certain pleasure. It were hard indeed if a man might not repay by a little kindness and gratitude the artless affection of such a warm young heart.

What was that story, meanwhile, which came round to our friends, of young Mr. Lutestring and young Mr. Drabshaw, the Quaker, having a boxing-match at a tavern in the city, and all about this young lady? They fell out over their cups, and fought, probably. Why did Mr. Draper, who had praised her so at first, tell such stories now against her grandfather? "I suspect," says Madame de Bernstein, "that he wants the girl for some client or relation of his own; and that he tells these tales in order to frighten all suitors from her. When she and her grandfather came to me she behaved perfectly well; and I confess, Sir, I thought it was a great pity that you should prefer yonder red-cheeked countryfied little chit, without a half-penny, to this pretty, wild, artless girl, with such a fortune as I hear she has."

"Oh, she has been with you, has she, aunt?" asks George of his relative.

"Of course she has been with me," the other replies, curtly. "Unless your brother has been so silly as to fall in love with that other little Lambert girl—"

"Indeed, ma'am. I think I can say he has not," George remarks.

"Why, then, when he comes back with Mr. Wolfe, should he not take a fancy to this little person, as his Mamma wishes—only, to do us justice, we Esmonds care very little for what our Mammas wish—and marry her, and set up beside you in Virginia? She is to have a great

fortune, which you won't touch. Pray, why should it go out of the family?"

George now learned that Mr. Van den Bosch and his grand-daughter had been often at Madame de Bernstein's house. Taking his favorite walk with his favorite companion to Kensington Gardens, he saw Mr. Van den Bosch's chariot turning into Kensington Square. The Americans were going to visit Lady Castlewood then? He found, on some little inquiry, that they had been more than once with her ladyship. It was, perhaps, strange that they should have said nothing of their visits to George; but, being little curious of other people's affairs, and having no intrigues or mysteries of his own, George was quite slow to imagine them in other people. What mattered to him how often Kensington entertained Bloomsbury, or Bloomsbury made its bow at Kensington?

A number of things were happening at both places, of which our Virginian had not the slightest idea. Indeed, do not things happen under our eyes, and we not see them? Are not comedies and tragedies daily performed before us of which we understand neither the fun nor the pathos? Very likely George goes home thinking to himself, "I have made an impression on the heart of this young creature. She has almost confessed as much. Poor artless little maiden! I wonder what there is in me that she should like me?" Can he be angry with her for this unlucky preference? Was ever a man angry at such a reason? He would not have been so well pleased, perhaps, had he known all; and that he was only one of the performers in the comedy, not the principal character by any means; Rosenkrantz and Gildenstern in the tragedy, the part of Hamlet by a gentleman unknown. How often are our little vanities shocked in this way, and subjected to wholesome humiliation! Have you not fancied that Lucinda's eyes beamed on you with a special tenderness, and presently become aware that she ogles your neighbor with the very same killing glances? Have you not exchanged exquisite whispers with Lalage at the dinner-table (sweet murmurs heard through the hum of the guests, and clatter of the banquet!), and then overheard her whispering the very same delicious phrases to old Surdus in the drawing-room? The sun shines for every body; the flowers smell sweet for all noses; and the nightingale and Lalage warble for all ears—not your long ones only, good Brother!

CHAPTER LXX.

IN WHICH CUPID PLAYS A CONSIDERABLE PART.

We must now, however, and before we proceed with the history of Miss Lydia and her doings, perform the duty of explaining that sentence in Mr. Warrington's letter to his brother which refers to Lady Maria Esmond, and which, to some simple readers, may be still mysterious. For how, indeed, could well-



regulated persons divine such a secret? How could innocent and respectable young people suppose that a woman of noble birth, of ancient family, of mature experience—a woman whom we have seen exceedingly in love only a score of months ago—should so far forget herself as (Oh, my very finger-tips blush as I write the sentence!), as not only to fall in love with a person of low origin, and very many years her junior, but actually to marry him in the face of the world? That is, not exactly in the face, but behind the back of the world, so to speak; for Parson Sampson privily tied the indissoluble knot for the pair at his chapel in May Fair.

Now stop before you condemn her utterly. Because Lady Maria had had, and overcome, a foolish partiality for her young cousin, was that any reason why she should never fall in love with any body else? Are men to have the sole privilege of change, and are women to be rebuked for availing themselves now and again of their little chance of consolation? No invectives can be more rude, gross, and unphilosophical than, for instance, Hamlet's to his mother about her second marriage. The truth, very likely, is, that that tender, parasitic creature wanted a something to cling to, and, Hamlet senior out of the way, twined herself round Claudius. Nay, we have known females so bent on attaching themselves that they can twine round two gentlemen at once. Why, forsooth, shall there not be marriage-tables after funeral baked-meats? If you said grace for your feast yesterday, is that any reason why you shall not be hungry to-day? Your natural fine appetite and relish for this evening's feast shows that to-morrow evening at eight o'clock you will most probably be in want of your dinner. I, for my part, when Flirtilla or Jiltissa were partial to me (the kind reader will please to fancy that I am alluding here to persons of the most ravishing beauty and lofty

rank), always used to bear in mind that a time would come when they would be fond of somebody else. We are served *à la Russe*, and gobbled up a dish at a time, like the folks in Polyphemus's cave. 'Tis *hodie mihi, cras tibi:* there are some Anthropophagi who devour dozens of us—the old, the young, the tender, the tough, the plump, the lean, the ugly, the beautiful: there's no escape, and one after another, as our fate is, we disappear down their omnivorous maws. Look at Lady Ogresham! We all remember, last year, how she served poor Tom Kydd: seized upon him, devoured him, picked his bones, and flung them away. Now it is Ned Suckling she has got into her den. He lies under her great eyes, quivering and fascinated. Look at the poor little trepid creature, panting and helpless under the great eyes! She trails toward him nearer and nearer; he draws to her, closer and closer. Presently there will be one or two feeble squeaks for pity, and—hobblegobble—he will disappear! Ah me! it is pity, too. I knew, for instance, that Maria Esmond had lost her heart ever so many times before Harry Warrington found it; but I liked to fancy that he was going to keep it; that, bewailing mischance and times out of joint, she would yet have preserved her love, and fondled it in decorous celibacy. If, in some paroxysm of senile folly, I should fall in love to-morrow, I shall still try and think I have acquired the fee-simple of my charmer's heart, not that I am only a tenant, on a short lease, of an old battered furnished apartment, where the dingy old wine-glasses have been clouded by scores of pairs of lips, and the tumbled old sofas are muddy with the last lodger's boots. Dear, dear nymph! Being beloved and beautiful! Suppose I had a little passing passion for Glycera (and her complexion really was as pure as splendent Parian marble); suppose you had a fancy for Telephus, and his low collars and absurd neck: those follies are all over now, aren't they? We love each other for good now, don't we? Yes, forever; and Glycera may go to Bath, and Telephus take his *cervicem roseam* to Jack Ketch, *n'est-ce pas?*

No. *We* never think of changing, my dear. However winds blow, or time flies, or spoons stir, *our* potage, which is now so piping hot, will never get cold. Passing fancies we may have allowed ourselves in former days; and really your infatuation for Telephus (don't frown so, my darling creature! and make the wrinkles in your forehead worse)—I say, really it was the talk of the whole town; and as for Glycera, she behaved confoundedly ill to me. Well, well, now that we understand each other, it is forever that our hearts are united, and we can look at Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and snap our fingers at his wig. But this Maria of the last century was a woman of an ill-regulated mind. You, my love, who know the world, know that in the course of this lady's career a great deal must have passed that would not bear the light, or edify in the telling. You know (not, my dear creature, that I mean you have any experience; but you have heard people say—you have heard your mother say) that an old flirt, when she has done playing the fool with one passion, will play the fool with another; that flirting is like drinking; and the brandy being drunk up, you—no, not you—Glycera—the brandy being drunk up, Glycera, who has taken to drinking, will fall upon the gin. So, if Maria Esmond has found a successor for Harry Warrington, and set up a new sultan in the precious empire of her heart, what, after all, could you expect from her? That territory was like the Low Countries, accustomed to being conquered, and forever open to invasion.

And Maria's present enslaver was no other that Mr. Geoghegan or Hagan, the young actor who had performed in George's Tragedy.. His tones were so thrilling, his eye so bright, his mien so noble, he looked so beautiful in his gilt leather armor and large buckled periwig, giving utterance to the poet's glowing verses, that the lady's heart was yielded up to him, even as Ariadne's to Bacchus when her affair with Theseus was over. The young Irishman was not a little touched and elated by the high-born damsel's partiality for him. He might have preferred a Lady Maria Hagan more tender in years, but one more tender in disposition it were difficult to discover. She clung to him closely, indeed. She retired to his humble lodgings in Westminster with him, when it became necessary to disclose their marriage, and when her furious relative disowned her.

General Lambert brought the news home from his office in Whitehall one day, and made merry over it with his family. In those homely times a joke was none the worse for being a little broad; and a fine lady would laugh at a jolly page of Fielding, and weep over a letter of Clarissa, which would make your present ladyship's eyes start out of your head with horror. He uttered all sorts of waggeries, did the merry General, upon the subject of this marriage; upon George's share in bringing it about; upon Harry's jealousy when he should hear of it. He vowed it was cruel that Cousin Hagan had not selected George as groomsman; that the first child should be called Carpezan or Sybilla, after the Tragedy, and so forth. They would not quite be able to keep a coach, but they might get a chariot and pasteboard dragons from Mr. Rich's theatre. The baby might be christened in Macbeth's caldron: and Harry and Harlequin ought certainly to be godfathers.

"Why shouldn't she marry him if she likes him?" asked little Hetty. "Why should he not love her because she is a little old? Mamma is a little old, and you love her none the worse. When you married my Mamma, Sir, I have heard you say you were very poor; and yet you were very happy, and nobody laughed at you!" Thus this impudent little person spoke by reason of her tender age, not being aware of Lady Maria Esmond's previous follies.

So her family has deserted her? George described what wrath they were in; how Lady



BEHIND MONTAGUE HOUSE.

Castlewood had gone into mourning; how Mr. Will swore he would have the rascal's ears; how furious Madame de Bernstein was, the most angry of all. "It is an insult to the family," says haughty little Miss Hett; "and I can fancy how ladies of that rank must be indignant at their relative's marriage with a person of Mr. Hagan's condition: but to desert her is a very different matter."

"Indeed, my dear child," cries Mamma, "you are talking of what you don't understand. After my Lady Maria's conduct, no respectable person can go to see her."

"What conduct, Mamma?"

"Never mind," cries Mamma. "Little girls can't be expected to know, and ought not to be too curious to inquire, what Lady Maria's conduct has been! Suffice it, miss, that I am shocked her ladyship should ever have been here; and I say again, no honest person should associate with her!"

"Then, Aunt Lambert, I must be whipped and sent to bed," says George, with mock gravity. "I own to you (though I did not confess sooner, seeing that the affair was not mine) that I have been to see my cousin the player, and her ladyship his wife. I found them in very dirty lodgings in Westminster, where the wretch has

the shabbiness to keep not only his wife, but his old mother, and a little brother, whom he puts to school. I found Mr. Hagan, and came away with a liking, and almost a respect for him, although I own he has made a very improvident marriage. But how improvident some folks are about marriage, aren't they, Theo?"

"Improvident, if they marry such spendthrifts as you," says the General. "Master George found his relations, and I'll be bound to say he left his purse behind him."

"No, not the purse, Sir," says George, smiling very tenderly. "Theo made that. But I am bound to own it came empty away. Mr. Rich is in great dudgeon. He says he hardly dares have Hagan on his stage, and is afraid of a riot, such as Mr. Garrick had about the foreign dancers. This is to be a fine gentleman's riot. The Macaronis are furious, and vow they will pelt Mr. Hagan, and have him cudgeled afterward. My cousin Will, at Arthur's, has taken his oath he will have the actor's ears. Meanwhile, as the poor man does not play, they have cut off his salary; and without his salary, this luckless pair of lovers have no means to buy bread and cheese."

"And you took it to them, Sir? It was like you, George!" says Theo, worshiping him with her eyes.

"It was your purse took it, dear Theo," replies George.

"Mamma, I hope you will go and see them to-morrow!" prays Theo.

"If she doesn't, I shall get a divorce, my dear!" cries Papa. "Come and kiss me, you little wench—that is, *avec la bonne permission de Monsieur mon beau-fils.*"

"Monsieur mon beau fiddlestick, papa!" says Miss Lambert, and I have no doubt complies with the paternal orders. And this was the first time George Esmond Warrington, Esquire, was ever called a fiddlestick.

Any man, even in our time, who makes an imprudent marriage, knows how he has to run the gauntlet of the family, and undergo the abuse, the scorn, the wrath, the pity of his relations. If your respectable family cry out because you marry the curate's daughter, one in ten, let us say, of his charming children; or because you engage yourself to the young barrister whose only present pecuniary resources come from the court which he reports, and who will have to pay his Oxford bills out of your slender little fortune; if your friends cry out for making such engagements as these, fancy the feelings of Lady Maria Hagan's friends, and even those of Mr. Hagan's, on the announcement of this marriage.

There is old Mrs. Hagan, in the first instance. Her son has kept her dutifully and in tolerable comfort, ever since he left Trinity College at his father's death, and appeared as Romeo at Crow Street Theatre. His salary has sufficed of late years to keep the brother at school, to help the sister who has gone out as companion, and to provide fire, clothing, tea, dinner, and comfort for the old clergyman's widow. And now, forsooth, a fine lady, with all sorts of extravagant habits, must come and take possession of the humble home, and share the scanty loaf and mutton! Were Hagan not a high-spirited fellow, and the old mother very much afraid of him, I doubt whether my lady's life at the Westminster lodgings would be very comfortable. It *was* very selfish perhaps to take a place at that small table, and in poor Hagan's narrow bed. But Love, in some passionate and romantic dispositions, never regards consequences or measures accommodation. Who has not experienced that frame of mind? what thrifty wife has not seen and lamented her husband in that condition, when, with rather a heightened color and a deuce-may-care smile on his face, he comes home and announces that he has asked twenty people to dinner next Saturday? He doesn't know whom exactly; and he does know the dining-room will only hold sixteen. Never mind! Two of the prettiest girls can sit upon young gentlemen's knees; others won't come; there's sure to be plenty! In the intoxication of love people venture upon this dangerous sort of house-keeping; they don't calculate the resources of their dining-table, or those inevitable butchers' and fishmongers' bills, which will be brought to the ghastly housekeeper at the beginning of the month.

Yes. It was rather selfish of my Lady Maria to seat herself at Hagan's table, and take the cream off the milk, and the wings of the chickens, and the best half of every thing where there was only enough before; and no wonder the poor old mamma-in-law was disposed to grumble. But what was her outcry compared to the clamor at Kensington among Lady Maria's noble family? Think of the talk and scandal all over the town! Think of the titters and whispers of the ladies in attendance at the Princess's court, where Lady Fanny had a place; of the jokes of Mr. Will's brother officers at the usher's table; of the waggeries in the daily prints and magazines; of the comments of outraged prudes; of the laughter of the clubs, and the sneers of the ungodly! At the receipt of the news Madame Bernstein had fits, and ran off to the solitude of her dear rocks at Tunbridge Wells, where she did not see above forty people of a night at cards. My lord refused to see his sister; and the Countess in mourning, as we have said, waited upon one of her patronesses, a gracious princess, who was pleased to condole with her upon the disgrace and calamity which had befallen her house. For one, two, three whole days the town was excited and amused by the scandal; then there came other news—a victory in Germany; doubtful accounts from America; a general officer coming home to take his trial; an exquisite new soprano singer from Italy; and the public forgot Lady Maria in her garret, eating the hard-earned meal of the actor's family.

This is an extract from Mr. George Warrington's letter to his brother, in which he describes other personal matters, as well as a visit he had paid to the newly-married pair:



MR. WILL IS PRESENTED TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.

"My dearest little Theo," he writes, "was eager to accompany her Mamma upon this errand of charity; but I thought Aunt Lambert's visit would be best under the circumstances, and without the attendance of her little spinster aide-de-camp Cousin Hagan was out when we called; we found her ladyship in a loose undress, and with her hair in not the neatest papers, playing at cribbage with a neighbor from the second floor, while good Mrs. Hagan sate on the other side of the fire with a glass of punch, and the Whole Duty of Man.

"Maria, your Maria once, cried a little when she saw us; and Aunt Lambert, you may be sure, was ready with her sympathy. While she bestowed it on Lady Maria, I paid the best compliments I could invent to the old lady. When the conversation between Aunt L. and the bride began to flag, I turned to the latter, and between us we did our best to make a dreary interview pleasant. Our talk was about you, about Wolfe, about war; you must be engaged face to face with the Frenchmen by this time, and God send my dearest brother safe and victorious out of the battle! Be sure we follow your steps anxiously—we fancy you at Cape Breton. We have plans of Quebec and charts of the St. Lawrence. Shall I ever forget your face of joy that day when you saw me return safe and sound from the little combat with the

little Frenchman? So will my Harry, I know, return from his battle. I feel quite assured of it; elated somehow with the prospect of your certain success and safety. And I have made all here share my cheerfulness. We talk of the campain as over, and Captain Warrington's promotion as secure. Pray Heaven, all our hopes may be fulfilled one day ere long!

"How strange it is that you who are the mettlesome fellow (you know you are) should escape quarrels hitherto, and I, who am a peaceful youth, wishing no harm to any body, should have battles thrust upon me! What do you think actually of my having had another affair upon my wicked hands, and with whom, think you? With no less a personage than your old enemy our kinsman, Mr. Will.

"What or who set him to quarrel with me, I can not think. Spencer (who acted as second for me, for matters actually have gone this length; —don't be frightened; it is all over, and nobody is a scratch the worse) thinks some one set Will on me; but who, I say? His conduct has been most singular; his behavior quite unbearable. We have met pretty frequently lately at the house of good Mr. Van den Bosch, whose pretty granddaughter was consigned to both of us by our good mother. Oh, dear mother! did you know that the little thing was to be such a *causa belli*, and to cause swords to be drawn, and precious lives to be menaced? But so it has been. To show his own spirit, I suppose, or having some reasonable doubt about mine, whenever Will and I have met at Mynheer's house—and he is forever going there—he has shown such downright rudeness to me, that I have required more than ordinary patience to keep my temper. He has contradicted me once, twice, thrice, in the presence of the family, and out of sheer spite and rage, as it appeared to me. Is he paying his addresses to Miss Lydia and her father's ships, negroes, and forty thousand pounds? I should guess so. The old gentleman is forever talking about his money, and adores his grand-daughter; and as she is a beautiful little creature, numbers of folk here are ready to adore her too. Was Will rascal enough to fancy that I would give up my Theo for a million of guineas, and negroes, and Venus to boot? Could the thought of such baseness enter into the man's mind? I don't know that he has accused me of stealing Van den Bosch's spoons and tankards when we dine there, or of robbing on the highway. But for one reason or the other he has chosen to be jealous of me, and as I have parried his impertinences with little sarcastic speeches (though perfectly civil before company), perhaps I have once or twice made him angry. Our little Miss Lydia has unwittingly added fuel to the fire on more than one occasion, especially yesterday, when there was talk about your worship.

"'Ah!' says the heedless little thing, as we sat over our dessert, 'tis lucky for you, Mr. Esmond, that Captain Harry is not here.'

"'Why, miss?' asks he, with one of his usual conversational ornaments. He must have offended some fairy in his youth, who has caused him to drop curses forever out of his mouth, as she did the girl to spit out toads and serpents. (I know some one from whose gentle lips there only fall pure pearls and diamonds.) 'Why?' says Will, with a cannonade of oaths.

"'Oh fie!' says she, putting up the prettiest little fingers to the prettiest little rosy ears in the world. 'Oh fie, Sir! to use such naughty words. 'Tis lucky the Captain is not here, because he might quarrel with you; and Mr. George is so peaceable and quiet, that he won't. Have you heard from the Captain, Mr. George?'

"'From Cape Breton,' says I. 'He is very well, thank you; that is—' I couldn't finish the sentence, for I was in such a rage that I scarce could contain myself.

"'From the Captain, as you call him, Miss Lyddy,' says Will. 'He'll distinguish himself as he did at Saint Cas! Ho, ho!'

"'So I apprehend he did, Sir,' says Will's brother.

"'Did he?' says our dear cousin; 'always thought he ran away; took to his legs; got a ducking, and ran away as if a bailiff was after him.'

"'La!' says miss, 'did the Captain ever have a bailiff after him?'

"'Didn't he! Ho, ho!' laughs Mr. Will.

"I suppose I must have looked very savage, for Spencer, who was dining with us, trod on my foot under the table. 'Don't laugh so loud, cousin,' I said, very gently; 'you may wake good old Mr. Van den Bosch.' The good old gentleman was asleep in his arm-chair, to which he commonly retires for a nap after dinner.

"'Oh, indeed! cousin,' says Will, and he turned and winks at a friend of his, Captain Deuceace, whose own and whose wife's reputation I dare say you heard of when you frequented the clubs, and whom Will has introduced into this simple family as a man of the highest fashion. 'Don't be afraid, miss,' says Mr. Will, 'nor my cousin needn't be.'

"'Oh what a comfort!' cries Miss Lyddy. 'Keep quite quiet, gentlemen, and don't quarrel, and come up to me when I send to say the tea is ready.' And with this she makes a sweet little courtesy, and disappears.

"'Hang it, Jack, pass the bottle, and don't wake the old gentleman!' continues Mr. Will. 'Won't you help yourself, cousin?' he continues, being particularly facetious in the tone of that word cousin.

"'I am going to help myself,' I said, 'but I am not going to drink the glass; and I'll tell you what I am going to do with it if you will be quite quiet, cousin!' (Desperate kicks from Spencer all the time.)

"'And what the deuce do I care what you are going to do with it?' asks Will, looking rather white.

"'I am going to fling it into your face, cousin,' says I, very rapidly performing that feat.

"'By Jove, and no mistake!' cries Mr. Deuceace; and as he and William roared out an oath

together, good old Van den Bosch woke up, and, taking the pocket-handkerchief off his face, asked what was the matter.

"I remarked it was only a glass of wine gone the wrong way, and the old man said: 'Well, well, there is more where that came from! Let the butler bring you what you please, young gentlemen!' and he sank back in his great chair, and began to sleep again.

"'From the back of Montagu House Gardens there is a beautiful view of Hampstead at six o'clock in the morning; and the statue of the King on St. George's Church is reckoned elegant, cousin!' says I, resuming the conversation.

"'D— the statue!' begins Will: but I said, 'Don't, cousin! or you will wake up the old gentleman. Had we not best go up stairs to Miss Lyddy's tea-table?'

"We arranged a little meeting for the next morning; and a coroner might have been sitting upon one or other, or both, of our bodies this afternoon; but, would you believe it? just as our engagement was about to take place, we were interrupted by three of Sir John Fielding's men, and carried to Bow Street, and ignominiously bound over to keep the peace.

"Who gave the information? Not I, or Spencer, I can vow. Though I own I was pleased when the constables came running to us, bludgeon in hand: for I had no wish to take Will's blood, or sacrifice my own to such a rascal. Now, Sir, have you such a battle as this to describe to me?—a battle of powder and no shot?—a battle of swords as bloody as any on the stage? I have filled my paper, without finishing the story of Maria and her Hagan. You must have it by the next ship. You see, the quarrel with Will took place yesterday, very soon after I had written the first sentence or two of my letter. I had been dawdling till dinner-time (I looked at the paper last night, when I was grimly making certain little accounts up, and wondered shall I ever finish this letter?), and now the quarrel has been so much more interesting to me than poor Molly's love adventures, that behold my paper is full to the brim! Wherever my dearest Harry reads it, I know there will be a heart full of love for

"His loving brother,

"G. E. W."

CHAPTER LXXI.

WHITE FAVORS.

The little quarrel between George and his cousin caused the former to discontinue his visits to Bloomsbury in a great measure; for Mr. Will was more than ever assiduous in his attentions; and, now that both were bound over to peace, so outrageous in his behavior, that George found the greatest difficulty in keeping his hands from his cousin. The artless little Lydia had certainly a queer way of receiving her friends. But six weeks before madly jealous of George's



preference for another, she now took occasion repeatedly to compliment Theo in her conversation. Miss Theo was such a quiet, gentle creature, Lyddy was sure George was just the husband for her. How fortunate that horrible quarrel had been prevented! The constables had come up just in time; and it was quite ridiculous to hear Mr. Esmond cursing and swearing, and the rage he was in at being disappointed of his duel! "But the arrival of the constables saved your valuable life, dear Mr. George, and I am sure Miss Theo ought to bless them forever," says Lyddy, with a soft smile. "You won't stop and meet Mr. Esmond at dinner today? You don't like being in his company? He can't do you any harm; and I am sure you will do him none." Kind speeches like these, addressed by a little girl to a gentleman, and spoken by a strange inadvertency in company, and when other gentlemen and ladies were present, were not likely to render Mr. Warrington very eager for the society of the young American lady.

George's meeting with Mr. Will was not known for some days in Dean Street, for he did not wish to disturb those kind folks with his quarrel; but when the ladies were made aware of it, you may be sure there was a great flurry and to do. "You were actually going to take a fellow-creature's life, and you came to see us, and said not a word! Oh! George, it was shocking!" said Theo.

"My dear, he had insulted me and my brother," pleaded George. "Could I let him call us both cowards, and sit by and say, 'Thank you?'"

The General sate by, and looked very grave.

"You know you think, Papa, it is a wicked and un-Christian practice; and have often said you wished gentlemen would have the courage to refuse!"

"To refuse? Yes," says Mr. Lambert, still very glum.

"It must require a prodigious strength of mind to refuse," says Jack Lambert, looking as gloomy as his father; "and I think if any man were to call me a coward I should be apt to forget my orders."

"You see brother Jack is with me!" cries George.

"I must not be against you, Mr. Warrington," says Jack Lambert.

"Mr. Warrington!" cries George, turning very red.

"Would you, a clergyman, have George break the Commandments, and commit murder, John?" asks Theo, aghast.

"I am a soldier's son, sister," says the young divine, dryly. "Besides, Mr. Warrington has committed no murder at all. We must soon be hearing from Canada, father. The great question of the supremacy of the two races must be tried there ere long!" He turned his back on George as he spoke, and the latter eyed him with wonder.

Hetty, looking rather pale at this original remark of brother Jack, is called out of the room by some artful pretext of her sister. George started up and followed the retreating girls to the door.

"Great powers, gentlemen!" says he, coming back, "I believe, on my honor, you are giving me the credit of shirking this affair with Mr. Esmond!" The clergyman and his father looked at one another.

"A man's nearest and dearest are always the first to insult him," says George, flashing out.

"You mean to say, 'Not guilty?' God bless thee, my boy!" cries the General. "I told thee so, Jack." And he rubbed his hand across his eyes, and blushed, and wrung George's hand with all his might.

"Not guilty of what, in Heaven's name?" asks Mr. Warrington.

"Nay," said the General, "Mr. Jack, here, brought the story. Let him tell it. I believe 'tis a —— lie, with all my heart." And uttering this wicked expression, the General fairly walked out of the room.

The Rev. J. Lambert looked uncommonly foolish.

"And what is this—this d—d lie, Sir, that somebody has been telling of me?" asked George, grinning at the young clergyman.

"To question the courage of any man is always an offense to him," says Mr. Lambert, "and I rejoice that yours has been belied."

"Who told the falsehood, Sir, which you repeated?" bawls out Mr. Warrington. "I insist on the man's name!"

"You forget you are bound over to keep the peace," says Jack.

"Curse the peace, Sir! We can go and fight in Holland. Tell me the man's name, I say!"

"Fair and softly, Mr. Warrington!" cries the young parson; "my hearing is perfectly good. It was not a man who told me the story which, I confess, I imparted to my father."

"What?" asks George, the truth suddenly occurring. "Was it that artful, wicked little vixen in Bloomsbury Square?"

"Vixen is not the word to apply to any young lady, George Warrington!" exclaims Lambert, "much less to the charming Miss Lydia. She artful—the most innocent of Heaven's creatures! She wicked—that angel! With unfeigned delight that the quarrel should be over—with devout gratitude to think that blood consanguineous should not be shed—she spoke in terms of the highest praise of you for declining this quarrel, and of the deepest sympathy with you for taking the painful but only method of averting it."

"What method?" demands George, stamping his foot.

"Why, of laying an information, to be sure!" says Mr. Jack; on which George burst forth into language much too violent for us to repeat here, and highly uncomplimentary to Miss Lydia.

"Don't utter such words, Sir!" cried the parson, who, as it seemed, now took his turn to be angry. "Do not insult, in my hearing, the most charming, the most innocent of her sex! If she has been mistaken in her information regarding you, and doubted your willingness to commit what, after all, is a crime—for a crime homicide is, and of the most awful description—you, Sir, have no right to blacken that angel's character with foul words: and, innocent yourself, should respect the most innocent as she is the most lovely of women! Oh, George, are you to be my brother?"

"I hope to have that honor," answered George, smiling. He began to perceive the other's drift.

"What, then, what—though 'tis too much bliss to be hoped for by sinful man—what, if she should one day be your sister? Who could see her charms without being subjugated by them? I own that I am a slave. I own that those Latin Sapphics in the September number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, beginning *Lydiæ quondam cecinit venustæ* (with an English version by my friend Hickson of Corpus) were mine. I have told my mother what hath passed between us, and Mrs. Lambert also thinks that the most lovely of her sex has deigned to look favorably on me. I have composed a letter—she another. She proposes to wait on Miss Lydia's grandpapa this very day, and to bring me the answer, which shall make me the happiest or the most wretched of men! It was in the unrestrained intercourse of family conversation that I chanced to impart to my father the sentiments which my dear girl had uttered. Perhaps I spoke slightingly of your courage, which I don't doubt—by Heaven, I don't doubt: it may be she has erred too, regarding you. It may be that the fiend jealousy has been gnawing at my bosom and—horrible suspicion!—that I thought my sister's lover found too much favor with her I would have all my own. Ah, dear George, who knows his faults? I am as one distracted with passion. Confound it, Sir!

What right have you to laugh at me? I would have you to know that *risu inepto . . . .*"

"What, have you two boys made it up?" cries the General, entering at this moment, in the midst of a roar of laughter from George.

"I was giving my opinion to Mr. Warrington upon laughter, and upon his laughter in particular," says Jack Lambert, in a fume.

"George is bound over to keep the peace, Jack! Thou canst not fight him for two years; and between now and then, let us trust you will have made up your quarrel. Here is dinner, boys! We will drink absent friends, and an end to the war, and no fighting out of the profession!"

George pleaded an engagement as a reason for running away early from his dinner; and Jack must have speedily followed him, for when the former, after transacting some brief business at his own lodgings, came to Mr. Van den Bosch's door, in Bloomsbury Square, he found the young parson already in parley with a servant there. "His master and mistress had left town yesterday," the servant said.

"Poor Jack! And you had the decisive letter in your pocket?" George asked of his future brother-in-law.

"Well, yes"—Jack owned he had the document—"and my mother has ordered a chair, and was coming to wait on Miss Lyddy," he whispered, piteously, as the young men lingered on the steps.

George had a note, too, in his pocket for the young lady, which he had not cared to mention to Jack. In truth, his business at home had been to write a smart note to Miss Lyddy, with a message for the gentleman who had brought her that funny story of his giving information regarding the duel! The family being absent, George, too, did not choose to leave his note. "If Cousin Will has been the slander-bearer, I will go and make him recant," thought George. "Will the family soon be back?" he blandly asked.

"They are gone to visit the quality," the servant replied. "Here is the address on this paper;" and George read, in Miss Lydia's hand, "The box from Madam Hocquet's to be sent by the Farnham Flying Coach; addressed to Miss Van den Bosch, at the Right Honorable the Earl of Castlewood's, Castlewood, Hants."

"*Where?*" cried poor Jack, aghast.

"His lordship and their ladyships have been here often," the servant said, with much importance. "The families is quite intimate."

This was very strange; for, in the course of their conversation, Lyddy had owned but to one single visit from Lady Castlewood.

"And they must be a-going to stay there some time, for Miss have took a power of boxes and gowns with her!" the man added. And the young men walked away, each crumpling his letter in his pocket.

"What was that remark you made?" asks George of Jack, at some exclamation of the latter. "I think you said—"

"Distraction! I am beside myself, George! I—I scarce know what I am saying," groans the clergyman. "She is gone to Hampshire, and Mr. Esmond is gone with her!"

"Othello could not have spoken better! and she has a pretty scoundrel in her company!" says Mr. George. "Ha! here is your mother's chair!" Indeed, at this moment poor Aunt Lambert came swinging down Great Russell Street, preceded by her footman. "'Tis no use going farther, Aunt Lambert!" cries George. "Our little bird has flown."

"What little bird?"

"The bird Jack wished to pair with—the Lyddy-bird, Aunt. Why, Jack, I protest you are swearing again! This morning 'twas the Sixth Commandment you wanted to break; and now—"

"Confound it! leave me alone, Mr. Warrington, do you hear?" growls Jack, looking very savage; and away he strides far out of the reach of his mother's bearers.

"What is the matter, George?" asks the lady.

George, who has not been very well pleased with brother Jack's behavior all day, says: "Brother Jack has not a fine temper, Aunt Lambert. He informs you all that I am a coward, and remonstrates with me for being angry. He finds his mistress gone to the country, and he bawls, and stamps, and swears. Oh, fie! Oh, Aunt Lambert, beware of jealousy! Did the quarrel ever make you jealous?"

"You will make me very angry, if you speak to me in this way," says poor Aunt Lambert, from her chair.

"I am respectfully dumb. I make my bow. I withdraw," says George, with a low bow, and turns toward Holborn. His soul was wrath within him. He was bent on quarreling with somebody. Had he met Cousin Will that night it had gone ill with his sureties.

He sought Will at all his haunts, at Arthur's, at his own house. There Lady Castlewood's servants informed him that they believed Mr. Esmond had gone to join the family in Hants. He wrote a letter to his cousin:

"My dear, kind cousin William," he said, "you know I am bound over, and would not quarrel with any one, much less with a dear, truth-telling, affectionate kinsman, whom my brother insulted by caning. But if you can find any one who says that I prevented a meeting the other day by giving information, will you tell your informant that I think it is not I but somebody else is the coward? And I write to Mr. Van den Bosch by the same post, to inform him and Miss Lyddy that I find some rascal has been telling them lies to my discredit, and to beg them to have a care of such persons." And, these neat letters being dispatched, Mr. Warrington dressed himself, showed himself at the play, and took supper cheerfully at the Bedford.

In a few days George found a letter on his breakfast-table franked "Castlewood," and, indeed, written by that nobleman.

"Dear Cousin," my lord wrote, "there has been so much annoyance in our family of late,

that I am sure 'tis time our quarrels should cease. Two days since my brother William brought me a very angry letter, signed G. Warrington, and at the same time, to my great grief and pain, acquainted me with a quarrel that had taken place between you, in which, to say the least, your conduct was violent. 'Tis an ill use to put good wine to—that to which you applied good Mr. Van den Bosch's. Sure, before an old man young ones should be more respectful. I do not deny that Wm.'s language and behavior are often irritating. I know he has often tried my temper, and that within the 24 hours.

"Ah! Why should we not all live happily together? You know, cousin, I have ever professed a sincere regard for you—that I am a sincere admirer of the admirable young lady to whom you are engaged, and to whom I offer my most cordial compliments and remembrances. I would live in harmony with all my family where 'tis possible—the more because I hope to introduce to it a Countess of Castlewood.

"At my mature age, 'tis not uncommon for a man to choose a young wife. My Lydia (you will divine that I am happy in being able to call mine the elegant Miss Van den Bosch) will naturally survive me. After soothing my declining years, I shall not be jealous if at their close she should select some happy man to succeed me; though I shall envy him the possession of so much perfection and beauty. Though of a noble Dutch family, her rank, the dear girl declares, is not equal to mine, which she confesses that she is pleased to share. I, on the other hand, shall not be sorry to see descendants to my house, and to have it, through my Lady Castlewood's means, restored to something of the splendor which it knew before two or three improvident predecessors impaired it. My Lydia, who is by my side, sends you and the charming Lambert family her warmest remembrances.

"The marriage will take place very speedily here. May I hope to see you at church? My brother will not be present to quarrel with you. When I and dear Lydia announced the match to him yesterday, he took the intelligence in bad part, uttered language that I know he will one day regret, and is at present on a visit to some neighbors. The Dowager Lady Castlewood retains the house at Kensington; we having our own establishment, where you will ever be welcomed, dear cousin, by your affectionate humble servant, CASTLEWOOD."

From the *London Magazine* of November, 1759:

"Saturday, October 13th, married at his seat, Castlewood, Hants, the Right Honorable Eugene Earl of Castlewood to the beautiful Miss Van den Bosch, of Virginia. £70,000."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

AFTER a protracted discussion in the Cabinet it was finally determined not to call an extra session of Congress, the Postmaster-General thinking it possible to carry on the business of the Department until the opening of the regular session. He states that the "deficiency to be provided for will amount to $4,385,281 95, distributed as follows: For the quarter ending December 31, 1858, $749,841 68; for that ending March 31, 1859, $1,964,156 26; for that ending June 30, $1,671,285 01. The amount due for the first of these quarters will be paid by the Department within 60 days of the date of this statement; the effect of which will be," says Mr. Holt, "to divide the entire deficit of $4,385,281 95 between the quarters ending 31st March and 30th June, and payable 31st May and 31st August, so that the suspension of payment on no part of this indebtedness will exceed, beyond a few days, six months before the regular meeting of Congress; on nearly one-half of it the suspension will be but for a few days more than three months. The debts due, and to become due, to the contractors are of a sacred character. The contracts out of which these debts arise have been entered into under the express authority of existing laws of Congress. To appropriate money for their payment is as obligatory and binding upon Congress as it is to provide for the principal and interest of the national debt. There never will be—and never can be—a repudiation of this debt by the representatives of the American people. After the amount due to each contractor shall have been ascertained and finally settled according to law, this amount becomes a specific debt of record against the United States. Its payment is inevitable; and if the contractor desires to borrow money upon it, the lender could have no better security." "A system of retrenchment," continues the Postmaster-General, "so far as it may be practicable under existing laws, is now an imperative duty in the administration of the Department. By the act approved June 14, 1858, Congress established 695 new post-routes, the service of which—including the St. Paul's and Puget Sound route, established in March, 1855, but not yet put into operation—it has been estimated would require an annual appropriation from the Treasury of $604,088 over and above the receipts accruing therefrom. Not a dollar, however, has been appropriated for this purpose, and, as a necessary result, the contracts for these routes, though they have been advertised and proposals received, can not be closed until the necessary funds shall have been provided by law."

In *Connecticut* the Republicans succeeded at the late election in carrying their entire State ticket, and four members of Congress, being a gain of two.—In *Rhode Island* the Opposition elected their State officers and one Representative in Congress; in the other district, though largely in the majority, they ran two candidates, and there was no choice.—In *Michigan* the election for Chief Justice shows a large Republican majority.——It is now claimed that the Republicans have already elected 117 Representatives in the next Congress; adding to these two more of which they are confident in Minnesota, they claim a clear majority in the next House of Representatives.

The Legislature of *Louisiana*, by a vote of 37 to 17, have refused to pass the "African Apprentice

Bill," which was in effect designed to legalize the opening of the foreign slave-trade to that State.——In *California* a Committee of the Senate have reported that the State and County treasuries have lost about $6,500,000 since July, 1853, owing to the inefficient manner in which the poll-tax and the tax upon foreign miners has been collected. They say that there are at least 40,000 foreign miners in the State, and that the tax, at $14 each, should have yielded at least $160,000 per month, after deducting all the expenses of collection; making an aggregate of $7,175,000 between July, 1853, and December, 1858; whereas the total receipts actually paid in have been but $1,475,659. The poll-tax, at $3 each, should have produced $1,550,000, but only $607,000 were received.——In *Indiana* the divorce law has been amended so as to require that the applicant shall have been a *bona fide* resident of the State for a year; and in case of a divorce on account of the misconduct of the wife, the husband has the same title to her property as though she were dead.——The general purport of the intelligence from the Pike's Peak gold region continues highly favorable. The best diggings are found on Cherry Creek, Dry Creek, Platte River, and Vasques Fork. Old Californians, who have visited the diggings, report that the indications promise that great discoveries of the precious metal will yet be made in the mountains. A very large emigration has already set in for this region.——The Legislature of *Utah* have petitioned for the admission of that Territory into the Union as a State. In their memorial they represent that, on the 16th of February, 1856, the qualified electors of Utah appointed delegates to a Convention which met on the 17th of March, and framed and adopted a Constitution and a republican form of Government for the Territory of Utah, under the name of the "State of Deseret," and prepared a memorial to be forwarded to Congress; that this Constitution and memorial were submitted to the people on the 6th day of April, and unanimously approved; that this Constition was submitted to Congress without receiving any favorable action. They represent that the people of the Territory are abundantly able to support a State Government; and pray that the State of Deseret may be admitted into the Union "on an equal footing with the original States, thereby to avoid in a great measure the difficulties which naturally hinder the advance of the glorious principles of true republicanism, or government by the people, the only sure basis of permanent government and true liberty." Also, in view of the probability that their petition may not be immediately granted, they have prepared another memorial, praying Congress "to so amend the organic act of the Territory of Utah as to extend to the people of this Territory the right of the elective franchise, authorizing them to elect their own Governor, Judges, Secretary, as well as other officers." They say that "the appointing of strangers as officers over the citizens of the United States in Territories (though a time-honored custom) is, to say the least, a relic of British colonial rule, and a direct infringement upon the rights of self-government, and opposed to the genius and policy of republican institutions." Congress, they add, must be "well aware that no persons can be so well qualified to administer justice, make laws and execute them, in a Territory, as those citizens who have reclaimed it from a wilderness.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the "Liberal" party are once more in the ascendant. Miramon, after his recent check, advanced upon Vera Cruz, reconnoitred the city, but retired to Orizaba without venturing an attack. From thence he dispatched 1300 men to the capital, which was surrounded by the Liberals, who had cut off the supplies of water and provisions. On the 2d of April they made an unsuccessful attack upon the city; a thousand men on both sides are said to have been lost in this attack. Mr. McLane, our Minister, having arrived at Vera Cruz, immediately recognized the Juarez Government.

Advices from the island of *Jamaica* indicate a disposition on the part of the negroes to give trouble. A new tax was recently imposed in the parish of Westmoreland, to which they were not willing to submit, and some of the boldest among them raised the standard of revolt, and committed some excesses in the village of Savannah. Four or five of the ringleaders were arrested, but this only served to exasperate the rest, who insisted upon the release of the prisoners. Five hundred troops were then dispatched against them, who found it necessary to resort to bloodshed before the disturbance could be quelled.

From *Nicaragua* intelligence, not wholly reliable, has been received, that Sir William Gore Ouseley has succeeded in negotiating a treaty which amounts to a virtual protectorate on the part of Great Britain; and that, after innumerable delays, the Government of Nicaragua has at length ratified the Cass-Yrrisari treaty with the United States, with certain modifications.——M. Belly, with a corps of French engineers and laborers, has arrived for the purpose of commencing the construction of the canal undertaken by him. A dispute has arisen between him and the Nicaraguan authorities respecting the quantity of land to be granted to him. He claims, under his contract with President Martinez, three leagues on each side of the canal; but the Nicaraguan Senate hesitate to ratify this grant, wishing to limit him to the quantity necessary for the work.

It is announced that our difficulties with Paraguay have been adjusted. The Governments of Brazil, Montevideo, and the Argentine Confederation took a special interest in the matter. General Urquiza, President of the last-named State, proceeded to Paraguay, upon the invitation of Lopez, in order to exert his influence to bring about an accommodation. The steamer *Fulton*, having on board Commissioner Bowlin, ascended the river; on reaching the Paraguayan fortress of Humaita a boat was sent on shore, announcing that their destination was Asuncion. The commander of the fortress replied that President Lopez was awaiting the Commissioner. The steamer then proceeded to Asuncion, where Mr. Bowlin, in an interview with General Urquiza, declared that his instructions did not permit him to accept the official mediation offered by the Plenipotentiaries of Brazil and the Argentine Confederation; but that, in a spirit of conciliation, and as a tribute of personal consideration to the President of the Argentine Confederation, he accepted his personal intervention, and would open preparatory confidential conferences, so as to arrange the manner of a settlement. On the 26th of January Mr. Bowlin was officially received by Lopez, who stood during the whole interview, and, contrary to his well-known custom, was uncovered, holding his famous feathered hat under his arm. Mr. Bowlin's speech was conciliatory, expressing the warm interest taken by the United States in the prosperity of Paraguay and the other South American republics, and the desire of the Government for an amicable adjustment of the existing difficulties. Lopez replied that he duly esti-

mated the sincerity of the desire of the United States to cultivate amicable relations with Paraguay; he regretted that the former harmony had been interrupted; and was assured, from the "honorable discourse of the Special Commissioner, that the pending questions between the two Governments would be settled in a manner honorable and satisfactory to both." Several interviews subsequently occurred, General Urquiza being present, and the terms of adjustment were agreed upon. The precise nature of these has not been made public; but they are understood to be an indemnity to the family of the seaman killed on board the *Water Witch*, and to the American Commercial Company, which was broken up by President Lopez.

EUROPE.

The question of war or peace remains undecided, though there is less apprehension of an immediate breaking out of hostilities. The Pope has requested that the French and Austrian troops should be withdrawn from Rome; but no movements in that direction have been made. The *Moniteur*, the French official paper, while declaring that the state of things in Italy, although of old date, has recently assumed a character of gravity that has aroused the anxiety of the Emperor, declares that Napoleon "has promised the King of Sardinia to defend him against any aggressive act on the part of Austria. He has promised this, and nothing more; and it is well known that he keeps his word." The same journal denies that any considerable warlike preparations are making in France. "The regular effective force of the peace footing, adopted two years ago by the Emperor, has not been exceeded." The activity in the French arsenals is thus accounted for: "We have to change all our artillery, and to transform our entire fleet. This last undertaking, long since decided on in order to give our fleet its normal strength, is sanctioned by the annual votes of the Legislative Body, and notwithstanding the most praiseworthy activity, several years will still be necessary to complete the operation." The French navy is now, in point of strength, fully equal to that of Great Britain; and the most marvelous accounts are given of the efficiency of the new artillery, which is entirely to supersede the old guns. Without at all increasing the regular standing army, the Emperor Napoleon is in a condition to enter upon active hostilities at a moment's warning.—The military preparations of Austria and Sardinia are urged forward with a vigor that would seem to indicate that both Governments thought a war inevitable. The Austrian forces in Italy now number about 230,000 men. Fortifications are being constructed in various places, and at Venice large hospitals are being erected for the sick and wounded. The German Federal Assembly has voted supplies for arming the Federal fortresses with the necessary artillery. Meanwhile the secret mission of Lord Cowley to Vienna has produced results which may avert, or at least postpone, hostilities. This mission, according to the statement of Lord Malmesbury, on the 27th of March, in the British Parliament, was undertaken with the entire approbation of the French Government. He was to ascertain from the Austrian Government what points they considered in the same light with the French, and in what way he might assist in restoring friendly relations between the two Empires. Count Buol, the Austrian minister, professed himself willing to withdraw the Austrian troops from Rome at the same time with the withdrawal of the French army; was willing, in conjunction with the other European Powers, to make such representations as would lead to the better government of the States of the Church; and declared that Austria did not intend, and never had intended, to invade Sardinia; he was also ready to enter into communications with Great Britain and France, with a view of removing those dangers which threaten Italy and Europe, and restoring the certainty of peace. Upon his return to Paris, Lord Cowley found that the French and Russian Governments had entered into communications, in consequence of which the latter, with the consent of the former, undertook to recommend to the Five Great Powers to hold a Congress to consider and settle the matters in dispute. This proposal was formally made, and accepted by Russia, France, Great Britain, and Prussia, and subsequently by Austria. Lord Malmesbury said that the details and composition of this Congress had not been agreed upon. He had no hesitation in expressing it as the opinion of Her Majesty's Government that, "considering that the subjects which are about to be discussed in that Congress are intimately connected with the political and social happiness of the Italian people, those States of Italy should, one and all, have an opportunity given to them of expressing their opinion, in some way or other, upon the subjects which will there be discussed. Our object will naturally be, not to impose—either upon the question of reform or on any other point—any conditions upon the Italian States and people, but to *recommend* to them what we consider for their own benefit and for the safety of Europe. Though the disarmament, which I should heartily wish to see take place immediately as preliminary to the Congress, is not yet decided on, yet both Austria and Piedmont have formally made a declaration that they will not attack one another, and that they will abstain from hostilities. Therefore, unless some untoward and almost impossible accident should occur, we may hope that peace will not be broken, and that the Congress, which will probably assemble at the end of next month, will eventuate in those results which your lordships and all Europe desire." Later accounts say that Baden has been fixed upon as the seat of the Congress, and that Sardinia and the other Italian States will be allowed to take part in the discussions, but not to vote.

In *Great Britain* a new Reform Bill was introduced into Parliament on the 28th of February by Mr. Disraeli. This Bill proposes to extend the right of voting to the following classes: Those who have an income of £10 a year from Government, India, or bank-stock; or a pension of £20 for military, naval, or civil services; those who have for a year had £60 deposited in a savings' bank; those who occupy tenements for which they pay not less than eight shillings a week. The right of voting is also extended to clergymen of all denominations, graduates of universities, registered medical men, members of the legal profession, and a certain class of schoolmasters. The Bill proposes to reduce the representation of fifteen small boroughs from two Members of Parliament to one, and give these fifteen seats to boroughs and counties which are at present inadequately represented. Besides extending in a considerable degree the right of suffrage, the Bill proposes to establish a uniformity between the suffrages in counties and boroughs. The Bill came up for a second reading on the 21st of March, and was opposed by several leading members, especially by Lord John Russell, who moved, as an amendment, "That it is neither just nor politic to interfere in the manner proposed

by this Bill with the freehold franchise in England and Wales; and that no readjustment of the franchise will satisfy this House or the country, which does not provide for a greater extension of the suffrage in cities or boroughs than is contemplated in this measure." Lord John supported this amendment in a speech in which he set forth the wrong which the Bill would inflict upon county freeholders, and while deprecating the principle of universal suffrage, advocated the lowering of the franchise below its present rate of £10.—Lord Stanley replied, affirming that the amendment was made merely for effect, the real issue being whether political power should pass from the present Government into other hands. He defended the Bill, affirming that at the present time the choice lay between having a moderate measure or none at all. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton also spoke in support of the Bill. The House of Commons, he said, was not a popular, but a deliberative assembly; and the Bill had not lowered the franchise below the standard which the Government thought a necessary qualification for a constituency that would return such a house. He did not care how wide the suffrage was, provided it was accompanied by intelligence. He was not afraid of the working-classes, but was not for admitting their numbers to overbear the property and intelligence of other classes.—Mr. Gibson opposed the Bill. He said if the working-classes were not fit to enjoy the franchise, tell them so, but do not mock them by £60 in a savings' bank, or any such paltry suggestion.—In the course of the debate Mr. Disraeli said that had it not been for the promise in the Queen's speech, the Reform Bill would not have been introduced at all, considering the circumstances under which the present Government came into power.——Sir John Pakington, in moving the navy estimates, made some striking statements respecting the comparative strength of the English and French navies. He said that in 1760, during the Seven Years' War, England had 113 line-of-battle ships and 86,000 seamen and marines; in the American war 186 ships and 105,000 men; in 1799, during the first Revolutionary war, 120 ships and 110,000 men; in the French war of 1809, 113 ships and 144,000 men; in 1856, during the war with Russia, when there was no enemy at sea, 42 line-of-battle ships; last summer there were but 29 ships in commission, now increased to 33, with a prospect of three more during the year, making a total of 36. In July last, the French had also 29 line-of-battle ships, equal in number to those of England, but superior in power and efficiency. In July, 1859, England would have 36 line-of-battle ships, with 3400 guns and 19,750 horse-power; France would have 40 line-of-battle ships, with 3706 guns and 27,510 horse-power. In respect to steam frigates, the comparison was still more unsatisfactory. Last autumn the English navy contained 17 screw and 9 paddle frigates, while that of France contained 15 screw and 19 paddle frigates. Some of the French frigates were inferior to the English in steam power, but were superior in armament. He then proceeded to detail the measures now in progress for increasing the English navy: he hoped that next year there would be 48 line-of-battle ships, and that the number would increase in ensuing years with the increasing requirements of the nation. He also hoped that Parliament would sanction a continued increase in the number of frigates.——Sixty-six Italian political prisoners, among whom are Poerio, Settembrini, and others who bore a prominent part in the troubles of 1848–'50, and were condemned to long terms of imprisonment, have been set free by the King of Naples. The intention was to transport them to America. They were sent to Cadiz, and there put on board the American ship *David Stewart*, bound for New York. The vessel was towed 200 miles to sea by a Neapolitan war-steamer, which then cast off, and left them with a fair wind from the east. The exiles then delivered to the Captain a protest against being carried to New York, and demanded that he should take them to the first British port he could reach. The Captain refused to break his contract. On board was a young Italian, who had shipped as a seaman and had done duty as such. He now made his appearance dressed as a mate of the Galway line of steamers—a position which he had actually held—and announced himself as Raffaelle Settembrini, a son of one of the exiles, who had taken this course to effect his father's escape. The exiles again demanded to be taken to a British port. They said that they had been two months at sea before reaching Cadiz; that many of them were old or infirm, and all greatly weakened by their protracted imprisonment; that a long voyage would be fatal to some of them; that being under the American flag, they were free to go where they chose; and said that they would go to Great Britain, if they had to take the ship out of the hands of the Captain and crew. The Captain yielded, and took them to Cork, where they were received with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Preston, the American minister to *Spain*, was received by the Queen on the 12th of March, in a private audience. He assured Her Majesty of the President's desire to maintain friendly relations with Spain, and expressed his own personal convictions that the people of the United States wished to do all in their power to avoid any misunderstanding between the two countries. The Queen replied in terms of great courtesy.—In the Chamber of Deputies, a call having been made for the production of the papers relative to the negotiations between the United States, France, and England, for the acquisition of Cuba by America, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that some Deputies had expressed a desire to see the administration of Cuba improved, and the President of the United States expressed the same wish. The opinion of the President was that Spain did not administer Cuba well, and that the United States, on account of their higher intelligence, had a moral duty to fulfill, which was to purchase the Island. The Government could not allow this idea about Cuba to remain uncontradicted. All Governments had labored to improve the condition of that Island, and the present Cabinet had been constantly occupied with the measures calculated to give the inhabitants of the Island the share they ought to possess in their internal administration, without compromising the ties which unite them to the mother country. The best reply to the representations of certain orators of the United States was the prosperity of the Island of Cuba. That the question of the acquisition of the Island was imposing and menacing could not be denied. Nevertheless, the Government declared that it felt all the security which its great national resources were calculated to inspire. It had not, however, rendered insult for insult, as that would probably have aggravated the question. It had conducted itself with prudence and dignity, and had not applied for assistance to any other Power. If any other foreign Power had offered assistance the Government would have felt grateful, but it would not have accepted of it because it did not think any aid was necessary.

Literary Notices.

The Life of Frederick William Von Steuben, by Friedrich Kapp. (Published by Mason Brothers.) The memory of the brave German soldier whose military experience and talent rendered such essential service to the American army in the war of the Revolution has, thus far, mainly rested on tradition rather than on any precise knowledge of his character and career. It is a valuable service to the history of the United States which the author has performed in the composition of this volume. He has been prompted to the task not merely by the suggestions of national pride, but by a cordial interest in the fortunes of his adopted country. With a truly Teutonic passion for exhaustive research, he has ransacked every source of information within his power, faithfully examined a mass of contemporary documents, gathered up the remains of fading tradition, and faithfully embodied the fruits of his labors in a vigorous and intelligent, if not a perfectly smooth and flowing narrative.

Baron Steuben was born at Magdeburg, a large Prussian fortress on the Elbe, on the 15th of November, 1730. His father was a captain of engineers in the Prussian service, and bore the reputation of an able and scientific officer. Young Steuben was distinguished at school for his proficiency in mathematics; and although the standard of education at that time was not high, he laid the foundation of solid learning by his devotion to study, and—what was then a rare attainment—became intimately acquainted with ancient and modern history, and perfectly familiar both with the French and German languages. While yet a boy of scarcely fourteen years of age he served under his father as a volunteer in the campaign of 1744, and was present at the celebrated siege of Prague. From his earliest infancy, in fact, he was brought into the most intimate relations with military affairs. Most of the persons whom he saw were soldiers. The chief topics of conversation at home were the martial traditions of his family and the exploits of his immediate relatives. As the son of a poor officer, his only prospect of success in life was to gain distinction on the battle-field. At the age of seventeen, accordingly, he entered the army as a cadet. Two years afterward he was promoted to the rank of ensign, in 1753 was made lieutenant, and in 1755 was appointed first-lieutenant, in which capacity he served at the commencement of the Seven Years' War. He was present at the battle of Prague, May 6, 1757, on which occasion he received his first wound; and also took part in the splendid victory over the French at Rossbach, November 5, 1757. He was appointed adjutant-general in 1759, and was wounded in the memorable battle of Kunersdorf, August 12 of that year. His good conduct soon attracted the attention of the King, and in 1762 he received a highly honorable appointment on the royal staff. He made one of a select number of officers whom Frederick personally instructed in the most abstruse branches of the military art—a distinction which was accorded only to young men of remarkable talent and promise. Soon after the close of the Seven Years' War, however, Steuben quitted the Prussian service, for some reasons not fully explained, and accepted the offer to become grand marshal of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, a post which he held for about ten years. It was a part of his duty to accompany the Prince on his travels; and in this capacity he visited the court of France in 1771. After his return he incurred the enmity of certain Catholic priests, who were jealous of his influence, as a Protestant, over the Prince and other members of the court which adhered to the Catholic faith. On this account he decided to retire from the service of the Prince of Hechingen, and repaired to the court of the Margrave of Baden, at Carlsruhe, where he was appointed to a military office of an honorary character. His life here was inactive and without excitement, and to relieve its monotony he made occasional trips to the capitals of Germany and to France. Failing in an attempt to procure military employment in the service of the German Emperor, he received a proposal from the Count St. Germain in Paris, in 1777, to embark in the cause of America, which had then begun to be a subject of general interest at the French Court. It was urged upon Steuben that the colonies presented the best field for the acquisition of glory—that they especially stood in need of his military experience for the organization of the army and the establishment of scientific discipline—and that without some speedy aid of the kind their resources would be exhausted and their cause become desperate. After much deliberation he decided to accept the overtures. Having obtained from Franklin letters of introduction to Washington, Samuel Adams, and other prominent men, he embarked from Marseilles, September 26, 1777, and arriving at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 1st of December, immediately offered his services to Congress as a volunteer in the American cause. His offer was accepted, and he joined the camp at Valley Forge in February, 1778, at the moment when the army was in the midst of its fearful struggle with famine, pestilence, and destitution. Nothing but singular firmness of mind could have kept him from abandoning his purpose. The utmost disorder prevailed, and it was difficult to know where to commence the work of reform. The arms of the soldiers were in a horrible condition, covered with rust, half of them without bayonets, many from which a single shot could not be fired. The pouches were quite as bad as the arms. Many of the men had tin boxes instead of pouches, others had cow-horns; and muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces, and rifles were to be seen in the same company. As to clothing, the men were almost literally naked, some of them in the fullest sense of the word. The few coats which the officers had were of every color and make. On occasion of a grand parade several were obliged to mount guard in a sort of dressing-gown made of an old blanket or woolen bed-cover. In this deplorable state of things Steuben commenced his operations as Inspector-General. It was not long before the excellent effects of his discipline became apparent, although his influence, as a foreigner, was soon regarded with jealousy, and subjected him to various annoyances. The Commander-in-chief fully recognized the value of his services, but found it a difficult task to reconcile his position with the apparently conflicting claims of American officers. This difficulty continued throughout the war, and, added

to the impetuous and uncompromising disposition of Steuben himself, proved a source of perpetual excitement, and doubtless contributed to prevent the generous appreciation of his aid at one of the most critical epochs of the Revolution. Nor after the establishment of peace did Congress readily admit the demand of Steuben for an adequate remuneration. It took no less than seven years to arrive at a final settlement, and at length he received an annuity of $2500, to be continued during life. He was now nearly sixty years of age, with little experience but what he had gained in the field, and too old to acquire a livelihood in a civil capacity. He accordingly retired to a tract of land in Oneida County, New York, some twelve miles from the present city of Utica, which had been granted to him by the State Legislature. Here he regularly spent the summer months, attempting to subdue the stony soil of his farm, and dispensing his gifts with a liberal hand to the Revolutionary soldiers who needed his assistance. In the autumn he would return to New York, to spend the winter among his old acquaintances. Four years thus glided away when he was suddenly attacked by paralysis, which in less than three days put an end to his life, November 28, 1794.

In his elaborate biography Mr. Kapp has done ample justice to the memory of Steuben, and, at the same time, thrown new light on many passages of our Revolutionary history. After perusing his narrative no one can doubt that the advent of Steuben was at a fortunate moment for the success of the American arms. His integrity, good faith, military enthusiasm and capacity, no less than his zeal in the cause of freedom, are fully attested by unimpeachable evidence. He was equally bold in action and punctilious in discipline. His courage was exhibited in many a scene of imminent peril; he never failed to place before his troops the soldierly example which he urged by his counsels; and though austere and unyielding on the parade, his generous and kindly nature was conspicuous in the eyes of the whole army. He certainly failed to secure the admiration and love which waited on the illustrious career of Lafayette, but his name will be held in grateful remembrance by the nation, whose liberties he helped to establish. Mr. Kapp has injudiciously, we think, attempted to cast obloquy on the fame of Lafayette—an attempt which will find no response in the American heart.

The Life of North American Insects, by B. JAEGER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The most striking feature of this attractive volume is the almost child-like *naïveté* with which the author discourses about the habits and character of his insect favorites, as if he were taking you into his confidence with regard to the peculiarities of certain personal friends. He is sometimes, no doubt, a little garrulous, but this is easily pardoned to his love of nature and of every living thing. He discourses both wisely and freely on the varieties of beetles, grasshoppers, butterflies, mosquitoes, and so forth, with which he has become acquainted in this country, and often draws interesting comparisons between their history and what he has noticed of similar insects in strange lands. His descriptions aim less at scientific technicality than at popular effect, and apart from the value of their information are rich in entertainment.

The *Last of the Mohicans* is published in W. A. Townsend and Co.'s splendid library edition of Fennimore Cooper's novels, with Darley's characteristic illustrations. This new impression of the works of the great American novelist as it advances satisfactorily fulfills the promise of its commencement. Mr. Darley has admirably succeeded in reproducing the spirit of the author, and given a fresh interest to the narrative by his masterly designs.

Speeches, Messages, and other Writings of the Hon. Albert G. Brown, edited by M. W. CLUSKEY. (Published by James B. Smith and Co.) The publishers of this volume announce the intention of issuing a series of the speeches and writings of several of the most eminent public men of the United States. In the present volume a judicious selection has been made from the productions of the distinguished Mississippi Senator, which can not fail to be read with interest by his constituents and to increase his national reputation. A compact memoir of Mr. Brown forms an appropriate introduction to the work.

More about Jesus, by the Author of "Peep of Day." (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this little volume the writer has aimed to furnish parents with a useful aid in the religious instruction of their children. It consists of a series of brief narratives, founded on historical passages of the New Testament, and accompanied with questions adapted to the comprehension of learners from eight to sixteen years of age. The most recent and trust-worthy authorities have been consulted for the description of Oriental customs, which are also illustrated by a profusion of appropriate wood-cuts.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, by the late A. J. DOWNING, with a *Supplement*, by HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT. (Published by A. O. Moore and Co.) The wide circulation of the previous editions of this work has given a powerful impulse to the progress of ornamental gardening in the United States. Mr. Downing was no less remarkable for his severe practical sense and his sound judgment in the recommendation of details than for his enthusiasm for rural embellishment. His writings have, perhaps, contributed more than any other cause to enlightening the public taste and giving a wise direction to the zeal for improvement in gardening and architecture. In the present edition of his standard work Mr. Sargent has given an interesting account of the progress of this branch of rural economy since the death of Mr. Downing, with a variety of original directions and general historical notices.

The Romance and its Hero, by the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." (Published by Harper and Brothers.) With no pretensions to an exciting plot or to far-fetched incidents, this novel wins upon the reader by its natural delineations of character and its pleasant and unaffected narrative.

Science and Art of Chess, by J. MONROE. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The principles of the game of chess are here explained in a novel and lucid manner. The writer evidently possesses a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and a happy talent of communicating his knowledge by acute analysis and forcible illustration.

Ticknor and Fields have increased their list of gold and purple duodecimos by the issue of *Motherwell's Poems*, with a biography of the author. Many of his sweet and tender lyrics are already familiar to readers in this country, who will gladly extend their acquaintance with one who possessed such high claims to poetic inspiration. The same house have brought out a new volume of *De Quincey's Writings*, containing a story called the Avenger, additions to the Confessions of an Opium-Eater, an Essay on China, and several other papers in the true De Quincey vein.

Editor's Table.

PULPITS AND PREACHERS.—We Americans are considered a church-loving and a church-going people. Like all generalizations about character, this is partly true and partly false; but, on the whole, it must be acknowledged that Sunday is not a dull day, and attendance on religious service not a wearisome penance to the most of our people. How far the fear of *ennui*, the love of show, and the passion for a crowd—to say nothing of the wholesome dread of that whip of scorpions, public opinion—may be concerned with our outward devotions, we leave to the cynic and semi-cynic to determine. The fact is patent enough that we go to church; that we generally pay and are paid for the going; that we sometimes go with the odds largely against us; and, moreover, that we persist in the habit with a minor sort of heroism, regardless of bad weather, wet feet, and dull sermons. No doubt respectability, custom, fashion, have much to do with it. But it is equally certain that sincerity and honest zeal are main elements in the good old usage. Nor would it be extravagant to affirm that, beneath the living tide flowing on every Sunday into our sanctuaries there is a heartfelt enthusiasm for the pulpit, and for what the pulpit represents—the gracious Gospel of God. Unlike the currents of the ocean, the warmer stream is here the lower, and the upper flow feels its life-giving virtue.

It is the part of the best motives to do the best work; but, nevertheless, inferior motives have their place in all human affairs. If men will not act from the highest motives, it is something to act on the impulse of less worthy considerations; for there is then at least some hope that the lower motive may give way to the higher, and human nature be thus lifted into a truer and nobler dignity. To attend church from conscientious convictions of duty, and because of a genuine interest in religion, is a Christian virtue; but it is a wise thing to reverence the Sabbath, and sit under the instructions of the ministry, even if the spirit is enslaved to worldliness and folly. You are the unconscious recipients of benefit. And just as many men are large debtors to the beauty and glory of visible nature who never cast a thoughtful look or exercise their poetic sensibilities on the loveliness and sublimity of creation, so those who wait on the ministrations of Christianity are insensibly ennobled. The fragrance of God's paradise, if it fail to penetrate their souls, will yet linger about their garments, and they will not quite lose the odor when they lay off their Sunday apparel.

These circumstances are favorable, as far as they go, to the success of the pulpit. Every Sabbath a multitude gather to hear the Divine Word as expounded by the preacher, and the larger part are more or less interested in the services. The few may have come for spiritual nourishment; and the majority, fixed in habits of worldly thought and feeling, may have little sympathy with the profound significance of the hallowed hour. But they are there; they are there with all their earthliness upon them; they are there with some intellectual and moral tastes, open to instruction and within reach of influence. If the vast mass are spiritually dead, they are alive intellectually and morally; they have ears that can be made to hear, hearts to be moved, consciences on the side of truth and righteousness. So far as these are concerned it is the work of the preacher to arouse the attention, to quicken the dull and listless sense of spiritual things, and, by means of his own keener perceptions and deeper sensibilities, aided by God's strength, to make Christianity an instant and living reality to their consciousness. The moral characteristics of this large class of church-goers, as seen in the light of the Divine Word, are easily defined. Allowing for differences of habit, taste, and temperament, they are all, in one respect, grouped together under the same family likeness. They are without decided religious convictions, walking after their own will, and pursuing their own selfish ends in the affairs of life. Christianity may be accepted as the religion of Christ, but it is a cold and unaffecting assent, which never penetrates the depths of the heart or rules the conduct. The relation of the preacher to these persons is one of profound interest; for it is his office to awaken their souls to a vivid appreciation of those unseen objects that constitute the grand and impressive realities of Christianity. His work is to create within them a true and hearty sympathy with these objects; to lift them out of the dimness and obscurity in which they are involved to their feeble vision, and to give them the shape and attitude of the most real and palpable of all substances; to conquer, by his own free and energetic spirit, their insensibility to the claims of truth and goodness. So far as human agency is involved in their salvation, the living preacher is to draw them within the circle of his sympathies, to lead them into a partnership with his own thoughts and emotions, to bring them to see as he sees, to feel as he feels, to act as he acts, in view of the great and glorious verities of Christianity.

Looking, then, to the mere human side of his office, the spirit of the preacher, as a source of sympathy between himself and the audience, is a point of vital significance. By that spirit, we mean more than a state of mind in general keeping with the doctrines and experience of Christianity. We mean more than a heart of truth and love toward God; for it is obvious that his own soul may be right, in regard to personal character, in the sight of Heaven, and yet he may be strikingly disqualified for the peculiar calling of the pulpit. Sympathy with religion, as a private and individual sentiment, is one thing; sympathy with it in its bearings on others is, practically at least, another thing. The distinct feature of this sympathy is derived from the fact that he stands in the pulpit to convince, to persuade, to subdue the will and the affections to God. It is, therefore, a sympathy that involves the laws of the intellectual and emotional nature in its action on other minds. It is a sympathy that, whatever it may be in itself, must consult the art of natural and forcible expression. It is a sympathy that can not rest on mere thought and feeling, considered as the private property of the spirit; but must fully conform itself to such modes of utterance and representation as are divinely adapted to create a corresponding state of reflection and sensibility in others. Without doubt the individual experience of the preacher is the basis of this relative action of mind. But it is the foundation merely of his pulpit work. Standing there in the presence of men, and, to a large extent, holding their destinies in his hands, it is not simply what he is in his own private heart and in his personal life that decides his fitness for the solemn task confided to his care. No; he stands there as God's orator; and hence it is by the laws of the speaking mind—by the principles of adaptation to the art of persuasion—that the preacher is to be

judged. Not what the man is, but what manhood is in the preacher; what degree and force of soul can embody themselves in living words; how he can feel, look, act as a Divine messenger to his frail and erring brethren: this is the standard by which he must be tried and known.

It is easy enough for ministers of the Gospel to see this fact. But it is not so easy to feel it. Commonplace truths are often the hardest to get into the heart. They nestle in the outward eye, and persuade the facile intellect to believe that they are living things, when they are only dead images. Now, certainly the most of preachers do not seem to be impressed by the idea that the work of the pulpit is a distinct and definite work. Do they not rather look upon it as a part of an extensive piece of machinery—a prominent part, it may be, but still nothing more than a co-ordinate part of the arrangements of Providence for the recovery of man to goodness? In one sense this is true; in another sense it is false. The work of the pulpit is connected with the economy of God's mercy, as that mercy reveals itself in a vast system of means and agencies. But in another, and we think a more correct, view of its true nature and legitimate functions, the pulpit is marked off from all other instrumentalities of doing good, and occupies its own select and exclusive ground. If the pulpit be first seen and appreciated as it is in itself, reared close beside God's throne, and conveying His word to mortals, then it may be safely regarded in the inferior aspect of its connections with the general system of pious and philanthropic usefulness in the world. A preacher, therefore, ought not to enter the pulpit as he would enter on any other sphere of benevolent service. If he enters its sacred precincts in this way he may be, for aught we know, a kind, clever, good man; but, certain it is, he is no preacher. The everyday man may be amiable, genial, and devout—a good example of Christian virtues—but this everyday man must rise into the Sabbath man if he expect to stand up as a bold and successful witness for God, and convert men to the knowledge and practice of the truth. Why have any pulpit, if it is to be nothing more than a conversational fireside, a well-stored library, a drawing-room talking place of easy and familiar chat? Call this what you please, it is not Christ's pulpit. For that pulpit, according to the idea of the New Testament, is a seat of transcendent power. Around it hangs the cloud of God's special presence, and the awaiting thunders of His voice and the lightning of His eye are gathered within its folds; subject, in obedience to His sovereignty, to the bidding of the humble, honest, skillful preacher. Let us have the everyday man for everyday work; but let us have the Sabbath man for Sabbath work. The parallel is not a figment of forced rhetoric. No; it is a real, truthful, genuine parallel. The preacher is to the everyday man what the Sabbath is to this everyday working world. We need a special manhood for the day as much as we need the special sanctity of the Sabbath itself. If the preacher require the Sabbath, it is just as true that the Sabbath requires the preacher. They are one in union, one in end; and hence, if the Sabbath is born to us out of heaven, and spreads over landscape and firmament a soft and beautiful radiance such as sunshine never gives, the preacher ought likewise to surpass, in depth of earnestness, in scope of comprehension, in fullness of power, in spirituality of eloquence, all the manifested forms of intellect, language, heart, as witnessed and felt in the common intercourse of human life.

But generalities will not answer. Let us be more specific. Does the preaching of the Gospel, then, demand a special adaptation of the intellect, a special office of the whole mind? This is simply equivalent to asking whether the Gospel has any individuality. If the Gospel is characterized, as we believe, no less by its forms and modes of thought than by the thoughts themselves; if its style of address, illustration, and enforcement is as distinctly marked as the subject-matter of its appeals; if it comes to the heart through avenues that neither poet nor philosopher can ever tread; then it is apparent that the preacher who proposes to be a just and faithful exponent of Christianity must be intellectually, emotionally, suited to his work. No one, certainly, would expect a scientific man to use his mental faculties as a poet or artist. If Milton and Newton had employed their intellects in accordance with the same laws and in pursuit of the same objects, we should never have had Paradise Lost and the Principia. Had Bishop Butler and Dante observed the same methods of thought and expression, we should not now possess the Analogy and the Inferno. All of us know that a slight infusion of the poetic element into the metaphysical philosopher generally gives us the product of an erratic fancy and an unreliable logic. Nothing is truer of mind than the distinctness and jealous exclusiveness of its operations, whenever directed to different departments of study. The eye might as well undertake the offices of the ear as for imagination to assume the capacity of reason; and in all other respects the line of individuality is not more clearly drawn between the senses than between the operations of the mind in obedience to the law of adaptability. Now this is obvious enough in other connections. Science calls for the scientific mind; art requires artistic tastes, sensibilities, and talents. Even dissimilar branches of science and art demand the most marked peculiarities of mental organization and training. We have no idea that Hugh Miller would have made a great astronomer, nor do we imagine that Coleridge could have written a standard history. Blackstone had early proclivities toward poetry, and Foster tried teaching, but they both found out their mistakes and turned to fitter work. So intent is Nature on the execution of this paramount law of fitness that, by a variation in the imaginative faculty, she ordains one man to be a painter, another a sculptor, and a third a poet. A slight change in the power of the seeing eye and the constructive hand, a little more sensibility in the nerves of the ear and a fuller perception of the sense of tune, and, agreeably to the law, one becomes a Sir Christopher Wren, a second is a Thorwaldsen or a Chantrey, a third a Handel or Beethoven. The same truth applies to pulpit-mind. It is not enough that we have in the pulpit a mind of scope, earnestness, and power. Nor is it enough that we have that particular form of talent which distinguishes the speaker from the thinker, and the thinker from the writer. Not only does the work of the ministry demand the distinctive qualities of the speaking mind as different from every other kind of mind, but it requires an eloquence of its own—a mode of perceiving, stating, and applying the great and stirring truths of the Gospel and a style of expression (using the word in its higher sense) that are *sui generis* to the Christian orator.

The special vocation of the preacher is to speak to the conscience and to the consciousness of his hearers. Holding in his hands the violated law of God, he addresses the conscience as the faculty that per-

ceives the obligations of duty and summons the heart to instant and unwavering obedience. It is not the law as announced on the Mount of the desert, but that law as reannounced, confirmed, and enforced by Jesus Christ, that he urges on the attention and reverence of his congregation. Nor is it conscience as the moral instinct, with its law of nature and sensibilities to the phenomena of ordinary experience, but conscience as Christ's witness, conscience under the probing power of the Gospel with which he deals. Aside, too, from conscience, in the broader realm of human consciousness the preacher works. What a world is here! What strange and shadowy memories haunt it! What dim and indistinct visions float through it! What mysteries thicken and darken through all its thoughts and images! How many voices are here that speak in unknown tongues! How many fragmentary syllables as of words torn asunder in the strong convulsions of the spirit! How many yearnings that long for guidance, and prophecies that ask for fulfillment! Far down in the depths that the daily intercourse of life never sounds, what pathos sweeps its mournful music! what strains of a lost anthem! One can not listen without emotion to the throbs of his heart; but when he hears the mighty palpitation of that other heart—not of the flesh, but of the soul—beating its strong pulses against the future, an awe comes over him that silences the outward din of life, and bows his pride and selfishness before the tremendous realities of his inward being. Were we to picture a blind eagle soaring toward the sun, driven far upward by his instinct, and yet denied the sight of that orb whose warmth played upon his eyeball but gave no image of itself, we might have an emblem of the struggling, sorrowing, wrestling mind, when it is swayed by those mysterious visitations of thought and feeling that so often startle our consciousness. To that consciousness the preacher comes, or ought to come, as a divinely-sent interpreter. Weary and heavy-laden souls are before him — hearts bowed down under the pressure of sadness, and the still sorer pressure of conscious guilt—spirits on which

> "The heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world"

is resting; knowing not themselves, they know not his message; and understanding not the voice within them, they are deaf to the tones calling from the Cross. What a work is this, to give clearness and significance to the language of our better instincts! Men have been who have restored dead languages, and evoked their meaning in living words. Men have given import to the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and in other lands the mystical inscriptions over temple-doors and on temple-altars have brought to us the fancied utterances of heathen gods; and far down in the ancient strata of the earth the lost dialect in which Nature used to record her expectations of the coming of Man, and register her hope of the dwelling of God within her own Paradise, has been deciphered. But what are these compared with the symbols within the heart? Where are the types like these? Where are there such hints, such intimations, such harbingers of things great and high, worthy to be known and needing to be felt as the familiar pulses of daily existence? None but Christ's preacher can fulfill this sublime task. None but he can have the companionship that encircles our spirits—the all-penetrating insight springing from tenderness and subtlety of sympathy—the oneness with our toil and tears, which are essential to the noblest office one can perform for another; viz., *giving us to ourselves.*

The practical problem, therefore, for the preacher to solve is to reach the conscience and the consciousness of his hearers. To act on these is his calling. To touch their secret sources, to quicken them into vitality, to put men in close and immediate contact with them, is his divine business as an embassador from God's unseen court. The art of accomplishing this object constitutes his adaptation to the ministry of reconciliation. How, then, must he speak? What words shall he utter? We reply, let him speak the language of conscience, and let him utter the words of consciousness. It seems hard for some to understand that conscience and consciousness have a language of their own; but these persons comprehend the fact that the sense of beauty has a language peculiar to itself, and they are equally cognizant of the truth that science has its own exclusive terms. It would be ridiculous to have a select vocabulary, to be entitled "A Dictionary of Conscience and Consciousness," and it is hardly possible that any of our readers will imagine that we are advocating such an intellectual romance as this would imply; but what we do mean, and what we wish to urge home to the hearts of our ministers, is this: that addressing conscience and consciousness is plainly and palpably different from addressing the logical understanding and the sensuous imagination. You are not in the pulpit, preacher of Jesus Christ, to appeal to the abstract faculty of the intellect. Kant, Coleridge, Sir William Hamilton, can do this work. You are not in the pulpit to charm the sense of beauty. Cowper, Thomson, and Wordsworth were set apart for this mission. You are not in the pulpit to be a subtle analyst like De Quincey, to portray visible Nature with the rapt eloquence of Ruskin, to furnish abridgments, cut and fashioned to the hour, of the wonderful epic of Milton and the magnificent tragedies of Shakspeare. The specialty and solemnity of your office, preacher of Jesus Christ, shuts you out from the powers and privileges of general intellect. Use your reason, imagination, understanding, and memory; keep your very senses busy in collecting images and illustrations from the external world; store your brain with all kinds and forms of truth and knowledge; but be sure that you melt and fuse all your treasures in the glowing furnace of a genuine pulpit-heart; and, further, be sure that you employ all your faculties in one solid phalanx to act on conscience and consciousness. General action on mind is not your task. Men are not made Christians by a wholesale business. Our moral guilt, with its present curse and fearfully-overhanging judgments; the divine remedy through the atonement and mediation of the Son of God; the gift of the Holy Ghost, and the return of the soul to the favor and love of its Father in heaven—these are your themes, and they are to be unfolded, urged, applied to conscience and consciousness in the spirit and with the language that are directly, distinctly, divinely adapted to their connections and bearings.

Now we can not see why every preacher who is at all suited to his office can not acquire, in a greater or less degree, the peculiar form of mind that we have designated as pulpit-mind. First of all, let him understand that his preparation for the pulpit is a great work; let him take ample time and give ample thought to his discourse; and let him particularly remember that it is not profound thoughts, logical thoughts, sublime thoughts, which are needed, but specifically and exclusively those thoughts

that constitute the staple of a genuine sermon. Just here the work of adaptation begins. Just here the preacher must sift and winnow, choose and select, fit and adapt. Many trains of reflection, religious in nature and tendency, calculated to give us grander ideas of God and to elevate our conceptions of humanity, are totally unsuitable to a sermon. The intellectual bullion can not be converted into the currency of the pulpit and circulated among the multitude. A preacher must learn the sternest sort of self-restraint here, and be closely watchful lest he mistake his own interest in truth for what is adapted to popular impression. If he is a man of culture, of select tastes, of strong biases in any given direction, he will be inclined to reproduce this kind of personality in the ministrations of the sacred desk. But let him beware. His private mental pleasures, his favorite pursuits, even in Biblical study, may be utterly at variance with his work in the pulpit. The first and last thing for him to feel, in the intellectual part of his preparation, is this, that it is not truth as it strikes him, but truth as suited to strike the popular mind, differing widely from his own in point of strength and degree of cultivation, that he is bound to present. How many well-meaning preachers are sadly at fault in this matter! How many conclude most unwisely that because a train of reflection, a chain of argument, a novel mode of illustration moves them, and perhaps overwhelms them with emotion, it is therefore adapted to move and overwhelm a popular audience! A sermon is designed to reach the hearer. If it is prepared with common honesty of purpose it is prepared for this end. A minister, then, is not to allow himself to seek his private gratification, or to set up himself as a standard for the audience. This is ruinous to success. No; let him know what the popular mind is, its average ability, its low spirituality, its gross and sordid earthliness, and let him prepare his work in full view of the difficulties before him. Appreciating the peculiarities of his position, alive to the touching tenderness of his trust, oblivious of self, dead to all motives not connected with his hallowed vocation, he will use God's truth as God's truth—as a divine instrumentality committed to human hands to change the hearts of men. A sermon constructed on these principles is not a debate with an opponent, not an abstract discussion, not an elegant essay, not a prose poem, but simply, thoroughly, heartily, a sermon, speaking the language of one sinning, sorrowing, struggling soul to other souls, and pouring forth, in warm and blessed words, the sentiments and feelings of a fellow-thinker and a fellow-sufferer. It has the everyday aspects of humanity as they are related to the final issues of our being, in all its doctrines, rebukes, exhortations, entreaties. Broad sympathies, large views, comprehensive truths, generous affections, abound in all its displays of God's mercy and justice.

To place this idea more prominently and impressively before us, let us suppose a preacher reading a portion of one of Foster's celebrated Essays to his Sabbath audience. In such an extract, we have a grand outgoing of thought, sustained by strength of style and affluence of fancy. Nor is there wanting that sincerity of purpose, earnestness of feeling, and scope of statement, which perform so important a part in all those profounder efforts of mind that propose the highest instructions in written literature. Or, turning to a very different type of mind, let us imagine a preacher, filling the allotted hour of the Sabbath, with one of Isaac Taylor's magnificent Essays in "Saturday Evening." Here, the philosophic intellect. the brilliant imagination, the wide historical research, the eloquent rhetoric, the whole array of faculties in a profound Christian thinker, are found. Here, too, metaphysical science, laying aside its accustomed coldness, speaks to the conscience and affections. But who could expect these Essays, however well read, to move a promiscuous throng and answer the purposes of a preached Gospel? Vain would be any such hope. Every hearer, although unable to define his impressions, would instantly feel that the power of the sermon was utterly lacking. Yielding a cordial assent to the grandeur of the intellectual display, and, perchance, deeply moved in those emotions that are intimately related to the operations of the intellect as distinguished from the more specific and intense feelings of the moral nature, he would emphatically declare that his spiritual life was not invigorated, his hungerings and thirstings after divine truth not satisfied, as the preaching of the Gospel in the happiest of his Sabbaths has fed and nourished him. And why? The richest stores of truth, yea, religious truth, the wonders of heavenly science, the gorgeous images of imagination, are all abundantly unfolded. But the specific element of the sermon—the true, earnest, living sermon, that the heart craves—the sermon as something by itself and wholly remote from the fellowship of essays, discourses, orations—the staple of the sermon is entirely absent.

Such a criticism would be perfectly impartial, truthfully just, and beyond the reach of sophistry. All men are conscious that the preaching of the Gospel is, in some way, the power of God and the wisdom of God. Unable they may be to express their precise views, but their own sure instincts teach them that when the strange spectacle of the God-Man rises before them, when all the wonderful mysteries of his birth and being throng their minds, and when, most of all, the solitary One passes by the homes he had blessed, and the haunts he had hallowed, and keeps firmly on his way to Calvary and offers himself on the cross, they feel that these sublime truths are infinitely above all logic and argument—above the cold formalities that men observe when there is no common bond between them. A writer is not an embassador from the court of Heaven. A mere essayist, a critical philosopher, are not the representatives of Christ in the proclamation of the Gospel. Doubtless these often do a divine work, but it is not the work of the ministry. "*Go ye*" into the homes of the cultivated and learned; "*go ye*" into the halls of legislation; "*go ye*" into the lurking-places of skeptical science and erudite infidelity, may have been spoken by the voice of Providence to Christian poets such as Klopstock, Milton, Cowper—to Christian essayists like Sir Thomas Browne, Mackintosh, Foster, and Taylor—to such Christian historians as D'Aubigné and Arnold of Rugby. But "*Go ye into all the world*" is not their commission. The former class, whatever its genius, approaches men on their own level, while the preacher of the Gospel, sent of God to execute a special task, and, in theory at least, anointed for His glorious mission, is clothed with the majesty of infinite truth, and speaks in behalf of the ascended Christ to the world that His blood has redeemed. The messenger borrows power and dignity from the message with which he is charged. No need has he to avail himself of the superstitions of men, or to arrogate claims that are inconsistent with the humility and self-renunciation of his office.

Let him be true to the spirit of his high credentials, and he will stand high enough in the regards and honors of mankind.

If the preacher would acquire the divine art of addressing the conscience and the consciousness of his fellow-men, he must learn it, not in the schools of this world, but in the school of Christ. The great Text-Book of the heavenly Teacher, preserving His discourses, and showing the manner in which He approached the human mind and dealt with its infirmities and sins, is open before him. "*Never man spake like this man*"—words true then and true forever. But while none may hope to approximate His wisdom, or catch the faintest tone of His voice, it is the duty of the preacher to study this perfect model, and, so far as practicable, imitate the intellectual no less than the moral character of this great Minister of the Word. Now let any man calmly set himself to the task of studying Christ's discourses. Can he escape the instant and quick-flashing conviction that he is in the presence of a new order of mind? Can he help feeling that, here as nowhere else, truth mirrors to his eye the profoundest realities of his nature? There is a marked difference between the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables; and both these are unlike the farewell discourse to the disciples. But the truest and deepest unity pervades them all. There is a thorough humanness in them. Every word is born in the heart, and carries the strength of the heart to the listening ear. How like breathing is His language! The voice of familiar life, of common scenes in the household and abroad in the world, of daily sorrows and daily joys, is heard in every utterance. And why may not the preacher speak, in some humble measure, like his Master?

In this age of doubt and darkness whither shall we turn for guiding light and inspiring hopes? Literature is doing a great work. Philanthropy is reforming old abuses and securing new blessings. Education is becoming more and more auxiliary to Christianity. But the pulpit is still and forever the throne of the moral world; and to it men must look for the sceptre that rules the destinies of mankind. Preach the Gospel rightly, and every thing will come right. Preach the Gospel, and skepticism, pantheism, and heathenism will get their death-blow. Preach the Gospel, and the tabernacle of God shall indeed be with men; and its far-stretching folds, like a new firmament gathering the nations beneath its blessedness, shall be resplendent with the glory of Christ.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THEY have come again! This morning they were singing every where in the budding boughs. The trees are not yet in leaf; and where they are clustered their branches look at a distance like a mist of quick, delicate green. But with the first song of the first blue-bird or song-sparrow comes the old feeling—the old and ever new—the feeling that is the earliest and latest recorded in books, which keeps us all fresh and sweet in the midst of passion and prejudice.

All through the meadows and up and down the hills the birds were singing this morning. How full and tenderly sweet was the sound! How gently it fell upon the ear and the heart, too, like a warm south wind made audible! Twee! twee! twee! they chirp, they carol. Before the old psalmist exhorted them they were in full choir, and every green thing *was* praising Him in the gush of song on every spray. What a completion of nature! What a resurrection from the long death of silence into the life of sound! If the song of the early birds came floating in through the open window upon a domestic dispute, can you not fancy it hushed in a moment—unconsciously rebuked by the viewless voices of God that fill the spring morning with music? If a man were stealing along to some dark deed through the sunlight and fresh air, can you not imagine his heart melted in the melodies of the birds?

Are not the birds and the flowers upon the earth what the stars are in the sky? What, then, should we think of energetic people who climbed up somehow to extinguish the stars, and called it sport? What should we think of great lumbering louts going about in May through the green woods and the gay meadows, and carefully trampling down the flowers? Should we not say that brutes were gentler; or, if destructive, ignorantly so?

Will somebody please explain how it is more manly, decent, or tolerable that human beings, for whom this splendid spectacle of the year is unrolled—the earth adorned and the sky spangled—should kill the birds than that they should put out the stars or destroy the flowers? Is it not just as reasonable to walk into the garden with a long stick and whip off the roses from the bush, or along the brookside and behead the lilies, as to stumble through marsh and brier to pop and bang at poor little twittering birds, or birds of exquisite song, who, as they enjoy a more conscious life, so give us a more conscious enjoyment?

The people who do this, who make the woods and fields and streams a slaughter-house, do it, as Mr. Beecher says in his racy lecture upon the Burdens of Society, "for fun." They do not even pretend to do more than gratify a whim of restlessness. Their very name shows how mean and aimless is the murder they do, for they are simply *sportsmen*. Your groves may be vocal with the happy robin; sparrows and thrushes may pour their song into your heart as you sit writing or reading in your room, or as you wander silently in the woods. But you enjoy them by permission of the sportsman. You may hear while you can, and thank your stars if the concert of the day, in which your heart kept time with the voices of the birds, is not suddenly turned into a terrified whirr of hastening wings—the frightened call of the songsters, and the sharp, angry report of a gun in the hands of something in velveteen jacket and high boots, who finds it "capital sport," and is vindicating his claim to be thought a gentleman by popping over little birds.

At this very moment there are plenty of young gentlemen who are feeling monstrously important because they are going out for a week's shooting. Fine manly youth! Fine manly sport! Generous game, in which they are only less skillful than their own dogs when tracking hares! It is a cheerful and edifying sight! Go forth, young men, upon your noble work! The finest sympathies of men and of nature attend you! This fair green globe was graced with trees, and veined with brooks, and spread with fields—this sky was hung, these flowers spring and bloom, these birds, on every bough, lilt and sing, that you may devastate the whole; silence, sound, and scene, all are destroyed by you; and you prove conclusively that you are no milksop or spooney. Undoubtedly you do. You couldn't prove it in any other way. Besides, don't you bring home the game for supper?

There is a favorite argument against every body who speaks a word for the birds. It is roundly asserted that men and women must live by the flesh of inferior animals, birds, and fish—that the universal law of nature is destruction of inferior life by the superior.

Yes, but for what purpose? The anaconda swings himself upon the running horse, or deer, or ox, or rabbit, or dog, and having consumed them, *for the support of life*, rests until hunger drives him again to his prey; and, according to the argument, any other taking of life than what the necessities of life require is unjustifiable. Moreover, if sporting is to be defended on the ground of taking life to support life, why is snuffing out a poor little bird's life sporting, and knocking an ox on the head butchery? If that were the real reason, brave young gentlemen would cut the throats of pigs and smite mighty bullocks, rather than which they would dispense with animal food.

No, the dirty business of shooting birds is not to be defended by any argument of the necessity of life to life. That necessity is subserved by the butcher, not by the sportsman—at the shambles, not in the woods; and when a man takes his gun and game-pouch it is, first of all, his own amusement, and not at all his bodily nourishment, that he has in view. The mere appearance of destroying life for pleasure, or even playing with a necessary destruction, strikes us as horrible in an animal. There is not a young gentleman about starting forth to have a little sport with the birds whose blood has not boiled when he has seen a cat having a little sport with the mice.

Of course the complacent sportsman will fall back upon Izaak Walton, the honest citizen and fisher. Well, listen to old Izaak:

"These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

"As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

"How do the blackbird and throstle with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to?

"Nay, the smaller birds also do their like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin that loves mankind both alive and dead.

"But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little, instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"

Bad men! Izaak? Yes; and what proves their badness more conclusively than that they call it sport to kill those singers? What would you say if those saints should take to showing their saintliness by throttling the choiring cherubim?

Nay, was it not a dove who first announced the restored earth to the human race? And yet the human race eats potted pigeons to this day!

Well, it is better, perhaps, that men should kill birds than each other. The groups that circle and change about the Chair are still full of excited discussion of the terrible tragedy in Washington. The first impulse was an absolute justification of the deed, on the ground that a man who had offended as Mr. Key had, justly owed his life to the husband of the woman he had seduced.

That first impulse is, undoubtedly, the general feeling still. Christendom, in many ways, is just as absolutely under the old Jewish practice of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, as ever the Hebrews were. And it is not the least amazing incident in the bloody Washington story that many of the so-called religious newspapers have not hesitated to assert that what they call the curse of God upon the crime of adultery has fallen upon the adulterer suddenly and awfully.

Now Christian preaching is not especially the province of this Easy Chair, but yet as a citizen of a Christian commonwealth, and a Chair of ordinary common sense, it would like to quote certain words to the religious journals which think the adulterer was served just right, and to take a little advice upon those words.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Is not the spirit of these words the spirit of the Christian dispensation?—and if so, ought any Christian teacher, as such, to declare that whoever hates his neighbor, and shoots him who despitefully uses him, serves him just right, and executes upon him the just wrath of God?

Also, when a woman was actually taken in adultery, and the neighbors began to stone her, and the same voice said,

"Let him that is without fault among you cast the first stone," did He mean to except the people most interested, or did He mean that in a world where all are so sinful no sinner should presume to execute upon another sinner what he calls the justice of God?

In fine, do the religious papers which virtually defend Mr. Sickles for shooting Mr. Key, on the presumption that he was guilty, mean to say that Christianity is only a highly-colored metaphor, and that Christ did not mean what he said, but meant only that we should be as good as we could be, without inconvenience to the animal and lower instincts of our nature? And as science in every department is simplified, are we to understand that the moral law is altered, or receive a Christian principle made easy, for the use of sinners?

There is another very important view of this kind of justification.

A crime is committed, which, when proved, is reason enough for annulling the marriage bond; and is justification enough in the popular sentiment for the immediate and violent murder of the offender. It is by no means an infrequent crime, but is familiar to all civilized society.

But if society provides a sufficient penalty for the crime of stealing and forgery, and will not justify shooting the thief or forger—if society insists upon

judicially proving the murder, before it will allow violent hands to be laid upon the murderer, and then only with the utmost preparation, solemnity, and reluctance, and despite the sober protest of grave and thoughtful people in the State—by what conceivable inconsistency has it failed to provide a proper punishment for this other crime? It justifies the murderer in his assault upon the vital principle of social peace, on the ground that the crime which he revenges itself strikes at the very life of society. But is not society competent to its own protection? If the crime be so enormous and dangerous let society provide the surest punishment, and not virtually remove it out of the catalogue of crimes by not even frowning upon the criminal.

For, with the most exquisite inconsistency, while on the one hand "society" insists that the offender has been served right by being shot, on the other hand "society" in the form of a court of law is bemoaning the setting of a sun at noon, drawing the vail of tears over "frailty," and adjourning out of respect to the memory of the dead, with its face in a cambric pocket-handkerchief.

Now, how is all this? The man has committed a crime, or he has not. If he has not, why was he served right by being shot in cold blood? If he has, why does a court, expressly instituted to punish crime, adjourn out of respect to the memory of the criminal?

The truth is, it is *not* considered a crime, and therefore all this talk about serving him right is idle. Is there probably a club in Washington from which the knowledge of what is called his crime would have excluded the late Mr. Key? How many gentlemen would have declined his acquaintance—how many ladies would have refused to dance with him—how soon would the President have removed him from office?

If a man be detected picking his neighbor's pocket, or forging his name to a check for five dollars, or telling lies of him in a newspaper, or setting his hay-stack on fire, he is a criminal, and is criminally punished by the law. If a man cheat at cards, or billiards, or be caught jockeying a neighbor, he is sent to Coventry and exiled from the society of gentlemen.

But if he destroy the happiness of a home—if he put a man's and woman's soul in peril—if he cloud a family with perpetual shame, and nobody's body be hurt, and nobody in danger of being a penny poorer—he is a "gallant," "a gay Lothario," "a roué," "a lady-killer," "a dangerous fellow," "who knows the world," and "has had affairs," welcome to the club, welcome to the ball-room; an object of curious envy by young men, of curious interest among young women.

Bang! he is shot dead in the street; "Served him right," says the Club. "The court will now adjourn out of respect to the memory of the deceased," says the Judge upon the bench.

So long as society does not consider adultery a crime sufficiently black to be capitally punished by solemn and legal execution, why does it tolerate its hasty and violent capital punishment? Or, if it forgive exasperation in the murderer in this case, why not in all others, where he considers his rights invaded? If his rights *are* invaded, then it is the duty of society to punish the invader. If they are not, then it is a crime in any body to punish him.

"Dear Easy Chair," writes a friendly correspondent, "in your last number I observed some remarks upon what you call *Ledger* literature. Like a good many other men who perceive that the literary vehicle of to-day is the weekly newspaper, and who also observe that that vehicle must be illustrated to satisfy the popular demand, I should be very glad to hear your opinion of the proper domain of an illustrated family weekly newspaper. You know there are at least a dozen, perhaps twenty, published in New York and Boston. Please give me your views, and in so doing you will give them to the million readers of *Harper's Monthly*."

The Easy Chair complies very willingly with this request. Nobody can complain that the Chair has not always given its honest opinion of every subject it has discussed during the years it has stood in this sanctum, the centre of a busy world, with eyes, ears, and nerves all about it, and it will not begin to break that honorable rule.

An illustrated family newspaper properly claims to be an illustrated history of the current times. It undertakes to supply its readers not only with a record of the course of political movements in the world, but of all scientific, literary, and social movements. It means to mention the prominent men who control the time and impart an impulse to it—to bring home to every man the results of remote exploration and discovery—to show him foreign places and foreign life—to discuss cheerfully events in which we are all interested, and of which we are all talking; and it proposes to heighten the interest and impression of all this varied talk by pictures of those men, women, places, discoveries, and events.

Now this enterprise is not undertaken from pure philanthropy any more than men embark in the India trade, or in cotton manufactures, or in stock speculations for the good of humanity at large. It is undertaken by the proprietor, as all other business is, primarily for his own pecuniary advantage, and then for all the other possible results. It will, therefore, be conducted in the way which he thinks will most surely promote that advantage.

But then every man's character is part of his capital, so that he can not pursue his money-making without regard to his reputation, upon which, in a degree, that very money-making depends. If, for instance, the India merchant connives at the Coolie trade, there will be plenty of people who will decline to deal with him, and the merchant will, therefore, calculate whether, in the first place, he can make as much money by losing their good opinion and continuing the trade; and, secondly, whether, even if he can do so, life would not be pleasanter to him with a little less money and the good opinion of his friends and the world.

The object of the merchant, then, who engages in the illustrated family newspaper will be to make the most money he can, consistently with retaining an honorable character, and the general conviction that he understands the peculiar responsibility he has assumed.

That is to say, he admits at once that, although he proposes to give an illustrated history of the times, yet he also proposes to exercise his discretion in deciding what events he will select, since it is impossible to give them all. A subscriber, for instance, might say to him, "Look here! you promised to furnish me with illustrations of the history of to-day, and yesterday my next neighbor, in a frenzy, seized a butcher's knife and disemboweled his entire family—a wife, five daughters, seven sons, three maid-servants, a man, a boy, and the baker, who happened to be in the kitchen. He then hung himself out of his third-story window. The whole

town is ringing with it. It is an immense event. Here is your prospectus—you promised an illustrated record of the day. I demand at least ten pictures of the disemboweling from different points of view."

To this the proprietor would doubtless reply: "My dear Sir, I *did* promise you an illustrated paper of current events; but I promised in the same breath a *family* paper. Now what is a family paper? Is it not one which may be willingly read, and studied, and looked at by the entire family without injury? Is it not a paper which any parent may toss among his children, and say, 'Here, girls and boys, here's the *Weekly*. I have not looked at it, but let me see it when you have done with it.' Is it not a paper which the parent is not obliged to inspect carefully when it comes through the mail, or when he buys it of a boy, to make sure that it will not poison the minds or imaginations of his children—to assure himself that its stories are not prurient, nor its illustrations such as to fill the young fancy with fearful or improper images?

"Is not that a family paper? Well, then, how could I excuse myself to the parents who buy my paper if I sent into their homes next Saturday the representations of this horrid butchery with which, as you say, the town rings? How could it possibly amuse or instruct any body? What could it gratify but the most morbid and prurient appetite for crude horrors? What would any honest father or mother do but fling the paper into the fire at once? And what should I be doing but pandering to the same diseased curiosity and bestial appetite which sends people by thousands to stare and gloat at a hanging? My impetuous friend, I should have one account in this matter to settle with my fellow-men, as a citizen, and another with my God, as a man. And even if my fellow-men allowed that a man who pandered to such tastes could be a good citizen, I am pretty sure that my God would hardly allow me to pass for a good man.

"Besides, when I promised to furnish an illustrated record of the time, I did not promise to give every thing—which is impossible—but *to make selections;* and those selections must depend upon my self-respect and conscience. You say your neighbor in a fit of frenzy disemboweled his family. Yes; but at the same time the good old clergyman of my parish, ripe in years and virtue, softly sank away into his last sleep, surrounded by his family, whom his sweet humility consoled as it stole the sting from death. Of the two scenes I choose to represent that; and I might choose to illustrate neither.

"You will please to remember that the publisher of an illustrated family paper has a character to maintain as a man, and a country to serve as a citizen, as well as a fortune to make as a merchant. I have the honor to be, Sir," etc., etc., etc.

"Yes"—we can hear that incredulous subscriber muttering to himself—"Yes, that's all very fine, about your duties and responsibilities, and your country, and your family friendships and reputation, and the deuce knows what about decency, and pruriency, and pandering. I don't know any thing about principle, but I do know that it would pay to put in the disemboweling; especially if you just colored the blood on the under-clothes, and gave a picture of the FATAL KNIFE, with great clots of gore upon it, and a piece of the wife's apron sticking to it. 'Pon my soul, Sir, the sale would be something immense! I do believe you could push off nine hundred thousand copies. Nine hundred thousand! Why, Sir, I engage to sell a million and a half if you'll announce that a piece of the petticoats of the 'murdered young ladies will be presented to every body who purchases a copy of the paper!'"

Why, yes; so he might. But if an illustrated paper chose to give accurate pictures of incidents that are a constant part of current history in every city in the world, it might sell an incredible number of copies, and it would give away the character of the proprietor gratis. The proceeding would be indecent, but the paper would unquestionably sell, and the proprietor could truly say that he was only illustrating the life of the day.

Would not any honest man rather say, "No, no! I can afford not to publish a paper, but I can not afford to lose the respect of all generous and thoughtful men."

For nobody is bound to publish a paper; but every body is bound to preserve and promote public decency and morality.

Precisely the same argument holds against the elaborate reports of trials for licentious crimes, with which the daily papers fill their columns; and, when reproved, turn round with such deprecating innocence, and announce that their mission is to give the news; and that so long as people are not all fabulous innocent swains and shepherdesses, so long the news will sometimes be naughty.

Now, it is one thing to give the news, and a very different one to devote columns to the details of a trial whose sole interest is its pruriency. And it is a very ludicrous and absurd thing for the paper which consciously and deliberately does this to make money, and which every body knows to be acting from that motive—a very ludicrous and asinine thing to roll up its eyes and talk about public instruction and warning to youth! Why are not the innumerable trials every day occurring served up with the same unctuous detail? Is it only necessary to warn youth against licentiousness? Would the adultery trials be printed in such high colors if they injured the sale of the paper? Would the news, and the warning, and the public instruction, hold their own against a reduced demand?

The virtue of the fourth estate is very great. That part of the world must be deaf which does not believe it. But such tremendous virtue! Come, come; any thing in reason.

The result of the whole is, that the proprietor of an illustrated family paper is like every other merchant. He uses his discretion as to what, where, and how, he will sell. A confectioner does not cease to be such because he refuses to sell a certain kind of candy which is very much in demand and known to be poisonous. He says he prefers not to injure other people. "Yes," say other people, "but we know what we are about. We will take the risk of injury." "All very likely," replies the confectioner; "but arsenic is arsenic, and you shall not buy it of me. You may take the risk of your being injured by what I ought not to do; but I don't believe you will take the risk of *my* being injured by it. If I sell you a little arsenic in my sugar-candy now, by-and-by I shall put a little strychnine in it; and then a little more. No, thank you: I am a confectioner, but I am a man; I have candy, not conscience, to sell!"

The friendly correspondent will not have much difficulty in comprehending the opinion of the Easy Chair upon the subject of illustrated family newspapers. They are almost indispensable. The facility of printing, the universality of the taste for reading, the constant gratification of curiosity at a cheap

rate which they supply—all these make them universal and welcome visitors. Parents will judge of them as of all other visitors. If they find them honest, active, interesting, intelligent, and entertaining, they will ask them to call whenever they come to town. If they find them coarse, brutal, debasing, licentious, the parents may meet them in their offices and in railroad cars, to gratify their prurient tastes; but they will despise the visitor that panders to them, and those who made him a pander.

In the late month of March there was a great deal of excitement in Boston because some of the scholars at a public school, who were Roman Catholics, had been punished for refusing to read the Ten Commandments according to the Protestant version.

Let us for a moment put the boot on the other leg. Suppose a boy had been whipped in a public school in Boston or New York for declining to repeat a Paternoster, or to say an Ave Mary—suppose a boy whose parents were of the prevailing Unitarian faith in Boston had declined to join in an ascription to the Trinity—what a re-echoing row-de-dow we should have had!

But there is no more reason in requiring a Romish boy to say the Ten Commandments as they are translated by Protestants than in insisting that the Protestant boy shall say Paternosters. The citizens of Boston, whether Romish or Protestant, pay taxes to support schools in which their children are to be taught reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, and such other branches of human science as may be determined. But the Methodist does not agree to have his child exposed to Presbyterian influences; nor the Unitarian to have his liable to be—as he deems it—perverted to Episcopacy; nor does the Romish parent mean to expose his child to the danger of Protestantism. They pay for entirely other and different purposes. And any religious instruction (of course we do not mean the moral law) is just as impertinent as it would be for a Sunday-school teacher to instruct his class in Comparative Anatomy.

It is a good thing that children should have all kinds of instruction. But no teacher has a right to devote the school-hours to the practice of gymnastics with his pupils, on the ground—which is undeniable—that exercise of the abdominal muscles is a good thing for children. So it is—but the parent chooses to select his gymnasium and teacher. He pays the other man to teach his children grammar. It is a good thing that there should be muslin curtains over the windows—but what would the head of the house say to a plumber called in to repair the water-works who should undertake to regulate the curtains?

As long as we allow perfect liberty of conscience and of worship, so long we shall have to confess that the Protestant Bible is to the Romanist a Protestant religious book, and, as such, not justly to be imposed upon his children in the public schools. We may insist upon it that it ought not to be a Protestant book—that our translation is better than the Romish—and so on. But we might as well say grace over the whole barrel at once, and insist upon it that people ought not to be Romanists. Why are we to decide for them any more than they for us?

Certainly the only fair, the only honorable way is to grant that in institutions for specific scientific purposes there shall be no intrusion of doubtful subjects. For they do most wisely and Christianly who practice what John Wesley preached in his famous sermon upon the Catholic spirit:

"I dare not, therefore, presume to impose my mode of worship upon any other. I believe it is truly primitive and apostolical; but my belief is no rule for another. I ask not, therefore, of him with whom I would unite in love, 'Are you of my Church, of my congregation? Do you receive the same form of Church government, and allow the same Church officers with me? Do you join in the same form of prayer wherein I worship God?' I inquire not, 'Do you receive the Supper of the Lord in the same posture and manner that I do?' Nor whether, in the administration of Baptism, you agree with me in admitting sureties for the baptized, in the manner of administering it, or the age of those to whom it should be administered. Nay, I ask not of you (as clear as I am in my own mind) whether you allow Baptism and the Lord's Supper at all. Let all these things stand by: we will talk of them, if need be, at a more convenient season. My only question, at present, is this: 'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?'"

The Easy Chair must say a word, and but a word, to the many correspondents who have been so long waiting. Let it be understood that it is almost always impossible to print the letters—although they are often welcome and suggestive.

—L. C., of Columbia, California, sends a poem for the New Year, which arrives a little late.

—Bella, Alexandria, Virginia, thinks the story, "What was it?" in the March number, "horrible!" Such things, she declares, prevent sleeping. We should think it highly probable, especially if they fall very heavily.

—F. C., Ross, Ohio, insists that Thackeray, in "The Virginians," has made Dr. Franklin Postmaster-General twenty years too soon.

—A friend in Chicago, who greatly admires Thackeray, complains that in his account of Braddock's defeat, in "The Virginians," he is unjust to the Colonial troops, and makes no proper mention of the efforts of Washington in covering the retreat. The whole burden of the day, he contends, fell upon the Colonial troops, and Washington, as aid-de-camp.

—M. L. B., Rome, New York, is informed that the Easy Chair has lighted his cigar with "St. Sylvester's Eve."

—M. M., Louisville, Kentucky. The editor respectfully declines "Petty Cares."

—The Easy Chair sincerely thanks the Rev. D. W., of Covington, Kentucky, for his letter, which has remained a year unacknowledged!

—German, Northwest, Missouri, complains that a sketch called "A Christmas in Hamburg," in the Magazine for February, does injustice to his countrymen. The Easy Chair differs; for while there is a little humorous exaggeration in the article, there is no attempt to throw ridicule upon the Germans; and the effect of the sketch upon the American reader is to show how the German is a simple and

good-hearted, and, if not a very brilliant, yet a very enjoyable people.

—Miss Muff, of Lynchburg, has eaten a philopena with a gentleman, and is to give him a book. What shall she give him? asks Miss Muff. Suppose we say the Works of John Calvin, in fifty volumes—or the Poems of L. E. L., in one volume.

—Delta, New York, speculates upon "the great problem of Utilitarian Education." Yes, dear Sir, but this is an *Easy* Chair! Thanks for the letter.

—V. C. sends from California an article upon Old Bachelors, and is glad he was married before women married for establishments, etc. When were you married, venerable Sir?

—J. P. R., Bridgewater, Massachusetts, is thanked for his "Fantoccini Boy," for whom, however, the Easy Chair finds no room.

—So with F. G., Starkville, and the "Paragraph on the Seasons," which the Easy Chair has kept, in hope.

—Annie D., Philadelphia, sends a little translation of "The Professor of Signs." But the conceit is as old as Rabelais, who is fond of it.

—Lula, New York, who thanks the Easy Chair for what it said in February about unfortunate women, will understand how grateful her commendation is. For the privilege of this Chair is that it speaks not for one, but for many.

Our Foreign Bureau.

At the Bourse people talk of the war; on the street-corners people talk of the war; in the papers people talk of the war; and before this reaches the eye of our far-away readers, it is not impossible or improbable that people may be fighting out the war upon the newly-springing rice-fields of Lombardy. There are rich and tenderly beautiful scenes on those fields of Upper Italy in this April of the year. Wide orchards of mulberry-trees, with soft, velvety, budding tufts of leaves that week after week unroll and stretch out into a thousand barbed points of shining greenness; there are long lines of poplars and of lindens, with vines hanging in luxuriant festoons from tree to tree; there are broad canals of silvery water, whose banks are so old, and so grassy, and so knotted with coppices of gnarled shrubs that they look like straight rivers which God himself laid down; there are grain patches (the rice chiefest), that have an emerald hue, and that in this time are just tall enough to take their first wave in the spring wind, and to carry it and repeat it in emerald ripples till the eye loses it in the shadow of some April cloud; there are old Lombard towns that steal upon you unsuspiciously as you hurtle over the shaded roads, and presently awe you with the gaunt, grim masonry of some old presiding Lombard tower; there are hills that are steeped in a misty violet color until you bear down among them and find gray olive orchards, and white spires of churches, and bald faces of limestone cliff, and patches of heather which, in August, will be all purpled with downy bells of bloom; there are lakes so calm, so tranquil, with such soft wooded shores that it seems as if you might talk across its whole reach to the people who live yonder in the white country-house upon the farther bank, and which is repeated—campanile, and balcon, and rounded window—in the middle of the lake. And then, far away, so far that a long day's drive will not change the violet tint into the green and gray of near mountains, are jagged outlines that may be jutting spurs of Alps or Apennines—full of wealth of Carrara marble, full of old memories of battle perhaps, full of glorious beauty always.

But on the highways, as you pass, there meet you companies of soldiers, who wear white coats and speak a foreign language. In every town you enter these foreign people demand your passport, and every where they look defiance upon the humbled, wan peasantry who possess the land, and who till it with doubt and trembling. Plodding faithfully about all the lesser villages, since their daily bread depends on their labor; but having those who represent their griefs and their hopes in the little knots that gather about the church-doors or the street-corners of the towns; having others who represent their griefs loudly in the Government Chambers of Piedmont; and others, again, who spend sympathy, loudly but vainly, wherever freedom is loved or oppression detested.

Do we forget our great Imperial sympathizer, Louis Napoleon? No: there is no forgetting him; for say what we will of his oath-breaking (which every Revolutionist virtually does), he makes a large part of the present European fermentation in respect of oppressed Italy. Those who are greatest foes to him, by reason of his despotic action, by reason of his curtailment of all liberty of the press, are ready with arguments to show that his apparent sympathy is only matter of policy—that he would instigate a war for the sake of putting his own limitations to German rule as well on the Rhine as in Lombardy—that he is only a selfish, managing despot, eager to use any outcry of oppressed humanity for the sake of extending and magnifying his influence.

And shall we who see him (or seem to see him) day after day, driving out from yonder archway of the Tuileries palace, accompanied by that lovely-faced Empress of his—shall we join in the cry of those revolutionists who have just now put forth their manifesto in London, as representatives of the Liberal interest of Europe, declaring him utterly outcast, and a fit subject for assassination? Shall we adopt what Felix Pyatt says, and believe that we might achieve glorious martyrdom by slaying the Emperor?

Let us keep in mind that if there be a meanness in despotism there may be meanness in the foils to despotism; and if history shall declare that Louis Napoleon sought only personal aggrandizement, at the sacrifice of honor and of truth, let it also brand, as they deserve to be branded, those members of the Revolutionary Committee of London who, at safe distance themselves, counseled covertly the furtive assassination of the Emperor.

But all this has nothing to do with the question we have started—how far the French Emperor sympathizes with the oppressed people of Italy? Over and over we are taught that a man's active humanities may lie a long way from his home; that he may be capricious and tyrannical in his family, and yet be the source of certain outgoing charities that spend themselves on very distant objects—charities that are open to more or less of suspicion, without doubt—and yet shall we ignore them, or accept them as a certain Providential compensation for

home tyranny? At best, or at worst, character is a riddle, and must have crooked readings to interpret its harmonies, and its balance of bad against the good. It is not inconceivable that a man who should deny to Paris thinkers the liberty to utter their thought, and who should keep the iron barb of exile thrust into such a warm heart as Victor Hugo's, should subscribe liberally to the plaintive beggarhood of Lamartine, and worry himself into a Quixotic exaltation of championship when the proud Teutonic master of Hapsburg tramples so ruthlessly as he does upon the liberties of a hopeful and excitable nation.

It must be remembered too, that Louis Napoleon, with all his harshnesses of rule, is very boastful and observant of certain democratic formulas, such as wide voting; and observant, too, of certain democratic prejudices in favor of new-made men, such as Pelissier, and Walewski, and Persigny, whom he loves to thrust, with a bitter kind of insistance, upon the mouldy aristocratic prejudices of England: and all these democratic formulas and democratic obstinacies of his are nowhere so spurned as in the high Court of Hapsburg; nowhere so contumeliously ignored as in the Austrian Government of Italy.

Why not admit, then, that Louis Napoleon may have sympathies with the Lombards? The sympathies may not, indeed, spring from the purest source — not from an earnest and instinctive detestation of wrong; but surely it may be admitted that even our imperturbable and silent Emperor may have some fellow-feeling and hearty indignation for the sufferings of that crippled people of Lombardy without reckoning him a saint or a philanthropist. Believing all the harm of him that we know, why ignore the possibility of any accidental humane intent?

But a far larger reason for Louis Napoleon's coy insistance upon this Italian matter is his dread of the revolutionary tendencies of Italy. No man better than he knows that while that harsh handling of Vienna is upon the cities of Milan, and Verona, and Venice, and Padua, that the explosive revolutionary power of the peninsula is gaining force and a terribly-dangerous intensity by confinement. He knows that a liberalism which Austria will not grant is the only safety-valve. He can well afford to direct that explosive force toward the old myth of Italian unity; and would rejoice to see the Southern spirit of revolution converted into Piedmontese loyalty.

Every year that the students of Padua are narrowed to the discussion of only barren dogmas—every year that fresh young minds in Brescia and Mantua are cramped and clogged and fevered with their weary and aimless unrest—every year that a Poerio wears dungeon fetters, is a year full of upspringing protests against absolutism every where. Mazzini and his men know this; and they know further, that any imperial leadership in Italy just now will be fatal to present republican dreams.

Shall poor Lombardy endure meekly, hoping those dreams may come true; or shall she batter away for more breathing space, even at the risk of achieving something for royalty? It seems to us, looking on from this near stand-point, that no humane man can have a doubt as to how that question should be answered.

And England—whose sympathy with oppressed nationalities is oftentimes so bold and free, whose anti-slave-trade-ism is so persistent and authoritative, whose earnest liberalism is at times so radiant and demonstrative—what says England?

England is doing a capital business in these times; there is a night and day hum through all her great manufactories; she can not pile down her ships with goods enough for the new-opened regions of India; and shall we worry this fine merchant, who is coining money, with pestering talk about those shiftless Lombards and Venetians?

What says England now, when more than ever before there is occasion and opportunity to teach Austria, by brave and swift words, that she is doing a most damnable work there in Italy, and should have done with it for aye? What says she to little chivalrous Piedmont, whose sympathies are fast bubbling up into fierce, wild overflow; which little Piedmont she has so long petted and patted, and fostered all those liberal sympathies that now challenge humanity every where?

Why England, piling down her ships with Stockport cottons, says, "Don't, pray, interrupt us, gentlemen; it's a very silly thing to fight. And then, Louis Napoleon is an ambitious mad-cap; who knows what will come of it all? Besides, there are the treaties, and the Lombards are, after all, used to this sort of thing."

It is only Doctor Antonio again, who, by his kindness and his suffering and his faith, has won some warm hearts here and there; and if he presumes so much upon the warm-heartedness as to count it an enduring lien of fellowship, is presently met by some brutal baronet who kicks him out of all communion with an oath.

The Italians are a sentimental people, and the English are a practical people; and what right have sentimental people to blubber out their griefs in the ears of practical people?

Savoyard finds his brother Lombard imprisoned in his own house, and allowed scant breathing-place and no liberty.

He says this is infamous, and he sets about finding what help he can to thrust away this foreign interloper. He is not strong enough to do it by himself, but his cousin Paris has given a half promise of assistance. Liberal England says, "It's true this Lombard is in a bad way; but we won't help him, and we won't help the Savoyard relieve him, because (who knows?) perhaps this Savoyard only wants to take possession; besides which, this cousin Paris is a subtle fellow, and possibly means to get a share himself. Upon the whole, we don't know what we can do, except to send down old Lord Cowley, and give our compliments to Francis Joseph, and ask him if he won't be so good as to take his grip off the throat of those poor devils in Italy, for a *little while?*"

If liberty and union are secured to North Italy in these days, there will be no commemorative column to Lord Derby—whatever may be decreed to Napoleon, or Emanuel, or Garibaldi.

And now let us leave our prognostics, and our office musings, and slip away suddenly for a fast drive into Piedmont, and a glance at its chief city and its chief man. There will be many travelers upon that road before many months go by. It is not a long one; forty-eight hours, or thereabout, will take us fairly to Turin; and we have a mountain to climb upon the way. A little portmanteau, a spy-glass, a passport, a note-book, and perhaps a *buffet de poche*, are all we need. Lyons is in the track, and we swim over the road from Paris thither as if wings carried us. Fortifications of Paris, hewn stone and grassy rampart, outlying houses, glimpses of river — Seine or Yonne — shining domes, among

which the Invalides and Pantheon are chiefest, slip out of sight behind us; poplars, scattered villages, long white streaks of road, where asses with panniers jog on; brown lanterns of churches; sheep lying under trees; copses, pollards, still water; men in blue shirts; plains, poplars, copses, pollards, still water again; is there any other way of describing French landscape—such French landscape as lies between Paris and Lyons (saving always the mountain gaps as you approach Chalons, and so go over into regions of Burgundy wine, where lie Beaune, and Mâcon, and the yellow front of the Côte d'Or)?

Who, except the silk buyers, stops at Lyons? Who should, with Savoy and Savoyards and the wild drive of the Mont Cenis in prospect? Would you, who live in the West, have some picture of the wild drive of Mont Cenis? Follow us, then, through pleasant Savoy villages that have their meadows, their brooks, their fringing fir-woods, and their tall-hatted idlers; follow us through rough-paved courts of Savoyard inns, reeking with strange medley of smells; follow us to the stout deal tables of small hostelries, where boiled chamois meat is smoking, while fresh horses are put to the lumbering carriage in which we are to pass the mountain. Fir-trees, and orchards, and walnut groves beyond the villages, and rising country more broken, and with brooks that have wrought ravines, and have no longer pleasant margins of meadow; rising and toiling by solitary houses, where waiting grooms stand ready with fresh teams; a yoke of oxen attached in front of the horses, and the ascent becomes serious. Zigzagging beside precipices; seeing your road of two hours back grown into a merest footpath; curses, in rolling, mellifluous Italian, out of the mouth of the Savoyard postillion mingling with the tramp and the clamp of horses, oxen, and carriage; while peaks to the right and to the left of you; the grass grown thin and juiceless, and only heather, or lichens, or perhaps an Alpine rose; a barn-like, gaunt stone house, with narrow windows, which is a hospice, and they tell you the summit is reached. March-like winds whistle around you, carrying stray snow-flakes and sharp chills. Then comes a long and swift zigzag descent; you shudder at the turnings—that mad postillion is so reckless! Rocky, barren valleys at first, and then quieter and greener ones; and precipices, and clattering hoof-falls, and the smack of the postillion's whip, and air warmer and warmer (will he overset us in this mad speed of his around the zigzags?), and hot sunshine blazing yellow on far-off cliffs of limestone, and rosy sunshine on all the snow-peaks northward and eastward; zigzag on zigzag; the leaders are positively in a gallop; and you could toss your hat into the valley-bottom, where a white brook (fed from glaciers high up) sparkles and flashes through the firs; warmer and warmer, and sight of gray olive orchards, and suddenly a great plain, so soft under the April haze, and with such mellowness of tone that you know it to be Italy.

We reckon nothing more until we are set down under the arcade of the Hotel Feder at Turin. A mouldy room in the front of the house; a window that looks out upon the old palace square. It is not the King's home we see, but an old palace, belonging to a period when palaces were half castles—a quaint, homely affair, with only a picture-gallery that is worth seeing about it; and in this gallery (if it were worth your while to look in) some of the rarest works of Albano that you can see any where. It is a large square under your window, the palace occupying the centre, the pavement scrupulously clean, and under the surrounding houses an arcade like those of Bologna or of Rivoli.

And if we ramble about under this arcade (as we shall after a quiet dinner, wetted with a flacon of the wine of Asti) we shall find old booksellers with quaint editions of old Italian poets, with song-books, with portraits of Italian patriots; and we shall see knots of men talking here and there, and soldiers passing, from time to time, with a hurried and business-like air, as if war were astir. And if you listen to talk (having ear for the *dolcezza meravigliosa*), you will hear brave and heated words about Cavour, and Marmora, and Verona, and the Austrians; very much doubt of England, perhaps; somewhat of France; but none at all of Italian capability and Italian destiny.

There are fewer marks of antiquity than a stranger of the West might look for in the city of Turin; there are streets of modern largeness, long vistas of houses of uniform architecture, and great array of columns and of artistic foppery.

King Emanuel (easy to be seen in carriage or on horseback) might be a "good fellow" at your club; not intellectual of look; but ease-loving, and with great stock of *bonhomie*.

The Count Cavour, however, is the man who will be looked after with most interest; and he may be seen any day in the Piedmontese Chamber. Not fifty yet, and a man of middle height, wearing spectacles, and somewhat of sarcastic, keen expression about the mouth that might remind one of M. Thiers.

We go on to quote from a careful observer:

"The Count has all the carelessness and self-confidence of a man born to a considerable fortune, and to whom power is not a means of insuring respect, but of employing his talents in the service of his country. At the Chamber, on ordinary occasions, the First Minister of Piedmont somewhat resembles the intendant of a rich family giving a plain and simple account of his stewardship. He seems, when speaking, to be conversing with such or such a member, such or such a party, and gives, in the most unornamental style possible, explanations of his views or conduct, always listened to with interest. Being a man really well versed in every thing relative to government, and particularly to what concerns Piedmont, he is always ready to provoke discussion in order to explain every thing clearly. In the Piedmontese Chamber the deputies, in general, speak from their places, and the Ministers reply in the same manner. The Ministerial bench, which is of a circular form, is placed opposite the tribune, as it is in France, with the back turned to the assembly. Count de Cavour, sitting carelessly with one leg over the other, seeing and hearing every thing, has all the appearance of attending to nothing. But should any thing be said which relates to him personally, or to his department, he is up in a moment, and fixes a magnetizing look on some unfortunate deputy, appears to address him alone, and to crush him with his arguments. At other times he becomes animated, turns to one side, then to the other, and cries, gesticulates, and almost menaces. And when an opposition member has spoken, and at the moment when a vote is about to take place, the President of the Council hurries about the assembly, supporting one waverer, enlightening another, and rallying his partisans by his attitude and gesture, like a general bringing up his squadrons. But when the subject is a really serious one, and when the Count

has to ascend the tribune, he is no longer the same man. His phrases then become studied, and his voice sonorous; his ideas are brought forward with order; his oratorical gestures are united with a well-depicted emotion; the statesman unvails himself to the full extent of his views; and the transfiguration is complete and worthy of admiration."

In full sight of Turin (and a magnificent view may be had from the old convent yard, a mile from the city) is a jagged horizon outline of snow-capped mountains — snow-capped, at least, as late as this month of April—and the wind from thence comes down at nightfall so piercing and keen that in our room of the Hotel Feder we have kindled a blazing fire of fagots. Bartolomeo has brought in a pannier full of sticks and placed it by the hearth; he has given, besides, a dish of good English tea, and a curiously twisted tea-cake, which Mr. Murray tells us can not be found outside of the Piedmontese capital.

Bartolomeo is of a talking humor; and we encourage him. "Would Signor like to see the Egyptian collection, a very curious one; mummies, Signor, nobody knows how many centuries old, that have their own hair, and faces, and eyeballs—*una meraviglia*, Signor?" (And so it is, to be sure; for we see it afterward—hair, and dried skin, and plump full hand, of some old Pharaoh's handmaid or daughter.) But Bartolomeo is encouraged to talk politics; he has fears of being drafted for the wars.

"What wars may those be, Bartolomeo?"

"Ah, Signor, the wars with the Austrians—the beasts: we shall drive them out of Italy, Signor. It is just."

"And you fear to go to such war?"

"Fear! we don't know that word when the war comes; but *la mia madre*, a mother, *eccola*, Signor, she lives yonder, poor, and no one to help her only Bartolomeo."

So he talks, while the fagots crackle, and the harsh night-wind whistles under the arcades and around the walls of our new home in Turin.

Candles are burning beside the tea-tray, and Bartolomeo has brought up a fresh number of our gossipy friend *Galignani*.

A new opera by Felicien David; and what do we hear of it? Let us read:

"The scene is laid in the city of Herculaneum, almost on the eve of its destruction, but then flourishing in all its glory under Olympia (Mme. Borghi-Mamo), sister of Nicanor, the proconsul of Græcia Magna, whom he has invested with royal authority, and who has been crowned at Rome. The first scene discloses the palace of the Queen with a crowd of courtiers and populace displaying the various costumes of the Asiatics, Greeks, and Latians who peopled this ancient Grecian colony now fallen under the Roman sway. Two Christians have been seized by the people in the act of praying, and are dragged before the authorities for condign punishment. These are Helios (Roger), an Eastern prince who has embraced the new faith, and the other Lelia (Mme. Gueymard), his affianced bride. Olympia, who is a kind of incarnation of the spirit of Astarte, resolves to reconvert Helios from his new religion and commences a scene of seduction in which she is but too successful; he abandons his promised bride and becomes a slave to the beauty of Olympia. We are next transported to a sombre valley, with barren rocks surmounted by a rude crucifix, where the persecuted Christians assemble to worship, but they are dispersed by Nicanor and his soldiery. The chief, left alone with Lelia, declares an ardent passion for her, and, being rejected, is about to employ force, when the cross is suddenly lighted up with electric fire, and a thunder-bolt strikes the ravisher to the earth. These unlooked-for miracles seemed to create much surprise among the spectators, which was not at all decreased when they beheld a rocky tumulus open like the crater of Vesuvius, and no less a personage than Satan, *in propria persona*, starts up therefrom. The evil one speedily gives the auditory to understand that he is at war, tooth and nail, with the Christians, and commences the campaign against them by awaking the jealousy of Lelia, who has already dark forebodings of the dangers of her lover's faith, exposed to the fascinations of her beauteous rival. On expressing a wish that her eyes could pierce the walls of the 'Palais Maudit,' the demon causes the rocks to sunder, and the interior of the glittering boudoir of Olympia is shown to her, with the voluptuous queen reposing on a luxurious couch surrounded by slaves, and Helios at her feet, repeating a tender love-strain he had sung to her (Lelia) in the first act. The effect of this air, with the Oriental splendor of the scene and grouping of the figures in the back-ground, with the despair of Lelia and the menaces of Satan, in the front, forms a fine and most dramatic contrast. In the next act we find the apostasy of Helios completed; he shares the throne of Olympia, and, surrounded by the wanton pleasures and magnificence of the East, his former love and his Christianity seem equally forgotten.

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"In the mean time, the licentiousness of the city and its rulers is calling down upon it the wrath of Heaven, and the unheeding revelers are warned of their impending fate by a kind of male Cassandra, Magnus by name, whose admonitions are scoffed at by the Queen and her people. At length the fatal hour arrives: Vesuvius roars with the coming tempest, and Satan, quick to add to the elements of evil, spreads the horrors of insurrection through the distracted land. Terror seizes every heart. Helios implores and obtains the pardon of his outraged Lelia, and is by her borne to the skies, while the terrible volcano pours its burning lava upon the doomed city. The Queen and her adherents appear on a lofty terrace yet free from the fiery torrent; Satan 'smiles in the tumult and enjoys the storm,' while the destructive flame is advancing from column to column and enveloping temple after temple. The whole stage is now turned into a representation of one of Martin's magnificent biblical pictures representing the destruction of Nineveh, and a more imposing sight it is difficult to imagine."

If not in Turin, enjoying ourselves by these blazing fagots, we might be just now delighting our eyes with that wondrous, fiery spectacle of Vesuvius. Yonder across the square, beyond the shadow of the old palace, a street band is just now playing some favorite national air; there is a burst of loyalty in it; we see the windows open; do we hear the click of coins upon the pavement?

And is that a fire yonder, or only the red reflection of a just-rising moon on the old palace tower, on the roofs, and far away on the jagged line of the white-topped mountains?

Back now to *Galignani*, where there meets our eye this little cutting from *Punch*, being an actual advertisement in a horticultural journal of England:

WANTED, as Gardener, by a Clergyman in Yorkshire, a respectable middle-aged man to look after two Cows, Pigs, and Poultry, and to make himself useful; a single man preferred; to board with the servants

and sleep over the stables. Wages, 8*s.* ($1 80) per week, or to a Man with a Bass Voice, able to practice in the week with the singers, and to lead the church singers, 10*s.* ($2 25). Must be a member of the Church of England, and his character must bear strict inquiry. He must be a good Kitchen Gardener, and be able to attend to a small Greenhouse.—Rev. C. T., etc.

It sounds queerly, this little paragraph from free England, as we read it by the light of our Piedmontese fagot fire. Let us look after our street musicians again. We can just catch an echo of their strain. They, or English gardeners (with bass voices)—which are happiest?

Back to our *Galignani* again, from which we will read you a little argument for the mustache (out of the *Medical Times*):

"Hair not only keeps off the rays of the sun in the tropics, but it keeps in the natural warmth of the body in the Arctic regions; catarrh, bronchitis, herpes labialis, maxillary neuralgias, sore throats—to all these it is antagonistic—antagonistic, indeed, to most of those influences which have the credit for being exciters of pulmonary disorders. 'The Naval Brigade in the Crimea was most remarkable for freedom from diseases of the respiratory organs. One officer shaved off his mustache, a thick and bushy one, on rejoining his ship. The immediate result was an attack of pulmonary inflammation, which well-nigh cost him his life.' And then the cruelty of the operation itself! Let each of us landsmen reflect how tenderly we treat our chins—the careful appliances we demand to get comfortably through the daily business of shaving; and then reflect upon poor Jack's condition and appliances as reported by the naval doctor: 1, blunt razor; 2, cold water, and little of it; 3, darkness, or something like it; 4, bit of broken looking-glass; 5, rolling ship; 6, cold, stiff features from the morning watch to operate upon; 7, rage at being forced to torture himself."

And after this, mention of the arrival of the Neapolitan captives at Cork—Poerio and others—you know the story of it all; but observe, Shaftesbury and other men of kindred faith are raising sums to bestow upon them—are giving them kind and glad welcome, as they should. But Derby and Disraeli, through their accredited minister, will next week be ample and fulsome in expressions of the distinguished consideration they entertain for the tyrant who, for ten long years (without any show of reason), has held these captives in bondage. The Shaftesbury demonstration is private and exceptional, and the Disraeli demonstration official and public.

How long shall an earnest humanity be only private, and the miserable apologies for tyranny be accepted, and public, and effective?

Our fire is out.

What if we wander on in the month to come through Lombardy, kindling other fires (if need be) in Mantua, Verona, and Padua?

Editor's Drawer.

SOMEBODY says, and somebody says a very good thing when he says, that "fun should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary, is not he, nine times out of ten, generous, humane, social, and good? To be sure he is. Fun is a great thing. It smoothes the rough places of life, makes the disposition fresh and rosy, scatters sunshine and flowers wherever we go, gives the world a round, jolly countenance, makes all the girls as pretty as May roses, and mankind one of the best families out."

And the devout Puritan, Fuller—a glorious old saint he was, too—said that "an ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with."

Or to serve man with either. Be cheerful always. Oh, be joyful! Laugh and grow fat. Be just, and fear not. Read the Drawer, and you will love and laugh; and a man who laughs and loves, and loves to laugh, will be a good neighbor and a trusty friend.

WE are nine years old to-day. This number completes another year of the Magazine, and the TENTH will begin with the number for June. Short and merry years to the Drawer they have been. The publishers say they have been years of plenty to them; but, like the Drawer, they are always asking for more. Let us begin the new year by giving them a lift. Send them on the names of all the friends you have, with the rags that are taken in pay, and so make the readers of the Drawer two millions or more, and that right speedily. The Harpers are fond of clubs. Strike them hard with one from every corner of the country. And the Drawer, always full and running over, is wide awake for something new. If any body hath any thing funny let him tell it quick, and tell it so that the Drawer can hear it. The more the merrier.

OLD Uncle John Johnson lives out in Chicago. He came from the land of steady habits long time ago, and would be right glad to see the friends he had left behind. But it was a long way to go, and he was old and stiff in the joints. He sent his son Tom to visit and bring him a full report of all the folks he once knew. Tom was right glad to make the trip, and when he got to Norwich he soon found the girls so agreeable that he forgot all about the old cronies his father wanted him to hunt up, and went back, after a month's visit. His father asked him about his old neighbor Perkins, but Tom didn't recollect the name.

"Well, how is Deacon Huntington?" But Tom hadn't seen the Deacon.

"Did you see Mr. Rockwell?"

"No." Tom had missed seeing him. And so the old man went on with his questions till he saw that Tom had been fooling him; and to try him once more, he asked,

"Did you see old Parson Noyes?"

Tom thought it was about time to have seen somebody, and answered, promptly,

"Oh yes; he's first-rate—sent lots of love—wants to see you badly."

"Oh, murder!" gasped the old man. "You little pesky fool, Parson Noyes has been dead these forty years!!"

Thomas subsided.

"ALL men think all men mortal but themselves," and drunken men think all men but themselves drunk. Jenkins was foreman of the Grand Jury in Jones County, and at the close of a week's session complained of one Mr. Nelson, a juryman, that he had been drunk every day. The Judge fined the man twenty dollars; but the jury protested that Mr. Nelson was the most temperate man among them, and for himself, he said he had not drank a drop of liquor in ten years. The Judge relaxed, and remitted the fine, and the jury then intimated to the Court that the foreman was himself the drunken man; and on inquiry, the truth came out that Jenkins had

been drunk all the week and quite unconscious the while, but imagining that sober Mr. Nelson was quite out of the way.

MAJOR JOHN WOOD was highly incensed when he heard that his neighbor, Reily, had slandered his spotless reputation. He resolved to prosecute him for slander, and recover damages if he could. But he took advice first of a *judicious* friend, who gave him his opinion in these few words:

"My rule is to fight for character and law for money."

JIM WILSON was one of the best pilots on the Mississippi, but proud of his place, and cranky. He had the misfortune to run his boat smack up against the bank, one morning in a dense fog, and could see only a little nigger sitting on a stump, munching a bit of corn bread.

"Whose place is this?" cried the pilot.

"Massa's," said the nigger.

"Well, who's your master?"

"Why de gemman what owns de place," answered the little fellow.

"You rascal," roared the pilot, "I'd crop your ears off if I had you here."

"Yes, but you ain't got me dar," shouted little nig, as the pilot backed out and escaped from the shore and the wit of the boy.

"JOHN TAYLOR, in the 'Records of My Life,' a very entertaining book, relates an anecdote of one Humphrey, an indigent London wit, who lived upon his friends, but, in return, was profuse of *invitations*—never, of course, accepted—to dine with him, and always on the same dish—'a beef-steak and *mackerel*.' A waggish friend, who had often received this invitation, in declining it on one occasion when mackerel had been long out of season, advised him: '*My dear Humphrey, change your fish!*'

"In reading this, not long since, I was reminded of a circumstance I heard Governor C. A. Wickliffe—years ago, when I was a boy—relate of Governor Letcher, both of the good old State of Kentucky, and Members of Congress together for several years. One session, on the adjournment of the House, the members were daily besieged by a little, pale, sickly beggar girl, on the steps of the Capitol, with the same plaintive petition—'Please give me a picayune to buy my mother a loaf of bread!' Perhaps no member so frequently gave her the pittance asked as Governor Letcher. One day the party to which he belonged (the good old Whigs) had suffered some parliamentary disaster, and Governor L., then one of its most efficient leaders, came out in an exceeding ill humor. The pitiable little girl was at her post, imploring the members as usual; and seeing the benevolent Kentuckian, she made up to him. 'Mister, please give me a picayune to buy my mother a loaf of bread!' The Governor was discussing the event of the day in a very excited manner, but hurriedly running his hand into his pocket, and finding a dollar, he handed it to her: '*My little girl*,' said he, '*ask your mother, as a very great favor to me, to change her diet!*' and resumed the former topic."

THE anecdote in the March number of *Harper* about the law, posted on a court-house, in regard to persons coming from the city of Charleston, recalls another in Tennessee. The southern part of the State was visited by the small-pox, and nearly all the towns passed laws prohibiting persons from infected regions from coming within their corporate limits. But the resolution passed by the town authorities of —— capped the climax:

"*Resolved*—That no person or persons coming from any locality in which the small-pox is now prevalent shall be allowed to stop, for any length of time whatever, *within thirty miles* of the town of ——, under penalty of a fine of $500, and being removed beyond the said limits!"

A WELL-KNOWN writer in the Pelican State writes us a good thing from one of his little folks:

"Wife and I were looking at some pictures in which little naked angels were quite conspicuous. She called the attention of our wee daughter to them, and remarked,

"'Lizzy, dear, if you are a good girl, and go to heaven, you will be like those angels.'

"Lizzy looked up, with a lip that told at once she didn't appreciate the promise, and said,

"'I want to be better dressed than that when I go to heaven!'"

AND a Missouri friend says: "I have a boy, and want to put him into *Harper* immortality. Well, little Joe was taught to pray at three years old—as all children ought to be—by his mother. (I have no skill in that line, and prudently left that task to the other half of myself—which is full two-thirds, by-the-by.) Little Joe had had a real burst with my boy Dick, a lad of fourteen; and when bed-time came, and with it Joe's prayer-time, the little fellow got down to the pious duty in good earnest. He prayed through his rhymes; then, 'God bless papa, mamma, and every body—*but not Dick!*' Human nature, pure!

"Again: The little logician had lost a toy, and Dick had lost a dime. They talked about rewards for finding. 'But,' said little one, 'if I find your dime, Dick, the finder gets half; but if you find my pretty harp, *you find what wasn't lost!*' Nature again!"

"How often are we 'grown-up children' put to the blush by the pure thoughts of those whom Christ has 'set in our midst!' It was not many months ago when I heard 'a mother' say 'that her dear little daughter begged her for a story one night as she was putting her to bed; and, as it was near Easter, she recounted to her daughter the story of our Saviour's sufferings, death, and glorious ascension: "And the vail of the temple was rent in twain, the dead arose from their graves, and the sun went out, and it was quite dark."'

"'No wonder, mamma; it went out to light Christ back to heaven, I reckon.'"

A BROOKLYN physician has a little daughter now in her fourth year. Her father is in the habit of using the word *instanter*. One day last week he asked her what *instanter* meant. After thinking a moment, she replied, "*Hurry up the cakes!*"

"A LADY promised her little daughter a new doll baby. As the lady passed out of the door the daughter ran after her, crying, 'Ma, oh ma! I don't want a doll baby; I'm tired of doll babies; bring me a little tiny *sure enough baby!*'"

THIS is certainly a very pretty conceit for a child:

"My little niece Bettie is subject to what is called 'stitches in the side.' This morning she stood in the

door watching the lightning which, now and then, flashed from a retreating thunder-cloud. After attentively observing it for some time, she turned to her mother, and gravely asked:

"'Ma, ain't the lightning the *pains of heaven?*'

"'Why, my daughter, what makes you ask?' said her mother.

"'Because it comes *quick;* just like those pains I have here sometimes,' laying her hand upon her side.

"On another occasion, while a shower was falling, she asked if the rain were not the *angels' tears?* I, for one, think that child will be a poet if she lives."

CHARLIE is four years old. One day his elder brother "squared off" before him, and said, "Come on, C.; let's have a fight!" C. drew himself up his full number of inches, and, with as much dignity as if he felt the full force of his position, answered, "No, *bror* Z. [brother G.], I'm not a *fighting character;* I am a *church member!*"

AN OLD ENIGMA.

THE noblest object in the works of Art,
The brightest gem that nature can impart,
The point essential in the lawyer's case,
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plow,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize that merit never yet has won,
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition and the parson's dues.
Now if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By the first letters quickly will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

WHEN old Squire Crane was first elevated to the dignity of Justice of the Peace, down in South-western Missouri, he knew less of law and legal forms than he did about killing "bars." It was my fortune to be a witness of the first marriage ceremony the old fellow ever undertook. The young couple stood up in the Squire's office, and the happy bridegroom desired the functionary to "propel"—to which impatient request the Justice acceded, by inquiring,

"Miss Susan Roots, do you love that 'ar man?"

"Nothin' shorter!" responded Miss Roots, with a subdued laugh.

"And you, John Kennon, do you allow to take Sue for better and worser?"

"Sartin as shootin', Squire!" earnestly responded the enamored John, "chucking" Sue under the chin.

"Then you both, individually and collectively, do promise to love, honor, and obey each other, world without end?"

A satisfactory reply was given.

"If that 'ar be the case," continued the magistrate, "know all men by these presents, that this 'ere twain aforesaid is hereby made bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh; and, furthermore, *may the Lord have mercy upon their souls!* Amen!"

I left the office with the conviction strongly impressed upon my mind that the Squire, although not particularly posted up in the marriage ritual, had a very good *general* idea of legal forms and ceremonies.

SOME months ago you published in the Drawer certain verses said to be fragments of an unpublished poem by *Thomas Hood;* but which, I beg leave to assure you, were never *seen* by him, nor written until years after he was cold in death. In 1848 the writer of this projected a versified essay on punning, with verbal illustrations. During his moments of leisure, as certain punning ideas arose in his mind, he would commit them to verse in such form as he imagined he could use them in his essay. The writer was young and inexperienced; and, not unlike older and wiser men, would sometimes be unable to discriminate between ideas originating with himself and those received from his desultory reading. Further than two or three unintentional plagiarisms arising from this cause, the verses alluded to were original with the writer of this. The only manner in which he can explain their appearing in the Drawer is by supposing some one of the many to whom I loaned my Commonplace-Book took the liberty of transcribing them, and of forwarding them to you. You also expressed a desire to have further fragments of the same poem; and as I have "all there is in the market," I herewith send them to you. The essay was never completed, the writer having outgrown his incipient attack of poesy before he had the opportunity to perpetrate any more bad puns. The verses, as I find them in my Commonplace-Book, stand in the following miscellaneous order, or rather disorder:

Although we find most words to mean
The same by sound as sight,
Some mean according to their mien,
So mind and write them right.

Thus plains are never planes, 'tis plain,
No more than hares are hairs;
And belles are never bells we know,
And fares are never fairs.

A sea-horse is a sea-horse when
We see him in the sea;
But when we see him in the bay,
A bay-horse then is he.

Of course a race-course is not coarse;
A fine is far from fine;
And though a mine a mine must be,
It is not therefore mine.

Although a night is not a day,
And differs from it quite;
Yet still it happens, odd enough,
A dey's sometimes a knight.

A river, when its current moves
With rapid speed along,
Is said most properly to be
A stream both fast and strong;

But when with thick-ribbed ice 'tis bound,
And speeds along no longer,
Its waters then, though motionless,
Are faster still, and stronger.

Some words if spelled out by their sound
Would seem but duplicates
Of sundry letters strung in rows,
At random, by the Fates;

Others again, like fabled books
On the enchanter's shelves,
Contain, in simple potency,
A spell within themselves.

Thus X T C, and N T T,
And L E G we view,
Are spelled in this quite simple way,
And X L N C too.

In others, not a letter has
The sound it ought to have;
And seem mixed up as if to look
Like Chance's autograph.

And thus in eccentricity
We see some several *c*'s;
Also in coefficiency;
But not one *c* in seas.

Nor are there *i*'s in human eyes,
But *e*'s there are in ease;
And in hubbubbubbubberous
The *b*'s are thick as bees.

Some cabalistic words have power
To bind one's foes in fetters;
No wonder there's a charm in words,
When there's a spell in letters.

A pun's a word that's played upon,
And has a double sense;
But when I say a double sense,
I don't mean double cents.

As thus: A bat about a room
Not long ago I knew
To fly; he caught a fly, and then
Flew up the chimney flue.

But such a scene was never seen
(I feel quite sure of that)
As when, with bats, all hands essayed
To hit the bat a bat.

To make a pair two pears it takes;
If ciphered out with care,
You'll find each pair, though worth two cents,
Is but a cent a pear.

If one were ridden o'er a lot,
He might his lot bewail;
If on a rail, most likely he
Would rail against the rail.

A certain knight whene'er it rained
Gave to his horse the reins,
And rode at random on the road,
Heedless of neck or brains.

The captain gave the mate a rope,
To carry up aloft;
And though he took it up aloft,
It was not up a loft.

Another one was sent aloft,
A certain rope to bend;
And then, because he missed the rope,
They gave him the rope's-end.

* * * * * *

'Tis *pun*ishment for me to pun,
'Tis trifling, void of worth;
So let it pass away, just like
The dew that's due to earth.

Not Tom Hood.

These are the verses, Mr. Editor; and if any other person can produce them from any other source—either Thomas Hood's or any other person's published or unpublished poems—he can take one of Genin's best from your humble servant, provided he can discover who he is.

A very pleasant correspondent says:

"There is an incident connected with the life of our great statesman, Daniel Webster, which I never have seen reported, but, as I know it to be true, and it illustrates one phase in his character not often presented to the world, I will tell the story as it occurred.

"The year 1850 I passed in Plymouth, Massachusetts, making my home at the 'Samoset,' the house for a cool breeze, a social chat, and a quiet home. Parker and Tribou were the proprietors. I can almost hear 'Jim' trotting through the hall, his tireless tongue keeping time to his flying feet. He is in the 'Astor' now.

"Mr. Webster's residence, at Marshfield, was about ten miles distant, but here he often came to meet his personal and political friends, and in the summer months it was his favorite resort, and often we had him for days together, an ever-welcome guest. Here he seemed at home. Here we forgot that he was the statesman, but we can never forget that he was a social and agreeable gentleman. His table-talk, his twilight conversations, will ever be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to enjoy them.

"Fishing along a beautiful brook, winding through the forest of scrubby pines that covers the country a short distance from the bay, was his morning recreation. Dressed in his never-failing blue coat, with gilt buttons, his memorable straw-hat, and his long rubber boots, he presented to a stranger the appearance of any thing but the godlike.

"The stream he loved so well was famous for trout, and he was famous for *not* catching them. Often he would sit for hours on a moss-covered stone in a retired nook, his line dangling in and above the water, but never a bite; and if there had been, the fish was safe, for he was entirely unconscious of all around and about him. One warm and sultry morning in July, while thus absorbed, he was aroused by hearing from over the stream,

"'Hullo, there! hullo, I say! How are ye? Nice morning this! Got any fish? have any bites? How d'ye get over there? I've been fishing two hours; nary bite. I see you have long boots on; what'll you take to carry me over? don't want to get my feet wet. I'll pay you well; what'll ye take?'

"Here he paused long enough for Mr. Webster, who had all this time been surveying the speaker (a slight-built, dandified youth), to ask,

"'What will you give?'

"'Well, a quarter; that's 'nough, ain't it?'

"'Well, yes; I suppose it is.'

"So, quietly laying down his rod, he took his way to our Boston boy, Joe D——, who, by-the-way, was as good a fellow as ever sold tape; he was now on a three days' furlough and bound to crowd all the fishing, sea-bathing, and sight-seeing of a season into the allotted three days' time, and one was rapidly passing away. Mr. Webster seated himself on the bank; Joe mounted his shoulders, and, like Cæsar whom Cassius from the raging Tiber bore, so Joe upon the godlike shoulders safely crossed the stream. The quarter quickly changed hands. Mr. Webster quietly settled into his accustomed seat, while Joe, on further pleasure bent, hastened up the stream. Tired and hungry, he returned rather late for dinner and passed into the dining-hall, where the guests were engaged in the last act of the drama.

"Our Bostonian, however, fell-to with an appetite sharpened by his morning exercise, and with a full determination to make up with speed what he had lost in time. So intent upon his own affairs was he, that he took no notice of those around the table until some one requested Mr. Webster to relate his morning adventures.

"Joe looked up, and following with his own the direction of all other eyes, he beheld his morning *Æneas*. Turning to his nearest neighbor, he asked,

"'Who is that?'

"'That! why that's Daniel Webster.'

"He found no further use for his knife and fork, and was silently leaving the table, when Mr. Webster saw and recognized him; with a look or a nod (Joe could never tell which) detained him, and requested him to take wine. He took the wine with a trembling hand, and, with a look of earnest entreaty, begged Mr. Webster not to relate the circumstances which occurred in the morning.

"Mr. Webster replied, 'You should not be ashamed of the adventure, since there is no young man in the the country, however lofty his aspirations, that will

be likely to attain the position you this morning occupied.'

"Joe left the table, the house, and on the first train left town, satisfied that he had done enough for one season. In the evening Mr. Webster related the whole affair to the assembled guests, and to this day Joe enjoys the sobriquet of 'Dan.'"

"JUDGE J——S, formerly of East Tennessee, but more recently a resident of Mississippi, was an eccentric man, of very marked and peculiar character. A man of pretty good education, he had filled many public stations. A giant in stature and symmetrical in form, his personal appearance was really striking. *Egotism* was the prominent frailty of the Judge; and he had contracted a notorious habit of shooting 'the long bow,' especially in all narratives concerning his personal strength and his individual exploits. As a specimen of his habit in this respect, I write for the Drawer (almost in the words of the distinguished gentleman) the following singular story, which the writer has heard him relate more than once. Addressing a group of rustic auditors, the Judge said:

"'I do suppose, gentlemen, when I was young, I was by far the strongest man in all Tennessee. When I was twenty-five years old I went to a Company muster one day, at an old ruined mill site. Lying on the green sward was one of the largest mill-stones, partly embedded in the earth, which the eyes of man ever rested upon. After the training was over, the men were experimenting to see whether any two of them could raise this mill-stone. They made many efforts without moving it. The stone was such a huge one that a man could scarcely grasp the diameter by extending both arms to the full extent. At length a young man, a neighbor of mine, who had some knowledge of my amazing strength, bet ten dollars that there was a *single man* on the ground who could raise the stone clear of the earth by his own unaided strength. *I* knew who the young man meant when the proposition was first made, but I said nothing until the bet was arranged. When I was indicated as the person who was to perform this astonishing feat not a soul would believe its accomplishment was possible. Bet upon bet was made, five to one, that I would fail. I pulled off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and calmly waited until the bets were all set and the stakes put up. The men formed a circle. I confidently advanced, well knowing my great power. Reaching across the stone with difficulty, I "grabbled" the earth away until I got my fingers well fastened to the under side of the stone. Then, planting myself in proper position, and extending my legs, and exerting *almost* all the astonishing powers Nature gave me, I pledge you my word, gentlemen, that the mighty mass was elevated a foot above the surface of the ground, to the great surprise of the multitude!'

"'And you really lifted it clear of the ground without assistance?' inquired a 'doubting Thomas.'

"'Yes, *Sir!*' emphatically replied the Judge; 'but I am free to confess that *the effort sunk me up to my knees in the solid earth, and I saw five millions of stars!*'"

"IN 1844, under the Provisional Government of Oregon, when all that portion of Uncle Sam's dominions west of the Rocky Mountains composed one judicial district, and 'Hez' was Judge and your humble servant Sheriff thereof, his Honor had occasion one day to fine a party litigant ten dollars for contempt of court. Now, as none of us had seen such a thing as a 'mint-drop' since we left the white settlements on the other side of the mountains, and as beaver-skins and wheat were, at the time, the legal tender of the country, we all considered the fine a mere matter of form—a proceeding on the part of his Honor to keep up appearances, and to sustain the dignity of his court. Very much to our surprise, however, the party aforesaid deliberately walked up to the clerk's table, and after unfolding divers and sundry pieces of buckskin, brought down on the table a bright glittering eagle with a slam that made it dance and ring again.

"The dignity of the Judge evaporated in a broad grin, the clerk was evidently taken by surprise, and the by-standers, one after another, subjected the coin to all sorts of tests—such as ringing, tasting, feeling, clipping, etc.—to satisfy themselves that it was a *bona fide* piece of money.

"In the evening a consultation was held among the officers of the court and the members of the bar as to the proper disposition to be made of the fine. The statutes of Iowa—then the supreme law of the land—were consulted, but to no purpose. The clerk insisted that he had a right to retain possession of the money; the attorneys argued with much warmth that it ought to be divided equally among the members of the bar; I modestly hinted that I thought the sheriff was the proper person to take charge of all fines until some provision was made by law for their disposition. The matter, however, was finally disposed of by his Honor, who decided that, in the absence of any law upon the subject, he would *appropriate five dollars of the money to buy a pair of pantaloons for the Judge, and with the remaining five dollars he would purchase a blanket for the Court!*"

STALE jokes, but well preserved, are served up by a correspondent who insists that wit, like wine, improves with age. He cites the following examples:

"Counselor Garrow, during his cross-examination of a prevaricating *old female witness*, by whom it was essential to prove that a *tender* of money had been *made*, had a scrap of paper thrown to him by a counsel on the other side, and on it was written:

"'Garrow, submit; that tough old jade
Can never prove—a *tender made!*'

"MANNERS, first Earl of Rutland, soon after his creation, told Sir Thomas *More*, when that great man was made Chancellor, that he was too much elated with his preferment; and verified the old proverb, '*Honores mutant* MORES.'

"'No, my lord,' said Sir Thomas; 'the pun will do much better in English—"Honors change *manners.*"'

"A PAINTER was employed in painting a West Indiaman in the Thames, on a stage suspended under her stern. The captain, who had just got into the boat alongside to go ashore, ordered the cabin-boy to let go the *painter* (the rope that held the boat). The boy instantly went aft and let go the rope by which the painter's stage was held. The captain, angry at the boy's delay, cried out, 'Confound you for a lazy dog! why don't you let go the painter?' 'He's gone, Sir,' replied the boy, '*pots and all!*'"

A FRIEND in Chicago, Illinois, sends us the following: "As many good things are got off in Indiana Street, Chicago, as in most avenues of its length and breadth, and our friend Howe is responsible for his full share of them. However, at the close of an

evening recently, during which he had been unusually taciturn, as he took up his hat to leave, a rising young lawyer from Virginia remarked to Howe that he had said nothing new during the whole evening.

"The only reply was a bow to the party, and the words, 'Good-night!'

"'Well,' said the lawyer, 'that is nothing new. I dare say that Adam said "Good-night" to Eve.'

"'No,' rejoined Howe; 'he said, "Good Eve."'

"Young Virginia acknowledged the corn, and took back his compliment."

This is true to the letter, and as natural as life: A constant reader of the Drawer writes of one of the boys, who came home after having a glorious time in the puddles—his face all aglow, and his rubber-boots full of water. The punishment of staying in the house for the remainder of the day did not seem very great at first; but as his little heart warmed with the recollection of the triumphs of the morning, when he had waded deeper than any of his playmates dared to, he could bear the restraint no longer, and went to his mother, saying, "Please, mother, whip me and let me go out again!"

It has been a disputed question with moralists and philosophers in all ages as to whether a truly happy man could be found—one perfectly contented with his lot, and what it takes to make a happy man. These questions have been solved at last by "Billy K——," of the City of G——, in the Scioto Valley. "Billy" has been for a long time a resident of G——, and by economy and moderate industry has acquired property worth about seven thousand dollars. Billy is ready at all times to enter into a discussion on the subject of philosophy, law, history, or theology; and on all these questions he can give "an opinion as is an opinion." While conversing on the subject of riches and poverty, he remarked "that he considered great wealth as a curse; it made a man proud and overbearing in his demeanor, and forgetful of his duties to society, and his wealth would most probably be an injury to his family. On the other hand, extreme poverty was by no means desirable; a man might lose his health, and become a charge on the charity of his friends. In fact, he had thought much on the subject, and had come to the conclusion that the happiest man in the world was one who was worth about seven thousand dollars!"

His auditors smiled risibly; and when Billy was gone they agreed that he was certainly a happy man, and that self-conceit could go no farther.

An episode in the professional career of an eminent jurist of Pennsylvania, late a Judge of the Supreme Court, deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Soon after his admission to the bar he had occasion to go to Williamsport to argue his first case. As he was pacing the deck of the canal-boat on which he was journeying, he encountered a group of three substantial, rustic-looking persons, who were deeply engaged in discussing the merits of an important lawsuit which had recently been tried. Fresh from the study of Blackstone, and believing himself to be the embodiment of legal learning and the incarnation of juridical science, he joined the group, and straightway proceeded to enlighten the party as to the law bearing on the case. The opinions which had been advanced he dogmatically pronounced to be erroneous, and contrary to law, reason, and precedent. His auditors listened with profound attention until he had finished his harangue, when one of them quietly informed the speaker that, from his discourse, it was evident he was ignorant of every principle of law—civil, common, and statute, written or unwritten. A second added that he knew nothing of the rules of logic, as was apparent from his defective style of reasoning. The third listener stated it as his conviction that the intruder was also destitute of common sense. Exasperated by such uncomplimentary remarks, the legal aspirant abruptly left the group, and resumed his promenade on the deck of the boat. Chancing to meet the skipper, he inquired if he knew those three old chaps who were talking together; adding, with considerable asperity, that they were the most stupid set of blockheads that ever lived.

"Those three old chaps, Mr. K——," responded the ancient mariner, "are the Judges of the Supreme Court, on their way to Williamsport, where the court opens to-morrow!"

Mr. K—— did not make his *début* in the Supreme Court at that session, but postponed his appearance to a more convenient season.

The specimens of native American literature that sometimes find their way into the Drawer are amusing, if not creditable to our national reputation for the general diffusion of knowledge. A Southern correspondent writes that an adventurer from parts unknown recently made his appearance in the village and posted the following advertisement. He sends us the original copy:

CONSORT TO BE HELD

in the room ladely ocupied by mr brigler in frankling October the 19th 1858 there will be a choice celection of music played on the german C flute the music consists of lilley dale Washington grand merch O come come a way Hail Columbia Happy day the girl i left behind me with a celection of sacred music thare will be vocal music also the music will be sweet and impresive with great Melody thare will be a lecture on schriptural obsurvevations with a sketch of the early History of genny Lind performance to commence at early candle light

Admitance 12½ *Cents*

By Proff H Beaver

A Baltimore correspondent writes to the Drawer:

"The following epitaph, written by 'Poor Jerry' himself, many years ago—alas! I knew him well—I now copy from a 'country church-yard:'

"'Here lies poor Jerry,
Who always seemed merry,
But happiness needed.
He tried all he could
To be something good,
But never succeeded.
He married two wives:
The first good, but somewhat quaint;
The second very good—like a saint:
In peace may they rest.
And when they come to heaven,
May they all be forgiven
For marrying such a pest.'"

In one of the Baltimore schools the boys were reading from one of their class-books a story of noble revenge. It told of two lads, Philip and Robert, of very opposite characters. The first was kind and forgiving, while the other was irritable and selfish. Philip was walking out one day, carrying in his hand a cane, a present from his father, which accidentally falling from his hand, fell upon a pitcher filled with water belonging to Robert, who, not list-

ening to Philip's apology, seized the cane and broke it in pieces. Little Philip, instead of resenting the injury, passed on. Some time after this Philip found Robert lying beneath a heavy log which, by some means, had fallen on him. Young Philip very kindly lifted the log from his old enemy, and assisted him up; thus returning good for evil.

"Now," said the teacher, "see, boys, what a noble little fellow Philip must have been! What would you do, Johnnie," asked the teacher of a bright-eyed little fellow who seemed interested in the story, "were you to have your cane thus broken by another boy?"

Little Johnnie arose from his seat and doubled his fists, while his eyes flashed, and said, "*I would lam him so bad he couldn't stand!*"

Human nature in its worst variety.

DURING the Presidential campaign of 1856 General A——, of Tennessee, who had all his life been a warm and zealous Whig, and was noted for his eloquent appeals in behalf of his party when upon the hustings, found himself very suddenly turned into the ranks of his old enemies, the Democrats—like many other old-line Whigs—and fighting the "new order." Upon one occasion, at a Democratic mass meeting in the City of Nashville, being called upon for a speech, he related the following anecdote, by way of illustrating his position and how he came to be a Democrat:

"He had a neighbor, Joe Stetson—a wild, rollicking fellow, who spent most of his time in drinking and spreeing, while his wife, Polly, was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain occasion Joe left home, to be back, as he said, that night. Night came, but Joe did not. The next day passed; and, about sunset, Joe came up, in the worst condition imaginable—his clothes dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning, and his face presenting more the appearance of a piece of raw beef than any thing else. Polly met him at the door, and, noticing his appearance, exclaimed,

"'Why, Joe, what in the world is the matter?'

"'Polly,' said Joe, 'do you know long Jim Andrews? Well, him and me had a fight.'

"'Who whipped, Joe?' asked Polly.

"'Polly, we had the hardest fight you ever did see. I hit him, and he hit me; and then we clinched. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I ain't had nothin' to eat since yesterday morning.'

"'But tell me, who whipped, Joe?' continued Polly.

"'Polly,' replied Joe, 'I tell you you never did see sich a fight as me and him had. When he clinched me I jerked loose from him, and then gin him three or four the most sufficientest licks you ever hearn. Polly, ain't supper ready? I'm nearly starved.'

"'Do tell me who whipped, will you?' continued Polly.

"'Polly,' said Joe, 'you don't know nothin' 'bout fitin'. I tell you we fout like tigers; we rolled and we tumbled—first him on top, then me on top—and then the boys would pat me on the shoulder, and holler "Oh my! Stetson!" We gouged, and bit, and tore up the dirt in Seth Runnells's grocery yard worse nor two wild bulls. Polly, *ain't* supper ready? I'm monstrous hungry.'

"'Joe Stetson!' said Polly, in a tone bristling with anger, 'will you tell me who whipped?'

"'Polly,' said Joe, drawing a long sigh, '*I hollered!*'

"I have been fighting the Democrats a long time, and we have fought hard," continued General A——; "and—'*I hollered!*'"

PARSON J——, of southern Berkshire, is reputed to have been a man of a strong body and a strong mind. The leader of the choir in his church, perceiving that he invariably gave out a very long hymn near the close of the exercises of Sabbath, took upon himself the liberty of saying to the choir, "Sing only four verses."

The old Parson noticing this innovation, one day, after giving out a long hymn, as usual, watched for the signal from the chorister and said, with a grum, drawling, dictating voice and manner,

"Sing it all, while I rest!"

A HARD-SHELL preacher has not been allowed a chance to be seen or heard in the Drawer for many a month. A correspondent in Mississippi reports the following as a veritable passage in a discourse which he heard with his own ears, and we give it a place as a specimen of Hard Shell learning and religion. Here it is:

"'My Deer Breethren, you may find my tex in the 13th chapter of Mark, 8th and part of 9th verse. It reads somewhat thus: "For nation shall rise up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be earthquakes in *divine* places, and there shall be famines and troubles; these are the beginnings of sorrows. But take *heel* to yourselves."

"'And now my heerers, as the last part of the tex is the most important, I shall confine myself principally to that portion, and as it means the same to say "Take to your heels," as to say "Take heel to yourselves," and as that manner of sayin' is more easily understood, I shall take the liberty (although I am not in favor of a new Bible), of transposin' it thus: "Take to your heels," for it is certainly meant to flee away, and nothin' else.

"'And in the first place, my deer congregation, I would not have you to act like cowards and run away for every little trifle when there is no danger. No, I would have you stand firm, like bold soldiers. But, my deer friends, there are some things that we should be afeerd of; and when we see them we should not stand like fools and be destroyed. No, "But take to your heels!"

"'And, my heerers, the wars and famines and earthquakes are not the only things that you should be afeerd of. No, my deer friends, there is the wicked, the hypercrite, and a great many of these hollerin' and money preachers, and sich like. From such, my heerers, "Take to your heels!"

"'But, my breethren, before you know who to be afeerd of, and when to obey the tex, you must be able to tell a ginnywine Christian from a hypercrite. And let me tell you how I tell them. I tell them by the way they take their dram. You see, my hearers, when a hypercrite goes to take his dram he slips around and enters the backdoor of the grocery, but when the true ginnywine Christian goes to take his dram he walks boldly in at the front door and calls for what he wants like a mand, and he don't put both hands to the glass to keep t'other folkes from seein' how big a dram he takes. No, my friends; but if one glass ain't enough he takes another, jest like he didn't care if all the world seed him. Mark it, my heerers, whenever you see a perfesser do that, he is a ginnywine Christian; but when you see him a slippin' around to the backdoor jest like he was agwine to steal somethin', you may know that man's a hypercrite; and I tell you, my breethren, as you

love your deer souls, not to go about him, "But take to your heels!"

"'And my deer young people, there is another set of folkes that I would charge you particularly to watch and be afeerd of. Yes, my deer, tender young ladies and gentlemen, if any of you should ever so far forget the teachings of your parents and your poor old preacher as to go to any of these big summer meetin's, and heer the Methodist preachers begin to shout and holler, and makin' Christians of you by rollin' you in the straw and mud, oh! let me warn you not to stay there, "But take to your heels!"

"'Ah, yes, my deer Christians, it pains my heart to think that after I have been a preacher to you so long, there is great danger of your children agwine off after these new-fashioned churches. Oh! my deer congregation, in conclusion, let me exhort you to read my tex every day, both for you and your children; so that whenever any of you are likely to be led off by any of these new doctrines it may ever come up to your minds in thunder-tones, "Take to your heels!"'"

"Does the Drawer know what a '*Non-bailable Ca. Re.*' meant? I dare say its legal contributors will remember enough of the old Common Law forms to make the following story intelligible. It may be relied on as what actually took place. It is such a refreshing instance of legal innocence that it seems worthy of print:

"When I was a student in the law-office of Mr. M——, some fifteen years ago, a fellow-countryman of his own came a long way from one of the back townships to consult him about the recovery of a money demand against Mac——, a neighbor and fellow-countryman of the client. The county town, where the sheriff (whose duty it would be to serve the process) resided, was a long way from the township of E——, where the defendant lived; and as the amount was small, the parties poor, and mileage an unprofitable item in a bill of costs, Mr. M—— wished to save the expense of service by the sheriff. For this purpose he directed one of his clerks to give the 'Ca. Re.' to a big lad, a son of the plaintiff's, who accompanied him, with instructions to serve it. The instructions surely can not have been very lucidly given. The father and son, plodding their way home in an ox-sleigh in which they had brought some produce to market, fell in with the defendant on the road. The papers were produced, and the question was, What was to be done with them? That, of course, was to be best ascertained by reading them. The three took part in this operation, and the result was that they came to the unanimous conclusion that the defendant must be taken on that ox-sleigh to P——, the county town, there to be handed over to the sheriff. Did not the writ command the sheriff to 'take the body' of Mac——, 'and have him there ready with that writ?' How could that be done without bringing him to jail? This reading was immediately reduced to practice. Mac—— was taken on the sleigh, and at length the party reached P——, a distance of thirty miles from their residences. Unfeigned was the astonishment of the three when the sheriff would have nothing to do with them. His attempt to *convince* them that the paper did not mean what was printed in it was not very successful, at least so far as regarded the plaintiff, who wrote back to Mr. M—— a long account of what had been done—and done to no purpose, as he complained, on account of the sheriff's conduct in refusing to put the defendant in jail."

"More than seventy years ago I read the following verses, which have remained in my memory ever since, though I was unconscious of it for many a year. I forward them, as a literary curiosity, to the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who has given a different version:

"To Cato, one morning, in haste came a friend,
Affrighted, to know what this sign might portend:
That his shoe by the rats had been gnawed in the night,
And left by the vermin in terrible plight.
Said Cato, 'My friend, your best spirits recall—
This story is nothing surprising at all;
Had the shoe eat the rat, I should then have agreed
That the omen had surely been fatal indeed.'"

"I find it easier," writes a new correspondent, "to tell a story by word of mouth than with the point of a pen; and an art I have yet to learn is to get the joke in the right place, and stop when the tale comes off." But if our friend tells a story as neatly as he writes a note, he may venture to try his hand as soon as he likes.

We are indebted to a Cincinnati correspondent for this anecdote of Captain Birch, who is one of the most popular Western steamboat men, a general favorite with the traveling public, and who can both practice and appreciate a good joke.

"Passing near the pantry of his boat, he heard one of the cabin-boys indulging quite freely in animadversions on the officers and crew. Captain Birch turned a *very severe* countenance upon him and said,

"'Young man, hereafter when you have any thing to say about any one on the boat, please except the Captain!'

"A few days after, the Captain happening to be on deck, the same cabin-boy carried past him a dish prepared for the table, when a pet hog, running between the boy's extremities, completely upset him, effectually disbursing the prepared food. Picking himself up with a most rueful countenance, the boy commenced berating the hog. 'You are the miserablest hog I ever seen,' when, catching a view of the 'old man,' and remembering his injunction, he added, 'except the Captain.'

"That boy has had a secure berth on Captain Birch's boats ever since."

It is not often that we receive a contribution from Rhode Island. The following "sharp practice" is recorded for our benefit by a correspondent in that State:

"Tim Collins, a shrewd specimen of the Yankee, called on one of our prominent merchants, a Mr. Jones, to obtain permission to occupy the cellar under his store. Jones informed him that he was on the point of selling out to a Mr. Bell, but that, until then, Tim might have the use of it. Of this offer he availed himself; and on Bell's coming into possession he requested that he might continue to occupy the cellar on the same terms as he had had the same of Jones. Bell, presuming that Jones had made a good bargain with Tim, deemed it best to let him continue in possession. A twelvemonth passed, and our merchant called on his tenant for the rent.

"'Squire Bell,' said Tim, 'you agreed to let

me have the cellar on the same terms that I had it of Jones, didn't you?'

"'Yes,' replied the other, 'I believe that was the bargain.'

"'That's fair, Squire, any how.'

"'Well,' continued Bell, getting slightly impatient, 'how much rent did you pay him?'

"'Squire,' said Tim, with a wink at the bystanders, 'I was to pay Jones *nothing* for rent, and I'll pay you the same.'"

The Rev. James Danielly, of South Carolina, was an old Methodist minister, with a wooden leg, noted far and near for his eccentricities, bluntness, and unparalleled powers of wit and sarcasm. A Georgia friend writes to the Drawer:

"On one occasion, at a camp-meeting in Georgia, it was thought that the old gentleman was rather more pointed in his remarks than was wholesome. A council was holden, and it was decided that Brother Danielly should receive a very delicate hint that he had better not be quite so harsh in his remarks. But the same difficulty which beset the rats when they had concluded to bell the cat occurred to the consulting brethren. Who was to bestow the gentle admonition upon Brother Danielly? That was the question: and, as every one feared the old gentleman's battle-axe, it was a question of no small moment. At last another preacher, about the age of the great satirist, ventured to think that he might give Brother Danielly a hint at which he would not take offense. So he went off and commenced his attack with the utmost degree of caution. He began by speaking of himself, saying that he had often to regret that he had been harsh in remarks made in the pulpit; that he did not think any thing but gentleness of manner was ever productive of good in the sacred desk; and wished to know of Brother Danielly if he did not coincide with him in opinion. Brother Danielly had taken the hint from the beginning, and very patiently heard his lecturer through. When questioned as to his opinion of harshness in the pulpit, he made the following pointed and palpable hit:

"'Brother B——, you think I don't understand the drift of your remarks; but I do. You are *talking at me*, and whipping my back while you *pretend* to be lashing your own shoulders. Now how do you know any thing about my sermon? You were asleep to-day during the whole time of the delivery; and you thought you would fool me and your Maker by waking up every now and then and saying *Amen!* and groaning loud enough to wake up all your fellow-sleepers, *if you had any!* Now, Brother B——, if you will promise me not to sleep any more during service, I will promise you not to be so harsh again until the next time I preach.'

"As I have said, this was a dead shot. Brother B—— had really gotten in the habit of sleeping during sermon, and waking up occasionally with a loud *Amen!* so as to try to make it appear that he had not been sleeping. The young folks had observed this, and had enjoyed a very sly laugh over it. But who would have imagined that Brother Danielly had found out Brother B—— in so short a time—the time in which it took him to deliver one sermon? The blow to Brother B—— was like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky.

"But almost all such characters as Brother Danielly occasionally meet their match. The old man was in the habit of rebuking any body and any thing which he saw in the congregation not in accordance with his notions of propriety. There was a wild wag of a fellow, by the name of Thornton, who one day got up during service and walked out of church, making rather a prominent display of a gold-headed cane. Brother Danielly immediately pounced upon him in this wise: 'Pull that cane from under your arm, my young friend, and throw it away. There are no gold-headed canes in heaven.'

"Whereupon Thornton, turning around, quickly replied: 'Pull that stick of wood out of your pants, my old friend, and throw it away. *There are no wooden legs in heaven.*'

"The old man was completely nonplused, his thunders silenced, and his gun spiked for that day. He was vulnerable in the same region in which Achilles was.

"These are a few of the many anecdotes I have heard of this remarkable character, now dead. The fund from which these are drawn is as inexhaustible as that which holds the unwritten wit of Judge Dooly, of Georgia."

A Memphis correspondent gives the following passage on a debate between Andy Johnson, a candidate for gubernatorial honors, and Gustavus Henry, generally known as Gus, the Eagle Orator. The debate was severe, and excited much interest. Andy closed his speech with this annihilating declamation:

"We met this Eagle, and I can say, with an honest heart, that he has none of my flesh on his talons—none of my blood on his beak."

This was good, and would have been a stumper, but the undismayed Gus immediately rose to his feet and replied:

"'Tis true the honorable gentleman has met the Eagle, and bears no traces of having left flesh on his talons or blood upon his beak. And 'tis not strange, my friends; for those of you who know the habits of our national bird know full well that he never feeds upon carrion!"

Such a shout and such a discomfiture made Andy quake, but didn't defeat him for Governor.

The Justices of the Peace have no peace in the Drawer, unless it is a *piece* of fun.

Squire Hill, of Kansas, deals out justice to the contentious portion of the citizens of Olatha. He also deals in dry goods, groceries, etc., the etc. including every thing in the shape of "suthin' to take."

A short time since a couple of citizens got at "loggerheads," and soon found themselves engaged in a lawsuit in Squire Hill's Court. The counsel for defendant staved off the trial until the Court refused to further postpone. Finding the case making against him, he finally made a proposition to treat the *crowd* (a score or more), if the Court would only adjourn until one o'clock P.M. This proved a clincher. The Court surveyed the crowd in the room, and anticipated the number of dimes that would find their way into his pocket in case of adjournment, and remarked that "it was not necessary for the Court to adhere strictly to the law in cases of the present kind, and, taking *all things* into consideration, it was best to adjourn until one o'clock P.M." Thereupon the Court adjourned, and when deponent left, the counsel for defendant was paying for some twenty drinks of the Court's best brandy.

"Captain Brown was one of our most respected citizens of a former generation. In his family lived Sim Chappel, a sort of half-witted, good-for-nothing fellow, such as may sometimes be seen in our old farmers' kitchens, and whose principal business appears to be to do chores and drink cider. Sim was not exactly a 'natural,' but sufficiently shallow, with a very slight touch of shrewdness, to be quite amusing at times.

"On one occasion Sim got dreadfully mad at something or somebody, and declared positively that he would drown himself, and made off for the river, some quarter of a mile distant, apparently for that purpose. Not knowing what the fellow might do, Captain Brown told one of the boys to follow him and watch his motions. The lad took a circuit and arrived on the bank of the river soon after Sim did, and concealed himself among some bushes where he could observe him unperceived. Sim stripped and waded in until the water was up to his chin, when under he went. After holding his breath as long as he well could, up he popped, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. But he was not to give it up so; he made three several and determined efforts, but it was no go. His temper had probably by this time cooled down considerably, and he made for the bank and commenced dressing. The youngster who had been watching his manœuvres, ready to split with laughter at his comical attempts to drown, now made his appearance, and with as much gravity as he could command, said:

"'Sim, why did you not keep your head under and drown yourself?'

"'*W-why*,' said Sim, his teeth chattering with cold, '*I couldn't breathe!*'"

"Captain Brown was a man of good sense, and plain-spoken to friend or foe. That was a good rebuke which he administered to one of his former neighbors. Mr. C——, who we believe was not one of the most peaceable men in the world, moved 'up country,' which then meant somewhere in the State of New York. After a while he came back to visit his old friends, and called on Captain Brown. Of course the Captain asked him how he liked the country, etc. 'Oh,' said Mr. C——, 'great country, good land, every thing right except the neighbors, which I don't like.' After a year or two he came down again, and, as before, called on the Captain.

"'Well,' said Captain B., 'I understand you have moved again since you were down before; how do you like your new location?'

"But it was the same old story. 'The fact is,' said Mr. C——, 'I like it first-rate except one thing: I have got into a dreadful bad neighborhood, and I am afraid I shall have to move again.'

"The Captain gave him a significant look, and said: 'Friend C——, when you move, don't you take one of the neighbors along with you!'"

"Speaking of underwitted people (who, by-the-by, have hardly received their share of attention in the Drawer), I am reminded of an anecdote of one of the same sort with Sim Chappel, who, though not so bright, was a great glutton. On one occasion Truman was at a meeting where the son of the man with whom he had formerly lived was the preacher. It was said that this man did not always give Truman enough to eat to satisfy his enormous appetite. The preacher, in exhorting all to come and partake of the heavenly bounty, made use of the expression, 'There is bread enough in my Father's house, and to spare,' and, as he made a slight pause, Truman jumped up, and said: 'I am glad to hear that, for I never had half enough when I lived there.'"

"I used to know an attorney who was hard on witnesses, but he met his match in, and received an addition to his name from, a testy young lady whom he was cross-examining. She had answered his questions in a way any thing but satisfactory to him, and finally, his wrath being up, the following short dialogue took place by way of episode:

"Attorney. 'Young woman, there's *brass* enough in your face to make a five-gallon kettle.'

"Witness. 'And *sap* enough in your head to fill it, Mr. L——.'

"Though a wiser if not a sadder man after this, he could not be 'in his own country' any thing but 'Sap-head L——;' and while he lived was a living contradiction of the saying 'There's nothing in a name.'"

The Academy of Music was so thronged on Sunday evening last that old Mr. Slowtoes, who was late and could not get in, said, as he went away in a pet: "If every body don't go an hour before any body else does there can't nobody get in!" Mr. Slowtoes says that he is going to try again next Sunday.

Miss Jones has been a very faithful teacher in one of the schools, and endeared herself to the pupils, who wept much when she told them that she had accepted an offer to go off to the poor heathen as a missionary. She then added that she was much distressed by the thought of her unfaithfulness to them, and how much they might suffer when she and they came to give account. At these words she burst into tears herself; when one of the girls came to her relief, exclaiming, "Oh, Miss Jones, don't cry! I won't tell of you; and there won't any of the girls tell of you!—don't cry, Miss Jones!"

Passing along the street a few days ago, we observed in the window of a partially vacant house the following notice: "*The upper part* of this House to Let, containing 3 rooms, *a cellar, kitchen, and a back-yard!*"

Old Dr. Cook, of Albany, in a flaming advertisement, speaking of the extent of his fame and his powers, says: "There is no part of this country *where people do not reside* whom he has not cured."

Colonel Thompson was a candidate for Congress. The Colonel was like Zaccheus, who climbed a tree his Lord to see; he was short of stature, though broad enough to make up for loss of lengthitude. He asked a neighbor, who had always been on the other side of politics, to vote for him.

"Not a bit of it!" said Jenks, in a towering passion. "Do you suppose I'm going to vote for a Syphax?"

"A Syphax!" gasped the Colonel; "pray, Mr. Jenks, what is a Syphax?"

"Syphax, you icknorameous fool," roared Mr. Jenks, "is a thing too big for a monkey, and not big enough for a man!"

The farmers in Gloucester County, New Jersey, wishing to improve their breed of cattle, clubbed

together to buy an imported bull bearing the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. The treasurer of the Company was Mr. John Bedford, a large farmer but a small scholar; very full of wind, and little wit. One of his neighbors paid him his share, and Mr. Bedford gave his receipt as follows:

"Received of James Smith fifty dollars for his share of the bull John Bedford."

Mr. Smith suggested that the receipt ought to include the name of the bull; whereupon Mr. Bedford said he would fix it, and taking the pen added the name, so as to make it read:

"Received of James Smith fifty dollars for his share of the bull John Bedford.

"Napoleon Bonaparte."

Bob Pine was fond of drink, and often sat it out to a late hour with his boon companions in the bar-room. One night it was agreed that each man should make a rhyme or treat the company. Bob had no money left, and never had any wit; to rhyme or to treat was therefore out of the question, and Bob suddenly remembered that he must go home. Home he went; and as he entered the door his loving spouse exclaimed,

"Here comes Bob Pine,
As drunk as a swine!"

"Just the thing! thank'ee, dear!" said Bob; and, returning with all haste, he burst in upon the guzzlers, crying out,

"Here comes Bob Pine,
As drunk as a *pig*!"

And that was as near to a rhyme as Bob could make it. He went back again to get his wife to help him out; but she preferred to help him in, and keep him there.

An English parish church clerk gives the following Notice, "That no person is to be *buried* in this church-yard except those *living* in the parish; and those who *wish* to be *buried* are desired to apply to the parish-clerk!"

Verily it is hardly fair to doubt that Balaam's ass spoke like a man, when so many men speak like asses.

Johnny, that smart little Philadelphia boy, was walking down Chestnut Street with his father, and seeing a strange sort of machine at the door of a store, inquired of his father,

"What is that for?"

"I am sure I don't kr - w."

"I guess I do," said Johnny.

"Well, what do you think it is for?" asked his father.

"Why," said Master Johnny, "I guess it's for *sale!*"

"Our Jim was only three years old. A colored barber was sent for to shave Jim's uncle, who was sick. Jim hated *niggers*, as he called them. We knew that our poor colored brother would have rather a hard time if we did not give some wise and wholesome advice to our little three-year-old previous to his coming; so, taking him aside, we said:

"'Georgie, there is a *colored gentleman* coming to shave Uncle William to-day, and you may go and see him if you will not call him a *nigger*, for he isn't; *he* is a *colored gentleman*. Now, you won't call him a nigger, will you?'

"'*No, Marm!*'

"Thus our fears were at an end; and in the course of the morning our worthy friend came. Georgie watched him very closely, and seemed evidently to be in something of a 'brown study.' At length, going up quite near him, he gave *one* very scrutinizing glance, and said:

"'*Look here! you ain't a nigger, are you? you are a colored gentleman;* but you *look like* a nigger, *pretitely!*'

"This was too much for black or white to endure, and our colored friend seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any of us.

"Coming home from school a few days since, he says, 'Well, mother, I cain't study, it's no use to try; for the girls keep looking at me all the time.' His mother says, 'You shouldn't look at them, then they won't trouble you.' 'Ah!' said he, '*but how can a fellow help it?*'"

Mr. Wilkins was lost in New York. He had walked from his hotel into the city, and had forgotten the name of the house at which he stopped. In his distress he stopped a citizen and made known his trouble.

"Can't you recall the name of the landlord, or some one about the house?"

"Oh yes!" said he, "now you speak of it; it's Nichols—S. T. Nichols—I saw the name over the door!"

The good citizen sent him back to the "St. Nicholas."

"Father," said a young lisper of some three or four summers, "when wath the Flood?"

"Oh, my son," replied the parent, "that happened a long time ago."

"Wath we alive then?" persisted the anxious inquirer.

"No, dear," was the reply; "the Flood we read of in the Bible happened many thousand years ago."

"Well, now," rejoined the boy, in great disgust, "Thath's too bad! I thought Tom Madigan [another youngster of the same age] wath fibbin'. He thaid to me thith mornin' that he wath there then, *and waded through!*"

The Rev. Mr. A—— was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "the Ministry of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone started the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and, springing to his feet, he spoke: "*I guess it is the boys in the gallery!*"

A clerk in a country store sends a verbatim copy of an order received by him:

"one pair of 3 inch Buts that opens in the senter sow that the dore can Bee un hung without taking the schroose out."

A copy of a notice found stuck up on a tree in Gonzales County, Texas:

"NOTAS.

"Took upe buy the untersin on dentin Creake. six mils est of heer, a ba mar and coult. mar abut six yers ole. with both hine lages whit upe to the hox. one for lage whit to the nee. sum whit on the writ syed. whit on the four hed extens done the knows. and whit spottes on the lions."

Mr. Jones writes to a friend, and closes by saying: "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

Fashions for May.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Promenade Dress.

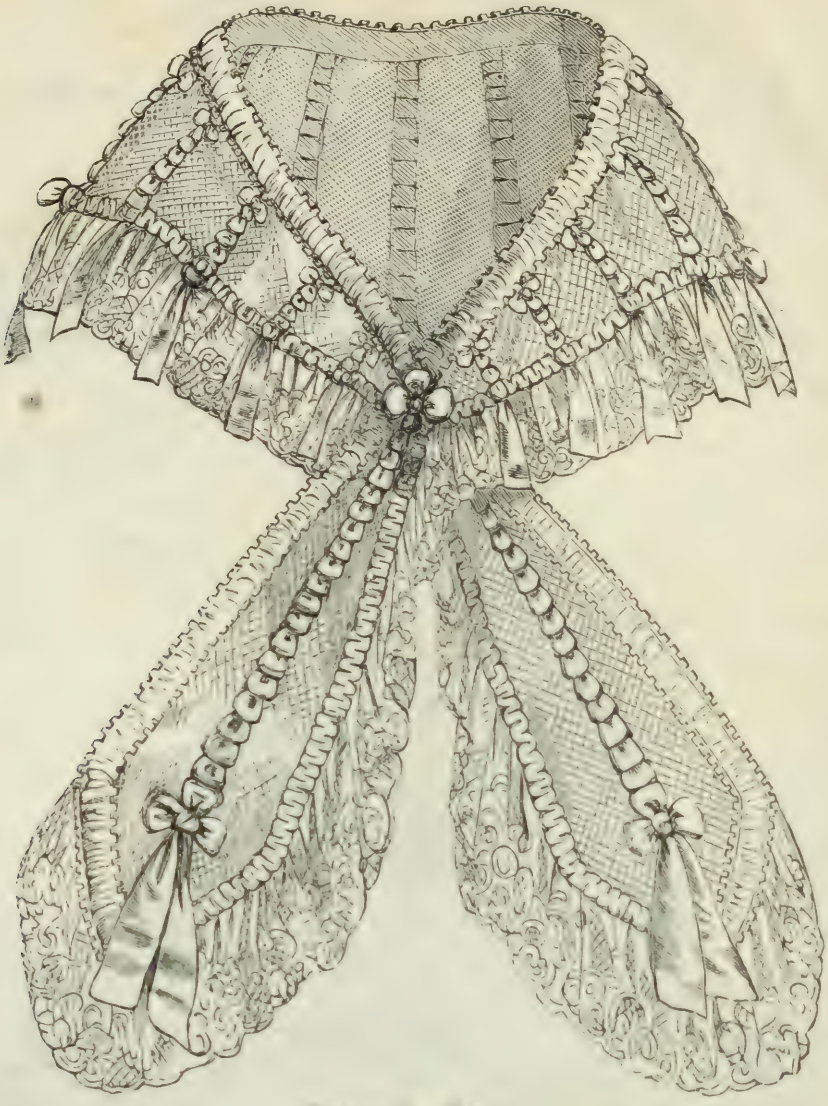


FIGURE 2.—FICHU.

THE season requires that special attention should be given to out-door costumes. From among many novelties adapted for the carriage or the promenade we select one for illustration, the gracefulness of which will commend it to general favor. The PARDESSUS is composed of black taffeta and lace, trimmed with rich *passamenterie* and tassels. It has a hood, which is fringed, as is also the bottom of the garment. Another novelty is composed of *appliqué* lace, with two lace flounces, the lower one being nearly as deep as the one which we have illustrated. —The DRESS is of organdie, with half-high corsage, cut square in the neck, and round waist; double skirt, *Odalisque* sleeves, and puffed under-sleeves.— The BONNET is represented on a larger scale in the engraving opposite. Our *modistes* would seem to have tasked their inventive genius to produce the almost infinite varieties of Bonnets which they present for the admiration of their patrons—and, we fear—the consternation of husbands and fathers. We can hardly hope that in the opposite engraving we have been able to do more than give a hint of the gossamer-like structures reared by the art of the milliner.

The FICHU at the head of this page is an exceedingly tasteful combination of lace and ribbon. The heading of the lace is a rose-colored reversed box-plaiting; the border of the fichu is of pink transparent. It has a series of *nœuds* of rose-colored ribbon, ending in floats, which traverse the body.



FIGURE 3.—BONNET.